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CENTENNIAL HISTORY

OF

GRANT COUNTY

INDIANA

1812 to 1912

Compiled from Records of the Grant County Historical Society, Archives of the County, Data of Personal Interviews, and Other Authentic Sources of Local Information

Under the Editorial Supervision of
ROLLAND LEWIS WHITSON

And Associate Editors
EDGAR L. GOLDTHWAIT
JOHN P. CAMPBELL

Chicago, Illinois

V. 1
VOLUME I

ILLUSTRATED

PUBLISHERS:
THE LEWIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHICAGO AND NEW YORK
1914

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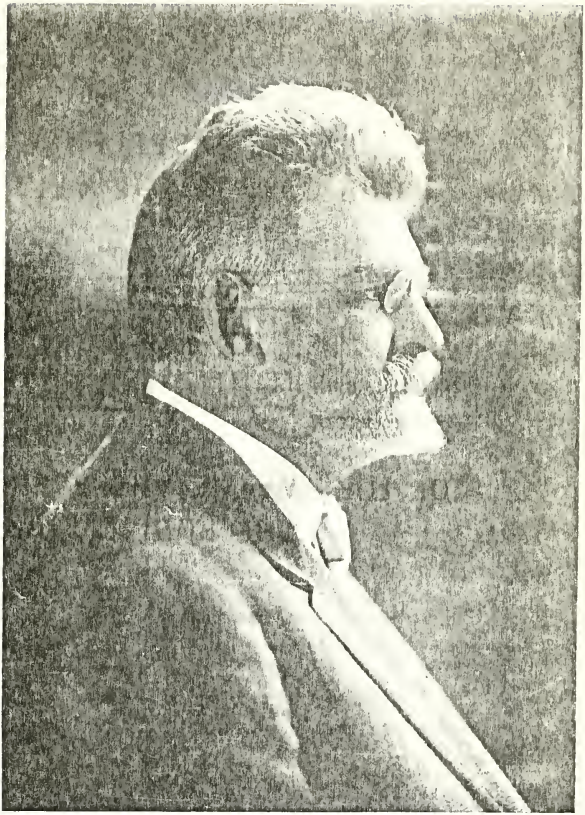

Rolland Lewis Whitson

Died in U.S.A. 1918

FOREWORD

When the first one hundred years in local history had cycled into eternity, I was at the parting of the ways. It was my good fortune to be chief sculptor on the Century milestone—supervising editor of the Centennial History of Grant County. It was a stupendous undertaking—the opportunity of a life time. I could not assume the responsibility alone. "In the multitude of council there is wisdom," and it seemed advisable to make of this important epoch-marking publication a community effort, the product of many writers.

It has been through the cooperation and willing service of others that this record of a century is a possibility. Contributors and patrons alike have aided in the enterprise, and I have appreciated the attitude of many toward it. Assembling the within material has been a delight because of frequent inquiry about it. When the first Octogenarian meeting was called, and when the Historical Society was organized, there was an ultimate purpose in it all—this summary of events, this Century milestone along the highway of local civilization.

In the year just closed I lived wholly in the past, a recluse from society. I could not mingle in the affairs of the day and dwell in the long ago. While it was not entire self-abnegation—rather a matter of voluntary servitude, I am glad to shake off the burden of such responsibility—giving to the happenings of one hundred years their relative values, and while local history will never all be written, henceforth I claim the present, and live again for the future. One whose whole life has been spent in any given community cannot be cosmopolitan in his conception of things—is always somewhat circumscribed by his own "two by twice" experiences, and it was while temporarily a nonresident that I caught the vision of this Centennial history. Not every missionary goes abroad to serve his day and generation. While living in Columbus, Ohio, I observed the work of the Old Northwest Genealogical Society, and resolved to perform a similar service in Grant county.

The present day event—something that has just occurred—is much easier tabulated than hazy facts already shrouded in uncertainty. In the preparation of historic narrative, where definite conclusions have not been reached, where facts have not been proven beyond the shadow of a doubt, corroborated statements have been used—where two or three have been agreed as to major questions, minor differences have been allowed to adjust themselves. The historian who delves into old records must visit the archives of the county to find them, and often the details are quite as obscure and hazy as the books containing them, full and sufficient record being a minus quantity. Although busy on their own account, persons about the courthouse have frequently helped me write this Centennial History.

Men from whom I have sought information have assured me that

had some of their pioneer ancestry lived on—the men and the women who made local history—all of these queries could have been substantiated by them. While many unwritten chapters in local history have already been consigned to oblivion—buried with the pioneers who developed this country, younger men have often surprised me with their fund of stored up knowledge. Word of mouth from father to son, mother to daughter, traditions of the family, is a reliable source of information. In another generation there will be no pioneers, and the man who produces the second centennial summary of events will necessarily base his work on what is assembled in this publication, newspaper clippings being a later necessity. I think I shall never save another clipping, although my scrapbooks have served an excellent purpose in this historical tabulation.

In some instances there are "Twice Told Tales," because this is a composite history. It is the work of many writers and, therefore, of infinitely greater value to the community than if the click of one typewriter had produced it all. When more than one has related the same incident, the repetition has been tolerated rather than add to, subtract from, multiply or divide copy submitted by contributors. At the expense of my own poorly balanced chapters, I have tried to avoid using material already written by others. Writers who did not live to witness publicity are: John Ratliff, Jacob Bugher, W. H. Niecwanger, W. F. Jones, Mrs. Asenath Peters Artis, and the two nonresidents: Joaquin Miller and Benjamin S. Parker.

While assembling historical data I have been at many late sessions of the Insomnia Club, and since next morning I could not recall all that had passed in waking panorama—snap judgment has sometimes been taken, and written note has been made at the time of midnight musings so illusive as never to come again. In waking hours of darkness, I have asked myself the question: "Is it worth the candle?" Thomas Bailey Aldrich says:

> "My mind lets go a thousand things
> Like dates of wars, and deaths of kings,
> And yet recalls the very hour—"

and there is always some one who knows or has laid away a newspaper, and many times I have been unerringly guided to the right source for desired information. Such inquiry has usually been from somebody older, and: "That's getting away back there," have said the "oldest inhabitants," when questioned about half-forgotten things.

The conscientious historian gleans facts wherever he can find them, and oftentimes middle aged persons who have forgotten half the things they once knew, defer to those older who seemingly have forgotten all—no, many times no—their minds are clear about the things of yesterday and yesteryear, although some of them take little note of today. One of them exclaimed, enthusiastically: "Whitson, we who have been here a good while, know some of these things to be facts," when questioned about the long ago. Frequently there have come such floods of memories that I have heard things about which I had not sought information.

History is an array of facts—not sentiment, and the historian must handle conditions as he finds them. While it may not be a rivulet of text leading from the noisy haunts of the world—while fiction alone may wind along through pleasant old literary gardens redolent with the choicest of intellectual blossoms—history may at least be a log across the stream that catches some of the drift of the ages. It has been the province of the Centennial historians to dislodge some of the accumulated debris and send it adrift down the River of Time, available to

those who chronicle the events of the next one hundred years—a foundation upon which to build the superstructure of the second century milestone.

ROLINDA.

December Thirty-first, Nineteen Thirteen.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: This is to certify that we have examined copy submitted to us by R. L. Whitson to be used in the Centennial History of Grant County, as per terms of agreement with him and with the Lewis Publishing Company of Chicago.

EDGAR L. GOLDTHWAIT.
JNO. P. CAMPBELL.

May 6th, 1914.

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History of Grant County

I. FROM SAVAGERY TO CIVILIZATION

In the light of past history, December 19, 1912, was the first day of a new century in the annals of Grant county—a fresh, clean page in the "Book of Time." While speed regulations may not please everybody, all admit that time flies—that Old Father Time is many centuries ahead of himself, and the mission of this Centennial History of Grant—the banner Indiana county, is simply to tabulate and record the events of his flight. The historian of today finds so little data of the past, he is reminded of the ancient story that when the nations of the earth were given their religions, each one inscribed his sacred creed upon either metal, parchment or stone, but methinks the local pioneer must have been akin to the Gypsy who is reputed to have only written on cabbage leaves when the donkeys were browsing in that direction, so meager is the record left behind him.

Although one vast wilderness—no county boundaries having been established one hundred years ago, civilization in this "neck o' the woods" really dates back to the winter of 1812, when Lieutenant Colonel John B. Campbell, in command of a volunteer army and following the course of the Mississinewa, finally made a stand against the Indians on territory now within the bounds of Grant county the night of December 17, continuing the conflict into the next day, and the result has reverberated along the corridors of time, recent Mississinewa Battle Grounds orators, seeking to stir up local enthusiasm, saying it had most important significance. In the lapse of a century it has been revealed that this battle against the Indians, which was in reality an important engagement in the Second War with England, actually opened up the entire Northwest territory for future settlement and present day citizenship.

The record of the Historical Society, December 18, 1912, reads: "By postponing its regular September meeting till December the Grant County Historical Society was enabled to appropriately mark the end of the first century in local history—was, speaking figuratively, erecting the first century milestone. At this meeting, Mrs. Mary McKinney-Hollowell sang 'The Star Spangled Banner,' the song a recital of past history, and prayer was offered by the Rev. J. F. Porter as a prelude to this centennial anniversary meeting marking one hundred years of progress since the battle of the Mississinewa. * * * 'Pleasant—the Historic Township,' was the paper presented by J. O. Spurgeon which closed the series of township papers written for the Centennial history. Declaring that he was not in the Battle of the Mississinewa, although he came to Grant county December 5, 1845, Judge R. T. St. John reviewed much past history, establishing the claim of unjust treatment of the Red Man of the Forest, relating many incidents heard from Indians and settlers, and it was a fine retrospect—a fitting final of a century. * * * The century milestone meeting was replete with interest."

Other county historians might introduce the subject by relating the incidents connected with the first settlement of Indiana at Vincennes, and it is of interest to know that at the beginning of the nineteenth century there were about fifty houses there, and that settlements had been established at other points in Indiana. Territorial government was established July 29, 1805, but the limitations of the present historian will not allow of any wanderings in the bypaths of history covering the time from 1788, when the Northwest territory was defined, until 1812, when the Battle of the Mississinewa occurred, and four years later when Indiana was admitted into the Union as a state. At the beginning of this second century in local history there is no native resident of the county as old as Indiana, although James D. Fort of Jonesboro, who is a native Kentuckian, dates back one year earlier than statehood in Indiana, Mrs. Mary Lynas of Point Isabel, born February 20, 1816, and who recently died, having been the last in a galaxy of names of nonogenarians who came into the world the year Indiana came into the Union.

Strangers visiting Indiana for the first time naturally inquire about the natives, and are told that the Indians are all civilized, but the Grant county citizen of today would like to know more of Samuel and Moses Grant, from whom the county is said to be named, than is contained in the simple statement that they were killed in battle with the Indians at Grant creek in Switzerland county. The archives of the county show that the valiant Revolutionary soldier, General Francis Marion, is honored in the name of the county seat, and history gives considerable information about how he inspired his regiment to even greater exertion —a commendable trait in his character. Many persons beginning this second century in local history remember Obadiah Jones, who founded Jonesboro, but only children's children remain to tell the story.

The tract book in the county recorder's office shows the first entry of land to have been made by Martin Boots, October 19, 1825, and an early historian says that he was joined by his wife and daughter in the next year, so there is little question about the identity of the first settler, even though there may have been "squatters" before him who did not go through the formality of entering land. While Goldsmith Gilbert and later, "Che-cum-wah," the Indian name of Samuel McClure, were trading post nomenclature, little is known of what happened in the interim from 1812 until Grant county was organized, but in 1903 the writer paid a visit to Mr. Mary Jane Gilbert Edmunds, a daughter of Goldsmith Gilbert, who was an Indian trader in the nineteen years of subsequent history, and who had the distinction of being the first white child born in Delaware county, from which Grant was later detached, and she was a much feted, honored woman, enjoying every comfort in the home of a daughter in Muncie. She gave to him a small pamphlet which contained her life history.

While there are nineteen years about which little is known as settlers were gathering in the wilderness, the cycle of a century since that memorable conflict—the Battle of the Mississinewa has developed a veritable garden spot, and with the timber removed the rose has been made to blossom, and there are fertile farms all along the river. It is a matter of reproach to a prosperous people that the site of this important military engagement has so long been allowed to remain in obscurity. Carlyle says: "History is the essence of innumerable biographies," and if the future could be accurately foreshadowed, there would then be little need of recording the past—sufficient unto the day being the events thereof, and yet in a measure the past reflects the future, and Colonel Campbell but blazed the trail for a later splendid civilization.

David Branson entered land, August 26, 1826, adjoining the preemption of Martin Boots, but the pages of history are silent as to where

either of those pioneers whose names were destined to be linked together in future came from to their wilderness homes. A half dozen names that are now household words were spoken in the wilds of the frontier soon after the coming of Boots and Branson, and yet the direct family circles of those two men seem to have been broken up entirely. While there are lineal descendants of both, old residents of the county say when asked if they remember them, "Knowed 'em when I see 'em," and an historian writing in 1877 says: "The early settlers of Grant county have nearly all passed away." While gathering data for this Centennial history, a citizen of Marion who belongs to one of the comparatively early families of the county, said: "Why did we not have an historical society long ago when the men and women who made local history were living to tell about it?"

Continuing his lament, the aforesaid citizen said: "Of course I'll help you all I can, but a generation ago the citizens of Grant county did not say so much about this Indian business down the river." Within the memory of many of the "sons of their fathers" who perpetuate old families, the recollection of the Miami Indians about the public square in Marion is as but yesterday. The trail was along the Wabash pike into Marion, and near the old Horton homestead—the old log house, a twentieth century memory along Spencer avenue—the Miamis used to reconnoitre, then ride to the corner of Boots and Franklin, now Fourth streets, then, "Indian fashion," directly east to the alley on the south side of the square, leave their ponies inside of the McClure barn lot always enclosed as a stockade, and by rear entrance visit the McClure store, where the Indian tongue was spoken fluently, and older citizens remember seeing papooses strapped to boards along the walls while the squaw bartered for goods or roamed about the town.

The intelligent citizen on the threshold of this second century of local human endeavor enjoys both retrospect and prospect; and occasionally leaving the beaten highway of modern progress and reading the sign boards now in the distant past—turning aside into the unfrequent byways of wilderness reminiscences, in order to refresh the pure mind by way of remembrance, is wholesome practice. With the advance in agriculture and improved livestock, the son of the soil is apt to forget the landmarks—the primitive American dwelling, and the "clumpecker" variety of swine that "could climb a sapling and drink out of a jug," and when the heads of families today were children they all had breakfast, dinner and supper with the measured regularity of the old Seth Thomas clock on the mantel piece. While three meals are still in vogue in well regulated households, and bread, butter and meat still constitute the daily menu, the order of service is changed and twentieth century style is lunch and six o'clock dinner, and other similar changes have been woven into the social fabric of the community.

Indeed, there has been a revolution of conditions within the memory of many not yet grown old—the annals of any community record rapid changes, and while not much brown sugar is used on family dinner tables now, the fathers and mothers have not forgotten when it was a luxury. While army overcoats are seldom seen in the twentieth century, time was when all dressed in homespun and before every fireside sat the shoemaker of the family. The mothers and daughters manufactured the cloth used in the family, and within the memory of many present day shoppers the Marion stores did not handle ready-to-wear garments. Until recent date furnaces and bath rooms had not entered the imagination of many who now regard them as essential to human happiness and comfort, and the change from the tallow dip to present day lighting systems in vogue in many households has been a gigantic stride. There is no longer need of the lighted lantern as a young man escorts a young

woman through the lighted streets of the town, as was the practice of the preceding generation. The corduroy road traversed by the ox team of fifty years ago has been half forgotten while speeding along automobile thoroughfares, and there is no gainsaying the fact that civilization has kept pace in all of its manifold departments.

The school boy of today has little conception of the life of the pioneers, the well dressed man of affairs no longer reflecting the handiwork of the housewife—tailor-made applying to both men and women's attire. Several years ago Stewart in Jonesboro began catering to masculine requirements and his patronage always reached Marion society the best tailor in the county. One by one the moorings of the past have been removed until Young America has forgotten them. At the annual meetings of the Grant County Octogenarian Club—the gatherings of men and women who helped make local history, the veil is drawn and younger generations are given glimpses of the long ago. Said an English visitor at one of the meetings: "It has been three hundred years since a pioneer has been seen in England," and those who held government land grants in Grant county have all been "gathered to their fathers." America is fast taking its place among the older nations—local pioneers rapidly going the way of all the world, and so much unwritten history is being buried with them. They have no "continuing city," and many look into the future with gladness, although this has been a goodly world to them.

In commenting on the subject, one gentleman who came into Grant county in 1813—came with his clothes on, and has since been actively connected with much of its material advancement, said: "Those who had to do with the settlement of the county did not linger until they heard the telephone bell or saw the electric cars. Men who really made Grant county never saw a steam engine on a railroad track. Men who died only a score of years ago did not dream of some of the realization of present day civilization," and it is a personal regret in many hearts that some of those pioneers did not leave memoirs behind them. They were men of deeds rather than words, and the blossoming rose is a silent tribute to them. They overcame the forest, and the cultivated farm and the populated city is their testimonial. From savagery to civilization is an interesting chapter but most of it will always remain unwritten, although A. D. 1913 seems an opportune time to gather up the broken threads and weave them into continuous narrative, the men and women of the past being the connecting link with the living present.

While there is definite record of the life of Adam, the early settler of Grant county left many things open to conjecture. It is a noticeable fact that all of the original land entries were contiguous to the Mississinewa river, and there are fresh water springs—living water in many of the hills. Settlements in several localities were almost simultaneous, and there were trails blazed in many directions, the pioneer families early learning to know each other. The controversy about the location of the seat of government is described by two historians, Center and Mill, and many citizens understand that after honoring the presidents of the United States in chronological order in naming the streets of Marion, the east and west streets then bearing names of well known characters, Boots and Branson perpetuated their own memories by naming streets for themselves, and today it is said that a letter written anywhere in the world, bearing a Boots or Branson street address would find its way to Marion, those street names not being duplicated, and the history leading up to that time is full of interest.

The base line of Indiana from which point all township measurements begin, and the principal meridian from which all range measurements start, intersect in Orange county, and here is town 1 and range 1 both east

and west, and north and south, from the point of intersection. Reference to the Indiana map will satisfy any who care to investigate it. All townships in Indiana that are in strict conformity with this point of beginning are congressional—six miles square, while other townships are civil and their dimensions regulated by local conditions. The study of the county by townships shows an interesting evolution of names, and the early records show some names not now included in the list of a baker's dozen—thirteen townships, according to present surveys. Grant was originally separated from Delaware county, and at the time of its organization the attached portion on the north was called Wabash, and Pleasant and Union townships were the whole county.

The Reserve Boundary crossing Pleasant, Franklin and Liberty townships divided the old and the new part of Grant county from the time it was organized in 1831 until in 1847, when the territory west of it came onto the market at two dollars an acre, and now—A. D. 1912, there are farms lying west of the boundary rated at one hundred times the government value placed upon them. Prior to 1840 the Indians had a claim on 930,000 acres of land lying west of Reserve Boundary, but when the general government paid them $550,000 they relinquished all claims and seven years later it was open for settlement. Compared with the topography of some of the neighboring counties the townships in Grant are arranged with checker board regularity. There is but one irregularity in the survey, and that is occasioned by the Reserve Boundary, which begins at the Wabash river, crosses the county as aforesaid and in Boone township, Madison county, deflects to the west across Tipton and to the state line. While the Reserve Boundary separates the old and the new parts of Grant county, the western land came into the market before the present generation was buying farms, and nothing is often heard of it, men and women frequently crossing it who do not know of its existence.

The Reserve Boundary does not cross the county in a straight line, but angles west of south and the only explanation offered is that it gave the white man an opportunity to steal from the Indian. The farms along one side run long, and along the other side of this boundary run short, and many land owners have never reasoned it out—simply know it to be a fact. Ten sections of land were still reserved for Meshingomesia, the last Miami chieftain, and the Indian Village God's Acre where his body reposes is part of that second reservation. When James E. Brock of Battle Ground farm was graduated with his class at Mount Olive in Pleasant, he delivered an original oration that tells the story, and is herewith reproduced:

"Almost one hundred years ago there was situated in a small ravine between the Mississinewa river and where the old town of Jalapa now stands, a cluster of Indian huts and wigwams. This place has come down to us through legion and tradition and is known as the Indian Village. The site of this village was later transferred to the east side of the river. It is here where authentic history begins. Here one lone desolate cabin now remains. It is opposite this cabin where the Indian Village school of Pleasant township now stands. Back of the school stands the Indian Baptist church and the cemetery. It is here where past generations of the Red Men lie mouldering beneath the silent sod. It is where the remnant of the Miamis meet in the old church to worship the Great Spirit. Here is a Mecca for each departing spirit to the happy hunting grounds. It is here where once roamed free as the air the tribes of Me-sin-gha-me-ha. The history of this tribe is never replete without reference to this village and the battle that took place nearby, the Indians led by the followers of Seemsha, the whites by Colonel John B. Campbell. The battle was fought opposite the site of Conner's mill in 1812.

"The Indians were defeated and many were taken prisoners, the village was destroyed and they were compelled to sue for peace, which has since been faithfully kept. But few if any signs of that event now remain. A few of the Indians afterward went beyond the Mississippi, while those that remained settled on the respective estates assigned to them, and many became active and wealthy citizens, but of late years, adversity of some cause of other, has driven many of these simple but kind hearted people to an undesirable fate. The mortality of the tribe seems to tend to extinction in a few years. Back to the scenes of our village, where once the woodbine twineth and the mighty oak and its kindred were truly the 'forest primeval,' here dwelt the Red Man. His greatest love was for his bow and arrow. The squaw, his wife, did all the work. She tilled the soil and built the wigwam, while the children played in the forest. The Indian took special pride in the village of his tribe. The huts were rude in construction and established along the trail. But this is all changed now. The 'forest primeval' is now blooming fields of grass and grain, while the old trail has given place to the improved country highways. The village also in changed. Instead of being a village of huts and wigwams it is a village of silent graves and o'er these silent graves roam the children of the white man."

It was the unusual thing for a township graduate to deliver an original production, and when the county historian was making a Santa Claus tour at the 1912 yuletide advertising for the Boston store, he found Miss Clara McIlwayne teaching the Indian Village school where only a few years before young Brock had graduated, and where the children could visit the grave of Meshingomesia, or from their play ground look across and see his old home on the Stuber farm and the battle field along the Mississinewa—and yet those children did not know more about the beginning of things in that locality a century gone by than school children everywhere—school text books were silent. At the Indian village as in all other country schools, Santa Claus left meagre data on the black board that will be remembered by the rising generation—the boys and girls who were school children one hundred years after the Battle of the Mississinewa.

After rapidly rehearsing the Christmas story, Santa Claus taught local history most effectively, saying: "The winter of 1812 was much colder than 1912 has been, and there was suffering among the soldiers who were engaged in battle in the wilderness so near the spot we now call our homes, where we are so comfortable and happy. One hundred years ago there was no local civilization—no homes, no schools, no churches, and there were no cultivated farms, but all was one vast wilderness. There were no white families at all, and only Indians roamed the forests," and with rapt attention the half frightened children listened to the details to be given later about the Battle of Mississinewa. The apparition before them was in the guise of Santa Claus, but the hieroglyphics left on the blackboard were of historic value to them, and one little girl wrote in her Santa Claus letter: "I was scared so bad when you came that I 'pernear fell out of my seat," and whether or not it was effective advertising, the men and women of the future will remember more of detail about the battle a century before that time than their parents could have told them, and the century milestone at hand, the recital in some of the schools beginning: "One hundred years ago today." It was seed sown on excellent soil—the pure mind of a child.

What 1816 means to Indiana, 1831 means to Grant county. John Fiske truthfully said: "On the earth there will never be a higher creature than man," and some of the stalwart characters were early identified with local history. The patent medicine advertisements used

to read: Imagine a wilderness infested by dangerous wild animals—swamps reeking with malaria and the deadly black fever, mosquitoes by the countless billions to harass you day and night, every foot of your road hiding death in some form, from the poisonous insect to the deadly serpent—these are the conditions encountered by the settler, and yet with all his advantages the twentieth century descendant of the pioneer must take his chances with railway disasters, ocean horrors, automobile catastrophes and aeroplane casualties, in this land of opportunity wrested from savagery by such a splendid ancestry.

The memory of "the oldest inhabitant" is always taxed with a great many things, but the records show that John Smith and Mary Ann Thomas, who were married September 8, 1831, were the first couple assuming marital obligations in Grant county, only one month after its organization. Cupid had been busy, however, and several weddings had occurred while the bridegroom must visit Muncie to procure the necessary license. While the Malott and Adamson families have claimed the first births in the territory now known as Grant county, and while the late Moses Adamson, who was born November 6, 1829, was introduced at Old Folks' meetings as the oldest living native for a few years, the whole story was changed when Mrs. Martha Renbarger Wilson of Monroe enrolled as an Octogenarian. The 1877 Atlas says: "On July 17 1827, a son, Robert, was born to Reason and Sarah Malott," and "On July 14, 1828, a son, Samuel, was born to David and Dinah Adamson," but Mrs. Wilson's record was: "On June 24, 1827, a daughter, Martha, was born to Henry and Elizabeth Hatfield Renbarger," three weeks and two days earlier than the birth in the Malott family. The Renbargers came by raft—rather by a dug-out log down the Mississinewa, locating below the present site of Marion in the vicinity of the County Club, and whenever there are visiting relatives at the Renbarger family reunions, they are taken to the Renbarger graves down the river. There are a few Marion citizens who remember when only the Renbargers and Connors lived below town along the Mississinewa.

Mrs. Wilson always came to the meetings of the Octogenarian Club, and she and her brother, Charles Renbarger, who was the baby when the Renbarger family came to the county a few months before she was born, were frequently there together. Both died in 1912, and none will dispute Mrs. Wilson's claim to being the first child born of white parents, and in the Octogenarian museum in Matter park is the knife box made for her when she was "Martha Renbarger," by a man to whom she carried water. She took it there herself, and in the Memory Row is a red velvet rose from her old homestead in Monroe. While she lived she never missed Old Folk's Day. Her death occurred November 7, 1912, she having spent eighty-five years, four months and thirteen days in the county, having been born four years before it was organized, and when she was asked to contribute to the fund from which the log cabin in Matter park was built, she said: "I give $1 in the name of James M. Wilson, and I am glad to do it."

The book maker's art has made great advancement since the proceedings of the first commissioners court—the beginning of things in Grant county, became a matter of record, and the original volume did not come from the Roycrofters. Those interested in curios should ask to see it in the office of the county auditor. It is without index and contains twenty-four pages. It looks like an old time copy book, and bears the imprint, August 5, 1831, from which time the organization of Grant county is properly counted. At this meeting the county was divided into three districts, and the commissioners were Jeremiah Sutton, Reason Malott and David Adamson, and the same arrangement exists when this Centennial record is made except the names Oscar M

Brumfiel, Isaiah Wall and Thomas J. Lucas. The division of the county into districts seems to be all that was accomplished at the first session of commissioner's court more than four score years ago. On the second day Nathan Branson was appointed county agent, and Wabash territory was cut off from its jurisdiction. The townships of Pleasant, Center and Union then conformed to the commissioner's districts.

There were many quaint entries in the proceedings of this early court, for instance a five-dollar tavern license was levied in the county and for a few years the county commissioners have not even granted license to saloons. The county seat taverns, and the Robert McCormick and Black Horse taverns along the Mississinewa where business would allow of it, were assessed $7 as an annual license fee. It was also ordered that a book be procured from the bindery in Indianapolis in which to keep the records of the court, and within the covers of this ponderous volume is where the hand-made original reposes. Charles W. Ewing, who assisted the commissioners as a special representative of the state, was paid $2 for recording the proceedings of the commissioners, and there is little doubt of the fact that he made this unique little volume now so carefully preserved in the archives of the county. Citizens of all the towns know what it means to subscribe bonus money, and it is related that the early settlers had to put up a cash subsidy to locate the seat of justice where it is today.

Eli Thomas of the Octogenarian Club relates that his father, Jesse Thomas, who had land on the north side of the river, sold a yoke of oxen for $40, donating the amount to the commission to secure the location of the county seat on the Boots-Branson tract, and when in 1836 Jonesboro was laid out it was a rival for county honors until after Marion subscribed $5,000 to the building of the Strawtown road, now the Marion and Liberty pike, which opened up southwestern Grant county to Marion, effectually stopping the controversy. Mr. Ewing, of Cass county, and William Edwards and William Hunt, of Randolph county, who composed the commission appointed by the state to organize the county, were to be paid out of the first funds accumulating in the treasury, Mr. Ewing receiving in all $18 while the others each received $27, and there is no record showing how much time was devoted to the matter. The historian of Center deals with the Boots-Branson land donation in another article, and to avoid repetition its details are omitted in this connection.

The Branson family burial ground was along the river bank near their home, and because the spot was unmarked and had become a commons with no reference to its original purpose, Nathan Coggeshall, Lewis Foster and David Overman, all of them one time enterprising citizens of Marion, met and drafted a petition to which they secured a great many signatures, asking the county commissioners to protect the spot from the encroachments of the public by erecting a marker and enclosing the same with an iron fence. These men had all known the Branson family in life and did not wish to see them forgotten in death. The sum of $200 was expended in that way. The action of the water has changed the channel of the river at this point, and some are of the opinion that the Branson graves have been washed away, but the marker is near the site.

At the time the Branson memorial was erected there should have been some special recognition of Martin Boots, who came one year earlier and who gave two acres on his side of the town for a burial plot. He deeded one acre to the county and by common consent another acre, for which no record was ever made, was added to it, and the story goes, that the Marion school board later came into possession of the property by advertising it at sheriff's sale and bidding it in at

the nominal sum of one dollar, and yet the bones of the donor were removed with those of many others to another burying ground, and all that now marks the final resting place of Martin Boots is the small marker that was at his grave at the old hill top cemetery. The ground was given for public purposes, burial rather than educational, and relatives would like to see proper recognition. The fire fiend seems to pursue the property there, and there are some who associate the misfortune with lack of the proper attitude toward the donor of the realty in the beginning. The Martin Boots high school along with the Horace Mann grade school would be the appropriate thing, or a marble shaft might be erected on the campus and the coming generations would learn the story of the man who gave to the community the property. Inasmuch as the Branson family has been honored with a memorial, something ought to be done for the other side of the town. The Bransons lived near the burial plot of the family, and old citizens remember about them living there, although very few definite stories are obtainable about them. The Boots family first lived near the site of the street that bears the name and close to the Mississinewa river, and many citizens still living in the county remember going there with "grinding" when it was the only mill in the county. Eli Thomas describes this mill as a "corn cracker, covered over with a roof on four posts with forks at the top on which it was supported," and he says it was run with power from the creek that still bears the name of this first settler. The roof was of clapboards and was supported by ridge poles. This mill was across Boots creek from the home of the family. In a short time there were other mills—all of the settlers being millwrights, and it was no longer necessary to send to Richmond for flour every time a Grant county woman wanted to bake a pie.

A few years later Martin Boots removed to the hilltop now known as White's hill, and he died in a one-story brick house in 1843 that stood near the barn so well remembered by citizens of Marion on account of the fact that it stood there so many years after the fields were used by the town as a cow pasture. The late George White bought the land of Martin Boots, and his daughter, Mrs. Sarah White Mather, remembers well when her father had paid off the last heir to the property. Nowadays people pay off the last note, but Mrs. Mather remembers well that her father paid the heirs in turn. He went in debt for the property, but this same debt later gave to him an estate. Mr White was an Irish immigrant, but he left his mark in the town of his adoption. The town boys of Marion who are now the men of the city all have experiences to relate of their adventures with Mr. White when they chased rabbits into this old landmark, the last connecting link between the locality and the life of Martin Boots, the builder, and it was standing there when Second street was graded through, and stood so near the bank that people were afraid of it falling on them, but one morning the town was startled with the news of a fire and the old barn was in ashes. It had been the one relief in the cow pasture on the hill for a great many years. Now there are splendid residence properties where it stood.

Martin Boots died of dropsy while sitting in a chair that had been made to his order and is now the property of A. J. Downard. The Hon. A. J. Harlan was then a public-spirited man in Marion and he was administrator of the Boots estate. He bought this chair at the sale and when he went away about twenty-five years ago he gave it to his sister, the late Mrs. Catherine C. Downard, and in turn A. J. Downard inherited it from her. He has been asked to donate it to the Grant County Historical Society to be placed in the museum as a permanent loan, but he values it highly and would not think of giving it away. His child

was cradled in this chair, and he expects the two to go through life together—the chair and the child. For a long time Mrs. Lydia Frazier Seegar had the pair of trousers in which her grandfather died, but later they were cut up and given piecemeal among the relatives until now she only has a scrap. Many of the friends receiving the scrap used it in quilt blocks and cared for it in different ways.

The work of the pioneer was well done and Grant county is now a splendid heritage. It is bounded by nine other counties—a condition not met with again in northern Indiana. It is a sturdy race that peoples its hills and valleys and it ranks high among the commercial and manufacturing communities of the state. There are only here and there a scattered few nowadays who can tell the passerby of those early struggles, and the pioneers are wont to make much of the hospitality of the past. "I could lay my hand on a man's shoulder then and call him friend. In sickness, in death, in every hour of need, true friends were present to assist and comfort. Now a man may die and his next door neighbor will hardly know it," and twentieth century conditions must seem dreadful to such an one. It may be all very well to talk, but when distress overtakes a family, there is usually some ministering spirit in the neighborhood, and the good has not all been crushed out of the human heart.

While the grandmothers went on horseback to their neighbors, the mothers have telephones in their homes, and the news of the community goes over the wire every morning. The housewife of today will respond to her neighbor's call just as readily as the women of the past, but her opportunities are different—telephone, daily mail, and her social instinct manifests itself differently—that is all. When one consults the county directory today, it is evident that many descendants of the early settlers remain, and their names will be perpetuated many years, and yet the traditions belonging to their times were not fully preserved and the historian of the future will have need of them. To have value as a history of the county the Centennial History should contain the names and life stories of those who reclaimed the wilderness and opened up the cultivated fields to posterity. Those old stories are sacred, and every year those who tell them cease telling them, and 1913 opens up a different panorama—a glimpse into the second century of local history. Ordinarily the New Year means little more than a change of calendars—a bright, new picture hung on the wall in place of the old, but this record of a century closed when 1912 went into history.

II. THE BATTLE OF THE MISSISSINEWA

Now that a full century has cycled by since the significant engagement with the Indians on the banks of the Mississinewa, December 17 and 18, 1812, which recent orators have declared really opened up the great Northwest Territory for future occupancy by the whites, not one jot nor tittle can be added to the facts already chronicled by others, and the regret is that not more material is at hand. A summary of all matter already in print is the only solution, and people have been inclined to attach to this Indian engagement its relative importance in local history one hundred years after its occurrence. There have been distinct efforts at different times by public-spirited citizens to properly mark the spot where the engagement occurred, and a few years ago S. Frank Jones, as chairman of the "Monument" committee appointed by the Grant County Historical Society, published considerable data that is used in this article about the battle.

At the centennial anniversary meeting of the historical society this committee was discharged, all interested parties having affiliated with that larger commission—the Mississinewa Battle Ground Association—with the avowed purpose of doing the right thing by those wilderness patriots of a century ago. It was all territory then, and barring the fact that the battlefield is in Grant county, the surrounding counties are equally interested in such memorial as may be erected there. A splendid and perhaps authentic account of the battle of the Mississinewa is found in Dillon's early history of Wabash county. A large amount of the information concerning the events of the county is chronicled by Elijah Hackleman, one of the pioneer residents of the county. Mr. Hackleman came to Wabash from Brookville in the year 1835 to secure a homestead and he made many interesting memorandums of his trip. When Mr. Dillon was preparing a revised edition of his early history, desiring to give a more complete account of the battle ground, he requested Mr. Hackleman, who was then perhaps

Me-Shin-Go-Me-Sia

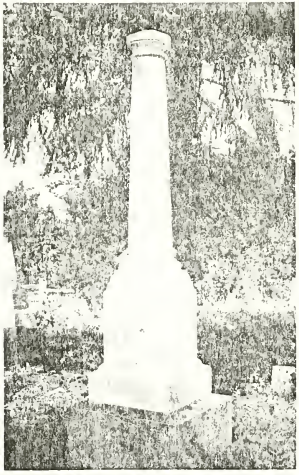
the best qualified to give him the requisite information, to carefully examine the ground, make such measurements as necessary, and send him the details. Accordingly, on June 16, 1861, Mr. Hackleman, accompanied by Nathan Fletcher, Alanson P. Ferry, and Captain William Morse, revisited the site of the old battle ground, and of the Indian village in the vicinity destroyed by Captain Campbell.

During the visit careful measurements were made of the situation, and of the grounds occupied by the encampment, the plan of engagement, etc. Some, indeed many, of the facts pertaining to the relative positions of several divisions of the Colonel Campbell's command were obtained from Me-Shin-Go-Me-Sia, the Indian chief, and Mr. William B. Richards, participants in the battle. In giving a more detailed account of the visit of June 21, 1861, Mr. Hackleman says:

"We started from Wabash on a day's excursion to the Indian Lands, and on approaching its borders, we procured a guide, John Ray, long a resident of the neighborhood.

"Our first objective point was the site of the old Indian village at the mouth of Josina creek, that had been destroyed by Colonel Campbell on the 17th and 18th days of December, 1812. The village has never been rebuilt but remains as a 'commons' or rather a paradise for the Indian ponies, on which can be seen large numbers of them grazing on the fine blue grass that covers fifty or a hundred acres of land surrounded and interspersed with clumps of plum thickets. A short distance further up, we visited the old Indian cemetery, in which quietly sleep many of the old Indian warriors. In some places the burials have been so shallow that numbers of the Indian bones were protruding through the ground.

"From here we proceeded up the right bank of the river a mile or more, where we came to the site of the battle ground. It is situated



GRAVE OF ME-SHIN-GO-ME-SIA

on a level plain on the second bottom of the Mississinewa river, about one hundred rods south of Me-Shin-Go-Me-Sia's village, the lines of encampment forming a hollow square of about three hundred feet to the side, fronting to the south, and being within a few rods of a steep hill or declivity, some forty feet above the first bottom. About one-half of the battle ground had been cleared and inclosed for agricultural purposes by the chief Me-Shin-Go-Me-Sia, and only the day before had been plowed for the first time by a white man by the name of Samuel Gilpen, who was very much astonished by his day's labor, having plowed up some eight or ten dozen of horseshoes. Each of our party took a few of these horseshoes as mementoes of our visit to the battlefield.

"This battle, as has been noted, was fought on the 18th of Decem-

ber, 1812, by Colonel John B. Campbell with a force of 600 men, against probably an inferior force of Indians. The American loss was eight men killed and forty-two wounded, several of whom afterward died, and also 107 horses killed. The Indian loss was never fully ascertained, but fifteen were found dead on the field. A diagram of the ground was made at this visit to accompany a second edition of Dillon's history of Indiana, then in contemplation of publication. Mr. Dillon subsequently died and his second edition was never published. At a later date, September 14, 1883, I again, in company with Judge Thomas B. Helm of Logansport and Captain Ellis S. Stone of Lafontaine, visited this place in order to make some corrections in the diagram. We found the whole battlefield covered with a luxuriant growth of corn, completely obliterating all traces of the deadly conflict that was once enacted there.

"Having now given somewhat imperfectly some of my recollections of the three visits to this battlefield—the first one forty-seven years ago, when the country was a wilderness, the second twenty-eight years ago, when the country was partially cleared, and the third visit only a few days ago, when we found the landmarks almost obliterated. And now I admit that I feel a strong desire to snatch this sacred place from the ruin that seems inevitable, before the mantle of oblivion shall hide all traces of its existence.

"When I visited this place in 1861, I had in my possession all the public documents relating to this battlefield and was so fortunate as to arrive at a time when the ground was first being plowed, revealing the exact location where the cavalry horses suffered most, by the number of horseshoes found by Mr. Gilpin. This location is about twenty-five rods north of the bluff, and about five rods east of the old Indian road leading to the Me-Shin-Go-Me-Sia village, and will therefore locate the northwest angle of the camp.

"It is said by the citizens of that vicinity, that William B. Richards, one of the soldiers of Colonel Campbell's regiment, who moved to Liberty township about the year 1840, but who is now deceased, often pointed out the exact location of the battle ground, also stating that a large majority of the horses were killed at the northwest angle of the camp, in fact that the dead horses literally covered that part of the camp, so much so that the commanding officer ordered the dead soldiers to be buried near the southwest angle of the camp, which is probably the best authority we have for suggesting that location as the 'burial place' on our diagram. I am satisfied that the diagram here produced is probably as near complete as can be made at this late date.

"I am of the opinion that the importance of this battle has never been fully recognized and appreciated by the people of this country, nor its soothing effect upon the allies of the British during the period of the campaign of 1813 fully appreciated. Having no enemy in the rear, General Harrison was able to push that campaign to a favorable conclusion without unnecessary delay. I would suggest, therefore, that it would be an act of patriotism on the part of the people of Wabash and Grant counties to take immediately some measure to perpetuate becomingly the identity of Colonel Campbell's battlefield on the Mississinewa.

"The old Indian village destroyed by Colonel Campbell's men was situated at the mouth of Josina's creek, about one mile from the south line of Wabash county. The battle illustrated by the foregoing diagram was fought about one mile and a half above this old village in what is now Grant county. While the battle to which reference has been made was actually fought at the place designated in Grant county, the village attacked and destroyed in the evening preceding was situated in Wabash county, it may be safely stated that the scenes of those

military transactions of seventy-one years ago should be made memorial as a part of our antecedent history. When on this last visit (September 14, 1883) the persons present after some consultation, were of the opinion that in order to preserve this battle ground from total annihilation, measures should be immediately commenced in that direction. Accordingly about 11 a. m. of that day, a meeting was held about five rods in front of the location of Captain Markle's company, and probably on the very ground where Lieutenant Waltz was killed.

The proceedings of this meeting I here produce, as they were published in the papers of the two counties at the time. I quote from the *Wabash Courier* of September 28, 1883: "On motion, Judge Thomas B. Helm of Logansport was elected president and Elijah Hackleman of Wabash, secretary. The object of the meeting being stated to be for the purpose of suggesting to the citizens of Wabash and Grant counties the propriety of taking some measures whereby the identity of this battlefield may not be lost. On motion of Capt. Elias S. Stone of Lafontaine, the following preamble and resolutions were read:

"Whereas, So far as the meeting is advised, there has heretofore never been any effort made by the citizens of this community, or by the state, to perpetuate the name of Col. John B. Campbell's battle ground, which battle was fought on this ground on the 18th day of December, 1812, and

"Whereas, We consider it second in importance only to the Battle of Tippecanoe, whose location and identity has long since been preserved by the action of the legislature of the state of Indiana, and

"Whereas, The patriotism of the citizens of Wabash and Grant counties on whose borders the battle was fought, should prompt them to such measures as will rescue its location from that oblivion that inevitably awaits it, therefore,

"Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed by this meeting with full power to take into consideration such measures as may be necessary to preserve the identity of this battlefield, by making the same a public park, either by the contribution of the citizens of the two counties, or by the action of the legislature, or by any other legitimate measures; and that said committee keep a record of its proceedings, and have full power to call a meeting of the citizens of the two counties at any time and place it may think proper, to take action in the matter herein set out."

Which preamble and resolutions were adopted and the committee appointed under the same, consisting of the following gentlemen: Captain Elias S. Stone of Lafontaine, chairman; Colonel Asbury Steele and George Gunder of Marion, Captain William H. Morse and Major M. H. Kidd of Wabash.

It was ordered that the secretary of this meeting be directed to furnish the papers of Marion and Wabash with these proceedings, with a request for publication, and that all other papers published in the two counties be requested to copy.

THOMAS B. HELM, President.
ELIJAH HACKLEMAN, Secretary.

Mississinewa Battle data was featured in many newspapers leading up to the centennial anniversary and the foregoing is a clipping from the *Marion Leader*. The following data was used by Mr. Jones in the *Marion Chronicle* on an anniversary date, December 17, 1908, and is as comprehensive as anything now available on the subject. It was introduced by the following bill to be presented by Honorable John T. Strange for the purchase of Mississinewa Battle Ground:

"An Act, entitled an Act providing for the purchase of the Mississ-

inewa Battle Ground on the Mississinewa river, in Grant county, Indiana, the erection of a Monument thereon, making an appropriation for such purchase and monument, and providing for the appointment of three trustees.

PREAMBLE.

"Whereas, it has been almost one century ago since the Battle of the Mississinewa was fought, and

"Whereas, up to this time no action has ever been taken to purchase the ground upon which the battle occurred, or to erect a monument to commemorate the heroism of those engaged on behalf of the United States in said battle, or to commemorate the importance of the successful termination of said battle in the settlement of the great northwest, and

"Whereas, at this time, it is deemed fitting and proper for the great State of Indiana to recognize in some suitable manner, the vast importance of this event to the people of Indiana, and to the great northwest, therefore,

"Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Indiana, That there be hereby appropriated out of any funds in the state treasury not otherwise appropriated, the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars for the purchase of the Mississinewa Battle Ground and the erection thereon of a suitable monument in Grant county, Indiana, to commemorate the suffering, services, and heroism of those engaged there in battle, on the 17th and 18th days of December, 1812, and to perpetuate the importance of the event.

"Sec. 2. Three trustees shall be appointed by the governor, whose duty it shall be to carry out the provisions of this act, and said trustees shall serve without compensation.

"Sec. 3. That said trustees shall keep an accurate account of all disbursements and make a full report thereof and of the execution of their said trust to the governor not later than January the first, 1910."

In an introductory way Mr. Jones writes:

"A hundred years is a short space in the book kept by Father Time but in the life of a nation marks many events that become history and which are taught to the younger generation as things that should be remembered. The last hundred years has seen many wonderful events in the history of the state of Indiana but it is only when one stops and considers the conditions that existed at that time can one appreciate the wonderful progress that has been made. In those days the territory of Indiana consisted of a few straggling towns along the Ohio, up the Wabash and the smaller rivers of the southern part of the state. Few white men had penetrated the regions north of what is now Indianapolis and the Indians roamed at will hunting and fishing in the waters of the upper Wabash, the Mississinewa and other of its tributaries. The forests that have since been cut down stood as they had since the beginning of trees with the exception of the Indian trails that wound their way from water course to water course.

"The woodman's axe had not been heard, the plow had not turned up the virgin soil and things were as they had been since the beginning except the slight impression that the Indians had made upon them. It is now nearly one hundred years since there was fought within the boundaries of what is now Grant county a battle that was at the time considered of as much importance as any battle fought between the Indians and whites since the year Mad Anthony Wayne taught the Red Men a lesson.

"To appreciate the importance of the battle a review of the existing conditions is necessary to get a true conception of the view point of those hardy pioneers. For several years after the visit paid by General

Wayne to the Maumee the Indians kept the peace and were friends to the Americans, but the influence of the British agents was at work and gradually it became unsafe for white men to wander far into the forests. The territory of Indiana was organized in 1800, six years after General Wayne had concluded his efforts in and about what is now Ft. Wayne and William Henry Harrison became its first governor. For ten years or more the whites gradually worked their way northward along the streams that flowed into the Ohio and up the Wabash, but it was always with the knowledge that they took their lives and the lives of the members of their families into jeopardy when they went far from a settlement. During this time Governor Harrison was busy settling affairs with the Indians and by treaty trying to open up lands to settlement by the whites. About 1806 Harrison found that he was being opposed in his efforts by Tecumseh, a Shawnee, and his brother, a 'prophet' of the tribe, and who is known in the history of the state as 'The Prophet.' They complained bitterly of the treatment accorded the Indian, and many of their complaints were well grounded. Tecumseh and his brother began the organization of a league of the Indians who would oppose any further treaties with the whites looking to the opening of land to settlement. For years the wrangling continued, the Indian chiefs visiting Governor Harrison at Vincennes and finally resulted in Governor Harrison ordering the Indians, who had assembled at the 'Prophet's' town, near where Lafayette is now located, to disband. Upon their failure to do so he in person led an expedition against the Indians that resulted in the battle of Tippecanoe, fought Nov. 7, 1811, destroying that town and scattering the Indians to the north and west, in the regions of Lake Michigan. For a few months the Indians were peaceful, but the declaration of war in the following June that resulted in the War of 1812 gave them an opportunity to break forth against the hated Americans. Counseled and advised by the English they began attacks on American outposts and made it impossible for the white to live anywhere in what is now Indiana unless they lived in large communities. The war of 1812 went against the Americans at first. The fort at Mackinac was captured by the British, Fort Dearborn (Chicago) was attacked by British and Indians and the men and women massacred. General Hill surrendered Detroit in a manner that caused the men under him to regret their American citizenship. Things were going badly in the west, for the Americans, and the government at Washington called upon Governor Harrison to give up his duties in this territory and take charge of the army of the northwest in an effort to retrieve the losses of the first few months. Harrison made his headquarters near Piqua and St. Mary's, Ohio. He was placed in command September 19 and began the organization of the volunteers that had responded to the call to arms. His responsibilities were great. He had entire command of the northwestern frontier and the lives of many Americans depended upon his efforts. The war department had given him instructions as follows: 'Having provided for the protection of the western frontier, you will retake Detroit; and, with a view to the conquest of upper Canada, you will penetrate that country as far as the force under your command will in your judgment justify.' A party of hostile Indians appeared before Fort Wayne with the intention of capturing the place, but an express was sent off to General Harrison and the garrison made up its mind to hold the fort or die in the attempt. At the same time Indians appeared before Fort Harrison, on the Wabash near where Terre Haute now is, and laid siege to that place. Indians committed depredations on the upper Wabash and the Mississinewa, and the settlers began to come into the small towns for protection, and while the women remained in security the husbands and fathers joined the volunteers that were

fighting to retain the little homes they had made in the wilderness. Such was the situation that confronted General Harrison when he took charge of his little army in September. As he was to retake Detroit the garrison at Fort Wayne being on his route became of the utmost importance to him. He must retain that point as the first step to regain the fort that had been so ignominiously surrendered. Word was sent to the Fort Wayne garrison that Harrison would soon relieve them and they fought on, suffering hardships and under command of a drunken officer who finally became unfit for duty and was succeeded by a younger officer. The garrison was relieved on September 10, and thus the first step toward Detroit was saved to the Americans. At Fort Harrison the men led by Zachary Taylor, then a young lieutenant, drove the Indians from in front of the fort, but only after they had done much damage. General Hopkins was at Vincennes with 2,000 mounted volunteers. He was ordered north up the Wabash with the purpose of driving the Indians from that section and from eastern Illinois, but after four or five days' march the officers and men mutinied and they returned to Vincennes. Other expeditions were sent into Illinois, but found the Indians had gone to the northeast. After returning to Vincennes General Hopkins organized another force and marched north along the Wabash. They arrived at Fort Harrison on November 5, and later crossed to the east side of the river and invaded what is now Parke, Putnam and Montgomery counties. Finding the villages deserted, the men being poorly clad and winter coming on severe, the force returned to Vincennes without accomplishing anything. All this time General Harrison was continuing his efforts at organizing a force sufficient to meet the British and retake Detroit. Stores of provisions were sent forward to Fort Wayne and the upper reaches of the Maumee, which was the first step on the march northward. The Indians soon found this out and expeditions sent from the Miami towns on the Mississinewa attacked these wagon trains, killing the escort and destroying valuable stores. Harrison was anxious to get on his way north, but could not go and leave the frontier in its defenseless condition, besides he was leaving an enemy in his rear that was liable to do all kinds of damage while he was engaged elsewhere. The expeditions of General Hopkins and others on the Wabash had not been productive of any results and the Indians were becoming bolder with each unsuccessful expedition that was sent against them. Each day brought news to headquarters of some fresh outbreak on the part of the Indians, who used the region of the Mississinewa as their base of operations. Here winter stores were collected and they set out on those marauding expeditions that resulted in many attacks on Harrison's wagon trains and the death of many peaceful settlers who knew of no harm about to befall them until they were awakened in the middle of the night to find their cabin in flames and hear the horrible yell of the Indian when engaged in battle. Something must be done. On November 15, 1812, General Harrison in a letter to the secretary of war, says: 'I have received no information from General Hopkins, but there is no doubt of the complete failure of the mounted expedition under his command and that measures must be immediately taken to prevent the evils which will otherwise flow from it. As soon as the information reached me, I determined to direct an expedition against the Miami towns of the Mississinewa. The situation of this town as it regards my lines of operation, even if the hostility of the inhabitants was less equivocal, would render a measure of this kind highly proper; but from the circumstances of General Hopkins's failure it has become indispensable. Relieved from the fears excited by the late invasion of their country, the Indians from the upper part of the

Illinois river and to the south of Lake Michigan will direct all their efforts against Fort Wayne and the convoys which are to follow the track of the left wing of the army. Mississinewa will be their rendezvous, where they will receive provisions and every assistance they may require for any hostile enterprise. From that place they can by their runners ascertain the period at which every convoy sets out from St. Mary's and with certainty intercept it previously to its arrival at the Miami rapids; but that place being broken up and the provisions destroyed there will be nothing to subsist any body of Indians nearer than the Pottawatomie towns upon the waters of the St. Joseph of Lake Michigan. The troops destined for the Mississinewa expedition are the dragoons belonging to my army, with the addition of perhaps of a single company of mounted volunteers. The dragons will amount to about 600 men, but the greater part of them are to be entirely relied upon. The expedition will be commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Campbell of the Nineteenth Infantry. He has no military experience, but is brave, sensible and judicious and will be ably seconded by the talents and experients of Major Ball. I am confident that you will not hear of any retrograde movement upon the part of this detachment, until the object upon which they are sent is accomplished.'

"That General Harrison had had some idea of an expedition of this kind since early in September, even before he was placed in entire command of the Army of the Northwest, there can be no doubt, but the exact place of destination it can be understood was not determined upon until after the failure of Hopkins's expedition and the inroads and attacks made by the Indians upon his convoys en route to Fort Wayne. September 2 we find Governor Meigs of Ohio issuing the following call for volunteers:

VOLUNTEERS WANTED

"'Fellow Citizens of Ohio: At a moment like this, I appeal to your valor and patriotism. Major General Harrison will rendezvous a respectable force of Kentucky volunteers at Dayton on the 15th instant for a short expedition. General Harrison desires to add to his troops any number of volunteers from the state of Ohio who will serve on the expedition of thirty days. All those who will embrace this favorable opportunity of distinguishing themselves under an able commander, and of rendering to the state of Ohio a valuable service will in their equipments and movements follow the directions of General Harrison hereunto subjoined.

"'R. J. MEIGS, Governor of Ohio.

"'Piqua, Sept. 2, 1812.'

"The call of General Harrison for volunteers was as follows:

VOLUNTEERS! TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

"'Any number of volunteers, mounted and prepared for active service to continue twenty-five or thirty days, will be accepted to rendezvous at the town of Dayton, on the Great Miami, on the 15th instant. It is expected that the volunteers will provide themselves with salt provisions, and a proportion of biscuit; those who are unable to procure them will be furnished if possible. Those brave men who give their country their services on this occasion may be assured an opportunity of distinguishing themselves will be offered. I shall command the expedition in person, and the number of troops employed will be entirely adequate to the object proposed. I wish also to hire a number of substantial horses; fifty cents per day will be allowed for each horse which is provided with saddle and bridle. Those patriotic cit-

izens who are unable to afford their personal assistance will render essential service of their country by furnishing the horses, which must be delivered in Dayton on the 14th instant, to a person who will be authorized to receive and receipt for them.

"'W. H. Harrison.

"'Headquarters, Piqua, Sept. 2, 1812.

"'Such was the proclamation and such the call to arms issued by the men upon whom rested the responsibility of the safety of the great northwest territory in the War of 1812. By reason of the fact that the time specified in General Harrison's call was so short some have thought that the above calls related alone to the Mississinewa expedition, while others have thought it was a general call to arms for the march to Detroit, and this is borne out by the statement that General Harrison would command in person. At the time of the relief of Fort Wayne Harrison's command amounted to over 3,500 men, and it will be seen from the above that the men called for were not to rendezvous until the 14th. Harrison may have meant to command this expedition in person, but other and more important matters may have engaged his attention and he decided by November 15, the date of his letter to the war department, to place the command in the hands of a man in whom he had the greatest confidence. After the relief of Fort Wayne, September 10, General Harrison returned to Franklinton, where he established his headquarters and it was from that point that Colonel Campbell set out on November 25 upon his expedition. He was instructed by General Harrison to proceed by the Greenville route, thus avoiding the Delaware towns, which were under the protection of the government, all of whom were friendly to the Americans. The route taken by Colonel Campbell was by Springfield, Xenia, Dayton, Eaton and Greenville. He had with him, it is thought, when he left Franklinton, Captain Elliott's company of the Nineteenth Infantry, Major Ball's U. S. Dragoons, Capt. Jas. Butler's volunteer light infantry, known as the Pittsburg Blues, Captain Markley's troop of horse from Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, and a small company of riflemen from about Greensburg, Pennsylvania. At Dayton he was joined by Simrall's regiment of Kentucky volunteers, Captain Garrard's troop of horse from Lexington, Kentucky, and Lieutenant Lee's detachment of Michigan militia. At Greenville each man was given ten days' provisions, as much forage for their horses as was possible to carry and an axe which, as one account says, "were made of pot-metal and broke as soon as used in the Indian country."

"'Leaving Greenville on the morning of the 14th of December the force marched west and soon crossed the line between Ohio and Indiana south of where the city of Union City now is located. Marching west and a little to the north, it is thought that they crossed the Mississinewa river somewhere between Albany and Wheeling in Delaware county, getting on to the north bank of the river. The first two days Colonel Campbell and his men marched forty miles, camping each night and preparing against attack by the Indians by throwing up slight entrenchments. It had been cold when the expedition left Greenville, but on the 16th it grew much colder and the men suffered severely. It was decided to not form an encampment that night, but to push on and surprise a village that they had reason to think was a few miles ahead of them. That day and night they marched forty miles, and on the morning of the 17th attacked an Indian village just north of what is now known as Conner's mill, in this county, killing eight warriors and taking forty-eight prisoners, eight of whom were men, the others being women and children. Leaving the infantry to guard the prisoners and burn the town, Colonel Campbell with the dragoons pushed

down the river and burned three villages which he found vacant, the alarm having undoubtedly been given by those who escaped from the first engagement in the early morning. Returning to the place of the first town destroyed in the early morning the force encamped for the night, but extraordinary care was taken against surprise and the troops carefully disposed. On the morning of the 18th about 4 o'clock while a council of war was being held, the Indians attacked the camp and for over an hour a fierce battle raged ending in the complete defeat of the attacking Indians. At the conclusion of the engagement Colonel Campbell wrote a hurried report which he sent by courier to General Harrison asking for reinforcements, and then upon the advice of his officers began on the return trip, having accomplished the object of the expedition, destroying four villages and much provisions. He was told that Tecumseh was a short distance down the river with several hundred warriors, and being short of provisions and the men suffering from the severe cold, decided that it was best for him to return to Greenville. Then began a march that for suffering and for the privations endured by the men composing it had no equal in the War of 1812. Campbell's force when he left Greenville was composed of about 590 men. Many were suffering and hardly able to walk when the attack was made on the first village. Eight had been killed and forty-eight wounded, seventeen of whom had to be carried in litters, making the progress of the entire force necessarily slow. Provisions ran short and the weather continued cold. Many were hardly able to walk. It is not hard to imagine the vain looks cast by these hardy pioneers as they tramped through the snow and saw their provisions gradually give out until finally they had nothing and some of the men had been for three days without a bite to eat. About forty miles from Greenville they were met by Major Adams with ninety-five men and a store of provisions which came in the nick of time. The men who had volunteered to carry back to Greenville the news of the battle and to ask for assistance performed their duty as only pioneers of the early days can. They covered the distance of over eighty miles in twenty-two hours, stopping only twice for a few minutes to feed their horses. Additional supplies were forwarded under Colonel Holt and the expedition reached Greenville safely. The exact time of the arrival of the expedition at Greenville is not known to the writer, but it is thought to be on the 23d. The suffering experienced by the troops from the severe weather is shown by the report of the morning of the 24th, the number of men rendered unfit for duty by reason of being frostbitten were as follows: In Major Ball's squadron, 107; in Colonel Simrall's regiment, 138; and of infantrymen and riflemen, 58, a total rendered unfit for military duty of 303, over 52 per cent of the entire force that started on the return trip.

"The following is the report of Colonel Campbell to General Harrison and the report of General Harrison to the war department reporting on the Mississinewa expedition, also the report of Colonel Campbell sent just after the battle:

"Camp on the Mississinewa, Two Miles Above Silver Heels Village.

"December 12 (should be 18), 1812.

"Dear General: After a fatiguing march of three days and one night from Greenville, I arrived with the detachment under my command at a town on the Mississinewa thought by the spies to be Silver Heels, but which proved to be a town settled by a mixture of Delaware and Miami Indians.

"About 8 o'clock on the morning of the 17th a charge was made upon the town, when many fled over the river, others surrendered; those who fled made resistance after crossing by firing across the

river. Thirty-seven prisoners were taken whom I shall bring with me, including men, women and children; seven warriors were killed. After disposing of the prisoners, I marched a detachment down the river and burned three villages, without resistance. I then returned and encamped on the ground where stood the first village attacked. This morning about daylight, or a little before, my camp was attacked by a party of Indians (the number unknown, but supposed to be between two and three hundred) on my right line, occupied by Major Ball's squadron, who gallantly resisted them for about three-fourths of an hour, when the Indians retreated, after being most gallantly charged by Captain Trotter at the head of his troop of cavalry. In the action of this morning we have eight killed and about thirty-five or forty wounded. Not having yet obtained a report, I am unable to state the number exactly. The Indians have lost about forty killed, from the discoveries now made; the spies are out at present ascertaining the number. I have sent to Greenville for a reinforcement, and send you this hasty dispatch. A detailed report shall be hereafter made known to you noticing particularly those companies and individuals who have distinguished themselves signally.

"'I anticipate another attack before I reach Greenville, but rest assured, my dear general, that they shall be warmly received. I have a detachment composed of the bravest fellows, both officers and soldiers, in the world. Our return will be commenced this morning. Among our killed I have to deplore the loss of our brave Captain Pierce. Lieutenant Waltz of Captain Markle's troop of cavalry is also mortally wounded. Their gallant conduct shall be noticed hereafter. Yours with greatest respect and esteem.

"'JNO. B. CAMPBELL,
"'Lt. Col. 19th Reg. U. S. Inf.

"'To General W. H. Harrison,
"'Commanding N. W. Army.'

"'Headquarters, Franklinton,
"'January 3, 1813.

"'SIR: I have the honor to enclose herewith the official report of Lieutenant Colonel Campbell, of his expedition to the Mississineway towns of the 25th ult., and 1st inst. I am entirely satisfied with the colonel's conduct, and beg leave to recommend him, with Major Ball and the rest of the officers and soldiers of the detachment who were fortunate enough to have an opportunity of distinguishing themselves, to the notice of the president. I will venture to predict that Colonel Campbell's future career will support the character he has obtained in the commencement of his military service. Major Ball, my friend and associate in General Wayne's army, would do honor to any service. Lieutenant Colonel Simrall deserved great credit for the excellent discipline of his regiment, which equals that of any other regiment of light dragoons on the continent. The character of Major McDowell has long been established in Kentucky, for intrepidity. At an age when most men retire to the enjoyment of ease, this hardy veteran solicits every post of difficulty, fatigue and danger with the ardor of a youthful warrior. The conduct of the other officers is so particularly described by Colonel Campbell that it is unnecessary for me to repeat them. Knowing each individual, I heartily accord in the sentiments he had expressed of their merits. There is, however, a circumstance which Colonel Campbell neglected to mention, that is so honorable to the young hero now no more, as well as to the army, that we can not pass it over. Major McDowell, Captain Trotter and Captain Hite have all informed me that Lieutenant Waltz, of Captain Markle's troop of vol-

unteer dragoons, like the gallant Spencer, could not be brought to leave his post after having received two wounds, one of which shattered his arm. In this situation he was moving his horse to make a charge when a ball passed through his head.

"'In short, sir, the whole detachment have redeemed a solemn pledge given to me at the moment of their departure that they would obey their officers and support the character of American soldiers.

"'I have the honor to be, Yours, etc.,

"'WM. HENRY HARRISON.

"'Hon. James Monroe,
"'Acting Secretary of War.'

(INCLOSURE.)

"'Fort Greenville, Dec. 25th, 1812.

"'I left this place on my march out, on the 14th, with 600 rank and file, which number was reduced on my march by the return of some who became sick. My first order of march was in five columns, Colonel Simral's regiment in two on the left, the infantry in one on the center, and Major Ball's squadron in two on the right. There were also strong front, rear, and flank guards, who marched at a distance from the columns of from two to four hundred yards, as the ground would permit.

"'From the flank guards I ordered small parties occasionally to examine the country to the right and left, and report to me whether they had made any discoveries. My encampments were in a square form, covering ground sufficient to embrace the horses within the first line of fires, without being crowded. I had a second line of fires made around the camp at the distance of sixty yards, outside of which, and opposite to each angle of the camp, a redoubt was constructed, in which the guards were placed. The want of axes prevented me from making the outer fires and constructing the redoubts as well as I wished. I had one-third of the men on guard every night, and formed a chain of sentinels around the camp so close that the enemy could not possibly penetrate without being discovered. At daylight each morning I sent out parties to patrol it at a considerable distance from camp. I found it necessary in a day or two to vary my order of march, and directed the infantry and riflemen to march in two columns, one on each side of the road. The pack horses and baggage, as also the detachment staff, in the road between them. Major Ball's squadron in four columns, on the right, and Colonel Simral's regiment in four on the left. The flank columns served as guards. In this way I found I marched with more ease. I then dispensed with the taps of the drum and sound of the trumpet, which in my first order of march was necessary. I further ordered that if an attack was made on the march and in front, the troops would immediately form in order of battle by filing upon the left and dressing by the front of the columns; if on either flank, the flank column would face outwards and make resistance until reinforced; if in the rear, the rear guard would face to the right-about and make resistance, whilst the other columns would file up, and, wheeling to the right-about, form in succession on the left in line, the officers leading columns taking especial care to march at sufficient distance from each other, to form in line in open order, dressing by the center. If the attack was made in camp, the troop would immediately form in the rear of their fires, which would be extinguished as soon as possible, by throwing it out in front. I ordered the guards, if attacked, to stand their ground as long as possible, and then retreat through the angle of the camp nearest them, then form, defend

the angle if attacked, if not, to wait for orders. These formed my disposable force. The weather, though cold, and the snow deep, was, however, well calculated to favor our enterprise, and I determined to make forced marches to avoid, if possible, a discovery. On the march I occasionally formed in the order of battle to accustom the troops to it. They formed with the utmost celerity and in good order. The first two days I marched forty miles; the third day I pushed the troops as much as they could bear, marched the whole night, although excessively cold, stopping twice to refresh and warm. This day and night we marched forty miles. Early in the morning of the 17th I reached, undiscovered, an Indian town on the Mississinewa, inhabited by a mixture of Delawares and Miamis. The troops rushed into the town, killed eight warriors and took forty-two prisoners, eight of whom were warriors, the residue women and children. I ordered the town to be immediately burnt, a house or two excepted, in which I confined the prisoners; and I ordered the cattle and other stock to be shot. I then left the infantry to guard the prisoners, and with Simrall's and Ball's dragoons advanced to some Miami villages a few miles lower down the Mississinewa, but found them evacuated by all but a sick squaw, whom we left in her house. I burnt on this excursion three considerable villages, took several horses, and killed a great many cattle, and returned to the town I first burnt, where I had left the prisoners, and encamped. My camp was in the usual form, but covered more ground than common. The infantry and riflemen were on the line, Captain Elliott's company on the right, Butler's in the center, and Alexander's on the left. Major Ball's squadron occupied the right and one-half of the rear line. Between Ball's right and Simrall's left there was an interval which had not been filled up, owing to the unusual extent of the ground the camp embraced, it having been laid off in my absence of the lower towns. I now began to deliberate on our future movements, whether to go on further encumbered with prisoners, the men much fatigued, and a great many severely frostbitten, horses suffering from want of forage, which was very partially relieved by the scanty supply of corn obtained in the towns, or return. I determined to convene the field officers and captains of the detachment to consult, and then to take such a course as my own judgment might approve. At four in the morning of the eighth, I ordered to be beaten the reveille, and the officers convened at my fire a short time afterwards. Whilst we were in council, and about an hour before day, my camp was most furiously attacked by a large party of Indians, preceded by and accompanied with a most hideous yell. This immediately broke up the council and every man ran to his post. The attack commenced upon that angle of the camp formed by the left of Captain Hopkins's troop and the right of Captain Garrard, but in a few seconds became general from the extremes of the right to the left of Ball's squadron. The enemy boldly advanced to within a few yards of the lines and seemed determined to rush in. The guards posted at the different redoubts returned into camp and dispersed among their several companies, this leaving me without a disposable force. Captain Smith of the Kentucky light dragoons, who commanded at one of the redoubts, in a handsome and military manner, kept his position until ordered in to fill up the interval in the rear line between the regiment and squadron. The redoubt at which Captain Pierce commanded was first attacked. The captain maintained his position until it was too late to get within the lines. He received two balls through his body and was tomahawked. He died bravely, and much lamented. The enemy then took possession of Captain Pierce's redoubt, and poured in a tremendous fire upon the angle, to the right and left of which

were posted Hopkins's and Garrard's troops. But the fire was as warmly returned; not an inch of ground was yielded. Every man, officer and soldier, stood firm, and animated and encouraged each other. The enemy's fire became warm on the left of the squadron at which Captain Markle's troop was posted, and the right of Elliott's company, which, with Markle's, formed an angle of the camp, was severely annoyed by the enemy's fire. I had assisted in forming the infantry; composed of Elliott's company of the Nineteenth United States Regiment, Butler's Pittsburg Blues, and Alexander's Pennsylvania riflemen, and ordered them to advance to the brink of a declivity from which they could effectively defend themselves and harass the enemy, if they should attempt an attack on that line. This, however, they thought proper to omit. Whilst I was thus engaged, Major Ball rode up to me and observed, he was hard pushed and must be relieved. I galloped immediately to the left wing with an intention of ordering Captain Trotter's troop to reinforce the squadron, but was there informed that the enemy were seen approaching in that direction, and believing it improper on second thought to detach so large a troop from the line, which also covered an angle of the camp, I determined to give the relief from the infantry. I wheeled my horse and met Major McDowell, who observed that the spies and guides under the command of Captain Paterson Bain, consisting of ten men, were unemployed. We rode there together, and ordered Captain Bain to the support of the squadron. Seven of them, to-wit: James Andrain, William Conner, Silas McCullough, James Thompson, James Naggs, John Ruland, and Joseph G. McClelland, followed their brave leader and rendered most effectual assistance. I then ordered Captain Butler with the Pittsburg Blues to repair immediately to reinforce the squadron, and directed Captains Elliott and Alexander to extend to the right and left, and fill the interval occasioned by the withdrawal of the Blues. Captain Butler, in a most gallant manner and highly worthy of the name he bears, formed his men immediately in excellent order, and marched them to the point to which he was ordered. The alacrity with which they formed and moved was never excelled by any troops on earth. Hopkins made room for them by extending his troops to the right. The Blues were scarcely at the post assigned them before I discovered the effects they produced. A well directed fire from them and Hopkins's dragoons nearly silenced the enemy in that quarter. They moved in force to the left of the squadron, and right of the infantry at which Captain Markle's and Elliott's companies were posted. Here again they were warmly received. Lieutenant Guynne and Ensign Batteal Harrison boldly stood their ground and fired obliquely on the enemy. Those two young officers in a particular manner signalized themselves and shed a lustre on the Nineteenth. Captain Elliott and Lieutenant Campbell were on the left of the company and were not engaged. Sergeant Levitt, quartermaster sergeant to the Nineteenth United States Regiment, deserves particular notice for his bravery. At this time daylight began to dawn. I then ordered Captain Trotter, whose troops had been ordered by Colonel Simral to mount for the purpose, to make a charge. The captain cried out to his men to follow him, and they were tilted off at a full gallop. Captain Trotter's first lieutenant, with eighteen of the men, were on guard. Lieutenant Trotter, Cornet Dishman, and the residue of the troop, together with Lieutenant Hobson and four men of Elmore's troop, Doctor Moore and a few other gentlemen, including Mr. Thomas Moore, my private secretary, advanced gallantly and charged a numerous body of the enemy. Major McDowell, with a small party, rushed into the midst of the enemy and exposed himself very much. I can not say too much

for this gallant veteran. Captain Markle, with about fifteen of his troop and Lieutenant Warrens, also made a daring charge upon the enemy. Captain Markle avenged the death of his relation, Lieutenant Waltz, upon an Indian with his own sword. Captain Trotter and his troop, Captain Markle and his little band, performed a most dangerous duty in the bravest manner. Captain Trotter mentions to me as worthy of particular notice, Robert Mitchell, a wagoner who had volunteered for the expedition. Christian Willman, trumpeter to Colonel Simral's regiment, who blew two charges and hewed down an Indian with his sword. William Montgomery, sergeant major to the regiment of Kentucky light dragoons, was in charge and distinguished himself, as well as in the skirmish the day before. In this charge Captain Trotter was wounded slightly, Corporal Riddle shot through the body, David Stule wounded in the right thigh slightly, and the brave Piatt received his mortal wound, being shot through the body and hand. Fearing that Captain Trotter might be too hard pressed, I ordered Captain Johnson, of the Kentucky light dragoons, to advance with his troop to support him. I found Johnson ready, and Colonel Simral reports to me that all his other captains, to wit: Elmore, Young and Smith, were anxious to join in the charge. But I called for only one troop. The colonel had the whole in excellent order. Captain Johnson did not join Trotter until the enemy was out of reach. He, however, picked up a straggler or two that Trotter had passed over. The cavalry returned and informed me the enemy had fled precipitately. I have on this occasion to lament the loss of several brave men, and a great many wounded; among the former are Captain Pierce of the Ohio volunteers, and Lieutenant Waltz, of Markle's troop. From the enclosed list you will see the names and numbers of the killed and wounded. Eight being killed and forty eight wounded, two of whom are since dead. The enemy paid dearly for their temerity. From the trails through the snow, and those found dead, we could not have killed less than thirty, which with those killed the day before, amounts to thirty-eight. The enemy did not take a scalp. The Indian who killed Captain Pierce attempted to scalp him, but was killed. Major Ball informs me that he can say with confidence that there never were officers and soldiers who displayed more cool, firm and soldierly conduct, than those of his squadron.

"The zeal, activity and courage displayed by Captain Hopkins and his officers (Captain McClelland and Cornet Herod, of the Pennsylvania volunteers, having been attached to him) did not fail to arrest his attention, and meet his fullest approbation. Lieutenant Hedges received a slight wound on the nose. Captain Garrard's troop sustained the action at that point where it raged with greater violence for some time after its commencement than at any other (except upon the left) with the firmness of veterans, while the officers were unceasingly employed in stimulating and encouraging their men. Lieutenants Basey and Hickman were both wounded early, but performed their duty in the line to the close of the action. Cornet McClanahan, quartermaster to the detachment, was equally active in the line with the other officers of the troop. Quartermaster Sergeant Strother J. Hawkins, who had no other firearms, loaded and fired his pistol several times at the enemy, and many others, similarly situated, used their pistols as fast as they could load them.

"Young Mr. Baylor placed himself a little in front of the line and fought bravely during the action. Lieutenant Warren's and Cornet Lee's detachments behaved with great firmness and used their pistols and carbines to the best advantage. Cornet Crear (of Warren's) was wounded in the arm, but remained some time afterwards in the line.

Captain Markle's troop, as I have before stated, was situated upon the left of the squadron and most sorely galled. Lieutenant Waltz fell most gallantly. There never were men who sustained so heavy an action with more firmness; but one sentiment pervaded the whole, and victory or death was most obstinately determined upon. Colonel Simrall's regiment, although not engaged, with the exception of Trotter's troop, were all ready and panting to engage. The colonel deserves the highest applause for his excellent disposition during the action, and for his cool, firm and deliberate conduct. To Major Ball the greatest praise is due for his bravery and activity during the action. No man could have done more. He informs me he was greatly aided throughout the progress of the action by the exertions of Lieutenant and Adjutant Fullerton and Sergeant Major Edwards. I must now mention in the highest terms of approbation Lieutenant Payne, of the Kentucky light dragoons, who acted as my adjutant on the expedition, for his great activity, attention to duty, and gallantry during the action. He rendered the most essential services. My extra adjutant, Captain Hite, was very active and as brave as a lion. I always found him ready for any service I had for him to perform. Captain ———— of the Ohio volunteers marched with me from this place as a private in the ranks, and in the action killed an Indian. He deserves my particular notice. Captain Alexander, with his riflemen, were on the left of the front line, and not engaged, but were all ready if an opportunity had offered. Beverly Brown and Thomas Bedford, of Captain Garrard's troop, and Francis Lousong, of the Blues, were killed fighting bravely in exposed situations.

"'I have now, my dear sir, detailed to you the particulars of an engagement bravely fought, and victory gloriously won, after contending most warmly for at least an hour. From the length of our line simultaneously attacked by them, I am persuaded there could not have been less than 300 of the enemy. They fought most bravely. My strength on the morning of the action was about 590 rank and file, a considerable portion of whom, amounting to at least forty or fifty, were almost rendered unfit for duty by the severity of the weather. Some were so badly frostbitten as to be scarcely able to walk. There never was severer service performed by any troops, and yet there is not a murmur. Reports made to me yesterday morning informs me of 303 who are so severely frostbitten as to be entirely unfit for duty. On my march back I was compelled to move slowly on account of the wounded, seventeen of whom we had to carry on litters. I kept the troops always ready to meet an attack which I daily and nightly expected, until I reached this place. I fortified my camp every night by a breastwork, which kept us very busily engaged. The scarcity of axes was now most sensibly felt. I have informed you how I advanced into the enemy's country. My return was much in the same manner I determined to be always ready, to avoid surprises and falling into ambuscades. I assure you the responsibility attached to this command I most seriously felt. Being young in service and inexperienced I felt great diffidence in accepting this command. I, however, hope my conduct will meet your approbation. I shall hasten to join you, but it will take the troops some time to recruit and heal. Some will lose their toes; others' feet are so swollen as not to be able to put on their shoes The night march was most severe upon them.

"'I met Major Adams with ninety-five men on my return, about forty miles from this place, with a supply of provisions. This came most seasonably. Some companies were entirely without. Hopkins' had eaten nothing for three days. That night I should have ordered a horse to be killed. The greatest praise is due Major Adams for his

promptitude in relieving us. My express arrived here on Saturday evening, and he started on Sunday morning. The next day I met Colonel Holt, from Dayton, with additional supplies. Through the whole of this expedition we were certainly favored by Divine Providence. The weather, though severe, was favorable to the enterprise. The snow enabled us to ascertain whether we were discovered. The moon gave light all the night, and on our return the water courses were blocked up by ice; there was not a drop of rain. Such a concatenation of favorable circumstances rarely happens. The Indian prisoners I will send off tomorrow to Piqua to the care of Mr. Johnson, escorted by an officer and twenty troops from this place. The few lines I wrote you from the battle ground I find in some particulars to be incorrect, not having at that time full reports of the wounded. My prisoners are also more than I then represented. I think, sir, that you may assure the government that the battle of Mississineway was not badly fought, and that the enemy suffered severely. That the troops deserve well of their country, and their losses ought to be compensated. The number of horses killed were considerable and I have no doubt they saved the lives of a great many men. I hope to overtake you before Malden falls.

"'I have learned since my return that General Hopkins had returned to Vincennes after burning some Indian villages and driving them, supposed to be 300 in number, up the Wabash. This still made my situation more perilous, and I shall not be surprised to learn that Tecumseh commanded in the action against me. Let him be who he may he was a gallant fellow, and maneuvered well. Conner thinks it was Little Thunder (nephew to the Little Turtle) from his loud voice, which he knew. He heard him ordering his men in the Miami language to rush on, that they would soon retreat. I think, sir, the Kentucky cavalry will scarcely be in a situation to render you much more service. Their losses in horses are considerable, and one hundred and thirty eight frostbitten severely. They are fine fellows with a few exceptions, and as brave as any men in the world. Captain Prince is here very sick, and was unable to get on with us; this was to me a great loss

"'I am, sir, very respectfully, etc.,

"'JOHN B. CAMPBELL,

"'Lieut. Col. 19th U. S. Regt.'

(ENCLOSURE.)

"'Dayton, January 1st, 1813.

"'My Dear Sir: In my report to you of the 25th ultimo, from Fort Greenville, I omitted to notice some circumstances and individuals, inadvertently, which and who are as highly worthy of notice, as most of those I have already detailed. I must, therefore, in the most special manner, mention Mr. James Bradshaw, Captain Lewis Hite, and Mr. Silas McCullough, who tendered their services to me on the battle ground, to carry intelligence to Greenville of our situation, and request a reinforcement of men, and a supply of provisions. This dangerous and fatiguing service they performed in the most prompt and expeditious manner. In twenty-two hours they traveled upwards of eighty miles without resting, except a few minutes, twice to feed their horses, and reached Greenville worn down with fatigue. At Greenville, in assisting to forward supplies, their conduct merits the highest praise. I must also mention by name Lieutenants Magee and Irvin, of the Pittsburg Blues, whose cool, deliberate bravery was observed during the hottest fire of the enemy, and I regret extremely that those young gen-

tlemen who highly merited distinction, should have been pretermitted in my first report.

"'I made a mistake in stating that Captain ——— was abandoned by half his guard; only one or two went in for part of their arms, whilst the rest remained with their companions, and upon inquiry, were found to have behaved well. Captain Smith was aided in his excellent disposition at the redoubt he commanded by Lieutenants Adams and Fishel, whose names and bravery are synonymous terms. Adjutant Guy and Quartermaster Bite, of the Kentucky light dragoons, are two fine young men, and were actually employed on the morning of the battle.

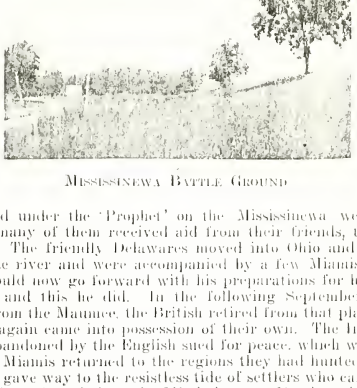
"'I am, sir, with great respect, yours, etc.,

"'JOHN B. CAMPBELL,

"'Lieut. Col. 19th U. S. Regt.

"'His Excellency Gen. Harrison.'

"What now were the effects of the Mississinewa expedition? The importance of an expedition or movement is seen only in the results. General Harrison was relieved of all concern for the safety of the pioneers who when spring opened up once more returned to their little clearing in the forest and began tilling the soil. The Indians that had



MISSISSINEWA BATTLE GROUND

rendezvoused under the 'Prophet' on the Mississinewa went farther north and many of them received aid from their friends, the British, at Detroit. The friendly Delawares moved into Ohio and settled on the Auglaize river and were accompanied by a few Miamis. General Harrison could now go forward with his preparations for his advance on Detroit and this he did. In the following September when he advanced from the Maumee, the British retired from that place and the Americans again came into possession of their own. The Indians that had been abandoned by the English sued for peace, which was granted them. The Miamis returned to the regions they had hunted in, but in a few years gave way to the resistless tide of settlers who came in from western Ohio and settled on the Mississinewa. Not in vain were the efforts of the brave Lieutenant Waltz, who, twice wounded, in attempting to mount his horse to lead a charge was shot through the head and killed. Not in vain were the efforts of Captain Pierce to hold the Indians in check from the redoubt he commanded until too late to retreat to the lines, and when shot twice through the body he exclaimed, 'Do not let them scalp me.' Although tomahawked, his body was carried within the lines and later buried with all the honors of war. The present generation owes a debt of gratitude to these officers and men who fell so gallantly and whose bodies lie buried on the now

deserted and almost unknown battle field. No stone marks their burial place, no tablet of bronze tells of their sufferings and heroic efforts to preserve the frontier from the British and Indians. Outside of a short account of the battle appearing in a county history published in 1886, which books are becoming hard to secure, is there any record in this county. Few know that within the boundaries of what is now Grant county was fought a battle that in some respects was the most important of any fought in the northwest during the War of 1812. Few realize that only ninety-six years ago today a white man traveling alone through this section of what is now Indiana would, had he met with Indians, have been tomahawked and scalped. Think of the progress that has been made since those 580 men started on their return trip to Greenville, which many had fears they would never live to see again, carrying seventeen of their number in litters, severely wounded, while thirty-one others bore the mark of rifle bullet or tomahawk. At the present time the trip to Greenville is made in a few hours in a comfortable railway coach even in the dead of winter and nothing is thought of the fact. But in those days, how different. How many men of the present day could stand for rigors of an overland trip in extreme cold weather suffering the trials and hardships that they suffered? They performed an heroic service and their efforts are almost forgotten by the beneficiaries of their work. How long will it remain so?

"General Harrison's predictions in regard to the future of Colonel Campbell were fulfilled and had he lived he would have been heard of as one of the great men of the war. Colonel Campbell was a native of Virginia and was a nephew of that Colonel Campbell who so distinguished himself in the battle of King's Mountain in 1780 during the Revolutionary war. He was commissioned lieutenant colonel of the Nineteenth Regiment of United States Infantry in March, 1812, and for good conduct on the Mississinewa expedition he was brevetted a colonel. In April, 1814, he was commissioned a colonel in the Eleventh Infantry and was distinguished and severely wounded in the battle of Chippewa on the 5th of July following. He died of his wounds on August 28, 1814.

"Captain Markle returned to his home in Pennsylvania, where he was a distinguished citizen for many years, dying in 1867.

"There are now living in Grant county a few men who have heard the Indians talk of the battle, but most of those who ever heard the matter discussed at first hand are no more."

What Mr. Jones says about there being few men now living who ever talked with the Indians about the Battle of the Mississinewa is true with emphasis four years later when this copy is being prepared, and while he writes "Though Chief Meshingomesia was not given to talking about the battle, it is known that he was present," in another chapter is found the statement from E. P. McClure, an uncle of Mr. Jones, that as a little boy Meshingomesia was hurried off among the women and children to the banks of the Wildcat to a place of safety, and thus there is ever conflict in history when only insufficient data is available from which to establish facts. While the story of the now famous battle was featured countrywide in metropolitan newspapers, the following introductory in *The Indianapolis Star* January 24, 1909, when Senator J. T. Strange's bill was before the Indiana legislature, to an article based on the foregoing bit of history produced by Mr. Jones, is of interest since the writer had vivid imagination relative to physical conditions that historic winter.

The clipping follows:

"It is the dead of winter. In the face of a blinding snow and suffering intensely from the bitter cold, a company of soldiers is advancing into a wilderness broken in infrequent spots by a settler's cabin

or a deserted camping ground. The men urge their stumbling horses forward, ever ready for the attack of the wary redskins, whom they have come to subject to the white man's rule.

"Imagine such a scene in Indiana but a short ninety-seven years ago, and once you have fixed in your mind the perils and hardships of that terrible march, the stage is set for the thrilling climax—the forgotten battle of the Mississinewa.

"The valor of Harrison's heroes at Tippecanoe in their great victory over Tecumseh's hosts has been commemorated in song and story. But the heroism of the brave band of pioneer patriots who gave up their lives beside the Mississinewa that civilization might advance is an unknown story. Yet in all the annals of Indian warfare on Hoosier soil there was not a more picturesque struggle or one involving greater bravery and more privations upon the part of the soldiers than this battle of the Mississinewa. It opened the way to Ft. Wayne and Detroit on the north and thus led to the final victory against the Indians of the middle West.

"Now that it is proposed to honor these heroes, as those who sleep on the battle field of Tippecanoe have been honored, with a suitable monument, to be built jointly by the national and state governments, it is an opportune time to go back to the records and see for ourselves this battle was of importance and whether the men participating in it deserve such recognition.

"A bill appropriating $10,000 toward the purchase of a part of the Mississinewa battle ground has been introduced in the United States senate by Senator Hemenway and in the house by Representative Rauch of the Eleventh Indiana district. A similar bill asking that Indiana join with the national government in this memorial has been placed before the state legislature and the fight for its passage will be led by its author, Senator John T. Strange of Grant county.

"The battle ground is in the corner of Grant county not far from the Wabash county line and near the old town of Jalapa on the Mississinewa river along the banks of which is scenery not to be surpassed in Indiana. And it is not far either from the shaft which will remind future generations of the tragic story of Frances Slocum, the 'White Rose of the Miamis.'

"During the boyhood of men now living there were many marks of the battle yet in evidence. Dr. T. R. Brady of Wabash, Indiana, who is a member of the state senate and will aid in the work for the passage of the Strange bill, lived near the scene of the battle and as a boy used to go there in the summer time to gather plums from a grove of wild plum trees which marked the battle ground. And E. P. McClure of Marion, as a boy, picked bullets from the trees on the battle ground and remembers well the scene as it was then, before most or all of the original trees went down before the ax of the white man. His father and the Indians of that part of the state were good friends and in this manner Mr. McClure was informed in detail as to the manner of the fighting that marked the battle and of its great importance in opening up what was then the territory of Indiana.

"The Indians of Indiana had been peaceable for many years—in fact, had been peaceable after their experiences with General Wayne in the neighborhood of what is now Ft. Wayne and elsewhere. This peace had begun about six years before the territory of Indiana was organized in 1800. But when the War of 1812 beset the people of the United States, British representatives, as a part of the plan of that war, proceeded to stir up the Indians against the whites, and it was as the result of this that Gen. William Henry Harrison, the first governor of Indiana as a territory, found much trouble with the In-

dians on his hands. General Harrison had been successful in his treaty-making with the Indians and was satisfied with the progress the wilderness of Indiana was making until about 1806 when he found that Tecumseh, a Shawnee, and his brother, known in history as "The Prophet," were causing trouble. The Indians organized against the encroachments of the white man and finally General Harrison was forced to order them to disband. They refused and it was then that he led an expedition against them which ended in the battle of Tippecanoe on November 7, 1811.

"The Indians were scattered, but the beginning of the War of 1812, about a year later, gave them new courage and new opportunity for hostilities. As a result of their activities and the success of the British in the Northwest, a command was issued from Washington that General Harrison take charge of the forces in this part of the country, and this he did about a year after he had so signally distinguished himself at the battle of Tippecanoe, making his headquarters at Piqua, Ohio."

While the use of clippings has meant a twice told tale in some of its parts, it is giving honor to whom honor is due in the endless research, and the people who peruse these pages will understand that it is the most reliable information possible one hundred years after the battle of the Mississinewa.

The Battle of the Mississinewa

By W. W. Johnson

The following verse is the production of a man who has passed his four score milestone—an octogenarian, and it is a sort of tableaux on the foregoing chapter, and therefore of interest.

'Twas in the eighteen hundred and twelve war
Some tribes of Indians hostile as before
Became the allies of the British Crown
And 'twas thought best to try to tone them down.
So Colonel Campbell with his small command
Was sent against the dreaded hostile band,
To harass them and to hold them at bay
Along the river Mississinewa.

In that loyal though mixed forlorn command
Were some men from the south; Kentucky's land.
And some reliable and valiant men
Gathered from the Eastern land of Penn.
Men of the regular army were there,
All had the courage to do and to dare.
They were making a short and warlike stay
Along the river Mississinewa.

It was late in the cold and wintry night.
An hour or more before the morning light.
Little Thunder and his braves yelled and thundered
On Campbell's brave and loyal six hundred.
Colonel Campbell's men were not unprepared,
Those hardy valiant men could not be scared;
They held the savage warriors at bay
Right there along the Mississinewa.

Soon was there many spots of crimson flow
Scattered over the trampled, frozen snow,
Saddening was the sight when morning light
Revealed the dreadful carnage of the night.
Old little Thunder's braves sadly blundered
When they struck the gallant six hundred.
They had to run away at break of day
On the banks of the Mississinewa.

Soldiers, horses and many braves, lay low
Scattered around o'er the blood stained snow.
All honor to the brave and loyal men
Who so nobly, so bravely, there and then,
Battled and fought the dreadful, deadly fight
In the dismal darkness of the winter night,
And won the battle at the dawn of day
On the banks of the Mississinewa.

III. THE IMPORTANCE OF LOCAL HISTORY AND THE BEST METHODS OF PRESERVING IT

Hon. Benjamin S. Parker

At the September meeting of the Historical Society in '06, the Hon. B. S. Parker, of the Henry County Historical Society, was a guest, having been invited with the thought that he would inject some more enthusiasm into the local society. Mr. Parker was author of the bill in the Indiana legislature providing for historical societies under state law, and he has been considered one of the literary geniuses of Indiana. He knew the traditions along the Old National Road and embodied many of them in both prose and poetry. While the guest of the local society he commended its effort, and the following excerpts are taken from his paper: "It seems almost needless to urge the value of history to mankind, since no tribe, nation nor race has ever progressed very far before it began to invent and make use of means for the preservation of its story. Even savage tribes left crude records of their prowess in the chase or upon the field of battle.

"These various records were carved in the barks of trees, written upon scrolls of papyrus, traced upon the faces of sun dried bricks and tiles, or chiseled in the long enduring granite. History is, as one of the impassioned orators of the early days of the American republic declared, the torch by which our steps are lighted, and the neglect of history is the longest backward stride toward savagery that any people can take. The wisdom of remote ages recognized this fact. They were not all as wise, however, as the Grecians in the choice of their methods for its preservation. They devoted the genius of their poets and prophets to it while Athens adorned and illustrated it by the splendid creations of her painters and sculptors.

"All history is wrought from the threads of local thought, deed and adventure that become national or racial when they affect the characters and destinies of races and nations. But with all its want of consideration for the common people, and its imperfect realization of the higher missions of the government, the world would still be savage and sitting in darkness were it not for the survival of history." So much for Mr. Parker's treatment of general history, but when he came to local conditions his paper is followed in detail. For the

greatness of a nation depends not upon the extent of its territory, the greatness of its cities, the splendors of its pageants, the grandeur of its public buildings, the numbers and equipments of its soldiers, the power of its navies, nor the colossal fortunes of the rich; but upon the character of its men and women and the future promises and hopes of and for its children.

It is the home, the neighborhood, the township, the road, or school district, the city ward, the town and the village that in our form of government most affect the life of the citizen and the training of the child. Add to these the county, city and state governments and you have the forces which, with their churches, schools, benevolent and industrial institutions, most intimately impress themselves upon the character of our people and shape their destinies.

If the affairs of these smaller divisions of our governmental fabric are well managed, it will require an immense amount of incapacity or corruption in the direction of national policies to greatly oppress the average citizen. And, again, when all matters of local government, morals, religion, education, industry and economy are wisely directed in all, or even in a majority of the states, the national government cannot go far wrong.

And so we come to realize the fact that the things of first importance to the individual and to the community are the local affairs, beginning with the family and widening out through all the divisions, institutions and energies heretofore mentioned until the state is reached and taken into the account. In a few words, then, the history that lies at the root of all history is that which affects the local life, the homes and the daily conditions of the people.

It is the history of small beginnings, many privations and small economies, and of dauntless courage and determined perseverance. It is the story of varying degrees of progress under many varying conditions, of some failures and many successes that were so small when considered singly that those who won them looked upon them as failures; but which, taken in the mass, constituted great advances, not along difficult paths, but in tangled wilds through which there were no paths, and nothing but the sun, the moon and the stars to guide the feet of the adventurous pioneer.

With us in central and eastern Indiana and western Ohio it is the history of the wilderness and the log cabin, the hard toils of farm and road making and town building; of the undrained swamp and the bridgeless stream; of fatal miasmas and deadly epidemics. It is the story of self-consecrations to high purposes, of the often slow and difficult, but always sure and steady progress in the methods of toil and in invention and enterprise that has developed from hard and discouraging conditions one of the richest, most fertile, best-improved and most healthful regions that the sun shines upon in all his course.

It is the story of a native animal, bird and plant life of surpassingly wonderful abundance and beauty and of incalculable value.

It is the history of a manhood and womanhood which from the days of the first log cabins to the present time have had few equals and no superiors among the pioneers in new countries. It is also the story of much ignorance, crudeness and poverty which handicapped the first settlers in their efforts to lay those foundations of education and good citizenship in the western wilderness from which has evolved in less than a century a civilization that is admired and honored wherever its story is known.

Is the history of such a country and such a people worthy of preservation?

Is it worth while to make and preserve records of the steps by

which such a people has advanced, or to collect and treasure such objects as may serve to illustrate the records and make them easy of comprehension to the young people and children of the present and to those who are to follow in the future? To these questions I can conceive of but one answer and that is an unqualified affirmative. Nor do I look upon any young man or young woman as thoroughly prepared to face the future and its problems and successfully meet its demands who is not well grounded in the things which belong to and make up our history and by and through which our country and its institutions have been developed from savage nature, the uncultivated wild and the lessons of older civilizations.

And so we arrive at the foundations of local history.

The first and most important question to be solved in this connection is what constitutes local history? In response to this query it may be said, that whatever affects the life, character, methods of thought or manners and modes of living of any community, including the experiences of the people and their toils, accomplishments and failures, together with their environments, make up the greater sum of the local record. In another, and wider sense, all the history of civilized humanity and even that of savagery is related to it and affects it. In the United States it is not possible to draw a very distinct line between the local, the state and the national history. In this country we are so essentially one people, and one community or state is so connected with and affected by the others that our histories overlap and merge, each with the other, at a great many points. In most, or at least, in many of our cities, villages and country neighborhoods, the New England family of Puritan origin has for next-door neighbors Carolina or Virginia families of Cavalier extraction, while people of English, Irish, Scottish, Germanic, French and Scandinavian origin touch shoulders with the natives of Indiana and other middle western states. Their children unite in marriage and their intermingled blood becomes that of our common citizenship, and thus we inherit character from every tributary to the commingling or commingled stream, and the national and local life of the lands from which they came with various peculiarities, customs, speech, methods of thought and industry, education, morals and religion affect our life directly and become a part of our history which we cannot fail to consider without losing thereby the ability to comprehend our own composite society. In addition to these, once alien, but now intimate influences, we are all so affected by the national spirit, as embodied in the constitution, laws and governmental policies and so connected by the ties of kindred, friendly relations, social sympathies and commercial intercourse with every state, territory and part of our national domain that we can have no history that is not affected by that of any and every other portion of the country, or of neighboring governments. It follows then that the local history can be intelligently considered only as it is affected by the whole body of history.

There exists, however, in every community a world of fact and experience that is of the highest value to the local life, which cannot, in the nature of things, go into the general history of the country only as condensed by the statistician, the census-taker and the health officer, that is to say, in bulk sums, represented by figures, as so much education, religion, social life, character, population, industrial production, wealth and health or disease, with such and such numbers of births and deaths.

It is not very encouraging to local effort and aspiration to see the local life valued in history only by a few cold figures and to receive all their warmth and light from the glories of large cities, the few world-

famous great and the sum of the national wealth, power and prestige in war and peace.

Especially is it true of us Americans in the smaller commonwealths and communities that we must not only make our own histories, but also write and preserve them, or have none worthy of the name. But it is precisely those parts of our local histories that do not get into the records of general history which most affect our lives and characters, appeal to our sympathies and make up the greater sums of our joys and sorrows. More than that it is the preservation of such branches of our history that is, and must continue to be, of the most pecuniary, economical and social advantage to the people either as individuals, families or communities. It is not a mere matter of family pride or local sentiment that prompts the local historian to sacrifice ease and give of his strength to the often thankless task of preserving whatever he may of the local history for the benefit of the present and future generations. No matter how humble, nor how poorly equipped he may be for the work, he is entitled to be loved and honored as a benefactor, and it is, as far as may be practicable, to relieve him of his burden, multiply his strength and add it to a greater strength than can possibly be attained to by the unaided efforts of the individual, which has led to the organization of historical societies.

This need for union of effort has long been recognized and met in many of the older states by societies that are now doing great service to the cause and devoting large sums of money to its prosecution. In Indiana the public is just waking up to the urgency of the need. I am not acurately informed, but aside from the State Historical Society—for which a small biennial appropriation is made by each succeeding legislature—I doubt if there is in the state more than one or two societies that have fifty years of life and activity to their credit, and, as yet, the greater number of the states, cities and countjes are not represented at all by such organizations, but there are reasons to hope that they, soon, may be.

In Wayne and Henry counties the present historical societies have each, as I remember, been in active existence about a score of years. To be accurate as to our own organization in Henry county, it was begun twenty years ago last April. From one point of view it seems that we have accomplished very little, from another and more practical viewpoint, the amount of good that has been accomplished is surprisingly large, and in the two counties the work is moving on much more easily and effectively than in the earlier and often discouraging years of its infancy.

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The Northern Indiana Historical Society is a district society and covers several counties. It seems to be very prosperous and has accomplished some work of incalculable value in the collection and preservation of the history of the early aboriginal, French and English occupations of that part of Indiana. Of your own and the other local societies I have less knowledge, but the field is white for the beginning of the harvest, though the harvesters are as yet comparatively few.

I think that the state has thus far given no aid to the preservation of the state and local history other than to undertake and complete the splendid monument at the capital of the state to the Indiana soldiers and sailors and to erect some monuments and memorials upon historic grounds to a few of the state's gallant defenders in former wars, a memorial to Nancy Hanks, the mother of Lincoln, and to appropriate certain sums of money, as before mentioned, to the State Historical Society. The legislature of 1901, however, passed an act permitting county councils, when so advised by the county commissioners, to appropriate any necessary sum of money not to exceed five

thousand dollars for the erection or purchase of buildings, or the construction of rooms in connection with county court houses, for the use of county historical societies in counties wherein such societies have proven their worth and ability by five consecutive years of actual work. Probably this law does not give the county councils and boards any authority that they did not possess before its passage, but it hedges such appropriations about with other provisions so that the county is so secured in the ownership of the property on the one hand that it cannot be frittered away or lost, except by its own act or carelessness, and on the other hand the historical society is made secure in a home where it can gather its collections, preserve its books, its papers and its records and hold its meetings as long as it maintains its existence and proceeds with its work. The county very properly, however, leaves all other matters of cost and expenditure, except those of maintenance, necessary improvements and repairs to the society. At the present time the Wayne county society occupies two rooms in the court house at Richmond, but they are not adequate to its needs and it is now looking forward to the securing of a larger and more permanent home, and some efforts have been made to secure the old home of Governor Morton in Centerville for the purpose, which would be a most appropriate thing to do. I noticed recently a statement that St. Joseph county has appropriated the old court house at South Bend to the use of the Northern Indiana Society, which, with the needful changes, should give that society ample quarters. In our own county the fine mansion formerly the home of the late Major General Williams Grose at New Castle has been secured and has been occupied by the Henry county society for about five years. There we hold our meetings and store our collections. The Wayne county society holds four meetings per year, and moves them about to different parts of the county, which it will probably cease to do when it secures a permanent home at which its meetings may be held. The Henry county society holds two meetings per year, an annual on the third Saturday in April and a semi-annual meeting on the third Saturday in October. I am not advised as to the meetings of other historical societies.

I think it is the general usage with our historical societies to devote such parts of their meetings as are not taken up with business matters, or with matters connected with such historical collections as they may be making, to the reading of papers on various branches of local, state or other historical themes that may have affected or now affect the life of the county or district and to the hearing of remarks and discussions of such papers, or to speeches and addresses upon events and experiences in the past history of the country, or to short sketches, biographies, town, township, neighborhood, school, family, or church histories, records of the courts, early trials, stories of the pioneer days, of the early toils, and in fact all things connected with pioneer life, anecdotes, experiences and so on, to which are often added papers upon the physical geography and geology of the local territory covered by the society, papers on the native forests, animals, birds, fishes and plants and upon the early and subsequent industries and agricultural operations, the progress of the people along every line of effort; public works and roads and methods of conveyance, from the first blazed paths through the woods to the railroads, turnpikes and interurban roads and from the rude sled or tireless cart to the automobile.

Indeed the subjects that should and do come properly within the field of an historical society's investigations and studies are practically unlimited. It requires all that age and experience can offer, all that youth and vigor may secure, all that ripe scholarship may donate, and all that alert researches and careful study may bring to

light to properly meet the demands of the local historical society and make its services to the public it represents as great and effective as they should be. It is a perennial work, a work for all time. Though its buds may be obscure and its early bloom unattractive, its later blossom and fruitage are as sure to be of great interest and value as it is to require time and perseverance to produce them. It is said truly, "that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and, being mindful of this, we, in our little county society, have found it well to lighten the heavier programs with music and song and recitation, and occasionally the pranks of the comic muse or the pathos of more tender inspirations. Another valuable and instructive form of effort which adds greatly to the attractiveness of the meetings is the realistic display, in which the old-time methods of household and other industries are illustrated by actual work with the old-time tools, implements and appliances, in such manner that the entire audience may witness it. For instance, an old-time flax brake is set up, a man brings a bunch of flax that has been sufficiently exposed to sun, shower and dew to be ready for the breaking and proceeds to break it, another sets up a scutching board and with his wooden scutching knife separates the fibre from the woody portions of the flax, then the fibre is passed to the women, who, with their coarse and fine hatchels, complete the separation and also separate the long silky flax fibre from the tow. The flax then goes on to the little wheel, is wound about the head of the distaff by the lady in charge, a portion of it passed through the fliers to the spool. The lady sits down to the wheel with her foot upon the treadle, the wheel begins to hum its merry song and the thread begins to wind upon the spool, and so the old-time industry of converting the flax into thread is made plain to all, and, if an old hand loom, with the warp in place, can also be in view, the thread may be passed into the shuttle and the whole process of the conversion of flax from the straw to the cloth, be illustrated before the audience within the space of thirty minutes. The same may be done with wool from the fleece, using the old hand cards, the big wheel, and either the old winding blades or clock reel, and so on, to the loom. Old methods of cookery and a score of other industries may be illustrated in the same manner. Of course such exhibitions are only to be made occasional use of. At other times natural history exhibits, accompanied by explanatory lectures or talks, may be, and often are, made exceedingly entertaining and profitable. If a competent botanist or naturalist, or even one who is familiar with the native woods and plants or the native animal or bird or insect life, and using the best collection of plants and timbers, or birds, or insects at command, or such illustrations of the native animal life as may be had, can be secured for a half hour of that sort of most practical instruction, it will be found to be an exceedingly good investment. The natural history of our various localities is changing with everything else and many of the younger people of today do not know and fail to realize what it was and how varied and how abundant was the wild life of even a few years ago. It is one of the important provinces of the historical society to preserve something of this once abounding life and as much of the knowledge of it as possible. Taken with the local geography and geology, the field of natural history and biological studies and investigations that belongs to the purview of the historical society is almost unlimited in scope and interest. But do not imbibe the false notion that it is simply a society for the old folks in which to renew the memories of old times and old associations, for, though that is an excellent thing to do, occasionally, the work of an historical society is one of great interest

and importance to all, but of infinitely more value to the young than to the old.

Other important matters for consideration in papers and addresses, and, in certain instances practical illustration, are the local connection with and services in the several wars in which the country has been engaged, and most especially the war for the Union, the stories of the soldiers and their biographies, the early and later industries and the progressive steps therein, the beginning and progress of the churches and religious movements, benevolence, charity, temperance and political movements and their histories and a hundred connected and kindred themes appeal to us. The story of the earlier and later schools and the progress of education with the growth of the community offers a large and inviting field for papers, discussions and illustrations. Such graphic pictures of the old-time schools as drawn by one of your local authors, Mr. Whitson, in his story "Rolinda" have a very practicable value in the preservation of the memory of past conditions by the public. To these things may be added the character, the history, stories and anecdotes of early professional life, and its progress to the present time. In this branch of the work the teacher, the lawyer, the minister, the doctor, the civil engineer, the editor, the author, in short, the men and women of all professions should be actively interested, and no single branch of the work is more entertaining or leads to better results. But it is, perhaps, true that the preparation and preservation of biographies of the representative men and women of the local community or communities covered by the society's work is the most important of all, because it must, necessarily, include much of the story of the times and conditions in which they lived and by which they were surrounded. All written contributions to the society, papers, letters, addresses, biographies and so on, should be written upon one side only of paper of uniform size, for preservation in the archives of the society, and their preservation should be secured, otherwise their future value may be lost. If the local newspapers may be induced to publish the more important of the papers and addresses, it will be a great help in stimulating popular interest in the work. All such publications should be pasted into strong scrapbooks devoted to that purpose and preserved by the society.

A few words relative to the making and preservation of historical collections must bring this overly-long dissertation to a close.

The things that should enter into such a collection have been very fully indicated already and it may all be summed up by a single statement. The collection should be made up of whatever things will serve to illustrate the history of the county or district, or incidents in the careers and struggles of the people, and also the native timber, vegetation, animal and bird life, mineral wealth and geological and surface formations and soils.

This must include implements of agriculture and other industries from the beginning of the first settlements and forward, implements of the chase, household utensils and furniture, home-made fabrics and clothing and the products of the various industries and so on.

One of the things of first importance always must be to secure files of the local newspapers as complete and far-reaching into the past as may be obtainable.

In no other way may so much valuable historical matter be obtained at so small an outlay of money and effort. Then all books and pamphlets written by citizens of the county, or about the county or its towns, cities, schools or churches. All histories of the county and adjoining counties, for even the poorest and cheapest of them contain something worth keeping, the portraits of representative men and women, old

land titles, land warrants and old notes of hand, tax receipts and other legal papers and documents of historical value. But the list of things that must be preserved to set the history of our progress clearly before the eye and the understanding is too long to repeat here. The members of each local society must determine for themselves the nature and classes of things which they will undertake to collect, taking the amount of storage room at the society's command into consideration. Where the local society has not secured a home the best thing to do is to go on with the meetings, the preparation and reading of papers, reports of researches—such researches, for instance, as the examination of mounds and other studies in aboriginal history, and indeed all literary and record work and studies of the local life—until such times as rooms for a collection may be secured. But in any event don't pile up "old junk." Because you need one, two, or three wooden moldboard plows of various patterns, or old cranes, or Dutch ovens, or crap hooks to illustrate the pioneer methods of doing things, don't mean that you need a dozen or a score of each. The object of an historical collection is educational, not to make a show of old relics, heirlooms and curios. Everything so brought together should first have an historical or epochal value to illustrate some part or period of the local life and progress. It should be so arranged, labeled and registered as not only to make it easy of access, but also with regard to the date of its use, growth, manufacture or discovery.

Different sections should be provided for different subjects, as the pioneer section, the agricultural section, the household industries section, the mechanical industries section, the military section, the natural history section and so on, and each object be stored in the section to which it belongs. It is better to make slow progress in gathering up your collection than it is to pile up a great mass of old relics and unarranged and unclassified material which, in that state, will have but small historical value and much of which will likely turn out to be merely old junk and debris; but do not for this or any other reason permit any real historical prize to slip away from you, for once gone such things can seldom be regained.

Whatever else you may do to promote the laudable work in which you are engaged, remember that it is more important than all else to keep everlastingly at it. Smallness of numbers must not discourage nor unpaid toil affright. It is the persistent, never-surrendering effort that will win out in the end. Cheap oratory and noisy display count for little in such an undertaking; but persistent effort under the best qualified leadership that may be willing to take hold of the work in an unselfish spirit of devotion to the public good will succeed, sooner or later, and its worth become apparent to all intelligent persons and receive its reward in the blessings of the people.

IV. THE MIAMI RESERVE IN EARLY DAYS

By Joaquin Miller

It would be withholding from this centennial history one of its richest chapters not to give place to a word picture painted by Joaquin (Cincinnatus Heine) Miller of his childhood experiences within the county. So many Grant county travelers have visited the poet at his home—The Heights, in California,—and have brought back special messages from him, and there are still a few men and women living who had personal knowledge of the Miller family when they lived in

Pleasant. Almost every post-card collection has something from "The Poet of the Sierras," and perhaps the hills of the Mississinewa never would have inspired him had not the wanderlust possessed the family. It is gratifying, however, to know that the great writer never forgot his life in Grant county. Pioneer life as described by Joaquin Miller is an excellent feature in local history.

Mr. Miller writes:

"One day, while we lived on the Miami Indian reserve in Grant county, 'Pap' who always read to us spare times on Sunday and at night when there was no wool to pick, brought home a book from the Indian village which had been loaned to him by the agent and began to read to us the explorations of Captain Fremont. I never was so fascinated. I never grew so fast in my life. Every scene and circumstance in the narrative was painted on my mind to the last, and to last forever. 'Pap' saw my intense interest in the story and would stop and explain to the three children at his knee and to mother, who sat busily knitting on the other side of the big, bright fireplace, all the names and new things in the book, till the story glowed like the great log fire by which it was read. I liked the bit where Lieutenant Lee, afterward the famous Confederate General Lee, generously gave Fremont a little cannon, although against orders, for his 3,000-mile expedition. I fancied I could see Fremont's men hauling the cannon up the savage battlements of the Rocky mountains, flags in the air, Fremont at the head, waving his sword, his horse neighing wildly in the mountain wind, with unknown and unnamed empires in every hand. It touched my heart when he told how a weary little brown bee tried to make its way from a valley of flowers far below across a spur of snow, where he sat resting for a moment with his men; how the bee rested on his knee till it was strong enough to go on to another field of flowers beyond the snow; he waited a bit for it to go at its will. I was no longer a boy, in truth, had never been a boy, like other boys, had never had a ball, marble, top or toy of any sort, but now I began to be inflamed with a love for action, adventure, glory and great deeds away out yonder under the path of the setting sun. Mother, too, took in something of the same enthusiasm and once stopped 'Pap' to ask what we, the United States, would do with all this land, but he, with his continual sense of justice, quietly answered that the land belonged to the Indians.

"When the frosts began to whiten the fences and the yellow leaves to fall in banks of gold, as if to pay Mother Earth in the richest currency that ever circulated for the generosity of the passing year, when baby snows sifted down and made noiseless and velvet ways to walk upon, Billy Fields, the shoemaker of the settlement, came to us with a corncob pipe in his teeth and a flat little board under his arm. I was to be measured for my first pair of shoes!

"I had never, as yet, been a robust boy, as my brothers were. I had never, as yet, been able to eat meat. Mother had always contrived to provide me with a bowl of milk, and this, with a spoon and a big piece of corn bread, eaten alone in a fence corner or under a tree wherever I could get away by myself, was my chief and highest desire. And so it was that I was to have the first pair of shoes of the three little boys. 'Pap' had carried me on his back to the school in the sugar camp country, but now little Jimmy must be carried to school. My sedate black-haired and manly big brother, John D.—all the Watts or the De Witts, had a 'D' in the family as a substitute for the De which had been rubbed off, as being too foreign, like the date and name of an old English shilling—the generous older brother, John D., cheerfully deferred to me because I was not so strong and was the first to

insist that I instead of himself, as was his right, should have the first pair of shoes, he would gladly continue to wear moccasins.

"And, in truth, moccasins are the very best footwear in the world. There is a whole lot of nonsense in the idea that shoes shape the feet best. The Indians have always worn moccasins and they have shapely and perfect feet. The Indian women have really the prettiest, smallest and most perfect and shapely feet in America. And they not only abhor shoes, but carry great loads in the moccasins, some going barefooted most of the time. Mother washed my feet carefully and then turned me over to Billy Fields, who took the pipe out of his mouth, took the little board from under his arm and, setting my foot on the board, marked out the space on one side with his shoe knife, and I was measured for my first pair of shoes, and felt larger than ever before. And that is saying I felt large, for I even then felt that I should some day climb the Rocky mountains and set my feet in the prints of the mighty 'Pathfinder.'

"Pap's' school house this time was away on the farther bank of Pipe creek, reached through the densest woods, by way of the narrow Indian trail.

"We three boys all went to this school from the very first day, I in my new shoes, and they hurt like sixty; John D., in moccasins of undressed deerskin, the hairy side out, and Jimmy on 'Pap's' back. We crossed a great bridge of many spans, and the first I had ever seen, a marvel of tremendous construction to me and a delight every time I passed over it in my hard and heavy new shoes.

"We had a big hewed log school house with a big fireplace at either end. For the big floored room was full, girls and boys, big and little, white, brown and black.

"And 'Pap' had better, even big pay here, for the first inflowing tide of civilization had touched us at last, and the motley and packed school was paid for, in part, at least, by either the state or county, I do not know which. It was all one to me at the time. I was only concerned that 'Pap' had good pay so that we might get on and out the way Fremont had explored. It was a noisy but happy school; and I was as happy as the happiest.

"A brother of Billy Fields had come up from Tennessee, and 'Pap' took him and his wife and their boy, Thomas Jefferson Russell Fields, in with us, they setting up a bed in the other corner of our cabin. Russell Fields was a tailor, and good with a gun. He was nearly always out in the woods, and kept us well supplied with venison, pheasants and wild turkey.

"One Sunday morning a string of turkeys was seen tearing away at the little stack of corn in the dooryard, and 'Pap' told John D. to put on his moccasins and to drive them away for there was snow on the ground, and then hasten back to prayers. But Russell Fields was at the open door with his gun.

"'Squire, may I shoot?'

"'Shoot, and I will hold the door.'

"As the smoke began to clear we could see a great big gobbler bounding up and down on the snow by the corn shock. Then John D. came puffing and blowing as he dragged it through the snow. We all shouted, till suddenly 'Pap' remembered it was Sunday. It was an enormous bird and we kept it for Christmas, laughing at 'Pap' all the time, and mother telling him he would surely be 'churched' for holding the door and helping to shoot a turkey on Sunday when he should have been at prayers.

"The crowded school was a continual source of instruction and delight to me. The big boys and big girls would stand up and read para-

nothing in the world but my ax, but I know how to use it and will work it out.'

"'Go get your ax! Leave your wife here to help mother take care of the baby; you had better go to school with me; you can chop mornings and evenings and Saturdays. If you are good we will see what can be done in the spring.'

"Mother fixed up the smokehouse for them with the bed the beastly old clock peddler and his boy had used, and they were both as good as could be. Jacobs gave them both work in the spring and they turned out to be first-class people.

"'Pap' taught a spring term also this time for he wanted the money to go to Oregon. There was but one idea in our happy little household and that idea was Oregon. Senator Linn of Missouri, colleague with the great Benton, whose daughter Jessie, Captain Fremont had married on his return, had introduced a bill giving each settler with a family a full section of land in that far-off and most fertile spot in the world and—well, just think of it! Six hundred and forty acres ready for the plow, and just for measuring it off!

"Why, how hard and how long we had worked to get a single one hundred acres, and all of it brush and mud and malaria!

"Who would not want to go to Oregon?

"Besides that General Joe Lane, who had gone to school to 'Pap' in the sugar camps and then to congress, then to the Mexican war, had been appointed governor of Oregon. All things seemed to point in our favor and to Oregon!

"'Pap' set about to sell the few sheep, the land—everything we did not need—to go to Oregon, and the table was spread with many maps and Fremont's travels were read and reread continually by the tallow dip till the night oftentimes was far spent. But the winter had been a hard one; all the sheep were out in the woods. One night they did not come up as usual, and we found them next morning, all dead, their throats cut, as if some dogs or wild beasts had killed them, only to suck their blood. The kind and sympathetic Indian agent came over on hearing this and told 'Pap' he believed that the dogs of the Indians, very numerous and with predatory habits, had killed his sheep. But 'Pap' insisted that it was the big gray wolves that he had encountered the year or so before. For how could the dogs get across the river? But the agent, hearing what 'Pap' had asked for his sheep, went back and laid the case before Shingle-Mas-See, and promptly he came over with the cash. 'Pap' at first refused to take it. Then he consented to take half of it. The good old savage laughed at him, called him a foolish old squaw and then went and counted all the money.

"Let me digress to tell you of the man who gave us the first idea of Oregon, and stood by us so finely. His name was McCullough. He became famous for his many generous deeds, grew very rich, with banks even in Europe, and was made a cabinet minister under President Grant—secretary of the treasury. When I found him in London, long, long years after, and told him how 'Pap' reverenced him and talked over the old friends, red and white, he was very, very glad and made me promise that if I ever needed money to be sure and let him known. But I never saw him any more, and have set down this paragraph only to show that there are, or were, not only good Indians, but good agents also.

"The farm was sold to a German family, lately landed, for a good round sum; mother, as usual, taking charge of the money, only now, although there were many pieces of gold—each piece wrapped up carefully by itself in tissue paper—it took two old mittens to hold it all.

We pushed out with but one span of horses toward Chicago, intending to winter there and equip other teams at that point, and possibly dispose of those old clocks; for the false mahogany was peeling off and they began to look very shabby.

"At Rochester, a town near the Tippecanoe river, we heard a tale of butchery that made the blood stand still. The intrepid teacher and missionary, Dr. Marcus P. Whitman, his wife and all his little colony had been butched by Indians, led by Canada Joe, a cruel and foolish Catholic half-breed.

"The British had been claiming Oregon and this fearless missionary Whitman, had in midwinter mounted his horse, and, clad in buck skin and all alone most of the way, reached Washington and declared to congress that the one peaceable and certain way to hold Oregon was to send there a train of a thousand wagons filled with settlers.

"He was encouraged, led a long train, the first across the plains from the Mississippi to Walla Walla on the Columbia, and was going ahead finely with his vast enterprise, when the Indians suddenly rose up, killed him and his brave young wife with all their house, except one little girl, who got away, was helped along with a few others further down the river and finally got to Oregon City. It is a long story, but not quite out of line with this family tale; for this little girl grew up, was married, had a little girl who grew to womanhood and then became the wife of my little yellow-headed Jimmy, who refused to sleep in the new coonskin cradle. They have nine beautiful children, and their boys are not only boys, but men, manly and dutiful young men.

"The shocking news of the massacre made my parents call a halt for the winter. The boys were put to school, while 'Pap' went out up the river looking for a place to rest the family till he could hear more from the west."

If Joaquin Miller never had gained recognition from the world, then Grant county visitors to the Pacific coast would not have sought him out and told their friends at home of his eccentricities. Huling Miller must have been a unique character—different from most Hoosiers, and in writing later of the family, the poet told of his father's lack of business qualifications, and it must have been about 1849 that the western trip was accomplished. There have been other Indiana families in which the mother was a necessary factor, and in writing of his people Mr. Miller says of his father:

"But his singularly shy and sensitive nature quite unfitted him for commercial intercourse with his fellows, and, giving this up, he retired to the little village or settlement called Liberty, Union county, Indiana, and began life in the wilderness as a school teacher. Here he married. My mother's name was Witt and she is a near relative of the mother of the late General Burnside, as well as Governor Morton's. But my quiet, Quaker-like father did not seem destined to prosper in this world's ways, anywhere or in anything at all, and, after vibrating between Cincinnati and the little village on the Ohio and Indiana line for three or four years, during which I and my two brothers were born, he set out, with his wife and three infant children, to push his way still further into the wilderness.

"He settled in a dense forest in what was then called the Miami Reserve, near the Mississinewa river, Marion, Grant county, Indiana. Here alone and with his own hands, quite unused then to such toil, he, with the help of my mother, built a little log cabin and cleared off a little patch of ground. The first recollection of my life is that of waking up suddenly one night and looking out of the little open window at the burning brush heaps, where my parents, side by side, were

still toiling away, while the world rested. And from that time forth I search my memory in vain for one day of rest from hard manual toil for these two patient and uncomplaining people, outside of the Sabbath, which, of course, was always kept sacred. How snowy white was that cabin floor, hewn out of the forest by my father's hand; how clean and bright the blazing hearth; how cheery the few flowers that struggled up out of the strange wild soil about this lonely little cabin-door.

"But the fever and ague fell almost continually upon us all, and we did not get on. My poor parents gradually became discouraged and a gloom and sadness settled down upon them forever; but I never heard one word of impatience or complaint. Never was one unkind word spoken in that little cabin. I never knew that there was such a thing as tobacco, or whiskey, or oaths, or cross words until years afterward, when we fell in with the great caravans crossing the Plains; but I can see now that my parents were sadly, hopelessly discouraged. They never spoke of the past or their people at all; and, as I grew older, seeing tears in their eyes, as I one day asked them about these things I never asked them any more and to this day I do not even know the Christian name of my father's father.

"As the county slowly settled up about us my father again taught school; but his three little boys he kept quite exclusive and all to himself. Sometimes, it is true, we were allowed to go with him to school, along the path through the thick wood; but it was a long walk and we did not go often. He taught us to read by our cabin fire and he read to us all the spare time he had. He never allowed us to mix with other children, and, indeed, I think we did not care for other company than ourselves. He put us to work, as soon as we were able, to pick brush or pull weeds, and we never knew what it was to play. For my own part, I know I never had a top, or marble, or toy of any kind in my life and never knew any of the games familiar to children.

"My mother spun and wove our spare clothing out of the flax which she grew in a corner of the little clearing, and I remember it seemed to me the grandest day of my life when the shoemaker came late one fall to measure me for my first pair of shoes.

"But all of this time my poor father seemed to grow more sad, silent, and thoughtful each year. By and by there was talk of the land coming into market, and, as we had no money yet to pay for it, he went out to work by the day, at a mill which was being built over on the river, three miles away. It was a lonesome trip through the woods, and my father would have to set out before daylight and return from his work after dark. A day's work then meant the whole day. One night, as he neared home, the wolves chased him, and he had to take shelter in a tree. Mother heard his cries for help, and she took a hickory-bark torch and went out to frighten away the wolves and brought him safely to the cabin. His wages were fifty cents a day, a small sum; but he counted it a great favor to get the job, for it enabled him finally to secure one hundred acres of land.

"They made him justice of the peace. The people were always making him justice of the peace as long as he lived; but he never would allow any trouble to come to a trial. I know he sometimes spent half the night, after his day's toil, running about among the neighbors, settling up misunderstandings they wanted to settle by law.

"The first year we planted corn on the new, wild land, so full of stumps and snags and trees, so rank with nettles and thistles and all the thousand nameless weeds. The squirrels seemed to come by thousands. They sat down in siege around that little field, as if determined to take up the last grain. My father had encouraged these little

squirrels about the place. He liked to see them, to hear them chatter in the boughs above and rustle through the leaves. They broke the awful monotony and solitude and gave his sad and patient soul companionship; but now it seemed as if they would be his ruin. He borrowed a gun, and, one sultry spring afternoon, he took the gun on his shoulder, and, taking me with him, to carry the game, we set out to go around the field and destroy the squirrels; but, as we went on around the field, he did not try to shoot them. Back of the field we sat down in the dense woods, and there he began to threaten them with the gun. 'Bunny! Bunny! don't you go in there! If you do, I will shoot you dead!' And he would raise the gun, and, with great show of anger, frighten them away. And so the sun went down while my father was trying to get courage to break the hush and sweet tranquility of the scene by shooting one of his little companions of the wilderness.

"Mother met us at the door, and, handing her the gun, he said, timidly and half-regretfully: 'No, no, Margaret, I can't shoot them, and I won't try to do it any more.' Nor did he ever again take a gun in his hand. I know it is hard to understand how a man can live the best half of a century in the wilderness, among wild beasts and wilder men, and never have use for arms or ever get angry. But such was my father, and it is this sweet nature of his that makes his memory so dear and speaks more for him than all that tongue or pen can ever say. And yet my father was the most entirely brave man I ever knew. I know of no other man in the history of the West who ever set out, unarmed and almost alone, with his little family, to cross the plains. I remember some Indians came into camp one Sunday, while we were at prayers. They did not speak, but soon passed on. We were never disturbed the whole weary seven months' journey. But many men who were armed and constantly on the alert were killed.

"But I am anticipating and ought to tell here what became of the little bit of land so hardly won in the Indian Reserve, in Indiana. Hardly had it been well paid for and a good foothold established when a clock peddler, with his son, came along with a wagon-load of clocks. This sort of incipient Jim Fisk professed to fall ill, and, being so very eager to get rid of his clocks and return to Boston, persuaded my sympathetic and simple-hearted father to give him a mortgage and take the load of clocks. And so it was the little home was lost and we set out for Oregon; but, being still poor, we had to stop a year or two in other places before venturing across the Missouri and work for teams and supplies.

"When we reached and settled in Oregon the government gave father and mother each one hundred and sixty acres of land, as it did all settlers at that time."

The subsequent life of Joaquin Miller is well known, and when his death occurred in February, after the century limit of this history, all the world paid homage to him.

The life of Joaquin Miller is now a "closed incident" in Grant county and all the rest of the world, and perhaps his latest personal communication was addressed to G. B. Lockwood, then editor of *The Marion Chronicle*, and part of what he said is:

"But what I most of all things want to see is the old log home which my revered parents built away back in the forties. And I want to see the beautiful river; I want to go fishing in it again. I want to go out to the old Miami village, and see Jim Sasequas, Shinglemesia and his two bright boys. They made me a bow and arrows. The arrows had keen, bright points, which they made out of an old barrel hoop, with Pap's file. And they were perfect. As proof of this, there is scarce a single buffalo left!

"I want to walk down the old dusty, corduroy state road. I want to go to Lafontaine bare-headed; I want to walk in the dust, with my pants rolled to my knees, just as of old. We can take some doughnuts in our pockets. Maybe we can steal a few apples from Bluebeard pirates harbored along the creek.

"Anyhow, I want to make a day of it—I want to be a boy again, back on the old place, once more before I die. Come along and bring a lot of boys and girls—and let us all be 'kids' once more,—not caring a bean whether school keeps or not. When we leave the old state road we strike through the continuous woods for Pap's place. And how dear were those huge trees to us all. But I am afraid they have cut them down. It is this fear that has kept me all these years from trying to see the sacred old home. But now I will, if you please, persuaded by your kindly letter, look over the ground once more before I die.

"Is Uncle Billy Fields there yet? He made the first and only pair of shoes I owned in Indiana. And little Thomas Sutton,—did he ever grow up? I want to find him the same neat and modest little boy I used to love as tenderly as if he had been a girl. And then there was,—but never mind now,—I will ask about them when when we go over on Pipe creek.

"Please write me if you will go with me. And also please see if we can get some photos of the Indians, the old village, and so on. Maybe some of the old Indians have photos of the old chief and his manly boys. I do hope they are strong and well and that I may see them when I come on in August.

"With love to you, I am, yours,

"JOAQUIN MILLER."

V. THE RED MAN IN GRANT COUNTY

When visiting for a day or two in Marion recently, J. B. Dunn of Indianapolis, formerly librarian of state and an Indiana historian of note, remarked: "Nothing is more essential in preserving the history of the county and state than keeping alive the traditions of the Indians—their language and their customs." but the Grant county historian finds their language an impossibility, and it has been so long since the Indians were a factor in community life that there are few who remember their customs.

While it has not been so many years since the Miami Indian roamed the forests of northern Indiana, and members of his tribe lived along the Mississinewa below Marion, the majority of the people who frequent the streets today have no recollection of the Miamis who used to be in town every Saturday. Along in the '70s and '80s there were both braves and squaws of primitive type who adhered to their forest customs, but the twentieth century has seen them attired in regulation garb and strangers pass them without thought of the "Red Man of the Forest." Dr. Francis Xavier Aveline was the last representative well known American Indian, and it is said there was more French than Indian blood in him. Relatives of his still live in the community. He was in public life and people knew and respected him. While James D. Fort always sings his Indian song on Old Folks' day, and E. P. McClure speaks a broken Indian tongue, there is little incentive now for studying the language—none who speak it.

The following newspaper clipping is hardly intelligible to those who do not remember seeing Indians from the Miami reservation in

town occasionally, and several years ago some one wrote: "The white man has knocked the glamour off the Indian. The Miami brave who strode the forest in other days now sits disconsolate and in meditation on his household goods upon the highway of relentless fate, outcast, unhomed and unwept. Time was when fertile lands were given to the Red Man. Time was when his lofty word was law unto his companions and lightning unto his children. There was a day when he lorded it over productive acres, which devoted squaws with crude and homely tools tilled as best they could while the warrior smoked or slumbered.

"A treaty in 1854 finally and forever settled peace upon recalcitrants, and fixed the status of the red skin in the world. The might and medicine of the Miamis went out together when the braves put to parchment the titles which gave them place in the line of the government's wards. The signing of the final treaty was a concession to civilization from those who originally held the soil. It marked the passage of the heroic, stolid bronze buck of the wildwood into the pale of actual trousers and suspenders—farewell to blankets and feathers. This treaty was signed in Peru, and the sixty odd Indian signatures affixed embraced names that an English speaking tongue would never master. This treaty provided that certain lands should remain in tribal relation until 1880, when the territory should be divided among the members of the tribes. At that time the Indians became citizens—subject to taxation, held the lands in severalty, and if they were ever cheated it was after tribal possession ceased. There was honest dealing with tribes by the government."

When citizenship was bestowed $200,000 was distributed per capita. None only Indians signing the treaty papers now in possession of Walter Newman, whose mother was of the Bundy tribe, were to receive the money. "It is not necessary to dwell upon the manner in which the beautiful farms of the Reserve have passed from the hands of the aborigines gradually, acre by acre, nor to tell of the humiliation of the chieftains and the ousting of princesses royal by heartless foreclosure. The constable goes on his errand without fear of dart or ambush. The change has put the Indian not only out of the warrior business, but it has put him on the tax duplicate, and that is his worst woe," and what was history in nearby territory was local history. "Even Chief Gabriel Godfroy finds it far from easy to part from his lands under the sheriff's direction," and all who saw this famous Indian at Battle Ground farm at the time of the Indian memorial meeting, August 29, 1909, will appreciate the situation. "He disputed the liability to pay taxes, though he had agreed in the treaty to become a citizen. Now the accumulation of delinquencies swamps him, and it is said that citizens of his neighborhood will raise funds with which to save his domain for his fast declining years," and in 1907 Rolinda passed his home, although at the time the chieftain was trying to retrieve some of his fortune as an attraction in a wild west combination.

Grant county has red men as noble as lineage as Godfroy who could not withstand civilization, and their farms were soon dissipated. Modern farm machinery is now seen in many fields where the nimble squaw used the pointed stick and primeval hoe in coaxing the maize from the generous mold, and there were many Grant county Indians who had government revenue through land treaties until all were finally paid, and it used to be the street-corner talk in Marion that the Indians did not need to work—their living was assured. They had their annuities and no taxes. Meshingomesia never paying a dollar to the county. Mayhap the whites did take their lands and drive them out of the country on the reservations. The Indian was

not an agriculturist, and the white man's work was new and strange to him. The love of work was not born in the warrior, and while he did not take to the white man's virtues, it was different about his vices, and whisky was the Indian problem.

Columbus found the Indians friendly, and they regarded the sails on his vessels as the white wings of birds hovering over the waters. They brought him gifts and later they learned treachery of the white man—a sad comment on Christian civilization. Some writer said all good Indians were dead Indians, and another remarked: "Perhaps all we can do with the settlers who coped with Indians is to remember their difficulties, and learn all we can about them." The timber country suited the Indians, and "not a stick amiss" was the way they left it. The greatest dread in the world was the dread of the unknown, and the ambush methods of the primitive American was the terror of the settlers. It is said, however, that the settlers were like children as compared with the white men of today—that they were ignorant, and witch stories found place in their lives. Before the white man came there was never a sign of life but the wood creatures, and why should not the Indian resent the onward march of civilization? When Santa Claus made the tour of the Grant county schools in December, 1912, he told all the children that "there were no homes, no schools, no churches—no white families one hundred years ago—only Indians," leading up to the Battle of the Mississinewa story, and striving to arouse a spirit of loyalty to those who had been for a full century "unhonored, unsung," sleeping on Grant county soil, and the children's eyes sparkled as they listened. It was a weirdly strange story to them—they had never seen an Indian.

While fairy stories about the Indians may have no place in history, and "Heap bad Injun" is a jocular expression, they were the problem of the pioneers. There are always pioneers, but Horace Greeley would have to revise his injunction, since there is now little more opportunity in the vanishing west than in Indiana. Those who settled America could not go back while three thousand miles of ocean rolled between, and those who came among the Indians had to stay—had "burned the bridges," and thus Grant county citizens have a glorious heritage. While the Pocahontas story cannot be localized, the "White Rose of the Miamis" is an equally beautiful legend, and one who has stood at the grave of Frances Slocum has little difficulty in adapting the story. While it belongs to Miami county, the grave is in Wabash, only a short distance from the county line, and its significance certainly overshadows Grant county. While following the Mississinewa to the point where it joins the Wabash in 1907, the historian spent a night at Monument Springs, the home of Mrs. John Witte of the Bundy family and a granddaughter of the White Rose, and she was proud of her ancestry.

Mrs. Witte had the Frances Slocum history published by the Slocum family in Pennsylvania, where the child had been kidnapped during the Mohawk war, and as their visitor read aloud to them until late in the night, these half-breed Indians declared they had never so well understood the story. There had been ten thousand people gathered at Monument Springs when one June day in 1900, the Slocum monument was unveiled at the grave of the "White Rose of the Miamis," who had refused to return with her two brothers and a sister who visited her years after she had been stolen, and she would not leave her Indian family and environment even for a visit at Wilkesbarre where she had been taken captive. It was the only time the writer ever accepted entertainment from Indians, and the memorable thing about it is Mrs. Witte's regret that her guest wrecked the bed in the guest chamber, landing on the floor before morning, and on account of "falling through

the bed," the whole thing is an ineffaceable incident. The Wittes were a Christian family attending church in Reserve across the line in Miami county.

A number of local citizens have advised, "You had better get E. P. McClure's account of the Indians," and while Mr. McClure knew many of them through dealing with them as a clerk in his father's store, and could carry on conversation with them, it was like a story of the past to him. He said, "Phil Matter used to buy horses of 'em, ask him," and although only one generation ago there were Indians on Marion streets, those who knew them no longer linger to relate the stories. Sometimes a dozen Indians spent the night at the Samuel McClure homestead—the McClure corner—and now there is little about it they would recognize. The Indians slept on the floor before the fire, the only accommodation they wanted, but whenever Meshingomesia and his squaw, Tackiquah, came to visit they were always given the guest chamber of the family. Mr. McClure protests that "Shingleuacy only had one wife," although many understand that he had two squaws. The historian of Pleasant deals with Meshingomesia, but Mr. McClure is quoted further: "Old Shing believed in a hereafter—why he helped build the Baptist church at the village."

Perhaps when Battle Ground farm and some adjoining land becomes a government reservation, the log house still standing on the Stuber farm that had been the home of the last chieftain of the Miamis will be rebuilt upon it. Mr. McClure said that both Shapendocia and Sassafras—it would mean so much more to the reader to hear him speak those names in Indian dialect—had two squaws, and then he told of Skiah, a stoical Indian who would come in and stay all day, sitting by the fire in Cheeunwah's store—Cheeunwah was Mr. McClure's father's trading post name—and not until the sun was going down would he tell what he wanted, and as darkness came on he always went back to the Indian country. Mr. McClure grew up to know the Indians, and "many's the time I would go in to mother and get cookies and pie for them. Why, Jim Sassafras gave me my first pony," and it is a matter of history that the Cook-McClure farm on Pipe creek in Franklin had been owned by Sassafras in the days of Indian supremacy.

The Indian was always a negative quantity—lacked the necessary education to make him a positive force, and the squaws were even more diffident. They would not show themselves when strangers approached, although they always bartered in the stores when they came to town. There must have been Indians all over Grant county—men now living remember when there were more Indians than whites, but the present generation only thinks of them as living below Marion. Some of them married white women, and Mr. McClure said: "There was always a good meal at Old Shing's." While some of the Indians were dirty, some of them had clean cabins, linens and window hangings. Some of the squaws would get drunk the same as the braves, but when an Indian gave a visitor sugar or an egg, he thought well of him—was welcome. While vengeance was sweet to them, they were like ours,—whip them and they would come back again. It was an innate principle of the Indian to deck himself out in feathers, and the "Call to the Wild" was strong in him.

While there were a few capable business men and farmers among Grant county Indians, the fact that their land has all passed from them is its own comment about them. Only a few country homesteads are ever pointed out as having been developed by Indians. When Santa Claus was at the Indian Village school in 1912 there were only two children enrolled who had Indian blood in them. The Indians had no fences and their ponies always ran in the woods. While they had poultry,

their hens were not domesticated—were not of the 200-egg variety, and only laid out a clutch of eggs in a season. They roosted in trees all winter long, and when the Indians were in town they bought eggs of Checumwah, borrowed the family washboiler and carried home hard boiled eggs in their blankets. The Indian never took chances on carrying fresh eggs astride a pony, and baskets were unknown to them. When a squaw was ready to mount her pony and strike the trail, she always drew up her blanket and tightened the belt to hold the papoose on her back, the Indian woman never carrying her babe in her arms. When asked if he would like to have his early day experiences over again, Mr. McClure sounded the warning to the young—he would get a better education. He would like to live his life over except the sorrows incident to civilization, and he would secure a "first class education."

Checumwah always helped the Indians out of their difficulties, and Mr. McClure remembered well the many trips his father had made to Washington as their advocate. When the Indians would "get drunk and raise the devil." Father and Shing would tie them with ropes till the fire water would get out of their systems. While Meshingomesia was peaceable, and Peconga—son named for Thunder would have succeeded him as chieftain, had not their rights been given up by treaty, Ataw-Ataw—Lightning, was more inclined to the accumulation of property. Mrs. James Lagar, who was the last Indian woman in Pleasant, once showed the historian the clock and Bible owned and used by Meshingomesia, saying she had been brought up in his household, and when there were no others to claim them she had cared for them. Her home is along the river immediately below Battle Ground farm, and the curious may see them there. Meshingomesia had ten brothers, but he seems to have been a natural leader among them. While it is known that he died December 16, 1879, the date of his birth is a matter of conjecture, and while tradition has it that the last chieftain of the Miamis participated in the Battle of the Mississinewa in 1812, Mr. McClure thinks he heard it from his father that Meshingomesia was among the squaws who fled to the Wildcat for protection, although "he was well posted on the details and could tell an interesting story about it."

While there are no Indians in Grant county in the twentieth century—no wild Indians, one whose childhood recollection harks back to the sixties and seventies remembers being afraid to go to bed at night after hearing some of the fireside stories—no daily papers to better occupy the time of the "scare head story tellers." Some of those fellows lately returned from the war would have enjoyed sensational newspapers had they been a possibility then, and they made up for the lack of them by telling hair raising Indian stories, and Riley's "Goblins" poem is mild in comparison to them. There were terrified children on Deer Creek then—Deer Creek in Liberty is where the writer used to be afraid at night, a belated boy in search of the cows was always afraid to cross a strip of woods after night fall—there were owls, foxes—Indians, and the stories of the wolves encountered by the pioneers—why would not a timid child be afraid after dark? If the families had had newspapers then they would have employed their time better than by repeating those scare head stores in the presence of timid children.

There were two reserves in the writer's childhood, Indian and Negro reservations, and Liberty township children were used to the negroes and from them heard many stories of the Indians, and that explains an innate fear of the red skins, although one was never seen along Deer creek in that period. The negroes were afraid of the Indians, and they were given to ghost stories at all times. Liberty township Quaker children had more nearly the experiences of the children of slave holder families in the South, as so many colored women were employed in the

homes before the exodus of the colored people to Marion late in the seventies, and everybody remembers 'Liza Stuart, and her fund of stories, and years afterward, when "A Tale of the Mississinewa" was shown her, she exclaimed: "What! Whitson and Jay writes a Norvel!" and she may have been the instigation, as her "long ago" stories will never be effaced from memory. Eliminate the newspaper today and see if the bed time stories of the past do not spring into life again. As a child the writer was never afraid of the negro, but was always afraid of the Indian. Think of the guilty mothers today who frighten their children by telling them negroes or Indians will get them.

At a recent reunion of the Thomas family held in Matter park, a partly written story of Indian life in Grant county by Enoch G. Thomas, an older brother of Eli Thomas who died before completing his reminiscences, affords an excellent point of view from which to remember the typical aborigines of Grant county. Mr. Thomas says:

To those of the younger generation the primitive condition of the Indians as we found them when he landed on the Mississinewa river where Marion now stands, in the year 1829, were very different from the Indian of today. At that time his costume consisted mainly of a handkerchief bound about the head and frequently a scarlet red feather or two stuck into the folds of the little piece of cloth. A blanket was thrown about the body, buckskin leggings covered his legs and feet in the summer and in the winter the moccasins, known wherever the word Indian is spoken, and worn by these original of Americans.

In 1829 when we landed on the banks of the Mississinewa, the now thriving town of Marion was little more than a town of two houses and a store. There was wilderness everywhere, paths were used as roads and the Indians still were in evidence even then, though rapidly disappearing. We settled about one hundred rods a little west of north of the spot on the north side of the river now taken in by the end of the Washington street bridge, and something like thirty rods east of the river bank. In those days the Indians had a trail along the river between it and our home. It was no uncommon thing for several of the bucks to canter past on their ponies, one ahead of the other, single file. Occasionally one of the brilliant red feathers being dislodged from the headgear. My brothers, my sisters and myself, then small children, were very fond of watching for the approach of the redskins and of picking up the wayward feathers. The Indians frequently camped in the fall of the year, after their summer's tour on the banks of the Mississinewa, on the opposite side of the river from our home, northwest of the point where Boots creek empties into the river and on the elevated ground.

We children were amazed often, to see the members of the tribe eating coon, after the squaws had roasted them in the coals. The meat was as tender, we afterward found, as if it had been cooked in a white woman's oven, old Dutch style under a lid covered with coals of fire.

As well as I can remember there were no regular Indian villages very close to us in that day. A few miles down the river, however, they commenced and continued at fairly regular intervals to its mouth at Peru. The camps of Me-shin-go-me-sia, Slocum, Godfries and the Kilkomies, were the divisions of the larger Miami tribe to be found living between Marion and Peru. The Miami tribe claimed the greater part of these Indians, while the Pottawattamie tribe claimed the rest, a comparatively small portion. The Miamis' skin was a sunburnt yellow; they were not as tall as the average white man, their disposition was that of a social nature, and they seemed to enjoy life. To ten of the Miamis there was probably one Pottawattamie in this part of the country at that time. The average Pottawattamie was tall, strongly built and a power-

ful man physically, dignified in his bearing, apparently proud, erect of stature, very dark skinned—almost black and morose. Yet I have never heard of the Pottawattamie committing more crimes than the Miami. The few that I saw at that time traveled singly, very different from the Miamis, whose practice it was to travel in groups of twos and threes.

I do not ever remember of having entertained a Pottawattamie at my house. Many Marion people kept liquid refreshments in their houses. Several times a squad of Indians would come to our house at night and ask for entertainment until morning, and my father allowed them the privilege of lying on the floor over night. It was all they asked for. The men would be drunk—all except one, the sober Miami bossing the others about at will. I never saw an attempt of rebellion among the intoxicated individuals. One thing in this case is very remarkable, at one time one Indian would take the part of the virtual and despotic king of the intoxicated bunch; the next time another would have taken his place and the watch dog of the former spree would be "sot" drunk.

In these twentieth century days the above sounds like fiction, but many settlers would vouch for its facts. It has been debatable as to how much attention should be given the Indian in this Centennial history, but he could not be ignored even though he has gone on to the happy hunting grounds of his fathers, or to one of the numerous government reservations. It is shown in census reports that there are as many Indians as ever, but they are distributed differently. Judge R. T. St. John may be right when he contends that fair play has not been accorded the Indian, and the school boy will always be in sympathy with him and the wild life in the forest. Indian darts are still picked up, and there are many collections of Indian curios about the country. A generation ago there was an Indian band in every presidential campaign, and the story is still told of a serenade at the Meshingomesia cabin when the chief was badly frightened—thought of war.

While Waughcoonaugh Place is in Wabash county, Waukoon was such a widely known Indian that the average citizen thinks he was a resident of Grant county. Waukoon's church has been converted into a cattle shed, and yet the front remains unchanged—standing across the road from the little spot where he and his family are buried along the way from Lafontaine to Pearson's mill, and the "sons of their fathers" in Marion all have stories to tell of the famous Indian preacher. He was "squatty but an Indian all over," and a by-stander relates that when the late M. Blumenthal once asked him: "What the h— you doing in town?" he answered: "No swear—Christian," although one time when his chickens had been stolen he followed the thieves by the feathers along the trail, and forgot he was a Christian. Although a converted Indian, Waukoon was passionately fond of horse racing and when seen at the "Old Bob McClure" race track in an early day, some one remarked about it, receiving the information in return: "Jesus Christ went among sinners," and he had no further need of justification.

However, Waukoon was not always biblical in his answers, although he frequently preached in the Baptist church in the Indian Village. Once when James Sweetser met him he asked: "Waukoon, what are you doing?" and the answer was: "Farming a little—preaching a little." Mr. Sweetser asked what he was paid for preaching and he said: "Nothing." Being a man of business, and given to expressing himself in common vernacular, Mr. Sweetser said: "That's d—d poor pay," when the Indian rejoined: "It's a d—d poor preach," showing himself to be a winner of souls not influenced by money consideration. Waukoon was uneducated, and it is said he could not stick to a text when he took one, and yet all who know the name remember him as a gospel minister. One man said: "If the truth was known, Waukoon was a Pottawattamie."

and while asserting himself as a leader of his people, he had certain ideas of business that were remarkably crude. When he died he owed the Sweetser bank, which later became the First National Bank, $100, simply because he wanted to sustain a business relation with the institution. In lieu of indorsed paper as security, the Indian preacher deposited five twenty dollar gold coins as evidence of good faith—collateral in the bank, and when his account was closed his loss was the twelve percent interest he had paid, not exacting anything in turn from the bank on account of his gold deposit. The war dance and war whoop seem to belong to some remote age, and yet Grant county citizens continue to tell about them. The stage has been cleared and others are now before the foot lights. The Battle of the Mississinewa was the beginning of the end of Indian history in this part of the heritage.

VI. THE FIRST MAN AND THE FIRST HOUSE

By Hon. John Ratliff

The historian of today must frequently acknowledge the assistance given him by John Ratliff and William Neal, two public spirited pioneer citizens who left some record behind them of the affairs of the time in which they lived, and who were influential and active in the community. Both men had much to do with county affairs, and both had sufficient education to leave record of their proceedings to posterity. Those who knew him talked about James Sweetser, the founder of a well known family, and his relation to the community. The county historian well remembers Nathan Coggeshall who always knew the situation, no matter about what subject was approached in his presence, and while both left their ineffaceable impress neither left any written history. Samuel McClure's name will never die in the pages of local history, and one pioneer citizen after another might be enumerated, and yet none but Mr. Ratliff and Mr. Neal ever left any witness of their part in the general transformation of things.

William Neal died several years before the organization of the Grant County Historical Society, but John Ratliff was an honorary member from the beginning until his death in 1912, when he was ninety, and when asked to write upon the subject: "The First Man and the First House," he himself admitted that he did not "stick to the text," that it was not an easy matter, there being so little available data. There were few citizens who knew more about the beginning of things than Mr. Ratliff, and he found it difficult to be definite. Both Mr. Ratliff and Mr. Neal contributed to the Kingman Atlas published in 1877, and later Mr. Neal was local editor of a county history published in 1886, the "Biographical Memoirs" of 1901 having no history department. All township historians who have contributed to this Centennial History have drawn from those two early writers in addition to their own personal knowledge and individual research, and if in time the Centennial History is regarded as authority, all who have had to do with its making will be glad those two pioneer historians contributed indirectly to it. Mr. Ratliff's paper was read before the Historical Society September 30, '05, and because he had borrowed some of it from himself and others have done the same thing, duplicate preliminary matter is omitted at the expense of its length, and many "first things" in the township papers are thus credited to him.

In part, Mr. Ratliff said: "Grant county was organized August 5, 1831, and the residence of David Branson near the McFeeley mill site

was the place designated for holding the courts for the time being. * * * The board met at David Branson's residence and proceeded to define the boundaries of the townships. This was in September, and the first county officers and court officials were: Circuit judge, Charles H. Test; associate judges, Samuel McClure and Caleb Smith; county clerk and auditor, Jesse Vermilyea, the same man filling both offices while now it takes several men to each office; recorder, Benjamin Knight; treasurer, David Branson; and sheriff, Benjamin Berry. The first surveyor was Caleb H. Cole, and the second was D. P. Alder, and the records A and B made by those men were lost in the river, but the writer well remembers them. These two men made all the county surveys until 1846 when Ephraim Smith followed them," and at this point the speaker indulged in most interesting reminiscences not written down in his paper.

Mr. Ratliff was then past eighty-four and Ephraim Smith was then living, and the story told of the loss of records A and B by their contemporary, William Neal, was graphic enough although a misfortune to the community. The historian heard Mr. Ratliff tell that story twice, and one year at the meeting of the Octogenarian Club it was with evident pleasure that he introduced Mr. Smith, again relating Mr. Neal's experience, and saying Mr. Smith was the man who made record C in 1846-7, and since that time the record of the county survey is on file, the first fifteen years being blank because one day when Mr. Neal was crossing the Mississinewa in a canoe the boat capsized with him, and the two books he was carrying went to the bottom of the stream. While the books and instruments sank to the bottom and were never recovered, Mr. Neal succeeded in reaching dry land and safety, Mr. Ratliff saying he caught to a limb and saved himself.

"The educational facilities for years after our county was organized were not of the best. The school houses of that day were made of logs put up in cabin style, and covered with clapboards. They were generally built of round logs and hewed or 'scutched' down after being put up. The cracks were 'chinked' and daubed with mud. A log was sawed out of one side or end to within a foot or two of the corners of the building, and strips of probably an inch in width were nailed across this opening about a foot apart, and clean white paper pasted on these strips, oiled or greased. [Editor's note. It is probable that wooden pins were used, the writer being old and not having put anything together in rude fashion himself for many years.] The oiling or greasing of the paper served a double purpose, first to prevent the rain from wetting the paper so it would not be easily torn by the wind or atmosphere, and second, to allow the light to penetrate and light the room.

The log under this window was flattened on the top side and served as a window sill. This was a convenient shelf on which to set the ink stand and lay the goose quill pens. Immediately under this window was the writing desk, which was formed by boring holes in the under log and putting pegs in upon which a broad, smooth shelf was placed with a slant downwards from the wall. It was the prevailing opinion in that day that persons could write better on an inclined plane. For this writing desk a slab bench was provided to accommodate pupils when writing. This bench as a rule was not encumbered with a back. The teacher or 'master,' made goose quill pens and set copies for the writing students. The school house was warmed by a wood fire built in a dirt fire place, clay back, jams and hearth and all were tamped, upon which was built a 'stick and clay'—some old people say 'stick and cat,' chimney. The furniture was such stool and desk as the teacher saw fit to provide for himself. There were benches for the students usually called 'scolbers' to sit on.

"Black boards, maps and charts were not common in that day. The teacher as a rule stood close to the spelling and reading classes to correct mistakes, as there was too much noise for him to hear at a distance. The lessons were studied 'out loud.' As the log school house gave way to the frame and the brick the 'out loud' methods also went. Now this is no fancy sketch of the primitive school building. Your humble servant has sat on the slab bench and at the paper window, and warmed at the wood fire on the dirt hearth. The introduction of new methods like any reformation, meets with opposition. The writer taught a school in Jonesboro some sixty odd years ago in a log Friends church about sixteen or eighteen feet square, and without consultation the first black board in the county was put up. The teacher made the board two by ten feet of dressed poplar plank and painted it with lamp black and butter milk, and when dry rubbed it with a woolen cloth. A few of the employes considered it an invasion of good order. It was alleged the small children would watch the larger ones at the board and neglect their lessons. The larger boys were instructed to clean all figures off of the board before any public meeting was to be held. A black board in a school room and an organ in a church in that day was an innovation, but today neither is considered complete without these articles of furniture.

"Schools in those days were supported with but little public funds, the pay coming entirely from the employes or patrons of the schools. Wages were sometimes as low as ten dollars per month and the teacher would board around among the employes. It is a matter of history that William James taught the first school in Grant county in the first schoolhouse built on a knoll on the Bazil Foster farm, and the first school taught by a woman was in a log church in what is now Fairmount township. The woman was Susannah Baldwin."

In 1865 the school revenue for tuition was $1,347.12. In 1875 the tuition revenue for Grant county amounted to $25,089.77, having more than doubled itself in one decade. About this period nearly two thirds of the children of school age attended school. Our tuition revenue for the year 1905 (the year Mr. Ratliff read his paper), is $147,710.05, an annual increase of a little over $4,000 for the past thirty years. The school revenue paid teachers of the state for the year ending in 1901 was $6,512,321.70. Tuition revenue ten years ago—1891, was $4,370,660 making an increase of about fifty percent in the last decade, and our permanent school fund at last report was $10,637,564.36. Under our present statute this amount cannot be reduced, but may be increased from year to year by adding fines and forfeitures. There are few states if any whose school system excels that of Indiana.

The writer taught his first school in a log house sixty-three years ago. It was a subscription school wherein the employes paid in proportion to what they subscribed—a scholar or a scholar and a half, and if they sent more than subscribed, they paid accordingly. There were no public funds. The wages about that period seldom exceeded $50 for three months. The writer probably has $50 in accounts still standing out not yet paid for schools taught of winters. He does not give in this account for taxation, and the tax ferret has not unearthed it. [Editor's note. To whom could the historian have turned for information given by Mr. Ratliff, as he describes his own part in shaping the destinies of the future?]

While many old people have vivid memories few of them are able to write down their own past experiences as has Mr. Ratliff, and all who knew him have stories to tell of his strong personality. When he was a young man with only $15 in his pocket he walked to Franklin college, paying his respects to the governor of Indiana as he passed

through Indianapolis, and he always had the necessary determination with which to overcome difficulties. After quitting farm activities, his old family homestead in Franklin now being occupied by a son, Harvey Ratliff, he continued traveling about the country with his surveying instruments, and it is admitted that he established more boundaries and corners than any other engineer in the county. On the day he read the paper, Mr. Ratliff exhibited a willow knot from a witness tree standing near where Deer creek flows into the Mississinewa that had not increased in size in eighty-four years, the time since it had been a matter of record in Washington, D. C., and when he removed the knot he substituted a gas pipe for it to mark its location. He said he would fill it with oil for better preservation.

Mr. Ratliff explained some of the irregularities in the public roads, saying the government seldom corrects mistakes, but for several years the system of surveying has been changed and fewer "jogs" occur along public highways than when he first established them. When he left the farm he tried the experiment of an apartment life for a few months, and related to his old friend and neighbor, John Harris, that he had never known anything at all of human nature until after that adventure. For many years he made an early morning pilgrimage from the home adjoining the city library to the farm, always walking the distance, although horses were at his command, and it is said that an acquaintance once asked him to ride, Mr. Ratliff answering: 'Since I am not in a hurry, I will ride with thee," the "plain language" always being his method of expressing himself. What the historian of Franklin said about Mr. Ratliff and others of his day is true, and none will be remembered longer by what they have accomplished than John Ratliff.

VII. CIVIL GOVERNMENT IN GRANT COUNTY

In his preface to Civil Government of Indiana, Marshall Williams says: "Increased knowledge of the general plan and even the details of the system by which the people of Indiana are governed can hardly fail to develop in them a wholesome respect for her government and a patriotic pride which will make them better contented and more law-abiding citizens," and frequent reference is made to that little volume in writing about the government of Grant county.

Another has declared that government begins with the home, expands to the state and finally the church is the controlling influence, but the question arises as to the strength of the church in a community where not all the people are members. The government of the family, school, state and nation must be vested in some recognized head, and yet many wise ones are doubtful have never thought of it at all. The judge and prosecuting attorney are judicial officers and receive their pay from the state although elected by the people of the county. The county offices created by the constitution of Indiana are seven in number—ministerial offices with duties derived by statute, although the construction placed upon the statutes sometimes seem to be a matter of personal opinion of the particular officer.

"It is not necessarily a body of rascals in the courthouse," said one conscientious official, and he asserted that oftentimes the fault is in the law itself. Men have simply construed it differently, and taken as a whole the government of Grant county is made up of good, honest citizens. The clerk, auditor and recorder are elected for four years while the treasurer, sheriff, coroner and surveys each serve two years, no per

son being eligible to any of such offices for more than two consecutive terms. The manner of transacting business is not specified in the constitution, although some things of an administrative character are implied. The board of county commissioners is composed of three voters, one from each of the three commissioner's districts, though all are elected by the voters of the entire county. The term of office is three years, a vacancy occurring each December. The board of commissioners is the real head of county government—the first body organized in the history of Grant county. While all the other officers have their duties prescribed by statute, the commissioners have latitude—are responsible for things and are allowed to arrive at decisions in their own way. Their duties are numerous and very important to the tax payers of the county. They have full control of all property, real or personal—might even dispose of the courthouse square if they saw fit. The county auditor is ex-officio member of the board, and he keeps a record of its proceedings, and if necessary the sheriff attends to preserve order.

The commissioners from the first district who have served the county from its organization are: Jeremiah Sutton, Charles Hummell, James Barnett, W. E. Hendricks, Stephen D. Hall, Samuel Doyle, R. H. Lenfesty, John Seerist, Jonathan Seegar, John Spears, Jacob Minnick, D. F. Horton, Nicholas D. Holman, James Charles, E. W. Creviston, A. N. Stephens, Joseph Lugar, John T. Williams, W. K. Frazier and O. M. Brumfiel, their term of service being in the order named although there have been irregularities– vacancies filled and short terms thrown in, and once in the second district another man was commissioner for about ten minutes until a detailed report showed different results.

The second district commissioners have been: Reason Malott, Silas Overman, William Roberds, John James, James Sweetser, Benjamin Morgan, Greenup F. Holman, Thomas Wall, Robert Griffin, W. C. Miles, Robert Griffin—must have been some close elections. Mr. Griffin dropping out and returning as men have done in recent years; Robert Beatty, C. T. Tibbits, John Seerist, Robert Beatty, George White, Abijah C. Jay, G. B. Sweetser, B. C. Harris, Frank W. Chase, Paris A. Hoover, E. W. Pemberton, John Wilson, John Kiley, William Baldwin, Isaiah Wall and commissioner elect C. C. Nelson.

The third district commissioners have been: David Adamson, Solomon Thomas, Thomas Kirkwood, John Russell, S. N. Woodman, J. B. Allen, W. H. Smith, Thomas Dean, Thomas Coleman, J. L. Dolman, Robert Wilson, Spencer Reeder, Joshua Canon, Daniel Coleman, Hugh Hamilton, George Cairens, Edmund Duling, Piner Evans, William Wharton, J. P. Winslow, B. F. Stevens, George Needler, W. R. Coomler, James M. Peele, Isaac W. Carter, John Kelsay, T. J. Lucas, I. S. Benbow and T. J. Lucas a second time, the game of politics being uncertain—out and back again. The board of commissioners is advised in a legal way by a county attorney chosen by them, and whose business it is to look into technicalities connected with all their transactions. By Act of the Indiana Legislature, April 27, 1899, a County Council was created—a body of men chosen every four years at the general election to provide for the expenditure of money by the commissioners, and the first election was in 1900, the second in 1902, and after that—every four years. There are four councilmanic districts with three councilmen at large, and this council fixes the rate of taxation and has general oversight of all important monetary transactions.

The first councilmanic district includes Marion and Center; the second, Washington, Van Buren, Monroe and Mill; the third, Pleasant, Sims, Franklin and Richland, and the fourth, Jefferson, Fairmount, Liberty and Green. The county councilmen chosen in the 1900 election were: John Swisher, Harvey H. Jay, John O. Spurgeon, Warren J

Fergus as regular, and the councilmen at large were: John Prior, Jesse M. Ballard and Lewis Landess. Those elected in 1902 were: Harmon D. Reasoner, John Prior, G. W. Cauldlin, John Sanders and W. S. Elliott. M. F. Evans and Jacob Fishell. Those chosen in 1906 were: H. D. Reasoner, W. S. Elliott, John Sanders, Julius C. Lake, Henry Wise, and James M. Buchanan. In 1910 the body was: W. S. Elliott, Henry Wise, Lin Wilson, B. C. Harris, James W. Dicken, James Strieler and Sol Carter. This councilmanic membership is little more than honorary as the remuneration for the year is only $15, and naturally its members feel inclined to economy for the rest of the county organization. Men are chosen to the county council who have managed their own affairs successfully, and they are prepared to save the county from any mistaken investments. The auditor and sheriff meet with the county council, and all public funds are distributed according to its direction. The county council is the financial safety valve for the community—safeguards county business interests.

The county auditor keeps all accounts of the county commissioners, county council and the board of review, and he also prepares the annual tax duplicates from the transfer books and assessment sheets. One copy of the tax duplicate remains in the auditor's office, and the other goes to the office of the county treasurer as his guide in the collection of revenues. The auditor is the book-keeper for the entire county, and a warrant or order from him is necessary before the county treasurer can pay out any funds at all. This important office has been filled by the following: For ten years, at the beginning, one person served both as clerk and auditor, Jesse Vermilyea and Riley Marshall performing the double service, and in 1838 Morton Jones filled the office of recorder as well as being clerk and auditor. E. C. Carey served from '41; John Gilbert from '46; James Brownlee from '55; John C. Harlan and Thomas Dean from '59; William Neal from '63; John Ratliff from '71; Joseph W. Stout from '75; J. N. Turner from '83; J. W. Miles from '87; G. A. Osborn from '91; John Wilson from '95; G. A. Modlin from '99; Harry Goldthait from '03; A. Y. Stout from '07 and in '11 E. H. Kimball was elected to serve four years.

The county treasurer receives all taxes paid for the support of the state, county and township and he is held to strict account for the safety and proper application of such funds. Twice a year he makes settlement with the state, and only rarely has there been any discrepancy—the surety being responsible, and David Branson had the distinction of being first, serving from '31; John Beard from '33; Eli Overman from '34; Frederick Eltzroth from '35; Isaac Bedsaul from '38; G. W. Webster from '40; Redden Chance from '42; B. W. Ruley from '44; Jacob Whisler from '53; Ephraim Smith from '55; W. C. Miles from '57; D. W. Jones from '59; W. C. Miles from '61; D. Culbertson from '63; James Brownlee from '65; J. C. Nottingham from '67; R. J. Gauntt from '69; J. H. Nelson from '73; I. M. Cox from '75; J. P. Campbell from '77; W. I. Milner from '81; I. M. Cox from '83; H. D. Reasoner from '85; Joseph W. Parker from '89; W. E. Heal and H. D. Reasoner from '91; W. D. Steele from '95; Elsworth Harvey from '99; W. S. Neal from '03; W. H. Sanders from '07, and it was January 1, '13 that Uz McMurtrie became county treasurer.

The county recorder is charged with the safekeeping of all records of deeds, mortgages and other instruments affecting the title to lands which have been made since the county was organized, and also with recording new instruments of the same character, and Benjamin Knight served till '38, and Morton Jones, W. C. Jones and P. J. Neal together filled the place till '52; Daniel Morris till '53; George Swope till '61; John H. Zahn till '69; Z. M. Harris till '73; A. M. Baldwin till '81;

Benjamin Hamaker till '85; Frank Rybolt till '89; Benjamin Hamaker and Charles Lillibridge till '93; Mr. Lillibridge till '97; J. F. Carmichael till '01; again the irregularity of Mr. Carmichael held over till '02; H. O. P. Cline till '06; E. E. Veach till '10, when Joseph Clouse, the present incumbent was elected recorder. There are so many volumes connected with conveyances of land, mortgages of chattels, real-estate, mechanic's liens, leases, articles of incorporation, the names of trustees of churches, lodges, and plats of cities and towns, that some system is necessary in finding the proper records, and alphabetically arranged index has been devised for it.

The clerk of the court is required to keep the docket and order books which contain records of the proceedings of the circuit, superior and criminal courts of the county. All judgments, decrees and transcripts of judgments, lists of jurors and witnesses, inventories, appraisements and reports of executors and administrators, wills and other instruments relating to court proceedings are a matter of record in his office. The clerk is the custodian of official and appeal bonds, coroner's reports and the findings of insanity inquests. He issues marriage licenses, summonses, warrants and subpenas, and during vacation of the circuit court he issues letters of execution and administration. The clerk and his deputies are authorized to administer oaths, and are required to execute pension vouchers without charge. There is a sort of an unwritten law in Grant county politics that any deputy who serves the public faithfully and well is finally rewarded by the voters, and it holds good in all departments of county government. The first clerk was Jesse Vermilyea who served one year and Riley Marshall served until '38, when M. Jones, who died in office was succeeded by J. Trimble and he in turn by E. G. Carey who served until '45; Asbury Steele till '49; J. W. Brown until '56; R. B. Jones until '62; Byron H. Jones until '66; J. W. Morrow until '70; M. S. Marsh until '78; J. H. Zahn until '82; C. W. Neal until '86; William Feighner until '90; Wilson Addington until '94; E. H. Ferree until '98; W. T. Cammack until '02; M. M. Wall until '06; J. D. Ferree until '10, when Fred Drake was elected and is the present incumbent.

The sheriff is the chief executive and peace officer of the county, and if his zeal denied him repose until he had performed everything within the scope of his duty, he would be a most busy man. The Grant county sheriff is provided with a domicile—a place to lay his head, and in that respect he has the advantage of other county officials—the $100,000 "*bastile*" being exclusive for prisoners and their custodians, few Grant county tax-payers having the conveniences in their own homes equal to those offered criminals "in durance vile." The sheriff must prevent lynchings, riots and all violent disorders. He must pursue and capture felons and those guilty of misdemeanors, put an end to unlawful sales of liquor, arrest every one who uses profane language in his hearing, and bring to justice all offenders. The sheriff must keep the jail, convey convicts to state prisons, safely keep all prisoners, arrest accused persons and where the judgment is rendered but not paid, he must seize and sell enough property, if any is found within the county, to satisfy all claims against it and those who have met and conquered all difficulties are: Benjamin Berry who was first and served until '33; W. J. Barnett until '36; E. G. Carey until '39; Henly James, until '43; John Hodge until '46; Zimri Reynolds until '52; Alexander Buchanan until '56; Calvin B. McRae until '60; B. C. Hiatt and Benjamin Crowell until '63; L. H. Elliott until '67; Mr. Buchanan until '70; John F. Jones until '72; L. D. Baldwin until '76; B. R. Norman until '80; A. E. Eyestone until '82; Charles Leufesty until '84; Orange Holman until '86; W. G. Wilson until '88; Robert L. Jones and Alfred

McFeely until '90; John Sanders until '92; J. T. Williams until '94; Acil Alexander until '98; C. C. Bradford until '02; Clark Mills until '06; J. B. McGuffin until '08; Tony George until '12 when Y. F. White assumed all responsibility.

The coroner of Grant county is a conservator of the peace, elected by the people although commissioned by the state of Indiana. While the governor commissions the coroner his powers and duties are the same as those of the sheriff in keeping the peace, suppressing affrays and arresting offenders against the criminal law. Under certain conditions the coroner may take charge of the jail and imprison the sheriff, but such a precedent has not yet been established in Grant county. The coroner's particular work is to hold inquests where death results from unnatural causes, or where the cause of death is unknown. It takes charge of all money and other valuables found on the body of such person, and disposes of them according to law. In recent years medical doctors have aspired to this office, but not all have been men of medicine. There was little such record made until in 1857 when Calvin W. Ward became the first coroner, and he was followed in turn by Nicholas D. Hohman, Benjamin Crowell, Daniel Jay, Mr. Crowell, Mr. Jay, Captain Isaac Hamilton, Dr. J. L. Lord, Captain Hamilton, C. B. Porter, James Boyd (colored), H. J. Work, Dr. J. S. Whitson, Dr. G. W. Davis, Dr. G. R. Daniels and Dr. V. V. Cameron, and the coroner's jury of twelve men has long been out of vogue, the argument of one negro candidate—Henry Weaver being that he could tell when a man was dead without calling twelve others to decide that point—all that about a generation ago.

The county surveyor establishes all lines lying outside of the corporate limits of cities and towns. He usually marks corners by stones and records the survey in his office books. He is empowered to take acknowledgments of deeds and mortgages, to administer oaths and he may act as drainage commissioner. The work of the first surveyor, David P. Alder, who made records A and B, were lost, and record C was made by Ephraim Smith who became county surveyor in 1816 – the work of fifteen years lying at the bottom of the Mississinewa—the story elsewhere told in this Centennial History. Those who followed Mr. Smith are: John Ratliff, Robert B. Jones, William Neal, A. C. Overman, L. M. Overman, B. C. Harris, David Overman, William Neal, E. C. Murray, L. M. Overman, John Swisher, A. R. Smith, A. E. Ratliff, W. S. Freel, A. R. Smith, F. M. Baldwin, C. D. Smith, Fremont Wilson and Denver C. Horner.

The drainage commissioner is an officer whose duties relate to the construction and repair of public ditches and drains, and he works in connection with the county surveyor in the inspection of lands affected by proposed drains, and reports to the court with reference to the utility and practicability of such thing. The office of ditch commissioner dates back to about 1885 and Simon P. Barley was the first official ditch man in Grant county. His successors have been: Sol. Carter, J. E. Carey, H. M. Creviston, A. J. Lenox, who died and R. B. Thomas finished his term, C. D. Smith, D. M. Murphy and George Swisher.

By Act of 1891 the office of county assessor was created, and Sidney Harvey served by appointment from May of that year until after the November election in 1892, when E. L. Bond (Rural) was duly elected and served until his death in 1894, when P. S. Candy filled out his unexpired time. All this is within the memory of the historian. Thomas Winslow was elected in 1906 and served until the Century year, when W. R. Coomler was elected and through extension of time he served six years. In 1906 M. M. Kilgore was chosen, and in 1910 he was succeeded by the present incumbent—B. Jones Lindlum. The duty

of the county assessor is to investigate the ownership of property and place it on the tax list for collection. He is president of the county board of review composed of five persons, assessor, auditor and treasurer of the county roster, and two free holders appointed by the judge of the circuit court. The board of review meets annually on the first Monday in June and continues in session until its work is completed. It hears all complaints as to assessments, adds omitted property, corrects errors and raises or lowers any assessment which it thinks necessary for the purpose of equalizing assessments throughout the county. For this purpose it may call and examine witnesses upon oath.

There is one educational office supposed to be beyond the spoils system, and the superintendent of schools is elected by the county board of education on the first Monday of June every fourth year, counting from 1899, the time the term was extended from two to four years. The county board of education is composed of the township trustees and school board presidents of the incorporated towns, and while it is supposed to be nonpartisan, politics is always in evidence. It was since the Civil war that the office was created, there being examiners before there were school superintendents, among them William Neal, Nathan Doane, A. W. Sanford, G. W. Harvey and when T. D. Tharp was elected in 1871 it was an examiner, but when he was reelected two years later new duties were added and he was both examiner and superintendent of the schools of the entire county. He served until 1879, and in March of that year he granted the present centennial county historian his first license as a teacher. G. A. Osborn served until '87; E. O. Ellis until '91; F. M. Searles until '97; Alexander Bell Thompson until his death in '04, seven years, and A. G. Brumfiel filled the unexpired time and served until '11, when C. H. Terrell became county superintendent. There was an extension of time during the incumbency of Mr. Thompson. The county superintendent has general supervision over the schools of the county, holds county teachers' institutes, conducts examinations for teachers, visits the schools while in session, and is a general adviser of the teachers and school officers of the county.

By an act of the Indiana legislature, March 11, 1891, the truant officer came into existence, and Ed Caldwell (not the accountant) was the first incumbent of the office in Grant county. It was the duty of the truant officer to enforce the compulsory education law, to enforce greater efficiency upon the community of the future, but the 1913 Indiana legislature changed the name and Noah West is the first attendance officer. However inapplicable the word truant may have been, the attendance officer performs practically the same duties, and there are always a number of persons seeking the appointment. The attendance officer who is diligent may receive compensation for 280 days, and he is valuable in as much as he enforces efficiency by increasing attendance in the schools of the county. The city of Marion has an officer in addition to the county official, and to date the truant and attendance officers have been: Mr. Caldwell, L. C. Reynolds, J. A. Jones, W. O. Clay, W. F. Jones, G. E. Pierce and Noah West of the county, and Jesse Jones and Reece Daviess of the city.

There is a juvenile court, board of children's guardians, county board of charities and corrections and federated charities otherwise provided for and institutional life will be described in those chapters. The whole succession of judges has been reviewed in another chapter, but in order they are: C. H. Test until '35; Samuel Bigger until '39; David Kilgore until '46; Jeremiah Smith until '52; J. Anthony and J. U. Pettit until '54; J. Brownlee and A. M. Wallace until '60; H. P. Biddle until '66; J. S. Bucklee until '70; Joshua Mellett until '73; J.

R. Slack until '80; H. B. Saylors until '86; W. H. Carroll until '92; R. T. St. John until '98; J. L. Custer until '04, and H. J. Paulus holds over until '16—the first man to occupy the bench continuously for twelve years.

There were associate judges from the beginning until 1852, and in their order they were: Samuel McClure, Daniel James, William Massey, B. F. Furnish, Caleb Smith and Henly James. In 1837 James Trimble became probate judge and he was followed by Benoni C. Hogin, J. W. Goldthait, George F. Dunn, Frederick P. Lucas, Walter March, Henry S. Kelly, John Green, and William Garver when in 1873—the figures reversed, the position was discontinued. When the superior court was instituted between Grant and Howard counties in 1897, Hiram Brownlee served three years by appointment, and in the century year he was regularly elected, serving until 1904 when B. F. Harness, of Kokomo, was chosen, and in 1908 P. H. Elliott was elected, and during his time of service the relation was changed from Howard to Delaware county, and in 1912 R. M. Van Atta was elected to the Grant-Delaware superior court bench—the present incumbent—Grant county furnishing the judge in all but one term.

In order to hold court a prosecuting attorney is necessary—chosen by the county and paid by the state, and in order of service they have been: H. Gregg, W. J. Brown, S. W. Parker, J. T. Elliott, Jeremiah Smith, J. M. Wallace, John Davis, Joseph Buckles, Isaiah M. Harlan, David Moss, Silas Colgrove, J. M. Connell, I. M. Harlan, R. P. DeHart, M. H. Kidd, T. C. Whiteside, Dudley Chase, L. M. Goodwin, David Chambers, Alfred Moore, A. E. Steele, S. W. Cantwell, C. M. Ratliff, O. L. Cline, Elias Bundy, W. M. Amsden, E. E. Freidline, Wilbur Williams, Grant Dentler, George Coon, and Wilbur Williams—reelected in 1912, the only Democrat to fill that position in recent years. While there is a county prosecuting attorney there is also a county attorney—their duties of different nature. Grant county has been in business for itself since August 5, 1831, its residents having petitioned for separate and independent existence February 18th that year, having grown tired of the Fort Wayne land office and of the Muncie court. The county seat of Grant was determined by the amount of bonus subscribed—the Beatty and Hiatt farms rivaling the Boots and Branson site, and although antedating county organization nineteen years—the foregoing is a complete list of those who have served Grant county in official capacity, including the results of the 1912 election.

"Civil Government of Indiana" further says: "The modern idea of government involves that of a community of people, permanently occupying a definite geographical area over whose public affairs, general and local, designated persons exercise recognized authority and power. It was doubtless reached by a somewhat devious evolution from the simpler and more natural conceptions of primitive times, expanding as the changed condition of the community demanded a more systematic control. Perfection of plan or practical working can hardly be claimed for any system, nor is the government best suited to one condition of men necessarily adapted to others." The town of Marion is coordinate with the county of Grant—August 5, 1831, and the election changing it from town to city and held May 7, 1889, when A. E. Steele became its first mayor. It is now governed under the cities and towns laws of 1905, and John O. Wilson is at the head of city government. The chief executive and administrative authority is vested in the mayor. He may appoint and remove the different heads of departments and other appointive officers as suits him. It is the mayor's particular duty to see that the ordinances of the city and the laws of the state are executed and enforced, and to exercise a general super-

vision over subordinate officers. He is responsible for the efficient government of the city, presides at all meetings of the city council, and has the power of veto in measures not approved by him.

Under metropolitan police control the department is under direct control of the governor of Indiana who appoints a non-partisan board of police commissioners, but by special dispensation the city of Marion is an exception—controls itself. There is a local police board appointed by the mayor, and it is subject to so many changes resignation and otherwise that chief of police, B. O. Phillips, does not find it expedient to print the names of such board on the city stationery used by him accurate today, wrong tomorrow. Under certain pressure there was wholesale resignation lately and a new slate named by Mayor Wilson was: J. B. McGuffin, Dr. M. M. Wall and John C. Haswell, but Mr. McGuffin's resignation soon followed and Chief Phillips was vindicated in his precaution—unsafe to print the names of such board on city stationery. The recent wet and dry agitation in the community has rendered such position unsatisfactory to men who wish to hold themselves aloof from municipal difficulties. There are twenty two men enrolled in the Marion police department aside from the chief, and numerous people stand for law and order in the community in addition to the official roster. While Gas City has similar charter, there is no police board and the mayor and council appoint a marshall who does patrol duty there—a position not always easily filled owing to its many unpleasant features. "Blind tigers" have been worse than pestilence in both Marion and Gas City—newspaper reports the basis for the assertion.

Other incorporated towns in Grant county are: Jonesboro, platted in 1836 and incorporated "sometime in the sixties," but there is record that Samuel Jay was president of the town board in 1868, and inhabitants of the town remember when they still worked the roads in the country. Fairmount became an incorporated town January 23, 1871, and the town clerk's office contains the earliest constitution. [Note - The Jonesboro records were destroyed by fire.] Swayzee was incorporated March 26, 1891; Van Buren, June —, 1892; Upland, October 17, 1893; Gas City, April 9, 1895, and Matthews, November 25, 1902, and while in some instances the town was not incorporated until the township had provided the necessary school buildings, in others the school corporation was vacated in order to enlist township capital—notably Van Buren, where a township high school exists. The Matthews schools have always been under Jefferson township control.

The office of city controller who was at the head of the finance department in Marion city has been discontinued, and in each town or city the clerk records the minutes of all council proceedings, keeps the books, papers and records and is keeper of the corporate seal, issues all licenses and prepares the assessment duplicates. The treasurer has charge of all funds belonging to the corporation and collects the taxes. Judge Marshall Williams, author of "Civil Government of Indiana," was the first and last city judge in the city of Marion, having been appointed to the position April 17, 1905, by Governor J. Frank Hanley and duly elected in November, 1906, but at the expiration of the time the office was discontinued—the mayor assuming the duties. The city attorney is the legal adviser of all city officials and looks after all litigation. He attends all meetings of the council and draws up all contracts and franchises or ordinances required by the city. The city attorney sustains the same relation to the city that he would to any private corporation, and it is an important position. The city civil engineer and street superintendent is a member of the department of public works appointed by the mayor, and his duty is to keep an accurate

record of grades and lines of sewers, and other matters required of him by the city. The board of public works—the head of this department, consists of three members whose duties are to acquire and control such property, personal and real, as is needed by the city for any public purpose, and it is authorized to design and execute any necessary repairs or improvements.

The board of works is an important body in city government. It may lay out, open, vacate, change and establish grades, and carry out the improvements of streets, alleys and public grounds. This board may provide for the supply of gas, water and light for the city itself and for the citizens. It may construct bridges, culverts, levees and discharge all other duties of an executive character not assigned to any other department. Under the new law city government has been greatly simplified, and the board of works is enabled to accomplish a great many things. The town or city council exercises control over all other officers of the municipality—its finances, property and business in general. It may adopt regulations for fire protection, sanitation, levy taxes and control the business situation of the community. The different departments of city government are under direct control of the mayor, and several of them are appointive offices dependent entirely upon him. Sometimes—use the necessary grain of allowance in Grant county politics—the office seeks the man, but who will be definite in proving the assertion? There are usually enough citizens willing to place themselves "in the hands of their friends" for any necessary sacrifice, and political fences are seldom built so high as to be insurmountable if the services of any particular citizen should be demanded by the community.

A man must be a resident of Indiana six months, of Grant county sixty days and of any voting precinct thirty days before he is eligible to citizenship—the franchise. When the women become voters many existing conditions will be changed, but till then——. The sheriff, police, marshals and constables represent the strong arm of the law, and in emergencies the force may be increased by drafting citizens into the service. An officer of the law is justified in defending himself, and bystanders must accede to his request if the circumstances render additional force a necessity. A patrolman may serve in citizen's clothes if thereby suspicion may be allayed and culprits brought to justice. All prisoners are committed to the county jail and are released or recommitted after appearing before the circuit judge or the mayor of the city. While Grant county makes no effort toward collecting a rogue's gallery, many noted criminals have been taken by officials of the city and county. The marshals of the different towns contribute to the galaxy of criminals—always vigilant in law enforcement.

When Marion was incorporated under city charter, May 7, 1889, A. J. Lennox became chief of police and in turn the place has been filled by George Marsh, Carl Lewis, J. B. White, Lindsay Addington and Mr. White again before the present police chief, B. O. Phillips. Prior to that time the town trustees as in other towns of the county, had charge of the town government and when the peace and safety of the county seat was looked after by a marshal, a number of citizens distinguished themselves and in reverse order some of them were: L. A. VonBehren, J. L. Fort, John Morehead, Davidson Culbertson, William Fitzgerald, Foster Hite—but it would require a vast amount of time and patience to run the records in all the towns, and in the mad rush of business people seem to have forgotten such things. The Goddess of Justice which has stood guardian of the peace ever since the Grant county court house was built, suffered the loss of an arm in the 1913 Easter storm, and future tranquillity is not assured,

but "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and later historians may record the results.

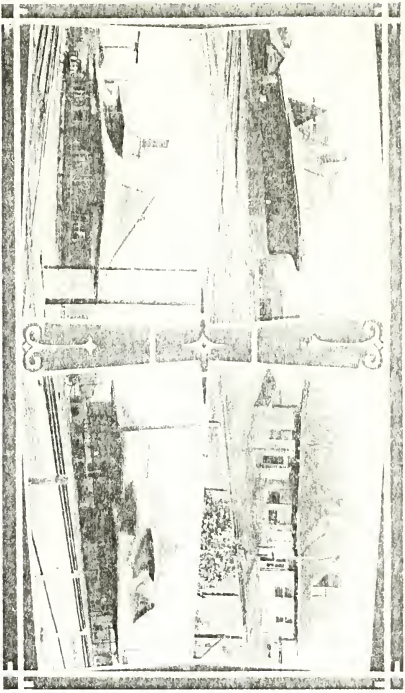
VIII. MANUFACTURING—TRANSPORTATION

If there are two community interests that depend upon each other, it must be the factory and the carrier system, and since one local enthusiast declares that God located Indiana right in the center of things Grant county is fortunate. It is said there is more capital invested in manufacturing throughout the county than in any other line, and all points are well served by railway facilities. The money invested in property and paid for labor represents a big percent of capital, and the transportation companies have long recognized the different shipping stations, and to accommodate the populace has been the ambition of all.

A quarter of a century ago the watchword of the local enthusiast was natural gas—the commodity distributed county wide, and old residents have not forgotten the enthusiasm created when a new industry was asking a place by the municipal fireside—the same spirit rife in all the county towns. Whenever a plug hat came to town a gas well was turned on. There was a glad hand and a word of welcome, and all settled down to build up a center of thrift—the entire community being in the center of things—geographically and politically and everybody inclined to make the most of it. There was lavish expenditure of nature's pentup forces—gas was allowed to be shipped away, although there were many wiseacres who said let Indianapolis and Chicago come to Grant county if they wanted to enjoy her products. There was fabulous growth in population, and those who have lived through the era of progress still have confidence in the future of the community. In time there have been many changes, and there are some who remember when Marion was in the center of heavily timbered country although coal, gas, oil and electricity have all been used as fuel and this is the age in which to "touch the button" is the necessary thing.

When one commodity disappears another is supplied, and there seems to be an abundant supply in the store house of the universe. Indiana occupies third rank among the states of the Union as a manufacturing center and Grant does not take second place in the list of counties. Marion and surrounding towns all have superior advantages and the future as a manufacturing center is full of promise. While the county is not located on an inexhaustible coal bed, there is no better location for the finished product anywhere in the United States. It has the splendid geographical location and excellent shipping facilities so essential to the growth of any community. It is close to the great market centers, a feature always considered by capitalists when looking for safe investments. Through its Commercial club only a few years ago Marion raised $100,000 as a factory fund, and the effort has been duplicated in all the towns on less colossal scale. Additions have been made to permanent institutions and new ones have been added and growth has been apparent.

Any city must have more than fuel to offer—must have factory sites and shipping facilities, and all Grant county is in position to court investigation. Factories and mills are not operated without labor and skilled laborers must have modern accommodations to induce them to take up their residence in any locality. When the toil of the day is completed, home is the objective point and many of the working men of Grant county live in comfortable homes of their own, and



RAILROAD PASSENGER STATIONS IN MARION

when there are extensive pay rolls in factories the money is spent in the local trade centers. The county has as much to offer in the way of residence and factory sites as any community in Indiana—and added to its geographical location—the center of population in the United States having been near by in the last three census reports, there is no reason why "Greater" cannot be applied to every center in the county—Greater Marion extended to all the boundaries. The distance to Indianapolis and other centers is great enough that Grant county business interests do not suffer on account of such competition, and local merchants are always abreast of the times—anticipate the wants of their customers.

There is great variety in the output of Grant county factories, and skilled labor has long been enlisted in the manufacturing plants. Just as Indiana is the first state in the Union in diversified crops, Grant county leads in its variety of manufactured products. It is said that Grant county products encircle the globe, and that people who go away come back again, and it must be there is a spirit of loyalty to home industries. People who have invested their money and have made Grant county their home have been satisfied from the beginning—never lived where they liked it so well, and they have been received into society, and have never felt themselves at a loss for amusement. They could not all have been born here, and people have been quick to forgive them and forget their misfortune, and make them feel at home in their new environment. Skilled laborers usually seek wives of culture and refinement, and they usually come from attractive surroundings, and it has always been the watchword—make them feel at home in Grant county. The inducements to happy homelife are nowhere surpassed, the street railway accommodations are unexcelled, and a five cent fare with transfer privilege enables them to reach any point—the factories are in easy access, and it is possible to live near by or a long distance from the place of employment.

These industrial centers will all be enumerated in the biographical section of this Centennial History, but a little study of pay rolls would convince the most skeptical that Grant county is not without resources, and as a manufacturing center it is to the front. The network of steam and electric railways that intersect the county is a source of pride to all of its people, and although the citizens of Marion would have welcomed a union railway station all hope was abandoned when in 1895 the Pennsylvania station was built, and all the roads now maintain separate stations—four very handsome structures, and other towns are equally well treated. With the converging railway and traction lines centering in Marion, its commercial boundaries are greatly extended, and "Greater Marion" includes many outside places when it comes to reckoning its business relations. A commercial map of Marion would not coincide with the political map of Grant county, the seat of government not being centrally located, and contiguous territory north and east contribute much to its commercial interests.

In the matter of railway stations one citizen said: "All the ramshackles are gone—have disappeared, and Grant county people are so used to up to date service that they have forgotten them," and visitors who always get their first impression of the community at the railway station are favorably impressed at the beginning. Some of the roads have imbibed the civic spirit, and are doing many things to beautify their station property. It is to the interest of the companies that the citizens of any given community prosper, and they are contributing to that prosperity when they present a beautiful appearance to the stranger who visits the town. Among public utilities transportation is one of the foremost considerations. The twentieth century is an era

of high pressure, and the placid view that maintained some few decades gone by when the business of the world was conducted along lines at once dignified and marked with slowness that may at once be denominated conservatism, is no longer applicable to the rush of present day activities. Changes come about and events succeed one another in lightning like rapidity, and in nothing is progress more apparent than in methods of transportation.

Grant county is well served in the way of shipping facilities, and "car shortage" is seldom a local condition. Merchants and manufacturers alike commend the dispatch with which their business is handled by the different competing systems. All of the roads offer main line facilities to passengers and shippers alike, and the county offers unparalleled facilities to the manufacturer, wholesaler or jobber who must handle either raw materials or manufactured articles. All of the roads maintain freight offices in addition to their splendid passenger service, and consignments are sent and received from all parts of the world. While there is a variety of climate in Indiana, many Grant

End of Marion Street Railway Line in 1891

county people with money at their command go and come at pleasure, some of them saying it costs but little more to winter in Florida or California than to buy heavy underwear and remain at home, but a mild winter causes all tourists to wish they had remained "by the stuff." Factories and railways are alike conservative in giving out data as to the volume of business transacted annually, but the passenger and freight business every year runs into money rapidly. Approximate figures only are obtainable, corporation business and private affairs being of greatest concern to those conducting them.

When natural gas was discovered in 1887 the volume of business increased rapidly and one new road has been built since that time, and while the traction lines compete for local business, they bring people from so many points who prefer taking the trains in the larger centers. They have educated the people in travel until there are more long distance passengers than when the steam cars were the only means of reaching other points. The Pennsylvania System ran the first train through the county in 1868, and unique in its history the Marion station is the halfway point between Chicago and Columbus—the station sign showing 157.3 miles to be the exact distance in either direction.

The Big Four was the second road built across the county, and it has been in more direct competition with the traction lines, and while its business between Wabash and Anderson may not be large its increased long distance travel more than compensates the loss, and cheap transportation has developed the inclination for travel which benefits all the roads. The Narrow Gauge served its day and the Clover Leaf came along in the eighties, and close to the end of the century the C. & O. was placed on the map of the county, four roads passing through the county seat while a fifth road serves the southern half of the county, and traction lines penetrate in all directions.

The railroad freight and ticket agents see the world without traveling far themselves, all sorts of people making up the world of travel, and it is worth while to turn aside and listen to a story. The tourist was of the Fatherland type—had distinctive whiskers and unmistakable brogue. The German was apparent in all of his actions. He approached the ticket window: "What time the train goes nort'?" being told that it went at 1:56. In a little while he tapped again: "What time next train goes nort'?" and was told that it went at 8:11, when both tourist and agent settled down again. When he inquired again, he was told the next train north would be the next morning at 9:40, and then he asked: "What the fare be?" and when asked to what point he wished to go, he said: "Fairmount." When foreigners are congregating about the station they ask a great many questions, finally paying their money, and leaving the community. The Pennsylvania line has a double track through the county, and when the C. & O. was putting in concrete in 1912, it provided for two tracks if necessary.

Under existing conditions people may go and come at any hour in the day, and distance is annihilated in Grant county. The interurban lines bring the people to a common center, and every hour in the day the populace of the surrounding country is landed on the public square in Marion, and people wonder how they lived without the modern transportation facilities. Stage coach stories are like a page from the history of some other country, and yet there was a stage and the United States mail used to be carried on horseback across the country. Travel is no longer a bugbear, and nowadays people call up by telephone and their friends know in advance that they are enroute. The splendid transportation service soon brings absent friends, and the home folk answer the call on shortest notice. The interurban system of travel has been the greatest boon in modern history. While electricity has been utilized in many ways, more people are benefited by it as applied to propelling cars than in any other way—five cents takes a man home.

While it was the discovery of natural gas in 1887 that really placed Grant county on the industrial map of Indiana, when it failed the industries of the community did not collapse, and electricity and producer gas—coal being shipped into the territory,—have been overbalanced by the proximity of the finished article to the markets of the world. The industries of the county are not of transient type—local capital operating them, and many supplies are consumed in the home market. The "Made in Marion" exhibit early in 1912 awakened many to the variety of local products, and parts of the exhibit could have been duplicated in other towns, and with the $75,000 weekly payroll in Marion factories largely duplicated, the Grant county laboring man is above want after one hundred years in local history. There have been few labor disturbances in local factories, the relations between capital and labor being harmonious as compared with many other manufacturing centers. What was once an agricultural community wholly

has been transformed within a generation and those who hark back to trading post days in Marion are not so few they may be counted on the fingers. To them the growth of the community has had the touch of magic in it.

IX. FINANCE WEALTH OF GRANT COUNTY

There have been great changes in the economic life of Grant county in its first one hundred years of history. While the emphasis was once placed on agriculture, it has shifted largely to a commercial basis, and while land values are subject to change and are fluctuating, about one-third of the thirty million dollars accredited as the wealth of the county is now centered in other than rural investments. While all once depended upon rural prosperity, civic conditions demand consideration. There was a natural wealth of timber when the settlers came, but cleared land was worth more to them until markets were established, but with the coming of the Pennsylvania railway conditions changed and A. C. Kidd, of New York, represented by his brother, William Kidd, soon had walnut lumber piled at every siding, and from that day the settlers realized the value of the timber—small fortunes having been tied up in the inside finish of many pioneer homesteads.

Grant county has always been rich in natural resources, and now that conservation has become the watchword, its people can accommodate themselves to circumstances. Rapid wealth with corresponding inequalities in its distribution has followed the change. When riches take wings they usually exceed the speed limits and, all uninvited, poverty has found its way into economic conditions. Absolute freedom from poverty brings about a boastful sort of patriotism which is not well pleasing in the sight of God or man, and too many people come to look upon their advantages as theirs by personal rights, while they were simply fortunate in point of inheritance. Every one should strive to treat Dame Fortune so that her smiles will not degenerate into a horse laugh. When the timber wealth was exhausted, soil fertility was the next prodigality, and while some have improved their opportunity, others have buried their talents. It is said that God's blessings do one of two things, they either make people keener in his service or dull their moral sensibilities. When first things become first things there will be a different estimate placed on money. Today the basis of credit in business relations is not so much money as character. Different persons have widely different standards, and while one man would rather leave a crib of corn than a library to his posterity, others, like Mary of old, have chosen the better part, and money is not the only incentive.

While character or citizenship is wealth, it has no exchange value in the open market. No matter how much one's own experience may cost him, he must foot the bills himself. The physically strong, well developed young man whose head and hands are educated by the stern schoolmaster of necessity is fortunate, compared with the profligate son of a rich father who must beg when thrown upon his own resources, and when the husband and father has a good job—the family is rich in its independent character. "Who steals my purse steals trash," said the bard of Avon, and yet a bank account does give a man the necessary confidence in himself, restores equilibrium and promotes tranquility—a sort of a minor chord in the music. A bank deposit when a man can look the whole world in the face is a subdued force in his nature, and it is all right to work for money. While few understand the currency bill, many know what to do with the paper dollar.

Every man is a law unto himself, and if he carries the key to his own door he is the owner of a castle. There are unsearchable riches as long as one is exempt from suspicion, and Joseph finally escaped the prison in Potiphar's house because he had character—self-respect, although many Grant county folks are still in bondage in the worst forms of servitude. There are prisoners of sin who do not assert themselves, and wealth does not release them.

Speaking of finance, the mind reverts to money—bank accounts. Wealth may consist of many things, houses, lands, stocks—the word has different interpretations. The ability to do a day's work is the capital of some, and idle money is never an advantage. Since every man is the architect of his own fortune he must be a financier, and sometimes he looks far enough into the future to allow his wife to manipulate the business—to regulate the economy of the family. It is conceded that women are the financial agents, and any one who would have ends meet must use judgment in business matters. Every man wants his money's worth or he don't want a cent, and yet some have most indefinite standards. Abe Martin says: "What we want in this country is an elastic currency that will stretch from one Saturday till another," and that is as much as some ever study finance. The grocer and the butcher always sing: "A charge to keep I have," on Sunday, but they go to the theater on Monday to see if those who owe them are still in town, and reasonably expect to get their money. While money burns some men's pockets, and the fellow who finds a dollar seldom works any more until he spends it, in seeking a wife the average Grant county young man does not object if she has a farm or bank account—can love such a girl equally as well as one steeped in poverty, and if the love of money is the root of all evil, some are not conscientious about it.

It is unwise and unjust to judge a man by the clothes he wears, although it is a woman's privilege to dress as well as she can. Some people from whom better things might be expected hold that the man who dresses with exceeding elegance and display is lacking in brain development, and there are not many fashion plates in the business world. Some writers are capitalists, use I's indiscriminately, and yet there is truth in the old saw: "'Tis not in titles nor in rank, 'Tis not in wealth like London's bank, If happiness have not her seat and center in the breast, We may be wise, or rich, or great, But never can be blest," and rich men are not always on Easy street—are not exempt from worry. "They were happier then than now," is said of the pioneers who had few comforts, few of the commodities purchased with wealth. The political economist quote Karl Mark, saying: "Labor produces wealth," that under the system capital controls all opportunities while every man has inalienable rights, that labor makes capital operative and pays the cost of operation—pays everything, and summing it all up the solution is efficiency.

The financial situation is not wholly controlled by the hand that rocks the cradle, but the woman must be competent as well as the man or it is a one-sided struggle. The more efficient the man the greater his ability in the battle of bread, and the greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of others in him—and thus self-assurance is incontrovertible capital. While bragadocia may not always win, others are apt to place about the same estimate on a man that he has upon himself, and the man who thinks he can usually wins. There are men in Grant county whose capital stock has been their own determination, and these men have accumulated competencies. The increase of wealth in the whole country, in Indiana, in Grant county, is unparalleled in history in its rapidity.

Just as local citizenship begins its second century, the evidence of prosperity is everywhere present, and it is easy to say: "Let well enough alone," and yet this is an age of material progress and advancement. The people of Grant county support current benevolencies in a generous way, and congratulate the times upon their benefactions. They have been a loyal citizenry when demands have been made upon them, and beyond question this has been a favored country. Self-absorption and self-flattery in a patriotism that has neither vision nor conscience, has been the danger, and local citizenry should profit by the experience of older nations—the earth is the Lord's, but there are evils all about, and the man who is settled on a competency, is well fixed financially, too often shuts his eyes to conditions about him—the growing oppression among his own people, and "if evil days are to come as a result of conditions we might control, dare we flatter ourselves that it will not be in our time—are we not the keepers of those who come after us? Are we inclined to take things easy, and not get excited over matters which are in the distance?"

There is such a thing as being morally nearsighted as well as morally farsighted, and some are so afflicted with moral astigmatism as to be morally color blind when the pocket book is under consideration, and rectifying glasses made of common sense and reason are a necessity. While some men are blind to their own moral obligations, and it requires courage to welcome the evil day and it is human to seek to postpone it, with advanced civilization have come changed conditions, and things that were once the luxuries of life have now become its necessities, and the raising of the standard of living means dollars and cents to any community. If it means raising the standard of efficiency this higher standard—this increased cost of living—may become a blessing no matter how complete the disguise. It is urged that these advantages that come with increased wealth, these twentieth century adjuncts to higher living—bath tubs, electric lights, steam heat and quick transportation—are not so much intended to make life easier as to render it more effective, to make citizens stronger and better able to do things.

In short, when a man has conveniences so that his body is cared for easier and better, there ought to be a greater margin of energy and human interest capable of direction in helping others, in advancing the material as well as the spiritual welfare of those about him, and do the men and women of this age of peace, ease and luxury do what they can toward social betterment? This is a time of ease in Zion, and by studying the pages of history the question of moral obligation arises and are the people of today discharging their obligations as did their ancestry? The aimless life has been supplanted by definite purpose—the life of usefulness, and increased wealth has brought about increased opportunities. The domination of wealth has been characterized as the invisible government, and yet those fortunate enough to have a competency are enslaved in a way the poor know now of—must carry insurance on every servant lest when one fall down the cellar stair, suit be brought and there would be no redress. It is cheaper in the end to allow some liability company assume the risks when servant girls are prone to accident while in the employ of the magnate's family, and the old woman who said: "Blessed be nothing," understood herself.

When people used to have but little money they were reputed to hide it in a stocking or in the cedar chest, and who does not remember the time honored "chist" of other days? The bed clothes were there and the heirlooms of the family, and some times there was money between the folds of the best quilt, but increased prosperity offered banking oppor-

tunities and the story of the first bank and the first deposit have been elsewhere told in this Centennial history. The Marion National Bank succeeded the oldest banking house in the county since Old Father Time crossed the Century mark, and the Sweetser Bank has long been known as the First National, while the Marion State Bank has had its share of patronage for a full generation. In the boom days came the Grant Trust and Savings Company, and the Farmers' Trust and Savings Institution is a later financial stronghold in the community. The Citizens' State Bank at Fairmount, and the Fairmount State Bank, the Farmers' State Bank of Matthews, the Farmers' National Bank of Swayzee, the Farmers' State Bank of Gas City, the Van Buren Bank, Upland State Bank, Citizens' Bank of Jonesboro, the Farmers' State Bank of Sweetser, and last of all, the Farmers' Trust Company of Van Buren are all depositories having a total capital stock of $957,500 with a surplus of $253,000, the entire capital and surplus amounting to $1,210,500, and in all the banking history of Grant county there has been little to destroy confidence in these institutions.

Grant county banks have always pursued a conservative policy and they stand like the Rock of Gibraltar—financial bulwarks, although some local depositors have had times of anxiety and uncertainty. Sometimes the banks have only paid out small amounts for operating expenses, but they have always tided over financial difficulties—only two bank complications in the entire history of the county—one at Fairmount and the other at Matthews. The money stringencies that have been felt locally occurred in 1873, 1893 and in 1907, those dates well fixed in the minds of all students of economics, and while there have been wildcat schemes and some have listened to swindlers to their sorrow, dollar for dollar has been the rule in Grant county banking institutions. Some urge that while the United States congress meets every year the currency question will never reach a settled basis, and while madcaps are in legislative halls it is impossible to forecast all the panics and consequent confusion. The Indiana legislature only has a chance to demoralize the community every second year, while the members of congress go to Washington every winter.

Those who have sequestered funds have no love for an assessor who unearths their accounts and places them on the tax duplicate, and just as long as private citizens and public corporations are dishonest, the wealth of Grant county will never be known to an absolute certainty. Some well-to-do families become "mighty poor" when the assessor calls for a statement from them. The valuation of the property of the public service corporations doing business in Grant county is fixed by the State board of tax commissioners and furnished the county auditor, and the assessments are based on these estimates. The amount of tax paid into the county treasury in the May installment, 1913, amounted to $397,998.91, and in round numbers the tax for a year amounts to $800,000, not including street, road, sewer and other special assessments on improvements. While practically all of the people pay tax, the difficulty is to induce them to pay all of it. While there are few citizens who require seven figures in writing their fortunes, millionaire is not an unknown word in Grant county history, and the difficulty of listing personal property and collecting taxes is not with the small property owner—some forget all about some of their investments. The tax ferret has found some occupation in Grant county, and the board of review usually finds something to occupy its time when in session. While the county is a checker board in its regularity, there is very little waste land and its 267,520 broad acres are sufficient for the need of its citizens.

The county and township assessors keep local values in mind, and when the millennium comes they will be able to tabulate all of them.

The honest citizen will respond to all questions asked, but the temptation to equivocate has been the undoing of others. While thirty million dollars is the estimated worth of Grant county property, there are those who possess government bonds and who escape taxation in other ways. The public service corporations doing business in Grant county pay about one-sixth of the entire tax, and the Pennsylvania Railway Company, which is the heaviest local tax payer, is assessed on property valued at $1,973,985—two lines of track, and excellent improvements. The Pullman Company is appraised at $315 a mile, and has more than seventy-five miles of track. The Western Union Telegraph Company valuation is figured on a basis of $55 a mile, and the company has almost six hundred miles of line in the county. The National Express Company has more than twenty-five miles at $150 a mile, while the Adams Express Company is valued at $275 with almost seventy-seven miles, and the American, with less than twenty miles, is rated at $150, while the United States, with more than forty-eight miles, is taxed at $12.50, and since the first of January, 1913, the parcels post has competed with them.

While the private telephone at $18 a year seems a high priced luxury, the companies do not operate without expense, the state board having fixed an appraisement of $65 a mile on the holdings of the United Telephone Company, with more than 1,700 miles of wire, and the Swayzee Co-operative Company, with 168 miles of wiring, is assessed at $35, and the Leisure Telephone Company, with fourteen miles in Green township, is assessed at $20 a mile. The Sims Co-operative Company has forty-six miles of wiring, assessed at $14, and the Lafontaine Company, with thirty-three miles of line in Grant county, pays at the rate of $25 a mile on its property. The Citizens Telephone Company of Fairmount is assessed on 445 miles at $30 a mile, and the Upland Citizens Telephone Company has 160 miles of wire rated at $20, while the Landesville line has more than 170 miles at about $15 a mile. The Sweetser Rural Telephone Company has 562 miles of wire assessed at only $8, while the Converse Consolidated Company's mileage in Grant county is 125 miles with a $17 valuation. The Central Union Telephone Company's entire holdings are almost 1,128 miles rated at $35, while the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has almost 1,258 miles, rated at $75 a mile through Grant county. The New Long Distance Telephone Company has 161 miles, rated at $15 in the county, and thus it costs money to operate modern commercial agencies—twentieth century equipment in Grant county.

The Indiana Natural Gas and Oil Company, the Marion Gas Company, the Central Indiana Gas Company, the Indiana Pipe Line Company and the Ohio Oil Company are all taxed in Grant county, and beside the Pennsylvania Company, which pays the heaviest tax, the C. and O. has a valuation placed at $207,965, the Big Four, at $273,725, the Cloverleaf, at $464,205, and the C. I. and E. Branch of the Panhandle placed at $203,635 causes considerable revenue for the county. Commercial interests are part of the twentieth century civilization, and the community has assets it seldom takes into consideration. Transportation means much in Grant county, and the holiday shoppers flocking into Marion at the time these lines are being written mean everything to the business community. With the steam railways bringing many passengers, and the traction lines rendering hourly service from the four cardinal points, the trade aggregate is much increased by them. The Indiana Union Traction Company connects Marion with Wabash and Anderson, and opens up a marked with all intermediate points, and its track and rolling stock—all its improvements have a total valuation reaching $338,110, with the M. B. and E. rated at $88,185 and the K. M. and W. Traction line at $106,500, and in order to meet its taxes all this capital must be operated at a profit, and every man, woman and child

stands ready to hold stock. Indeed, many families should be shareholders based on the patronage, and labor certainly gives capital credit for some investments.

When bonds are offered there are local buyers who bid on them, the most recent buyer being George Webster, Jr., who bought $30,000 worth of flood bonds in 1913, the annual payment being $4,000 until the bonds are discharged. There was brisk competition on account of the higher rate offered by Grant county. There were other local bidders, but Mr. Webster offered the best bargain to the county. Later—early in 1914 Col. J. L. McCulloch purchased $50,000 worth of local bonds. Whenever there have been local bonds on the market outside buyers have always been ready to take them. While there is urgent demand for a new constitutional convention from many sources in Indiana, one of the most urgent needs is a revision of taxation methods. Grant county recently furnished a member of the Indiana board of tax commissioners, and E. H. Wolcott enters a plea for a law that will be more equitable and fair, as well as effective and up-to-date on the subject. Under the present system property is assessed and taxed on the same uniform basis without reference to its class, while a law taxing property at its own individual value would be a stroke of wise legislation. The crying need is for a law that will uncover sequestered property, and thus secure the revenue due the county from it.

"It is notoriously true," said Mr. Wolcott, "that while every schedule of personal property should be sworn to under oath, this in very many cases is omitted entirely and by many it is completely ignored, or is sworn to without intent or understanding that it is an oath, and that it constitutes perjury to swear falsely. . . . One of the chief difficulties with the system of assessing property is that in many instances assessors try to favor their home localities by making low assessments. A township assessor is elected by the people of his township, and he feels that he must favor them with low appraisements instead of placing true values on property." The assessor should be an appointive officer, divorced from all local obligations and conditions—a man capable of passing a competitive civil service examination, and whose responsibility should be to the state board of taxation alone. Such is the trend of argument as Indianans are considering a constitutional state convention. When taxation officers become appointive and under civil service regulations, they will be free from all outside influences and obligations. They would then hold office during good behaviour and be free to enforce the laws fearlessly and without restraint. Under the present system there is no uniformity of values in different Indiana counties, and tax rates vary as much as market quotations. Sequestered and intangible property are the two difficulties under existing Indiana laws, but in 1912 the amount placed on the tax duplicates in the state was $10,237,570, and since Grant county has an active board of review, no doubt some of that money was unearthed in this locality.

There should be economy in the handling of public money, and an honest administration of expenditures, and the student of economies will find taxation a fascinating study. What goes with the tax money? How are public schools maintained in Indiana, the foremost educational state in the Union? What is done with unfortunates who cannot take care of themselves? Who would want to take a blind, deaf, dumb, or feeble minded person into his own home and care for him rather than pay his assessment at the office of the county treasurer? There are benevolent institutions in the county and in the state, and the taxpayer supports them. The wealth of Grant county is not all in houses and lands, but in its institutions and its citizenship. When misfortune overtakes one all feel it, and there is a community of interests that knows no dollar sign when there is need of assistance. "Gold and silver have

I none, but such as I have give I unto thee," expresses the sentiment of some while others respond to financial requirements most cheerfully. Finance seems to take care of itself and wealth is properly adjusted local conditions.

X. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES

By Palmer K. Edgerton

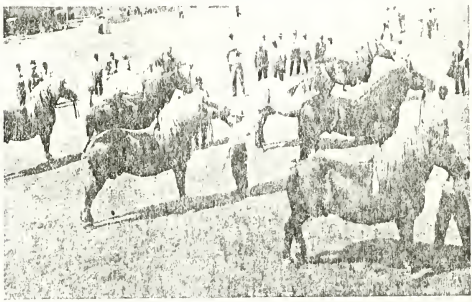
In this chapter it will be our purpose to review briefly the various agricultural societies that have existed in the county, setting forth the object of their organization, their subsequent history and final outcome. To gather data for this it has been necessary to consult the available records and depend in no small way on the memory of those living today who had an active part in the earlier agricultural affairs of the county. The results of our investigation has revealed the name of eleven district organizations that have figured in our agricultural history. They are; The Smith-Frazier Fair (1843), The Grant County Agricultural Society (1853), Grant County Farmers' Grange (1872), Tri-County Fair (1875), The Fairmount Fair (1884), The Grant County Farmers' Association (1884), Grant County Farmer's Institute (1887), Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association (F. M. B. A.) (1889), Grant County Farmer's Mutual Fire Insurance Company (1891), Swayzee Fair (1892), Van Buren Driving Association (1902), Northern Indiana Poultry Association (1911). Out of this family of eleven there are at present only five surviving members but these, let it be said, are all reasonably hale and enjoying a fair degree of prosperity. They are: Grant County Farmer's Institute, The Marion and Fairmount Fair Association, the Grant County Farmer's Mutual Fire Insurance Company and the Northern Indiana Poultry Association.

To take these various societies in the consecutive order of their inception, it will be necessary for us to go back as far as 1843. This particular year had proven a very successful one for the pioneers and two progressive public-spirited farmers, Jacob M. Smith who then lived over the "forty-foot pitch," where S. R. Faulkboner now lives, and Nathan W. Frazier, who owned the present Philip Matter farm, decided to hold a fair. Accordingly in the fall they hauled rails from the Smith farm to enclose the grounds and slabs for building live stock sheds were obtained at the Secrist mill on Boots creek and from the Zellar's mill on Lugar creek. This primitive fair was held on Franklin street (now Fourth) just west of Boots creek. No premiums were offered, exhibitors being content with the honor of winning. R. B. Boxell, of Van Buren is authority for the above information. Though Grant county at that time was sparsely settled, yet, those living within reach loyally attended this early fair and contributed to the success by showing cattle, horses and hogs. No sheep or poultry were exhibited. In the spring of 1844 Mr. Smith hauled the rails that had been used to enclose the grounds across Boots creek, where he owned some lots and fenced them and grew potatoes and since he and Mr. Frazier had taken the initiative and also shared the expense they took the slabs or mill stuff home with them. There was no other fair held for ten years, but in the spring and summer of 1853 the necessity for an agricultural society begun to be felt among the farmers and business men of Grant county and on August 13th of that year this feeling took tangible form in the calling of a meeting and the organization of the Grant County Agricultural Society. Its officers were Nathan W. Frazier, president; Robt. Beatty, vice president; Z. Reynolds, treasurer, Iredell

Jackson, secretary and director. Isaac Anderson, Robert Leufesty, Alexander Dunn, Oliver McGuire, Jacob M. Smith, Nathan Small, Jonathan Kelley, Dr. P. Rigdon, John Fankboner, Daniel Dwiggins, David Wall, Isaac Roush, Hopkins Richardson and Joseph Morgan. The original constitution was signed by seventy-eight persons, and one year later the membership had grown to one hundred and fifty-six. Thus was laid the foundation of the Marion Fair Association.

The first fair was held October 21st, 1853, on White hill, near the present location of the high school building. For an entrance a gap was laid down in the rail fence and an iron wood pole served the purpose of gate. However, the society the following year made some improvements by building a picket fence front and fitting up permanently the fairgrounds for future exhibitions. In the way of premiums $1.00 was offered for best pair of matched horses, and Nathan W. Frazier won the $3.00 premium for the best farm in Grant county.

The second fair was held on the 26th and 27th of October, 1854, and was attended by two thousand people who seemed to take deep interest



Draft Stallions

in the exhibition, especially when it is considered that the fair had been postponed on account of the sickness (probably ague) and which had not subsided very much up to the time of the fair. The treasurer's report of the fair of 1854 was cash received $401.50, expenses $332.05, balance $68.54. The premium list awarded amounted to $128.00. (John L. Thompson recalls, as a barefoot boy of ten years, riding behind his father on a good horse that was shown at this fair. Comparing the expenses of these early fairs with those of the present day they seem small, yet it can be said, truthfully, that these earlier fairs were real agricultural meetings, organized for the purpose of helping the farmer and stimulating agricultural enterprise.

John Ratliff, in writing of the early fairs in the Atlas of 1877 says: "The good effects of the Agricultural Society are everywhere manifest in the fine specimens of hogs, sheep, cattle and horses to be found in the county. A few years ago a well-bred animal was almost unknown, but it has been a pleasure in traveling about over the county to see several fine herds of pure bred cattle, with many other specimens of well bred stock of various kinds." Rural telephones, daily papers and the like were unknown, and the farmer and his family took advantage of the opportunity the fair afforded of not only seeing the pumpkins and live

stock on exhibition, but also seeing friends and neighbors. How much have we lost of this old friendly interest and conviviality. Side shows and fakirs did not flourish at this early day, and the fair was a wholesome place for young and old. Can we say as much of the modern organization? We fear that from a helpful farmers' meeting it has grown into a carnival of unrighteousness, making it at once disgusting and repulsive to the better classes. At the last county fair held in Marion, in July, 1913, the exhibition of live stock was represented by two draft horses, one team of mules, one herd of beef and dairy cattle and a few hogs. And the premiums won by this wonderful "livestock outlay," at the time of this writing have not been paid in full. At the same fair an interested observer made the following comment: "I have gone carefully over the grounds and have found by actual count seventy-two sideshows, games of chance, fakirs, palmists, etc. It is greatly to be hoped that public sentiment will demand in the near future a 'cleaner bill' for our county fairs, and a return to the days of live stock and pumpkins shows, if you please, even at the sacrifice of gate receipts."

In 1873 the fair was moved to the vicinity of the sand pike and Twenty-second street, and remained there two years. At this place there was a third mile circular track and "Jot" Beatty's black pacing mare was the sensation of the times when she stepped a mile in four minutes. In 1875 the fair was taken across the river to what is now Goldthwait park; here the society owned thirty-eight acres and the fair was held in this place until 1886, when the ground was sold. The next move was to East Thirty-eighth street, which is the present location of the fair. The officers of the Marion Fair Association for the year 1913 were as follows: John A. Bowman, president; E. F. Ferree, secretary; Geo. W. Cravens, treasurer and David E. Harris, superintendent.

The Grange first became active in Grant county in 1872, at which time Henley James, state organizer for that society took up the work of organizing the county. Practically every township had from two to three local granges and these sent delegates to the county grange, which met once a month in Marion. During a period of probably ten years the Grange was more or less active and did some work that really laid the foundation for better things to follow. In Jefferson township the Grangers erected a hall in which to hold their meetings. This hall was used for the floral hall in connection with the Grange fair and was later used as a public schoolhouse. Mrs. Nora Goodykoontz, of Liberty township, remembers teaching two terms of school in this building. This Grange fair was organized in 1875 and was called on account of its peculiar location, the "Tri-County Fair," being in the corner of the county where Blackford, Delaware and Grant come together. The annual meetings were held in the Milhollen woods, two miles east of Matthews or New Cumberland, and exerted a splendid influence for good on the community. This fair stands out as one of the real "farmer fairs" of the county. It was well patronized, and drew its exhibits from all parts of Grant and the adjoining counties of Delaware and Blackford. In 1885 the lease the Grangers held on their Fair grounds expired, and unable to renew the same the fair was laid down. During the ten years of its existence, however, the interest was good and the enterprise stands out as a compliment to the activity and good work of the early Grangers of the county.

The Fairmount Fair Association was twenty-nine years old in September, 1913, having been launched upon the public in September, 1884. The organization was incorporated under the name of "The Fairmount Joint Stock Agricultural Association," and its officers were: Enoch Bealls, president; W. C. Winslow, secretary; Levi Scott, treasurer; M. S. Friend, superintendent and Phil Davis, marshal. The ground to be

used by the association was leased from Dr. Alpheus Henley and consisted of the thirty acres now occupied by the society in the southeastern portion of the town of Fairmount. Meetings under this organization were held annually up until 1904, when a reorganization was effected and the name changed to the Fairmount Fair Association. The officers elected at this time were: Dr. J. W. Patterson, president; Xen H. Edwards, secretary; John Flanagan, treasurer and Gilbert LaRue, superintendent. These men were instrumental in giving new life and an impetus to the association which resulted in some excellent meetings. The Fairmount Fair Association, it seems to the writer, has possibilities of development that cannot be questioned. Located in the very center of the county's best agricultural and livestock raising section, its officers should take every legitimate step to make it a helpful educational event for the farmer and his family. As a means to this end we would suggest to eliminate the "midway" with its palmists and fakirs, side shows and "Coney Island effects," and give us more corn and potatoes, apples and canned fruit, colts and calves to look at and admire. Instead of building spacious barns for the housing, care and training of the light harness horse (already doomed by the automobile) spend some money on accommodation for the draft horse (the horse with a future), the beef and dairy cows, the sheep and hogs. Turn the liberal purses usually given to the race horse men into a premium list for a livestock show, and see the good that will result to the community from such a departure. The officers of the Fairmount Fair Association for 1913 were: Dr. Glen Henley, president; Forrest Miller, secretary; John Flanagan, treasurer and Cyrus Pemberton, superintendent.

Leading up to what later developed into the Farmer's Institute was the Grant County Farmer's Association, organized in 1884. The membership was open to all on payment of $1.00 annual dues, and was supported by representative men from all parts of the county. Regular meetings were held monthly in the courthouse and subjects discussed that pertained to farming and its interests. Some of the names associated with that organization were John L. Thompson, Joshua Strange, Isaiah R. Shugart, I. M. Miller, Eli Coggeshall, Clarkson Willents and others. This society continued to hold its meetings until 1887, when it was merged into the present Farmer's Institute, and the first meeting held was on St. Patrick's day, 1887, in the old Sweetser opera house. A slight freeze the previous night had crusted the mud so that a horse would break through at every step. The day was a genuine demonstration of real March weather at its worst, and as a result even though the committee had prepared a splendid program, when the time came for meeting, the officers and speakers were all that were present. Something had to be done. So John L. Thompson and the other members of the committee went out on the streets and succeeded after diligent work in gathering an audience of fourteen for the first day. The second day the weather was less severe and the crowd more satisfactory. The speakers for the occasion were J. D. Conner, of Wabash, (present secretary of the American Belgian Record Association) and Colonel Bridgeland, of Indianapolis, a horse importer who spoke on "The Horses of France." Mr. Conner's subject was "The Horse," and from the reports of those present it was a most splendid effort. Mrs. Kate Busick, a Jersey cattle breeder of Wabash, was also on the program, presenting a dairy subject. The effort was again repeated in 1888 and in 1889 the State Institute Law was passed, and in the autumn of that year the Farmer's Institute work was commenced under state control. Grant county, while not being the pioneer in the institute work, of Indiana, was among the first counties to begin such work and today it stands as one of the state's best centers of institute attendance, enthusiasm, and interest. While the institute has been, in the past, a splendid school

for the busy farmer, yet at this writing it bids fair to be supplanted by the three days short course, and like innovations of a more popular character. Yet it should be said by way of "just deserts" that the institute, with its corps of able speakers, both men and women, has exerted a marked influence for good on Grant county's agriculture. From a single meeting in the county, the institute organization has grown until the towns of Swayzee, Sweetser, Upland, Van Buren, Fairmount and Marion are holding from one to two days sessions annually. From the standpoint of interest and enthusiasm the Swayzee Institute organized November 30, 1904, has always set the pace. They were first in the giving of badges for paid up membership, and when it comes to "getting out a crowd," they are an unqualified success. The man who stands out in this particular institute is W. S. Glessner, who secured it for western Grant county. Others of course have shared the responsibility with Mr. Glessner, but upon him has fallen a great deal of the work of directing and enthusing.

The Fairmount Institute, organized February 6, 1905, is a close second to Swayzee in point of interest and attendance, and for the past three years has held in connection with and under the management of the institute, a short course, which promises to be a popular venture. These later meetings have been held at the Fairmount academy, where the gymnasium offers splendid opportunities for the exhibition of livestock for judging purposes. Plans have been made and committees appointed to manage a big two days' short course in 1914. It is not out of place to mention the effective and faithful work of E. J. Seale in connection with the early meetings. His relation to the Fairmount Institute being similar to that of Mr. Glessner to the Swayzee Institute.

The other institutes of the county were organized as follows: Van Buren, February 9, 1909; Upland, February 10, 1909; Sweetser, January 3, 1912. While not as strong as the other institutes of the county, yet they are steadily growing and bid fair in time to even eclipse some of the older ones. A list of the county chairmen of institutes is as follows: Joshua Strange, I. M. Miller, J. M. Ballard, W. E. Willcuts, A. A. Burrier, W. A. Wimmer, Wm. M. Jones, Thurlow W. Shugart and L. O. Chasey. Of these several chairmen, A. A. Burrier probably held the longest term, being chairman for seven years. Associated with him for these seven years were Mr. Rena P. Smith, vice chairman; E. J. Seale, secretary and Wm. F. Knote, treasurer. This continued service speaks loudly for the efficiency of the above corps of officers. While, as has been previously mentioned, the popularity of the institute is being threatened by the coming of the short courses, yet the attendance at the sessions for 1913, just closed, indicates some years of usefulness yet for the Farmers' Institute.

Almost every farmer can recall the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association, commonly called the "F. M. B. A," which began in Grant County in 1889. The society made arrangements with manufacturing firms and local merchants whereby their members could get a certain per cent discount on all purchases. The motive prompting this organization was entirely good, but due to political ambitions of some of the membership, and the rivalry among local dealers for patronage, the project was finally abandoned and its demise is another example of the futility of attempting co-operation among farmers.

On January 24, 1891, there was filed with the county recorder articles of incorporation for a society that was destined to serve the farmer in a practical and economic way. This society was called the Grant County Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company, and its articles of incorporation, written on the old business stationery of Joshua Strange, were signed by the following men: I. M. Miller, Luther T.

Hale, Levi M. Cole, John H. Null, Barclay L. Johnson, Joshua Strange, Hezekiah Steelman, Harvey Ballinger, F. M. Weaver, Jesse M. Ballard, Darius Nesbitt, Alvin Thomas, Harmon Fisherbuck, Michael Seiben, J. J. Pulley and S. P. Barley.

For the first few years of its existence the company made assessments only as a loss occurred. The "pinch time" came when one of the members, was repeatedly burned out by parties holding personal enmity against him. Paying these heavy losses while the society was still young and not very firmly established came near wrecking a splendid undertaking. This member, however, withdrew temporarily from the company and its officers by a careful, conservative policy have pushed the business forward until today their published statement, November 25, 1913, shows them to have $1,039,484 worth of farm property insurance in force in Grant county. In 1911 the association gained $430,000 increase in business over 1910, and in 1912 an increase of $425,000 over 1911. During the twenty-two years of the company's existence there have been only three secretaries, viz: Joshua Strange, Luther Hale and Robert L. Smith. Mr. Hale being the present incumbent. Of late years the society's rate per $100 of insurance has been below that of the old line companies and tends to explain the splendid growth of the organization. Great credit must be given to those men associated with the movement in its inception, for their determination to push a good thing through to a successful culmination, and it is no doubt gratifying to them to be permitted to see the realization of what was by many condemned as a costly experiment.

The next society coming in chronological order is the Swayzee Fair Association, which had its beginning in 1892. B. N. Leisure was the first president and W. F. Smith, the secretary. Under this organization twelve very successful meetings were held, but in 1904 and 1905 the venture was temporarily abandoned, to be taken up again in June, 1906, under new management. Of this new association Darius Nesbitt was president and William Ammon, secretary. Only two meetings were held, and in 1908 the fair was given up and the grounds, comprising thirty acres, originally leased of A. J. Pence, were converted into farm land. Inability to finance the proposition successfully is the reason given by those in charge for the final disbanding of the association.

In 1902 an organization known as the Van Buren Driving Association was incorporated and held its first meeting in July, of that year. Its officers were E. W. Landers, president and George W. Camblin, secretary. As the name signifies, this was not a regular fair association, but rather an organization that catered to the admirers of the light harness horse, to those who relished a good "hoss race." Only two meetings were held under the original association management, when Messrs. T. B. Camblin and J. M. Hedrick took the proposition in hand, and for a few years held race meetings under their own supervision and on their own initiative. The last person to be actively identified with the proposition was "Jim" Sullivan, who acted in the capacity of "master of ceremonies," the merchants and citizens contributing to the support of the enterprise by more or less liberal donations. Under this system were held some of the most successful meetings in the history of the association. While the track and buildings are still intact, the forty acres, the amount originally leased for the use of the society, is being farmed, and last year a crop of corn was raised in the center field, all of which indicate that the Van Buren Driving Association is largely a matter of history.

The idea that later took form in the Northern Indiana Poultry Association, had its beginning in the office of Dr. F. A. Priest, when Frank Sherwin called to discuss such an organization with him. These two men appointed a meeting in the office of Dr. G. R. Daniels on February

1, 1911, and all town lot poultry fanciers as well as interested farmers, were given an invitation to be present. At this meeting Dr. Daniels was made president; Mr. Sherwin, secretary; and Dr. Priest, treasurer. The object to be gained by this society was better poultry and the co-operative buying of food supplies. Public meetings have been held in the city library and prominent poultry specialists have addressed them. Three successful poultry shows have been held and the society numbers among its membership prominent fanciers and breeders.

There had been previous attempts at organization of poultrymen, but the Northern Indiana Poultry Association is the first to incorporate under the Pet Stock Laws of Indiana. With this we conclude our brief chapter on the agricultural societies of Grant county, hoping that the future will see the establishment of many organizations that will permanently benefit our agricultural interest.

XI. THE EVOLUTION OF AGRICULTURE

By W. S. Glessner

This is the greatest age that the world has ever known. Progress and improvement along all lines of human activity are more rapid now than at any time in history. Agriculture is keeping pace with other industries. In fact, it must be in the lead, for it is the fundamental occupation on which all other industries depend. All are essential for a high civilization, but agriculture is essential for any civilization. The civilization of any country will not advance any faster than the development of its agriculture. Consider the countries where the methods of agriculture are crude and the civilization is not of the highest order.

Little the stranger thinks, as he rides through the green fields of our country in an electric car or along the well-improved highways in an automobile, that only a few years ago the greater portion of it was unimproved and the things that would have met his vision would have been a little log cabin in the midst of a clearing from which the smoke curled from a clay and stick chimney. Instead of the lowing of many herds, he would have heard the ring of the woodsman's ox or the crack of the huntsman's rifle as he was endeavoring to supply his family with meat from the wild animals of the forest.

There are many living today who are familiar with the early conditions of the farmer of the county, familiar with crude methods of farming and privations of the early settlers, with tallow candles made at home; with the steel and flint which were used in making fires instead of matches or a child was sent to a neighbor's to "borrow a chunk of fire" if the fire at home went out; with stage coach for travel and ox-cart and four-horse wagons for transportations; pens of goose-quills; no envelopes; letters on four-page sheets, folded and sealed with wafers or wax; live-stock, fruit, vegetables and flowers of an indifferent quality and style. You see where we are now and can compare all these things with the comforts, conveniences, facilities, and delights—including countless books and publications—that make up the life of the farmer today.

Improvements and inventions never come sooner than needed. Think of using our modern harvesting machinery among the stumps and swamps of the early days. It would have been a hopeless task to try to run one of the twenty horse-power, heavy traction engines over the highways only a few years ago. So the wheat was harvested with cradles, and the sheaves of grain bound by hand were stored in the barn. In the winter father and sons thrashed it out with flails or with

horses tramping it out on the threshing floor. It was the duty of the boys to drive the horses endlessly around and around until the grain was trodden from the straw. When finished the grain was winnowed out first in a strong breeze, then finished in a fanning mill. To produce wheat in such fashion was costly. The mind of man became active and a machine was invented to thresh the grain and the threshing floor, that had been in use since the beginning of time, was abandoned. Since then there has been a continual improvement in harvesting and threshing machinery. Today we have the improved self-binding wheat harvester—cutting a swath from seven to eight feet wide and drawn by three or four massive horses. In threshing machinery the massive twenty horse-power traction engine has displaced the horse power and the small plain, portable engine. The separator of fifteen hundred bushel capacity has superseded the earlier makes. Once it took a little more than three hours of a man's labor to produce a bushel of wheat; now with modern machinery it takes but ten minutes.

Another staple grain of Grant county is corn. It has undergone diverse methods of cultivation. The early settler would burn off a patch of ground around his cabin and plant the corn by stakes, without first plowing the ground. After the corn came up, he would cultivate the soil both ways with a home made single shovel plow. The plow was generally equipped with a coulter, which extended from the beam to the point of the shovel. This arrangement would prevent the plow from catching on the roots of stumps and trees. Later the settler began plowing the ground before planting. It was then marked off both ways with a plow and the women of the farm dropped the corn at the crosses made by the plow, while the men covered it with hoes. The hoe was supplanted by the hop jack and straddle bug in covering the corn. Both of these implements were drawn by a horse. The construction of the hop jack was similar to the single shovel plow, the frame being much lighter and in place of a pointed shovel a square one was used, which scraped the dirt over the corn. Some made a straddle bug by using a small forked sapling. A beam similar to a plow beam was inserted into this and a small shovel was bolted to each fork, with handles attached the operator would straddle the furrow with this implement and the corn would be covered with dispatch. It required some skill to pick up four grains of corn each time and deposit them exactly in the cross so that the man with the hop jack only needed to see the cross and the corn was covered at one stroke.

The Wakefield hand corn planter came in the '70s, and five dollars was the purchase price. All over the county men and boys in the planting season were jobbing them in the ground, and it was necessary to hit the cross or the rows would be crooked. As the stumps began to disappear in the fields, two-horse planters were introduced. It required two men to operate them, one to drive the team, the other to drop the corn. This planter required the field to be marked one way, which was usually done with a sled which had three runners. The planter was then driven at right angles to the furrows and the man or boy on the planter endeavored to drop the corn, by means of a lever, in the furrow. This planter was soon supplanted by the check row planter, which is used at the present day. The operation of this planter requires only one man.

With corn a similar change to that of wheat, but less striking, has come about. The introduction of a few simple machines—the better plow, the rapid pulverizer, the corn planter and two-horse cultivator—has reduced, it is said, the man labor cost of growing one bushel of corn from four and one-half hours to forty minutes.

The early settlers were annoyed by the birds and wild animals in

taking up corn after being planted, and later the deer would look for the ripened grain in the fields.

The old-time haymaker cut his grass with a scythe, raked and loaded and unloaded it by hand, which was a very laborious process. We now mow it down with a six-foot mower, load it on better wagons with a hay loader, unload it at the barn with a hay fork or sling and a horse at the rate of a ton in ten minutes.

One of the early meadows sown in the county was that of George Strange, who brought a gallon of timothy seed when he came from Ohio Highland county—and brushed it in August 10, 1842. The field was never plowed; and, when he died in 1909, it afforded an excellent hay crop. John S. Miller, of Jefferson township, started a meadow the same year by brushing in a patch of turnip seed, followed with grass seed.

Many factors could be mentioned that have aided in the production of better farm crops, and the one that stands at the head is drainage. Besides improving the general conditions of the soil, drainage has added materially to the general health of the county. During the existence of ponds and swamps the early settler was greatly troubled with malarial fever. But through the energy of the settlers, large open drains were dug which removed the surface water and drained the swamps and ponds. This drainage was followed by smaller field drains called "blind ditches." They were constructed of timber. Blocks were cut from oak timber fourteen to sixteen inches long and split into slabs. These slabs were laid on stringers in the bottom of the ditch. These stringers were five to six inches wide, split from the same kind of timber. These ditches served their purpose very well for eight or ten years. They were soon displaced by the more permanent tile drain. A great many of the open drains are now being tiled, thus facilitating the tillage of farms through which they run.

All the farm drainage has been done with the spade and shovel. In 1912 Baum and Williamson, tile manufacturers of Sweetser, introduced the first ditching machine in the county. It does the work successfully, digging and leveling eighty rods of ditch in a day. They brought the second machine into the county in 1913.

The Irishman with his spade was a necessity in the early day—an angel of mercy, but the ditching machine bids fair to put him out of business.

Great strides have been made in the tilling of the land and stock raising. But what about the work of the house-wife? The pioneer women who cooked before the open fireplace and knew how to manipulate the crane and pot-trammel would be mystified in a modern farm kitchen of today. Kitchen cabinets, ranges and oil-stoves were unheard of. While writing this an old lady said to me that she remembered very well the first meal that was cooked on her father's new stove, cooking up to that time before the open fire, it was the preparation of her eldest sister's wedding dinner. The pioneer house-wife spun, wove, colored, cut and made the cloth by hand into garments for the entire family. Today if she sews at all, it is for the girls of the family; and the work is done on a fine sewing machine. The male portion of the family is clothed with ready-made garments.

The Civil war was the turning point in home manufacture of almost every commodity before the war. The war created greater demand and the women no longer did so much home manufacture. Machinery was invented that relieved them of the necessity and the factory product was much cheaper. So the custom passed out after the war and there were no weaving and coloring at home when cloth with prints and colors already woven into them could be bought much cheaper. But still there is work on the farm for women. Instead of a one-room cabin with a

bare floor to set aright, she now has a house from eight to twelve rooms, with carpets, rugs and tapestry to keep free from dust and dirt. And she is also interested in poultry, the garden and flowers, which furnish her diversions which cannot be equaled.

The boy and girl of the farm are receiving their share of the uplift of the county. They are found in the high school and colleges, ranking as high as their city cousin, if not higher, in their studies.

At this time there is a great interest taken by all classes in agricultural education. Between 1908 and 1910 the number of institutions teaching agriculture was practically doubled, and between 1910 and 1912 this number was trebled.

The sixty-eighth session of the Indiana legislature passed a vocational educational law authorizing school cities, towns and townships to maintain and carry on instruction in elementary domestic science, industrial and agricultural subjects as a part of the regular course of instructions. Section 5 of the law reads: "Elementary agriculture shall be taught in the grades in all town and township schools; elementary industrial work shall be taught in the grades in all city and town schools, and elementary domestic science shall be taught in the grades in all city, town and township schools. The state board of education shall outline a course of study for each of such grades as they may determine which shall be followed as a minimum requirement. The board shall also outline a course of study in agriculture, domestic science and industrial work, which they may require city, town and township high schools to offer as regular courses. After September 1, 1915, all teachers required to teach elementary agriculture, industrial work or domestic science shall have passed an examination in such subjects prepared by the state board of education."

And another provision of the law which is now interesting the Grant county farmer is that concerning the county agent. Section 12 reads: "Whenever twenty or more residents of a county, who are actively interested in agriculture, shall file a petition with the county board of education for a county agent, together with a deposit of $500 to be used in defraying expenses of such agent, the county board of education shall file said petition, within thirty days of its receipt, with the county council, which body shall, upon receipt of such petition, appropriate annually the sum of $1,500 to be used in paying the salary and other expenses of said county agent. When the county appropriation has been made the county board of education shall apply to Purdue University for the appointment of a county agent, whose appointment shall be made annually and be subject to the approval of the county board of education and the state board of education. When such appointment has been made, there shall be paid annually from the state fund provided for in this act, to Purdue University, to be paid to the county providing for a county agent, an amount sufficient to pay one-half the annual salary of the county agent appointed as herein provided: Provided, That not more than $1,000 shall be appropriated to any one county: Provided, further, That not more than thirty counties during the year ending September 30, 1914, and sixty counties during the year ending September 30, 1915, shall be entitled to state aid. It shall be the duty of such agent, under the supervision of Purdue University, to co-operate with farmers' institutes, farmers' clubs and other organizations, conduct practical farm demonstrations, boys' and girls' clubs and contest work and other movements for the advancement of agriculture and country life and to give advice to farmers on practical farm problems and aid the county superintendent of schools and the teachers in giving practical education in agriculture and domestic science. The county board of education is hereby authorized to file monthly bills covering salary and expenses of

county agent, the same to be approved by Purdue University, with the county auditor who shall draw his warrant or warrants on the county treasurer for the payment of same."

By the provision of the law it is readily seen that the county agent must have first-hand knowledge of farm practice, a thorough training in the science of agriculture, tact in meeting men, ability to direct movements, and a sense of obligation to the community he serves. Agriculture needs able leaders, and the county agent must be one. By the ability shown thus far, Grant county has found such a man in the person of Otis Crane, of Boone county. He began his duties as county agent, July 1, 1913, and in less than six months made himself familiar with the agricultural conditions of the county. Farmers today are living in better homes, driving better rigs and wear better clothes. There is little or no difference between the turnout of the prosperous farmer and the well-to-do city business man. These and other conditions give the farmer a pride in his farm and home, so much so that many are beginning to select appropriate names for their farms. To protect them in this the sixty-eighth session of the legislature passed an act so that any owner of a farm in the state of Indiana may have the name of his farm recorded in a register kept for that purpose in the office of the records of the county in which the farm is located. After such name has been recorded, it shall not be recorded as the name of any other farm in the county.

George G. Wharton, of Center township, was the first to take advantage of the law in the county. On May 3, 1913, he registered the name of his place as Riverview Farm. Since then there has been quite a number of names registered from different parts of the county.

Great has been the improvement of country life in Grant county. But there is room still for greater improvement. This is still the land of great opportunity, but it is no longer the paradise of the inefficient and the indolent. The farmer must not live alone by the sweat of his brow; he must put his brains into his work if he is to prosper in the future. Agriculture is the oldest occupation in the universe and is not exempt from the requirement of honest labor.

XII. LIVESTOCK AS AN INDEX TO PROGRESS IN CIVILIZATION

By William M. Jones

Of all the recognized industries in Grant county, that of livestock raising has shown as remarkable growth and has meant as much if not more in the way of our material development than any other of the multiplied forms of local industry. In the early days of our history—when Grant county was young,—we had only a very limited amount of livestock. At that time the settler depended largely for his sustenance upon the products of the forest.

The forest supplied his need—his fire, his building material and his table with sap-sugar, nuts and meats. Such a supply when there was wild game in the Grant county forest. Even the most aristocratic family cannot duplicate it today in point of excellence or variety. At this early date there was no local demand for domestic animals as a food product—no commercial side to Grant county history. There were no markets, no communication with the west and the routes of travel to the east were over unimproved roadways. Our only outlet to the world was the Wabash river and later the Erie canal parallel to the Wabash. Therefore there was no incentive for the production

of livestock other than the settler's personal need—cattle to work in his clearing, and the few horses that were kept were solely for the purposes of travel.

All double and team work was done with oxen, and the more thrifty settlers had one horse for marking off and the planting and cultivation of crops—just a few cows—dual purpose animals for power as well as dairy products, and utility was the watchword—the cow an essential family animal. She was useful in clearing the country and in plowing the ground about the settler's home in the woods of Grant county. There was a limited number of sheep for the wool, or our grand-mothers would not have been the manufacturers we hear about when old settlers hold their annual meetings. There were wild hogs in the woods and some were domesticated, as the settlers must have lard for cooking and for the grease lamps known to the pioneers. Very little attention was given to methods of breeding—it was not a science in the woods of Grant county. The settler's horses were of small, "wirey" type, suitable for horseback riding and drawing small loads—and his wild

Cows at Elmhurst

est dream did not include the automobile truck used in transporting farm products today.

The sturdy oxen or cattle were used by the settlers to draw their heavier loads, and to break their new ground, but as the clearings increased in size and more trails were blazed through the wilderness, and communication with the world was established, there were changes in the situation. It was a very common thing in the spring time when our fathers and mothers were children to see the rugged lad or lassie with a yoke of cattle hitched to a plow, breaking their little clearing while the rest of the family were increasing the size of the same, and gradually the time came when "straight up" was not the only direction to see out from the little world about the primitive American dwelling. As the size of the clearings increased the commercial facilities on the Wabash improved, and the wants of the settlers were increased in number and variety. There was less shelter for the wild animals and domestic livestock rapidly became a necessity. As blood lines improved in the animal kingdom all branches of civilization advanced accordingly. The ox was too slow for the road and horses became a necessity.

When the settlers felt the need of better schools, better churches,

better homes, better roads, better health and better drainage, they realized the need of more money and a greater community of interests, and in order that they might have more of this world's goods more of material blessings, it of necessity required better crops and markets for them, and the increased population was the solution. As the market was increased more cattle and horses were needed, and because of this "long felt want," the foundation of a permanent, progressive and most excellent industry was laid—the improved livestock of Grant county along with the rest of Indiana and the world. When Grant county farmers began thinking of better livestock their ambition for better homes was awakened, and the present-day condition of society is largely due to improved livestock in Grant county. A well bred animal is worth more on the market than a scrub, and the progressive farmer understands it and takes advantage of such knowledge. There have been colossal fortunes built up in the livestock industry.

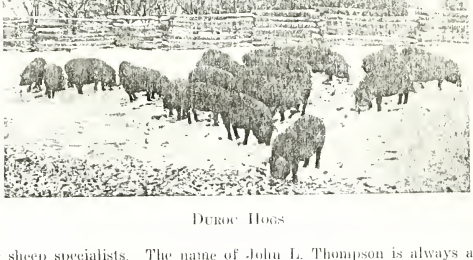
In the early period of Grant county history, cattle were the most important domestic livestock because of their work, milk and butter producing qualities. Many are the stories handed down from father to son of the strength, endurance and faithfulness of a noble yoke of oxen. When improved breeding was first practiced and ever since Jacob cheated Laban through his knowledge of such things, people have sought to better their breeds as civilization advanced, and in Grant county the demand was for a large, upstanding, heavy boned type of the short horned species. But as the size of the clearings increased, and as the roadways were improved the horse began to be used more as a beast of burden, and the cattle were used more and more for their meat supply—the roundsteak and porterhouse now so much in demand at the up to date city markets. Therefore the breeding the style changed from strength to beef type the heavier cattle now so profitable to the farmer with broad acres of pasture land. These changed conditions—the ox emancipated from the plow, led the farmer to breed a type suited to market, and without thought of the milk and butter production—and hence the beef and dairy types of cattle now grown in Grant county. It was changed economic conditions that built up the beef producing industry, and developed the dairy animal and it was early discovered that the best beef types were not the most profitable dairy cows.

Men of thrift, industry and foresight such as Joseph Smalley, Jeremiah Hartley, Eli Coggeshall, I. M. Miller and others were the pioneer breeders who have had their part in giving to Grant county her excellent cattle of today. From their example and their success the industry has grown until today it is unsafe to try naming all who are producing thoroughbred, registered stock and stock eligible to registration. Among pedigree stockmen are the Wimmers, Wingers, Studebakers, Walls, Cooper, Goodykoontz, Jones, Shugart, ad infinitum men who serve their day and generation well by improving blood lines of livestock. The man who brings a well bred animal into the community is a public benefactor, and the cattle in Grant county pastures point to several of them. There are excellent dairy herds as well as cattle for the block, and the multiplicity of silos is some index to their number ensilage having gained recognition from all stockmen. The silo belt in Grant county has spread to many localities. Early in the century the silo was discussed in institutes, but now all farmers indorse it.

The horse industry knows no limits, and it has grown from the meager supply as mentioned—from the Indian pony without pedigree to splendid draft animals and road horses—and today Grant county stands in front rank in horse production. The late Robert Bogue of Fairmount, the Druckemillers in Franklin, were pioneers in improving the

horse blood in Grant county. Dr. W. B. Wallace, Dr. G. L. Simons, Couch Brothers, J. A. Bowman, Eri Rich, Thomas Hasty, Henry Tinkle, P. R. Edgerton—again it is unsafe to enumerate them,—are doing much to improve the blood of the noblest animal domesticated by man—the horse. Some of the best sires in the United States are to be found in Grant county. In fact the horse has added thousands of dollars to the wealth of Grant county, and has been one of the most profitable sources of revenue, although some have kept their animals so long they have outlived their usefulness, and there is a sentiment in favor of selling horses before they are so old the family is indebted to them. There is more sentiment and regret in connection with the horse than any other domestic animal—the other contributing to the food supply, and always going on the market when their usefulness is at an end, while a horse is apt to fall into bad hands—unfortunate usage for him if he has once been cared for tenderly. "Trading stock" would have a sad history to relate. While the horse is emancipated from service in some lines, it will always be profitable to the farmer.

While sheep have not been bred within our county borders as extensively as some other livestock, we nevertheless have our shepherds—



Duroc Hogs

our sheep specialists. The name of John L. Thompson is always associated with the sheep industry because he was the original importer, and he is recognized throughout Indiana as an authority. He is superintendent frequently of the sheep department at the State fair, and in the show ring he used to be winner while giving his attention to the sheep breeding industry. I. M. Miller is the most extensive sheep raiser in Grant county today. It was the fleece that was important in the early history, and from the strictly wool herds have been developed the mutton types, and the grandmothers who used to spin have been freed from the process in Grant county. There is no animal maintained at less expense to the farmer, and the margin of profit renders the sheep a profitable investment even though a scavenger of weeds its chief purpose, and the sheep does clean up the farm as well as return revenue to the farmer. The Shropshire, Cotswold and Merino all have their fanciers, and while E. F. Ballinger lived there were always sheep shown at the local fairs.

The swine industry claims everybody's attention, and it has grown

from a few long nosed chupecker, acorn-gathering ancestors of a century ago when there were no white men in the woods of Grant county, to the sleek, blocky Poland China, Duroc Jersey, Chester White, Hampshire and Berkshire breeds of the present day. Foremost among men who have improved blood lines in hogs have been E. B. Marshall, T. W. Johnson, S. G. Kem, L. E. Kem, B. F. Butler, R. A. Owings and others who realize the importance of the best blood in the most economical swine production. While hogs used to have long noses—could reach through the fence to the third row of corn—the twentieth century farmer has no such difficulties with his improved herd and such stories seem an impossibility. There is no branch of the livestock business that has added more to the exchequer of Grant county citizens, and the swine industry admits of profit whether on a large or small scale, and "mortgage lifter" has always described the hog industry. The hog is the farmer's friend when it comes to revenue for the family. Since all our industries depend upon consumers of their products, and many of the best consumers are among the rural population, and the income of the ruralist is from livestock, then why not accord it its proper place in the past and present economic development why not say that livestock has regulated progress, and that advancement in civilization is due to the improved herds and flocks in Grant county. The patriarchs depended upon livestock to tide them along, and the twentieth century farmer is a patriarch. The man who has improved blood lines in his flocks and herds will meet his obligations, livestock the source of revenue always when given proper consideration—food and shelter. The average family is indebted to the brood sow, and the milk cow, and livestock is the commercial hope of the country.

XIII. HORTICULTURE IN GRANT COUNTY

The Encyclopedia Brittanica says: "Horticulture is the art and science of the cultivation of garden plants, whether for utilitarian or decorative purposes," and travelers relate that in England much more attention is given the decorative features of gardening than in America, and in Grant county perhaps utilitarian is the rule. While horticulture is one branch of farming, its details have too often been left to the women and children to accomplish wonders along special lines. The ordinary productions of horticulture are generally classed under three heads—fruits, flowers and vegetables, and the "hog and corn" farmer has little inclination toward them. Amateurs have given attention to horticulture, while some professionals have taken up the more utilitarian, practical features.

The sacred writer tells of the fig tree that was unproductive, but the Grant county horticulturist has been more tolerant and has allowed many unproductive trees to cumber the ground. Some of the best orchardists have dug about the trees and have mulched for winter protection, but the fruit crop has hardly come under the prophecy about seed time and harvest in this locality. There is a proverb: "As the garden, so the gardener," and there is something in the couplet:

"Go make thy garden fair as thou canst—thou toilest never alone,
For he whose plot lies next to thine, may see it and tend to his own."

"All Grant County a Park," is a slogan that means more attention to door yards and orchards. Some Grant county families "eat where they scratch," while others buy fruits and vegetables in the market, although they have facilities for producing them. In the Garden of

Eden there was one tree of forbidden fruit, and too many farmers have denied themselves all fruit privileges—a hardship to themselves.

Mother Eve's influence is counteracted in some instances, and there are many real benefactors—husbandmen who cause two blades of grass to grow where hitherto there had been only one, and the "Vocational Educational Bill" which passed the 1913 legislature providing for supervising county agents to cooperate with farmers and gardeners seems like a forward movement in the county. While there are no local wizards—no Burbanks in local horticultural circles, there are gardens in towns that are beauty spots, and there are country places that are as well kept as town lots, and fruit specialists are coming to the front in Grant county. Snead Thomas, in his day and generation, was foremost among local horticulturists and was long affiliated with the Indiana Horticultural Society. Largely through his instrumentality a local horticultural society was organized almost contemporary with the Grant county farmers' institute—ten days later. March 17, 1886, has been recognized as the date of the first farmers' institute, while the records of the Grant County Horticultural Society which flourished for several years show that it was organized March 27, the same year.

The Horticultural Society record says: "In response to a previous announcement in *The Marion Chronicle*, a number of the horticulturists of Grant county met at the courthouse at 2 o'clock p. m., Saturday, March 27, 1886. After the meeting was called to order by Snead Thomas, temporary chairman, on motion Asa T. Baldwin was chosen secretary pro tem. Brief remarks were made by nearly all present on the object of the meeting, and the benefits to be derived from a horticultural association, and a committee then presented a constitution which was adopted and the last meeting recorded was held with Snead Thomas, July 15, 1899, showing that the society was in active existence more than fifteen years. Those who constituted its membership were: Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McCann, William Pegden, Sarah Pegden, Snead Thomas, Sue Thomas, Asa T. Baldwin, Mary E. Baldwin, Enos L. Bond (Rural), Mary Ann Bond, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Bish, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. P. Morehead, William Baldwin, Lide Baldwin, Elijah Burrows, Kate Burrows, Mr. and Mrs. William Neal, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Fishell, Mr. and Mrs. George Carper, Mr. and Mrs. Eli Y. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Bond, Mr. and Mrs. J. Q. Thomas, Elwood Thomas, Ann Thomas, J. J. Small, Myra Small, Robert L. Smith, Rena P. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cox, S. C. Thomas, Mary Thomas, James M. Bell, F. M. Grant, L. C. Pence, J. A. Hallett, Alfred Lomax, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Dunn, and when the foregoing names were copied from the record only about half of them would have answered roll call today.

There was a wave of influence set in motion by the Grant County Horticultural Society that did not die when it ceased holding its meetings, and examination of the records shows that many advance subjects were under consideration while it was an active organization. "Rural" was the pen name for years of one of its members, and Mrs. Mary Ann Bond, now a member of the Emily E. Flinn Home, has scrap books filled with newspaper clippings, the product of her husband, and when they left their farm in Mill, the shrubbery and small fruit told of the real horticulturist. The same is true of several whose names are in the list—a decided atmosphere of culture about their homes that is only possible where horticulture is a special study, and after the lapse of a few years another horticultural society was organized at Fairmount. There were occasional all day meetings of the Grant County Horticultural Society at the different homes, and the premises were

always carefully inspected and suggestions offered on such occasions. It was a forecast of the work of the proposed county agent.

Although the Fairmount Horticultural Society, organized at the home of Perry W. Seale, September 20, 1910, never adopted a constitution, it immediately became effective and has since held frequent meetings. It was largely an outgrowth of Purdue University in sending an expert through Indiana, conducting orchard demonstrations, T. A. Ferrand of Michigan being at Fruitland, the home of M. T. Cox near Fairmount, November 20, 1909, where he met about seventy five persons who thoroughly enjoyed his demonstration, both in pruning and spraying. In order to raise funds for a second demonstration the Fairmount society was organized, the membership dues taking care of the incumbent expense. The work of Mr. Ferrand, who was a Michigan orchardist, was so much appreciated by Indiana farmers, that Purdue University placed M. W. Richards in the field, and it was through his effort that the local organization was effected. The second orchard demonstration occurred October 11, 1910, with about three hundred persons in attendance. Both Fairmount academy and high school pupils were there, all interested in tree surgery, and the demonstration was far reaching, orchard owners from all over Grant county watching the process, and since that time many are critical when they see bad work in pruning Grant county orchards.

Grant county farmers are more inclined to send to Purdue for bulletins, and to take advantage of the discoveries in the experiment station there. Since those orchard demonstrations more people have pruned and sprayed their trees, and 1911 was a record breaking year for fruit. Those who sprayed in 1910 had apples, and there were some well filled trees in the neighborhood of the orchard demonstration. There was an effort to induce Purdue University to establish an experiment orchard in Grant county, but without results. With the native timber removed, there are more orchard pests to overcome than formerly, but it has been fully demonstrated that fruit production is possible in this locality where the same attention is given the trees that is given to other products. The 1912 organization of the Fairmount society was: H. W. Morrish, president; Edward Overman, secretary and Victor Selby, treasurer. Mr. Morrish has long given special attention to fruit production and floriculture. Scientific methods are practiced now by many and the results are apparent. The home grown article is always preferred, and the horticulturist abreast with the requirements is assured of patronage in local markets. While he was pecuniarily interested—the more enthusiasm and interest aroused, the more trees was it possible for him to sell, David G. Lewis, played an important part in those orchard demonstrations, and the fact that he has continued selling nursery stock to the same people for twenty years indicates the appreciation in which he is held in the community.

XIV. THE CONSERVATION OF NATURAL RESOURCES

By T. W. Shugart

To the average layman conservation of natural resources is a far-away, indefinite something having to do with the preservation of the coal fields of Pennsylvania, the waterfalls of Niagara, the pineries of Maine and the southland, the gold fields of Alaska or a number of other equally intangible propositions of seeming remote importance.

For this cause then, conservation in its generally accepted interpretation meets with but meagre response from the average citizen. Because of this fact this discussion is confined to the consideration of natural resources at hand, the practicability of whose preservation is readily apparent.

Let it be said, however, that Providence is unselfish and far-sighted and that, notwithstanding the gross neglect and irreparable damage perpetrated upon our natural resources by individuals of elastic conscience, for which an individual responsibility obtains, as long as this mundane institute is inhabited by mankind the time will never be when at its hand there will not be found material blessings of needful proportions.

Historically speaking, the development of gas and oil has been largely responsible for a spasmodic growth of our cities and towns—almost phenomenal. The investment of foreign capital, influx of population, sudden expansion, cheapened fuel and consequent added industries were the resultants of the discovery of these natural resources. Years have passed. Legitimate use and wanton waste have spelled the end, and what were once proclaimed as everlasting, indestructible, have passed away and are no more. For their conservation we cannot plead. They are gone. But the forest—History again! The mighty oak, walnut, ash, elm, beech, hickory, sugar and poplar that once in pomp, majesty and splendor lifted high their proud heads—where are they? They are fallen—to rise no more. In sentimental moods we are wont to weep for them—but no! Without their death there would not rise in their stead and from their bodies beautiful farm homes, capacious granaries, bursting barns, schools and churches, town and city. Their work is done, their labor ended. To the Maker and Giver of these primaeval forests are we not today indebted?

The physiological structure of the human system as well as other animal and all vegetable bodies is dependent as a means of existence upon frequent and plenteous supplies of water. It is a life-giving resource. Without it life becomes extinct. Then yesterday, today and tomorrow Grant county must needs be supplied—and bountifully, too—with this indispensable element. Indicative of a supply of bountiful proportions are the streamlets, creeks and river within the limit of our borders. Once springs, ponds and miniature lakes were with us in numbers. Now they are rapidly becoming extinct with consequent lowering of water level. To the pessimist and calamity howler this spells drouth and water famine. But not so. Where once stood stagnant and germ breeding pools are today fertile fields. Why mourn their loss? Let him that is athirst drink, and not only drink but drink freely. This does not justify waste. Waste is not and never can be justified. Use may consume but does not destroy.

Like other natural resources our native soil is a gift of Providence. It is, however, very susceptible to external influences. To the average citizen of Grant county the maintenance of soil fertility is the one big problem in conservation of natural resources.

In its virginity it possessed pronounced fertility. Necessity, ignorance and cupidity in many instances have so reduced its virility that response is tardy and half-hearted. Experience and science, however, inform us that rational treatment and careful husbanding result in increased yields and storage of latent plant food. The inexperienced and uninitiated desirous of entering into active soil tillage are enabled to avail themselves of the advantages of detailed and exhaustive treatise on maintenance of soil fertility.

XV. THE FOREST OF GRANT COUNTY

By Garfield Vestal Cox

None but the pioneer can realize how dense and unbroken was the hardwood forest that once covered Grant county, and few consider how great has been its influence upon the county's development. When white men met the Indians at the Battle of the Mississinewa they fought beneath the cover of giant trees. Here grew elm, oak, ash, poplar, walnut, beech, maple, linden (commonly called lime), hickory, sycamore, cottonwood and willow, together with other species of lesser importance. Beneath this canopy was a dense growth of underbrush such as paw paw, hazelnut, sumach, elder, briers and spicewood. Just east of what has since become the town of Fairmount occurred the only break in the forest, a few hundred acres of weed covered, black prairie, dotted with cranberry bogs.

The oaks were the most plentiful, and the most generally distributed of all trees, though many other species were everywhere abundantly intermingled. White pine, and red oak grew on the higher ground, while burr and swamp oak thrived in the lowlands. White and red elm preferred much moisture. White ash was found on clay loam, while swamp ash sought land well watered. Hickory and linden sometimes grew in swamps, but were found in greatest numbers on high ground. Hard (sugar) maple was most plentiful on the upland, while soft (red) maple grew with sycamore, cottonwood, and willow in swamps and along streams. Yellow poplar and black walnut required that rich clay loam which has since been transformed into the best farm land in the county.

Of all species poplar attained the greatest height and oak the greatest diameter, though elm, ash, and black walnut also grew to great size. In Little Dear creek "bottom," Liberty township, was found a burr oak nine feet in diameter four feet from the ground. It is probable that a larger tree never grew in the county, though poplars attained a diameter of five feet and a height of more than one hundred and fifty feet. Though these cases are exceptional, on almost every section of land grew thousands of nature trees of large proportions.

The axe, the saw and the mattock in the hands of rugged men have transformed this wilderness into a garden, but only the pioneer can ever know the cost—the labor of felling and burning trees, of grubbing stumps and underbrush, of tilling soil that was full of roots and stumps. Yet the forest was not the settler's enemy. His hogs ran in the unfenced wood, and thrived on beech nuts and acorns. Every fall the pioneer "laid in" a store of hickory nuts and walnuts to be cracked and eaten before the open fire on long winter evenings. Many farmers had sugar camps, and every spring when the sap began to rise in sugar trees, holes were bored in the sapwood, and "sugar-water" was drawn off through wooden spiles, and boiled in huge kettles until the most delicious maple syrup was obtained. But it was the timber that rendered the forest invaluable to the settler. From tall, clean bodied yellow poplar trees he built his stable and cabin of logs. From straight grained oak and black walnut he split the rails that fenced his clearing. Much of the best splitting timber he burned in the large open fireplace. A great quantity of timber was used within the county to construct more than one hundred miles of corduroy roads through swamps, by paving the highways with logs. Millions of feet of the finest oak were split into two inch slabs, and used in blind ditches to drain the land, for tiles were unheard of in those days.

Though the drain upon the forest for the settlers' use was heavy, the slaughter in clearing the land was heavier still, for it was upon the richest soil that the finest timber grew. Neither a market for wood nor a means of transportation had yet come, and trees which today would be worth far more than the land upon which they grew were cut into logs, piled and burned. The writer's father, though not an old man, has helped burn hundreds of huge black walnut logs to clear the ground for corn. In fact, log rollings were social events, the families of a neighborhood gathering at a home while the men rolled logs and ate the bounteous dinner cooked by the women. The writer's grandfather has cut hundreds of large oaks and stripped them of bark to be used at the tanyard, while the trees were left in the woods to rot.

But in 1868 there came a change. In that year the Pennsylvania railroad was built through Harrisburg and Marion, and the shipment of timber eastward began. Black walnut trees like those burned a year before were soon worth twenty-five dollars each. The price of yellow poplar rapidly advanced. A demand for ash and oak quickly followed, and saw mills sprang up in every neighborhood. Walnut, used for cabinet work, and poplar, used for building material, were the first to disappear. The demand for oak was equally great, but because of greater abundance it lasted longer. The marketing of our timber was still further simplified by the construction in 1875 of the Cincinnati, Wabash and Michigan Railway through Fairmount and Marion. During these years the drain upon the forest was enormous. Thousands of car loads of oak barrel staves were exported by stave factories. Much of the finest black walnut was shipped to Germany to be made into furniture. Heavy oak timbers were sent to the Atlantic coast to be used in ship building. With the discovery of natural gas in 1887 men, confident that the new fuel would prove inexhaustible, cleared their remaining woodland with reckless rapidity. As the supply of the more valuable species of hardwood began everywhere to fail, inferior varieties came to have a market value. There was scarcely a tree of any species large enough for a saw log that the lumberman was not eager to buy. The last body of virgin timber in the county, a wood adjoining the Wabash county line, was exploited during the years from 1900 to 1907.

The days of the rail fence, the log cabin, and the roaring hearth fire are passed, for there remain only a few isolated woodlots, sodded and heavily grazed—woodlots of a few inferior trees—the skeletons of a forest that has been. We are without timber to supply local demand at a time when the world faces a timber famine, and only a few have thought of tomorrow. These are preserving small wooded plots, or planting groves of catalpa or black walnut. Farmers are beginning to realize that small woodlots are indispensable, and that if rightly managed they are profitable. The woodlot of the future will doubtless be a windbreak for the farm buildings and orchard, a small, carefully managed grove producing a maximum of the most valuable kinds of timber.

Today, as we point with pride to Grant county's fertile fields, let us think of the wilderness that once was here, and remember with praise those sturdy pioneers by whose hard labor it has been transformed into an unrivaled land of homes.

XVI. SOME WEATHER OBSERVATIONS

Almost every man, woman and child knows James F. Hood as the weather observer for this locality, and what he reports is always

"official," because almost all of his life he has made records of the shifting weather conditions. Since January 1, 1888, Mr. Hood has been supplied with the necessary instruments for observing the weather by the weather department of the United States government, and he makes daily reports to Indianapolis and frequent reports to Washington.

It has become second nature to Mr. Hood to record weather conditions, and the newspapers always rely on him for periodical reports. His weather plant is in his own door yard, and temperature and rainfall are part of his daily routine, and monthly summaries are always expected from him. For almost a quarter of a century the mean annual temperature has been 49.6, and the warmest year, 1896, the temperature averaged 52.6 with an average of 48.5, in 1904, on record as the coolest year in his time of observation.

The hottest day was July 24, 1891, when the thermometer showed 105 above, and the coldest day was January 20, 1892, when it registered 22 below. The mean annual rainfall in Grant county has been 39.28 inches since record has been made of it, and in the wettest year, 1892, the total rainfall amounted to 56.28 inches. In the driest year, 1895, the rainfall was 22.14 inches, and in October, 1892, there was no precipitation at all. On September 13, 1892, the rainfall was 4.75, and in the March flood, Easter Sunday and Monday, 1913, the rainfall in two days was 8.08 inches.

Frost was recorded in every month in 1894, and on the night of November 12, 1912, the temperature dropped 65 degrees. On April 26, 1893, there was a destructive cyclone in the southwestern part of the county. While the past is no forecast of the future, this summary of conditions is of interest, and those who discuss weather when they meet friends will certainly familiarize themselves with it.

XVII. GLACIAL DRIFT AND SOIL FORMATION

By M. O. Pence

The study of soils is one that has long commanded the attention of writers of all classes, but it has only been within recent years that a systematic study and examination of them has been made from the standpoint of their source and origin, as well as their relation to soil fertility and practical agriculture. Formerly the soil, or the undignified term "dirt," was probably given little consideration because it gave forth such bountiful and remunerative crops with but little care, study or attention. However, when the sciences of chemistry and bacteriology began to be applied in a systematic study of soils, it was soon observed that the problems in connection therewith were as complex and intangible as any that have ever baffled our best research workers. There are so many exterior factors, difficult to control, such as light, heat, moisture, elevation and aeration, affecting the internal character of the soil that it is difficult to select any one phase of the soil for study and draw from it definite conclusions.

In this study of the subject, it is the desire of the writer to treat the topic in a general way, using only the necessary scientific names and with the hope that everyone may become interested and appreciate the vital relation of the soil to local as well as national prosperity. Any locality, any people, any nation, may be measured in terms of national

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wealth, progressiveness, prosperity and longevity as they have appreciated and studied the soil and its relationship to agricultural progress.

As we glance about us on a casual walk through the country, or in our travels through a state or across the continent, everywhere about us is the soil with its manifold verdure clothing the level prairie and the most rugged hill. We are unable to flee from its presence, or, as we may say, a study of it. Let us examine this soil that is so common and which makes one dubious that it is a chemical complex teeming with unknown life and vigor. These living elements (beneficial fungi and bacteria) have recently been found as essential to a fertile soil as the chemical elements. Tilth, brought about by plowing and cultivation, affects the soil mainly in its physical sense, or as one particle is arranged with respect to every other. The proper soil structure as well as texture is always essential. Geologists have made a study of this crust or soil mantle until they are able to tell us accurately the age of it, and where it came from.

Early in the glacial era there was a change in the climate of the earth from a condition warmer than the present to one colder than the present. As the climate grew colder over North America the snow began to accumulate in the Canadian highlands. As more snow fell than melted during the year an accumulation formed on the uplands. This snow solidified, as it no doubt does at the present time, and formed granular and later blue ice; flowing away in sluggish streams from the center. This glacier was so large that it flowed out from the Canadian highlands as a great ice sheet, hundreds, in places thousands, of feet in thickness, that spread out over northern United States. It covered a large part of Indiana in the southeastern and southwestern parts of the state, and in the central portion as far south as Owen county. The southern boundaries of this invading glacier are marked by granite boulders of the type brought from their far away home in Canada.

We are more interested in the general effect of these glaciers than in their cause. We know from the glaciers in Switzerland and Greenland of the present time that they travel very slowly; in fact they creep along much slower than the most sluggish rivers of today. This soil of ours we must remember has not all been deposited by one glacier, for we have evidence, by means of glacial drifts, that several glaciers of increasing thickness passed over this very section of the state. Intervals of very long duration might have occurred, too, between glacial invasions. Let us see what the effect of this prodigious mill was, for the grinding of rock into soil. Geologists tell us that the aggregate depth of these glaciers ranged from 300 to 1,000 feet in thickness, and single glaciers as much as 500 feet in depth. Can one imagine a more powerful mill for the grinding of rock into soil? A glacier with a depth of 500 feet would exert a pressure of 198 pounds per square inch, or 28,000 pounds per square foot. And this too in motion, giving the grinding action of our stone burrs in old mills. With its netherstone, one-half of the North American continent, and for its upper one a block of ice of corresponding size, having its grinding face set with hard boulders and gravel; we can understand how such a force, acting day and night, year in and year out, for centuries numbered by the hundreds if not by the thousands, wrought the wonders that it did.

It eroded the rocky surface, grinding it off in great quantities here, and filling in deep depressions yonder. Great deposits of conglomerate clay, sand, gravel, rocks, etc., are found in the ill defined drifts marking the boundaries of glaciers. A change of climate, combined with a period of rest, may have caused a melting of these glaciers. The lakes

of northern Indiana and Michigan are the result of the gouging action of the ice on the rocks; by the deposition of material across valleys, forming an earth dam; and still others by water accumulating in the depressions formed by the irregularities in the mouth of glacial drift.

Great streams of water emerging from the melting ice sorted and resorted the glacial grist, leaving in some places beds of coarse, clean gravel with surface sloping gently in the direction of discharge, over which has since developed one type of extremely fertile soil; leaving in other places beds of sharp plastering sand, often unstratified in the most curious manner with coarser or finer material, while the finest silt was removed to subside in innumerable lakes, or to be borne away to the sea to form coastal plains. All are familiar with these gravel and sand pits of the county that have contributed, through their use in improving our roads, to the rapid progress of our county.

The hills of Grant county extending from a northwestern to a southeastern direction, east of Marion, belong to the moraines formed by the glaciers. These are the result of a glacial halt, which allowed the conglomerate deposit of rocks, sand and gravel in these ridges, known particularly as terminal moraines. As residents of the county we are only interested in the study of the above subject as it might affect the county in whatever manner.

But we have learned that Grant county was in the thickest of this glacial era. The wonderful richness of most of her soil, together with its capacity for the production of large crops without the application of foreign plant foods, are silent testimonials to the effect of glaciation and its relation to soil formation.

Our river is bordered by a rich, and varying layer of alluvial soil deposited by the action of moving water. We are familiar today, in the period of one generation, with the changes that have taken place in the beds of our streams; of the cutting away here and the piling up yonder, all of which constantly changes the stream bed and the valley. From one point of view, the most important result of stream action is the wonderful mixing up of the soil in some places, stratification of particles of soils in others, and a general enrichening of overflow lands by means of the silt deposit. The flood in the spring of 1913 is a good example of the wonderful transportation qualities of rapidly moving water. In some places whole farms were practically ruined by washing, and in still other places farms were covered many inches in depth with a coating of fine sand and silt. Such, or worse, may have been the past history of our alluvial soil formation.

The beating action of rains has been very potent in the transportation and formation within short distances, as within the limits of one man's farm. The moving of accumulated rainfall on even gently rolling land will wash gulches and denude hillsides of their surface soils, piling and sorting the same in the bottom of ravines, or in its total loss by way of the stream and river. Every action of moisture in the soil, freezing and thawing, rising and falling, wetting and drying, all move and change the soil structure. The soil is the loose mantle of material covering the earth's surface. It consists of the disintegrated materials derived from rock mixed with decomposing organic or vegetable matter. This crust is composed of seventy elements, some of which are present in small proportions. Only ten of these are known to be essential to the growth of plants, while but three of these are all that are usually needed in the form of applied fertilizer. These elements are nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium. The surface soil is that part usually turned into the cultivation, and the subsoil is all that part of material found beneath. This distinction is not exact, for the sur-

face soil, which is marked by an admixture of organic matter together with certain chemical differences, varies from a few inches in thickness in some places to several feet in others. Another striking difference is the relative compactness of soil and subsoil. The subsoil, having a smaller organic content, is usually of a lighter color. The soil and subsoil in their relations of compactness, color, depth, capacity for drainage and ease of cultivation, all have a vital bearing on the crops that may be produced, and on the prosperity of a farming community.

When a soil begins to fail in its crop-producing power, we are inclined to think that it is run out or that its store of plant food is nearly exhausted. But if we analyze a heavily cropped soil alongside a virgin soil, we shall find that the total content of nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium (the necessary fertilizing ingredients) in each is of little difference. But we must remember that it is through a wise provision of nature that most of the plant food is found in an unavailable state, and through continuous cropping for a few years is all used up as far as the available supply is concerned. In a soil of good tilth, rich in plant residues and humus, properly drained and rotated, we have about all the processes of soil digestion at work to change the unavailable plant food into the available. Then it is the problem of the farmer, not only to add available plant food to the soil, but also to study the means whereby the unavailable supply may be made use of. Therefore, it follows, that a chemical analysis of total plant food in a soil is of little indication as to the kind of fertilizers most needed, unless one of the necessary elements is practically absent.

There are four things to look after in the soil, as far as its actual composition or structure is concerned. First; it must have a sufficient humus content, which can be provided best in the form of barnyard manure or by plowing under crops of green manure. The latter can best be accomplished by means of the various legumes, such as clover, alfalfa, cowpeas, soy beans and the vetches, which contribute, in addition to humus, their excess of nitrogen, gathered from the air. These legumes are concerned with the economical production of nitrogen, which is the second necessary factor. Third, by the application of some form of phosphorus, which is usually sold from the farm in grain farming. Acid phosphate or "raw ground rock" will supply this element. Potash can only be supplied, at the present time, in commercial form, through the potash salts imported from Germany. Barnyard manure supplies all the elements of plant food, but it is low in its percentage of phosphorus. Because of the type of farming carried on in Grant county, it has been found that the application of fertilizer carrying a large percentage of phosphorus, pays on most crops, especially wheat. A fertilizer of two per cent nitrogen, six to ten per cent phosphoric acid, and two to five per cent potash, has given excellent returns in applications of one hundred and fifty to five hundred pounds to the wheat crop. So far not much attention has been paid, in Grant county, to the fertilization of corn and oats by means of commercial fertilizer. Such fertilization is yet in the experimental stage, and should remain so until it has been proven profitable.

The soil is a scene of life and energy. It is not as some people believe, a place of lifeless and inert materials. Minute plants, in the form of molds, fungi and bacteria, are densely populous in the earth's surface, as many as millions to each cubic inch of cultivated soil; each contributing its little iota in the processes of soil disintegration, organic decay and chemical action, to the ultimate benefit of the farmer. The same might be said of minute organisms in the forms of tiny ani-

mals or worms. The earthworm, in particular, is an example of one of the larger organisms beneficial to the farmer.

This article is not written as an exact scientific treatise, subject only to the criticism of higher authorities. It is written for the purpose of awakening more interest in the study of Grant county's most valuable assets, her soil. In this section we have been wonderfully blessed with the rich, virgin timber soils found within our borders. It was as a mine from which our forefathers squandered its timber and used its products to the making of the county we now have. We must call a halt. This soil is not one immutable, indestructible asset, that it is impossible to wear out by continuous cropping wastefully carried on. Let us consider this soil as a scene of life and energy, as the plastic clay in the hands of the artist capable of being molded, handled, built up, or torn down, as the artisan may see fit. Let us remember that coming generations will also be dependent on the soil and its products, and that their prosperity will in a great way be measured by the manner in which we handle and leave it for them. Shall we be destructive or constructive? Shall we build up or tear down? These are virile questions that touch not only the man at present occupying the land, but also everyone that is dependent in anyway upon the soil's products, now and in coming generations.

Acknowledgments:

Thanks are accorded the present state geologist, Mr. Edward F. Barrett for the annual reports of his department, that have made this article possible.

XVIII. WHEN THE MISSISSINEWA GIVES UP ITS DEAD

"There is no death; what seems so is transition," but in the minds of many who live along it the beautiful Mississinewa will ever be regarded as a cruel stream—tells its own tale of sorrow and distress, inasmuch as it has swallowed up their loved ones and left to them the most bitter remorse. Death is always something for which one is totally unprepared, and death from drowning is more horrible than when families have expected such visitation. When the river snatches a victim it is done so relentlessly that one is unable to learn the lesson of submissiveness that probably should be impressed upon him. Here and there are rebellious hearts—firesides have been destroyed by the river, and interviews only stir up the grief afresh, and even the "oldest inhabitant," so much sought after by the historian, often has but meager knowledge of some of the heartrending scenes that have from time to time been enacted along the stream.

Strange as it may seem, the older citizens have a better recollection of what occurred in the dim past than has the average man on the street corner today of what happened only yesterday, last week, last month or last year, and Noah's flood impresses many just as seriously as the latterday inundations with their heavy tolls of human life, unless the persons themselves have been driven to places of refuge. Flood, deluge, inundation—all become scare words to one who has experienced water disasters. Shakespeare says: "There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," and "young flood" is certain misfortune. While Noah's flood as recorded in the Book of Genesis is not to be repeated on the earth, partial inundations seem destined to frequent recurrence. With the vernal equinox falling on Good Friday and full moon on Saturday, and Easter in its wake on

"Horrors of Tornado, Flood and Fire." While the announcement seems overdrawn it requires a quickened imagination to understand the horror of water when it is on the rampage—is uncontrolled.

The secretary of the Deep Water Way Association in discussing the certainty of the return of floods, said the most serious feature of the terrible disasters in Ohio and Indiana is the almost unerring certainty that the floods will occur again, perhaps soon and probably often. Recurrences are certainties if present conditions continue. Nothing in the 1913 floods was unusual or unprecedented except the height of the water. The rainfall was extremely heavy, but not record breaking at all. The rains found the soil saturated and the streams were fairly full, but every winter breaks up with wet soil and full streams, and all that is needed then is a general rainfall and another disaster will result. Rainfall always comes but not always when most needed, nor even in the same months, but the annual precipitation does not vary greatly. The rain cannot be prevented and it must run off. It is what happens to the rain after it strikes the earth that is cause for concern. Drain-

NEBRASKA STREET AND THE MISSISSINEWA IN THE 1913 FLOOD

age has changed conditions. Formerly the rainfall sought the streams almost entirely by soil percolation. The surface of the earth was absorptive and the rain entered it.

The capacity of the soil of a woodland or the heavily grassed soil of a meadow to absorb water is almost unlimited. Once in the soil the entire rainfall sought the stream beds slowly and kept them bankful for several weeks, or even a month. The reason of the change is that the surface soil is no longer absorptive, and the cultivated farms, the hard roads impervious to water and the miles and miles of paved streets in the towns have replaced the ancient woodlands and meadows. While natural rain still falls an unnatural soil receives it. The purpose of drain tiles, paved streets, gutters and sewers is to carry water quickly to the rivers, and nature's methods have been perverted. While the rivers were once equal to the need they are now out of date as outlets to the water surplus. It is because all the rain gets into the river at the same time that causes the congestion—the floods. So far, nothing has been done to relieve the streams of this congestion, but all effort has been toward the simultaneous arrival of all the rainfall into

the stream. Drainage is the science of hurrying water from lands into streams, although swamps and wet lands were all part of nature's scheme for regulating conditions. While the swamps cannot be replaced and drainage is a phenomenal achievement, the rivers have not been altered to meet the changed natural conditions, and floods are bound to occur with increased frequency until there is a solution of the problem. Levee building alone will not suffice, as the flood heights are increasing year after year and it is only by controlling waters that floods are to be prevented in future.

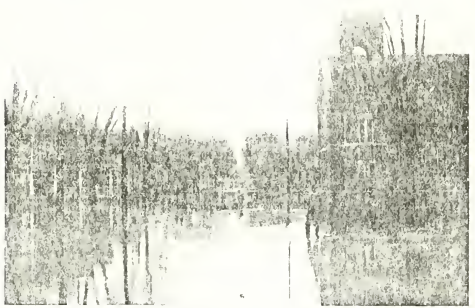
The Easter flood of 1913 worked greater hardship in other localities than in Grant county, and just after the flood subsided there was a craze for canoes in this locality. While boats on Marion streets were a novelty many people saw them, and boats for rescue work have been the problem each recurring flood, and conservation of life may be subserved by precaution in this particular. Now that boating is a fad perhaps better crafts will be available in life saving extremities. While good old Noah was prepared for the flood, he had been the joke of bystanders who would gladly have entered the ark, but he closed the door against them. It is promised that the whole earth will never again be destroyed by water, and the bow of promise is still seen in the clouds, yet portions of the earth's surface have been inundated periodically ever since that time, and yet none would say that Grant county is a Sodom or Gomorrah that the Mississinewa should wreak such awful destruction. Transportation was tied up, and destruction walked abroad, and yet how soon the community recovers from disaster.

While there was water everywhere there was talk about the river in the vicinity of Marion again flowing in its old channel, some having a theory that it once skirted the hills of the town, but while it inundated portions of the city it would have required several feet more of water to have accomplished that evil design. Cellars in the second story may never be a necessity, and yet people will continue to feel a certain degree of insecurity. Annual house cleaning came early in the submerged territory, and sanitary inspection was necessary. The Mississinewa is not more treacherous than other streams, and its toll of death in other years has not been more than other Indiana rivers. While there were harrowing experiences at the 1913 Eastertide, the 1904 flood brought greater sorrow to Grant county. While the water was higher at Eastertide, people seemed to take advantage of the situation better and escape its ravages.

First aid to the drowning should be given special attention by Boy Scouts and others bent on loving service, and resuscitation is sometimes possible where the odds are against it. While all high water marks of the past were submerged, the changed conditions in Marion make it difficult of comparison, and paved streets and sewers carried the water so quickly to the river that it spread over much of the town in its effort to carry its burden. The debris afloat cannot be imagined by those who did not see the swift moving current, and because the flood was so much greater than in 1904 or in 1883, many have compared it to the New Year flood of 1847, when there were no bridges across the river and little else by which to gauge the height of the water. The rain had fallen in the closing days of December, and January 1st was high tide along the Mississinewa for many years—perhaps until the 1913 deluge raised the water marks. George Webster, who was an early day contractor and builder in Marion, lost a bridge by that flood that he was constructing at the present Washington street site, the girders having been laid and washed away as well as the material on the bank, and later it was found in drift farther down the stream. The abutments were made higher and

in 1847 the first bridge finally spanned the river. Since that time the bridges have been a source of apprehension each recurring flood.

It is said that it was not so much the water as the drift that swept along with the current that endangered the early day bridges across the Mississinewa, but the heavy timber has been removed and now the danger is from water and from buildings in inundated territory. The river at the Jesse Jay homestead north of Jonesboro is not much changed since 1847, when the water had come up almost to the floor, and in 1913 it was forty-five inches deep in the house– only twice had the occupants been uneasy about it– and they went out in the night, not having thought of danger until the disaster was upon them. At Glencoe, the home of W. E. Mason above Jonesboro and Gas City, where his ancestry arrived by raft on the Mississinewa in 1829, all high water marks were overreached, although his father and grandfather before him had sometimes taken refuge on the hills. Thomas Coleman was the first settler, and the house built by him still stands. The 1913 flood filled the room



Fourth Street at Boots Creek

where previous marks had been left on the walls, more than six feet of water standing there. In 1904 Mr. Mason had the foundation laid and timber on the ground for a house when the flood swept it away, and as a precaution he made the wall one foot higher than the water mark at the time, and in 1913 there were more than forty-one inches of water on the floor. Natural conditions about there remain practically unchanged except for underdrainage that carries the water quickly to the river. It is a peaceful valley except the danger from the flood, and now the family will not be surprised at any emergency.

Saturday night, March 26, 1904, was a wild night along the river at Jonesboro amid the harvest of death as brave men attempted the rescue of flood bound families. Two young men without family were lost in the water in an attempt to rescue a woman and children, and there is a small monument in the cemetery sacred to the memory of Teddy M'Govern and Robert Howe, whose bodies were later taken from the drift. They had been friends in life and they met death together. As orphan boys they had come to work in a Gas City factory. There were no boats in daylight hours, and after night fall some were secured from Marion and the young men went out on the turbulent water. When

their boat capsized their voices were heard in the darkness, and citizens implored Wilson Carter and his son, George W. W. Carter, to attempt their rescue. Mr. Carter was ready for bed in his own home when the call came, and he and his son made the attempt, but their boat struck a submerged fence post as they were guiding it in the direction of the voices, and the son dived under in order to cling to the opposite side from his father. He was so chilled that before they were rescued next morning he had perished from the cold. They swam by the boat until they caught the limbs of a tree and climbed it and spent the night there, having gone out at 9 o'clock in the evening and being rescued at 7 o'clock next morning.

As the two men spent the night in the tree suffering from the cold, the son asked his father if he thought any one in Jonesboro would come to their rescue in the morning. Mr. Carter answered that some stranger might attempt it, and about 7 o'clock Andrew McMiller, a man they had never seen, came to them in a boat. Mr. Carter climed down from the tree, saying his son had died from exposure after the light of day, but his clothing was frozen and held him in position on the limb. It was necessary to cut the clothing to remove him, and the boat drifted with the current until the landing was effected opposite the Hiatt homestead several rods down the stream, and there Mr. Carter was bathed in whisky as a restorative. He was able to be taken home two days later to attend the son's funeral. It was a terrible night for relatives at home who only knew they had gone out in the night on the water and had not returned to their homes. Mr. Carter had worn an overcoat and his body was not so wet as his son's who dived under the boat in order to balance it from the other side, and he chilled to death on a limb in the tree. Miss Beatrice Ellis composed the words of a song published that year: "The Mississinewa Flood," and although too sad to sing, many copies of it were laid away as souvenirs of the awful occurrence. Since then Mr. Carter is broken in health and the subject is always avoided in his presence an experience filled with unutterable sadness to him. It was a night of suspense for all concerned, and his companion in suffering had succumbed to the inevitable, and he had been unable to relieve him.

A few years ago a soldier in the Home, Richard Lew Dawson, wrote a sonnet on the name of the river and the last stanza is:

"Bright-hued stream so sweet and sober,
Passing bluff, ravine and field,
Where the colors of October
Summer's ebbing perfumes yield.
Here on beauty's wings ascending
I will dwell where love is law,
In a dream of bliss unending
On the Mississinewa!"

but those who have have been robbed of loved ones by the river do not feel that way toward the Mississinewa.

The river is now more frequently spanned by bridges, and in the pursuit of business people need not so often risk their lives. When a drowning occurs today it usually develops that it came about in the pursuit of pleasure rather than necessary adventure. In recalling the past along the river one hears most unpleasant stories, but they have their place in history. While there are other watery graves in the county, the smaller streams and gravel pits having collected their quota of bodies, only those drowned in the river are listed, and perhaps it is only a partial list, people preferring prospect to retrospect when asked about such things unless the tragedy has come to their own hearthstones. In

the early days of the county's history there were many expedients resorted to that are no longer necessary, and the methods of resuscitation that have been resorted to at different times indicate something of the progress in science along the river.

Some early day customs have become obsolete because their practice is no longer necessary. In olden times many families who lived near the river and must cross when the ice was thin have done so in greater safety by resorting to boards or rails, thus spreading their weight over a greater surface. In this way a man and his entire family have crossed when except for the precaution they might have gone under the ice, and when the river was frozen over was the only time they had communication with neighbors on the other side, although only a short distance from them. There were ferries before there were bridges, but the ice bridged over all difficulties in winter. While it used to be esteemed a feat to swim the river, there is not now much spirit of such adventure—sanitary conditions and cleared land having something to do with the custom. The water is neither so deep nor clean with sewers emptying into it, and bath rooms fitted up in the homes relieve the pressure with regard to cleanliness, still next to godliness in Grant county.

Years ago there were dredging poles in many of the farm houses along the Mississinewa, and there were grappling hooks attached for use in emergencies, and then they were returned to the farm house, some homestead near the river, and when wanted again they were in readiness. Ice hooks, too, were often used where the unfortunate victim had drifted, and in every community there were brave men who feared not the water. Many stories of thrilling adventure and rescue used to be told along the river, and data of recent drownings is almost as hard to obtain as what transpired years ago. While it may be regarded in the light of a psychological problem, it was nevertheless told years ago as a fact that Noah Small, who lived in Jonesboro, was impelled to drive rapidly one morning to the river, and while he could not explain the feeling he acted upon the impulse and reached the bank in time to rescue a drowning man. Thomas Curn, an Irishman known to everybody in the town. The ice had broken with him and he could not get out of the water. Mr. Small threw out a "life line" from the harness, and saved the almost exhausted man and never knew whether it was premonition or a call direct from God, although glad he followed the impulse to visit the river.

There were many terror stricken witnesses when Roy Shull was drowned near the Charles mill, but no one had sufficient courage to attempt to reach him. When Manford R. Thomas was drowned one June day near Dunn's mill at New Cumberland, there were seven boys in the water and all narrowly escaped the same fate—early in the century. They were in quicksand and men in camp heard their cries, and although they had warned the boys of danger when the water was high, the warning was of no avail and some of the boys were more dead than alive when rescued. The body of one was not found until next evening when the action of carp in the water led searches to it. In the summer of 1898 a boy named Hubert Jeffries was drowned near the McFeely mill dam, and Pearl Rowe was a boy drowned north of town. Charles Thrift, a student in Fairmount Academy was drowned near the Rock dam many years ago. It was said that he was mentally unbalanced as a result of hard study. He came to the river in the night and clothing left on the bank led to his discovery later. Stories of drowning at the Soldiers' Home are of frequent occurrence. On November 8, 1899, the body of James Dolan was found under the railroad bridge back of the camp, and Joseph P. Patton's body was taken from the river below the

Washington street bridge where it was completely encased in ice, and the removal of the body from its icy bed was only accomplished after a great deal of difficulty. Conrad Gunther had been missing many days when his body was found along the river by a comrade in quest of frogs, and although in civilian's clothes his identity was revealed by his underwear. So many soldiers stroll along the river, and perhaps others have met similar fortune.

On January 14, 1884, Joseph B. Jadden was drowned while breaking ice with a crow bar at McFeely's mill when the head gates went out and he was precipitated into the forebay. The body was recovered in about half an hour, and all who remember the incident remember some verses in his memory published at the time. On December 19, 1893, John Mark Bacon Gage as he came from school at noon went on to the ice at the foot of Nebraska street and passersby were horrified to see the ice give way and the boy disappear from sight, and within a short distance from his home where dinner was awaiting him. The ice had to be cut as men searched, and in about one hour the body was carried home—a sad ending of a talented young boy whose future seemed unusually bright. In the summer of 1891 Asher Kuntz was drowned between the two bridges as he returned from a northside factory, the body lying under water from Saturday till Monday noon, and

Birdseye View of Johnstown

a searching party worked diligently for it. Holly Carter, a seven-year old son of George W. W. Carter, who perished from exposure on the river in 1904, had been drowned a few years before by breaking through the ice, although passengers on a passing car saw the accident and his body was rescued twenty minutes later. Near the same time a French boy named Leopold Veislet was drowned below the old Faulkbonner mill dam at Jonesboro. He had gone fishing. It was in 1898, and dropping the fish pole, he drowned in attempting to get it again.

Samuel Stotler, a little boy, an inmate of the Orphans' Home, was drowned just back of that institution. The body was found in a crouching position in water hardly deep enough to conceal his form and his death has always been a mystery. On June 15, 1891, William and Glenn Ives, were drowned near the old gas plant at Eleventh street and the river. A number of boys were with them, but all were so frightened they could not tell about it. In the spring of 1863 Mathias Stotler, a Monroe township farmer, came to town with the family marketing and a grist of corn to be ground at the mill. The water at the old ford where the McFeely bridge now stands was spread over the banks, and he was advised that the ford was unsafe, but he attempted to cross and his wife was only convinced of his fate when she saw the team in the drift. The grain he brought was afterward dried in the mill, and some one in a boat rescued the bucket of butter he had brought to

market. The body drifted to the present site of Johnstown and when a few days later it was seen afloat, a coffin was taken out in a boat and it was placed within it on the water. Charles Stonetsky, of Buffalo, New York, an employe of Philip Charles at a mill a little way below Matter park, was drowned by going over the dam in a boat. While different persons remember the incident the time was not known by any one.

When the first railroad grade, later utilized by the C. W. & M. road, was being built in the county, a man named Steve Grady boarded a number of the laborers in a house built for the purpose near the river at Jonesboro. Two men and two women of the party started to cross the river near McCormick's spring branch and three of them were drowned, the horses were drowned and the wagon bed was found bottom upward in a drift. One of the women managed to keep her head above water until rescued by Jacob McCormick, who swam out to her. One of the men and the other woman were taken from the water there, while the other man drifted to the wooden bridge at Jonesboro. All were Irish and strangers there. Years ago a traveler left a train passing through Marion, came down town asking protection and saying he was being pursued. When he came to the river at the foot of Adams street he waded in and drowned in sight of terrified persons who had thought him demented as he told them he had been a Catholic and had denounced the faith. The body was taken from the water and brought to the courthouse, where it was held awaiting identification, and it finally found rest in the potter's field. Along in the sixties two boys were crossing at the Ink ford above Jonesboro. It was winter and they had driven on the ice. The boys and horses were drowned and one of the bodies was not found until the next harvest time, when fishermen made the startling discovery. While a number of persons remembered the incident none remembered the names.

On Saturday, July 15, 1876, D. Marion Kenney, a young man from the south part of the county, came to Jonesboro for a day along the river and he attempted to swim across at a point a little below the mill dam. Three boys started and two succeeded in reaching the opposite bank, but young Kenney drifted with the current and on Monday his body was recovered from the water at the bend of the river where so many have been taken from the water. An albino eighteen years old, named Moore was drowned along about the century year while bathing in the river near the old artificial gas plant at Eleventh street. On July 2, 1855, James H. Eviston was drowned at the bend of the river back of the McClure farm. He was a medical student in the office of Dr. William Lomax, and was accompanied to the water by a friend named Pugh. As soon as he was in the water he was seized with cramps and drowned before his companion could reach him. The body was immediately recovered and although a funeral sermon was duly preached, Dr. Lomax who was much attached to the young man, one year later called a "remembrance" meeting in his honor.

It was in 1844 that Mrs. Polly Cook and her ten-year old son, Wright Cook, of Jonesboro, were drowned while crossing the river on horse back at the riffle below the mill dam, and when the horse stumbled and fell the boy started to swim, then returned to help his mother and both lost their lives in the water. They were crossing the river to visit Mrs. Cook's daughter, and when the horse returned without them search was instituted. Mittens worn by Mrs. Cook and a linsey woolsey vest worn at the time by the boy are in the Octogenarian Museum in Matter Park, donated by Mrs. Samuel Oliver of Gas City. It was along in the sixties that a boy named Hinshaw, who lived on Back creek, came to the Jonesboro mill with a grist of corn, and while the corn was being

ground he went bathing in the river. No one witnessed the drowning and the body was never recovered, although the horse tied along the river attracted attention. After a hard day's work in the harvest field, Henry Reed, who worked for Jason Smith, went bathing above the dam that used to cross the river just opposite the north side fire station in Marion, and was drowned there, although the body was recovered immediately.

Many people will remember the drowning of Bookout and Puckett, who were swimming their horses in the river above Jonesboro at McCormick's along in the seventies, as it was on Saturday of June Quarterly meeting at Back Creek, and on the following day when they were buried thousands of people looked upon their faces at the cemetery who were in attendance at Quaker meeting. They had finished washing their horses and the Puckett boy went in alone to swim, and when it was seen that he was drowning, without removing his clothing Bookout went to his rescue with the result that both were drowned, and as immediate burial was necessary, people at Quaker meeting attended the funeral who had not heard of the terrible misfortune. Just below the stepping stones north of Jonesboro is where Mrs. Moffett, who lived on Walnut creek, and Mike McGowan, who had lately come from Ireland, were drowned together. There had been heavy rains and the river was full, and returning from Marion they were crossing in a wagon. It is said that Mrs. McGowan, the distracted wife of the drowned man, would wander along the bank, crying out: "Mike, show your face," and she absolutely refused to be comforted. Five days later some one fishing discovered the bodies in a drift where they had lodged clasped in each other's embrace. Mrs. McGowan, who had only been in America a short time, returned to Ireland.

It was the sad ending of a merry Fourth of July party at Conner's mill and Battle Ground farm when Thayne Foushee was drowned while bathing—death claiming him as soon as he entered the water, and it was a saddened group of young people who returned immediately to the city, having recovered the body without difficulty.

Along about war times David Hamaker was drowned at Conner's mill. He was fishing and could not swim. One Sunday morning in 1907 a stranger was found in the bayou at the island whose hat was on the bank, and passersby at first thought it was a decoy, and that the coat in the water further carried out the idea, but upon investigation the police department was called and a man was taken from water hardly deep enough to cover him—the last man drowned in the bayou, now a part of Island Park along the river. Louis Newberger was drowned from the old wagon bridge at Matthews, where he plunged into the river, and S. B. Beshore was found opposite Eleventh street near his home. Could the river tell others would be chronicled in this list of dead who went down beneath the treacherous waters of the Mississinewa. The river has not always been swollen when the death toll has been taken.

XIX. PEARL FISHERIES ALONG THE MISSISSINEWA

While with the advent of natural gas the industrial conditions were revolutionized in Grant county, and pearl fishing received an impetus, from time out of mind there have been lucky finds along the Mississinewa. Many families have mounted pearls that were discovered along the river before the boom period in county history. While they may

have been accidental discoveries, school boys who went fishing always looked askance at mussel shells along the stream. When Gas City was placed on the map by the revolution of local industry, the foreign labor employed there was given to a different holiday custom from what had been known to Grant county citizens, and instead of an outing at the lakes many of the factory employes "took to the river" and lived in tents, spending the daylight hours wading the stream and looking for pearls. Some of them made as much in vacation as while working, and it was nothing uncommon to see them with pockets full of pearls. They would go east to sell them.

There are more stones in the lower course of the Mississinewa, and perhaps there has been more pearl fishing down the river. When the county historian visited the mouth of the Mississinewa one time he found pearl fishers in camp there, and sheltered from a rain storm in one of their tents. They had always found more pearls in the Mississinewa than in the Wabash, and the button factory at Wabash has stimulated the pearl fishing industry, as there has been a market for the unproductive mussel shells. It is nothing uncommon to see a pile of empty shells ready for shipping by wagon to the Wabash button factory. There have been many families who have lived in tents every summer both above and below Marion, and a recent newspaper article by W. S. Wright is a true statement of conditions in the pearl fishery industry in Grant county. Mr. Wright says: "With the recent heavy rains changing the bed of the Mississinewa river somewhat, and washing away the mud deposits, pearl hunting has been renewed with considerable energy, and several parties are encamped along the banks of the stream anxiously digging for mussel shells. The work has all the fascination of gold hunting or diamond digging, with at times remarkable rewards. There is the uncertainty, and days of hard work without any return. Then there are rich finds.

"Henry Andrews of Marion and two companions are the most regular pearl diggers and he has been quite successful. This month, the first week in July, he and two others put in a week a few miles south of Marion, loafing part of the time, and camping out, doing their own cooking, with good results. The three dug up six tons of mussel shells, which they sold to a Wabash, Indiana, button factory for $20 a ton. This was on an average of $40 per week apiece, not counting the pearls. But they sold $200 worth of pearls to H. E. Kinnear, jeweler, of Marion, who is the principal purchaser of pearls in this part of the state. The camp was two miles above Conner's mill, a favorite picnicking spot in Grant county. Later, they found a sky blue pearl that weighs twenty grains and is valued at $500, one of the most beautiful gems ever found in an Indiana stream.

"The work is not hard, about what an ordinary day laborer would perform, and no particular skill is required. It is simply a question of digging and cooking the mussels. The mussels are cooked sufficiently to cause them to open up the shells. Sometimes the pearls are found just inside the shell, but many of the best are discovered in macerating the flesh of the mussel. The campers are eagerly welcomed by the farmers because they buy more or less of farm and garden products, but particularly because the mussels make fine food for hogs, which eat them voraciously when slightly cooked, and fatten rapidly on them. And so the campers have the choice of most any location along the river. H. E. Kinnear, jeweler and diamond merchant, is the largest purchaser, and probably the best judge of values in northern Indiana. His store is in the Indiana theater building in Marion, and he has on display in his window a tray of fresh water pearls of value, and another

tray showing pearls of no value because of irregular shapes. He has bought a great many pearls in the last two years, and is willing to buy more, and he probably comes as near judging their value as any one else in this part of the state. His advice is to wear as little clothing as possible when fishing, only overalls and blouse, and to be prepared to go into water up to the neck at times, for mussels are found in deep water as frequently as in shallow. The mussel shell stands in a perpendicular position, resting on the hinges. The mouth of the mussel is near the hinges, and the food is the waste matter that settlers or flows sluggishly along the river bottom. The pearl deposit forms about a grain of sand, or any minute hard substance which may lodge in the shell. One layer after another is formed until the pearl assumes quite a size, the deposit being practically the same as that which forms the shell. A singular fact is that this deposit is so minute that the pearl takes the form of the grain of sand, which is the nucleus, and if the grain is not round the pearl will not be. Much depends upon the luster also, and a round pearl without much luster is not of much value.

"A talk with Mr. Kinnear brought out much valuable information on the subject of fresh water pearls and pearl hunting.

"'Pearl hunting is fascinating,' said Mr. Kinnear, 'like all occupations in which the element of chance enters. I have bought a good many pearls, and I suppose there are thousands of dollars worth still in the streams of Indiana, and more forming. The most valuable one I know of found in any stream was found in the upper Mississippi and sold for five thousand dollars. I have paid as high as a hundred dollars for them. If you want a little scientific information on the subject I can give you some you can put in your encyclopedia if you ever write one. Pearls are a peculiar product of certain marine and fresh water mollusks or shellfish. Most of the mollusks, which are aquatic and reside in shells, are provided with a fluid secretion with which they line their shells, and give to the otherwise harsh granular material of which the shell is formed a beautiful smooth surface, which prevents any unpleasant friction upon the extremely tender body of the animal. This secretion is evidently laid in extremely thin semi-transparent films, which in consequence of such an arrangement have generally a beautiful iridescence, and form in some species a sufficient thickness to be cut into useful and ornamental articles. The material itself in its hardened condition is called nacre, or mother of-pearl. Besides the pearly lining of the shells, detached and generally spherical or rounded portions of the nacre are often found on opening the shells, and there is great reason to suppose these are the result of accidental causes, such as the intrusion of a grain of sand or other substance, which by irritating the tender body of the animal obliges it in self-defense to cover the cause of offense which it has no power to remove, and as the secretion goes on regularly to supply the growth and pearl of the shell the included body constantly gets its shape, and thereby continues to increase in size till it becomes what is known as a pearl. The most famous pearls are those from the coast of Ceylon, produced by the pearl oyster.

"'There are famous pearls of history, and famous collections of them, not different from the fresh water pearl, but famous because of luster and of size. The single pearl which Cleopatra is said to have dissolved and swallowed was valued at $100,000, and one of the same value was cut in two pieces for earrings for the statue of Venus in the Pantheon at Rome. Fine imitation pearls are made by blowing very thin beads of glass and pouring into them a mixture of liquid ammonia and the white matter from the scales of the bleakfish. The art of making these was derived from the Chinese, but while they are very good imita-

tions they have not impaired the value of genuine pearls. I have no doubt that there are some very valuable pearls, and a great many of lesser value, lying around in the streams of Indiana, but pearl fishing is a very uncertain occupation. Still, it is a sort of picnic, an occupation to be engaged in in the summer time, camping out, and it is not without its rewards.

"'There are, as I said, probably many thousand dollars' worth of fine pearls lying around loose in the streams in Indiana,' said Mr. Kinnear, 'but the task of finding them is not an easy one. They are just as valuable as salt water pearls, made of the same material and in the same way, but every shell does not contain a pearl by any means, and the only way to hunt for them is to go at it systematically where shells are found in large quantities. Pearl fishing might profitably be made a part of the summer vacation, with camp life, an outing and hours of rest.

"'Much interest has been aroused in this industry at Matthews and at Upland, south of Marion, and the fishermen no longer fish, but put in their spare time hunting for pearls, and to much more profit, especially as pearls bring cash, and fish as a rule do not. Just now the pearl hunting fever is at its height on the river near Matthews, in Grant county, almost on the line of Delaware county. Almost everybody in that neighborhood is hunting for pearls, citizens, farmers, picnickers and children. Most of the work is done by amateurs, but Andrew Marshall is making a business of it, with much success. Mace Powell hunts pearls for a business when he works, and makes a living at it, sometimes having fifty or sixty dollars in his pocket, and sometimes less than fifty cents. An Indianapolis jeweler recently paid $107.50 for a 191½ grain pearl found near the Matthews bridge. B. E. Stehler of Matthews has a beautiful pearl as far as color is concerned, but the shape makes the pearl of no commercial value. Still, a string of odd-shaped pearls of this sort might really command a good price.

"'W. C. Keighler of Matthews also buys pearls, but he is not in the business regularly, being engaged in the fruit and vegetable business. He has the pearls set by a Chicago jeweler, and carries on a small business in engagement rings and Christmas and birthday presents. And so it has come to pass that most every one in Matthews is wearing a pearl of some kind or other.

"'Pearls were the most valued jewels of the ancients, the scripture is full of references to pearls, and the world has always made the pearl a popular jewel. There is a steady demand for pearls, and to make a pearl necklace, with all the jewels the same size and color, a search of the pearl markets of the world is necessary, and the necklace has a very great value on this account. I would not advise any one to give up a good position to make a business of searching for pearls in Indiana streams, but as I said, there are a good many dollars worth of pearls in Indiana not yet found.'

"A visit to Matthews disclosed the fact that Matthews has the pearl fever. In reply to the question, 'Who are hunting pearls?' came the reply. 'They are all doing it.' Most everybody walks down to the river a mile away and opens a shell or two during the day. But the regular hunters are down the river, two miles below town, at the riffles. W. C. Keighler, grocer, is probably the heaviest buyer. 'I began buying three years ago,' said Mr. Keighler, 'without any idea of going into the business. I sold in Chicago, Indianapolis and New York, and had many pearls mounted for scarfpins, rings, earrings, and so forth, which I was able to sell at a profit. I became able to judge values pretty well, and I learned the classification used by the trade.

Pearls are classed as Rose Pearl, Button, Steel, Peacock, Birdseye, Round, Shoebutton, and so on, according to color and shape. The largest pearls I have bought weighed from 19 to 25 grains and sold for $125. A great many people hunt the pearls now and then, but there are seven or eight who put in all their time at it. Some of the pearls are found by accident. A woman from Upland was fishing and using mussels for bait. She opened a shell and found a pearl she sold for fifty dollars.'

"Mr. Keighler has quite a collection which he is holding for a market, probably five hundred dollars worth. He has one double pearl, two which grew together, and he is looking for a mate to it. 'If I get another like it,' said Mr. Keighler, 'I will have earrings made, and they will be hard to match.'

"W. R. Lewis and family party were in camp at the Joe Littler place, two and a half miles below Matthews. They are from Fairmount, camping and fishing. One of the ladies, in opening mussels for bait, found two pearls, one with a flaw in it but the other perfect. They have not been examined by an expert and no one knows what they are worth. Charles Stevens, merchant, of Fairmount, buys pearls and has several handsome ones on hand.

"The Mississinewa river at Matthews is narrow and sluggish, the roads are dusty and the sun which shines over Matthews shines for all it is worth. It is a hot and dusty walk, down the pike, and down the river, and it is much more pleasant looking at pearls in some jeweler's window on the shady side of the street."

XX. THE PRICE OF REALTY AN INDEX TO PROGRESS

In the Bible story of creation is the line: "And the earth was without form and void," but before the process was ended the earth brought forth grass, and from that time there has been speculation and the freeholder and householder certainly make up the sum total in any community. While agriculture is the oldest occupation, trade in real estate concerns many who never followed the plow a day in their lives, and "Monarch of all I survey," cannot apply to the man who does not own his own "vine and fig tree" somewhere on the footstool.

The advance in realty has created fortunes, and those who came early and followed the advice of Mrs. Means in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" about getting plenty are of all men most fortunate. As a result their posterity sits in the lap of affluence today. Under the Henry James theory the landowner would pay the running expense of the government, but those worst afflicted with accumulitis do not seem to fear single tax at all. It is said that accumulitis is the most contagious of all Grant county maladies, and when a man has acquired one farm he immediately wants those that join him. Those who are well-to-do today, bought their farms and homes when they were cheaper, and they have benefitted from the advance in prices, unless they happen to be "land poor" from having acquired realty from which there is no income at all.

When men die they do not take their broad acres with them, and when the law takes hold of an estate its divisions among heirs results in smaller plantations, and the larger farms with acreage enough to designate them as estates are rapidly disappearing and the smaller, better tilled farms are the result. The men who acquire large farms have no indefinite lease on them—no continuing city in the

country, and the time comes when they must leave them no matter how well they may enjoy possessing them. When Samuel Charles, then a prosperous Wayne county farmer, visited Grant county on a prospecting expedition in 1835, thinking of a land investment at the preemption price, he looked over the territory in the vicinity of Deer creek, but because so much of it was under water, and notwithstanding the Bible injunction: "Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear," he did not see fit to invest, although later when his son, Dr. Henry Charles, located at Fairmount he recognized his mistake—and drainage was the solution.

One of the early extensive land deals was when Joseph Winslow who "came early and got plenty" located on Back creek, the settlers all locating on the Mississinewa or one of its contributing streams, influenced no doubt by the water question, and Nature-Lea, now the home of Ancil Winslow, was his original investment at $1.25 an acre. At the same time Mr. Winslow invested in seven other quarter sections, locating his four sons: Matthew, Seth, Daniel and Henry, and his three daughters: Nancy (Aaron Hill), Sallie (Solomon Knight) and Mary (Exum Newby) as his neighbors, their heritage the splendid blue grass country between Jonesboro and Fairmount, and some of those farms are occupied today by descendants of Joseph Winslow. While there are few changes of ownership in that locality now, it is because the residents know a good thing when they have it, and do not price their farms.

When William Howell entered a farm on Deer creek in Liberty, August 26, 1834, he paid the exemption price to the county agent for it, and in war times he sold it to David Jay—the writer's grandfather, who had entered the present Schrader farm west of Jonesboro in 1835 (and who wanted more and better land), at $25 an acre, and there was a good barn and the only two-story log house in Liberty township on it. In 1867 David Jay sold the land to Richard Jay and D. M. V. Whitson at $41, and when this land was sold again at administrator's sale in 1878, B. F. Sutton paid $60 for it, although Daniel Stiers, the present owner, only paid $55 for it a couple of years later, and today he dare not name a price or he would be a homeless man "quicker than you can say Jack Robinson," and the above is related simply to illustrate what is true in hundreds of instances in Grant county farmsteads.

There were 106.7 acres in the original land entry made by Martin Boots, October 19, 1825, for which a deed or patent signed by John Quincy Adams was granted May 1, 1826, although this original real estate transaction did not become a matter of record till August 1, 1842, from which time there was considerable real estate activity till 1848, when western Grant county—that part lying west of the reserve boundary crossing Pleasant, Franklin and Liberty,—was placed on the market, seventeen years after the older part of the county was open for settlement and realty transfers conducted in it. Although later on the land market in the twentieth century has witnessed more land trades in western Grant county at advance prices than anywhere—the reserve boundary still serving an important purpose, although originally planned in order to cheat the Indians. The Illinois farmers who really raised land values all seem to have located west of the reserve boundary.

Like other trades and professions, real estate has had its ups and downs in Grant county, but since the dawn of the twentieth century there has been a continuous upward tendency. People talk about all advances having come within a generation, and people now living have

witnessed the greatest changes in all history. The increase in population has had much to do with the advance in land values, and under improved methods of agriculture even the waste places are being made to blossom as the rose, and what was seemingly worthless land has come on to the market at fancy quotations. High grade Grant county farm land will always remain high priced, and the chump of timber left about the cabin when the pioneer was "putting out his deadening," has had its effect when speculators were looking for investments. People are willing to pay for beautiful surroundings, and when the hustling, aggressive real estate agent is showing prospective buyers, he always points out such advantages. The up-to-the-minute real estate dealer is always wide awake and a booster, helping to build up the community.

It is said that real estate men always point out the churches and the schools as well as the city blocks and improved farm lands, although little is said about the cemeteries in showing the charms of a country. There is little question about land being operated at a profit as the intrinsic value is always regulated by what it will produce, and while $5 an acre used to be considered heavy rental when a house was included, tomato growers have already paid $10 where there are no improvements at all—simply the land. When there is prosperity land as an investment always pays, and again real estate values are like bubbles and sometimes they burst, and expenses consume the profits in any business unless good management prevails. It takes attention to details to make both ends meet in land as in other investments. The high cost of living, scarcity of labor, and the tendency away from the farm and so many farms operated by tenants where there is division of profits arising from labor—all these things have their effect—high prices and scarcity of commodities. Coal is not found on top of the ground, and while the wild rose wears a beautiful tint of color, the acme of fragrance and resplendent coloring dwells with the flower that has had attention from the husbandman.

While some say the rapid advance in realty in the last decade cannot be maintained another ten years—that the top will be knocked off or the bottom knocked out, and the poor man cannot go on buying farms and homes and going wholly into debt for them with any reasonable prospect of paying out, paying an exorbitant rate of interest on delayed payments, others go right on demonstrating the fact that it can be done, and the men who have done it cannot be counted on one's fingers, either. Intensive agriculture and livestock seems to be the solution of the problem of high priced farm land, and some who are already face to face with depleted, wornout land have found dairy farming their place of refuge, and some declare that high priced farm land can only be operated at a profit through the system of livestock agriculture. Farm land always seems to be a good investment when occupied by the owner himself, and good tenants soon become landowners in Grant county. Old men tell about timber covered $1.25 land, but the twentieth century farmer is facing a different condition. The world does not care to hear about negative characters in history, but it does appreciate the aggressive type whose word is as good as its bond, and such men can still handle the land question.

Some successful men say they never would have accumulated had they not gone into debt on realty, and it is told of the late David Cretsinger who left an estate that as soon as one farm was paid for he always went into debt for another. People used to buy farms for their sons and daughters, but "Go West, young man," seems easier at prevailing prices. In 1895 the Joseph Winger estate embraced 500

acres of realty valued at $50, but one decade later the heirs did not know what price to ask for it. While some families are land poor—have too many investments from which there are no returns,—when the conditions are favorable and they let go at the right time, real estate is a short cut to fortune. While some men negotiate their own deals, others cannot trade at all. Some trade quick or refuse just as quickly, and one man who always saves the agent's commission declared there is more in land trades than selling groceries, and the fact remains that while he does make his own deals, the real estate dealer worked up the price for him and ought to have his commission on general principles. Had he not created the market how would this grocer have sold his own property?

Time was when $50 was high for Grant county farm land, but if foresight had been as reliable as hindsight, there would have been a good many land debts incurred when $60 and $75 still offered an opportunity. The Dutchman's one per cent is one dollar invested where it makes another dollar, and it is foresight that piles up the bank account. While Robert McGibbon of Sims is really the first new blood on Grant county farm land, he paid $16.50 for Esperanza, and as the farm earned the money he has added to it at four different times in seventeen years, paying $50, $80, $125 and in 1913, $230 an acre until now, an immigrant who landed in America in 1884 with ten cents in his pocket, he has 219 acres, and in 1904 a certain farm newswriter in passing Esperanza was told that no one heralding Sims township farm land as worth $100 an acre need leave there without dinner and horse feed—and yet Esperanza has more than doubled the value mentioned in nine years. Of course improved highways and underdrainage have had part in this advance in values of realty. All this land could have been bought at the price paid for the first of it only that the land must earn the money with which to purchase the rest of it. There have been $250 land transactions in the same locality, the improvements taken into the consideration, and the end is not yet.

Land is certainly man's best friend, but at prevailing prices there is a tendency toward intensive methods and smaller farm tracts. It is urged that common sense is most uncommon, and that "oodles" of people are property poor and some have been reduced to the necessity of selling part rather than lose all of it, while others make it win and increase their acreage time and again. It must be that accumulitis is not so fatal in some instances, and that money microbes do not take effect in some natures. While some prefer high priced land at home where it has been tested to anything in the new countries, others go into the far country and would not come back under any consideration. Men who have seen it all say there is just as good farm land in Grant county as anywhere else in the world, although one hundred bushels of corn to the acre is not yet the rule, although there are well improved farms as well as modern city property. When Zacheriah Hamblen bought the George W. Kuntz farm in Sims, September 30, 1899, paying $7,000 for one hundred acres, it was the beginning of higher prices for Grant county farm lands—a Warren county farmer the Adam of advanced prices. C. O. Frantz, who purchased the R. D. Lenfesty farm, February 22d, the Century year, was the first Illinois farmer to invest in Grant county realty—the first "Sucker" to inflate local values, paying the same price a mile east of Swayzee that Mr. Hamblen had paid two miles south, and the influx from Illinois was the result. D. L. Reynolds was the man who really gave western Grant county farmers the advance in prices by attracting outside capital to them.

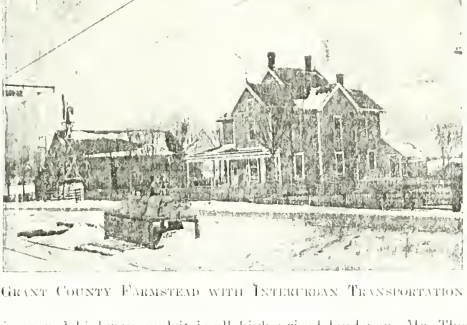
Mr. Reynolds, who is a Grant county product, was then in the real

estate business at Converse, and before leaving the territory he had located Illinois farmers from Swayzee to Logansport, through Grant, Howard and Miami counties, and before they realized its value some had sold their possessions and were unable to suit themselves again with the money. When Mr. Lenfesty sold his farm at $70 he thought it well sold, that he had caught a "sucker," but before the year was up when he was to give possession he offered Mr. Frantz $1,000 to release him from the bargain—had not realized the value of his holdings until too late, the Illinois farmers all admitting that they were getting better land for less money, with improved roads in the bargain. In a short time came Fred Brown, John Reed, John Sterrenberg, John Toyne, F. S. Hoke, F. H. Weygandt, A. W. Knowlton, and western Grant county farmers were still playing with buyers—felt comparatively safe behind certain stiff prices until H. N. Parks who sold his farm in Franklin, attracted attention to himself. Mr. Parks had dirted with prospective buyers, thinking $125 an acre would intimidate them, until A. W. Knowlton called his hand, and Mr. Parks and his wife will never again be as happy as where they had accumulated property together for so many years. Mr. Parks had the crops for one year which really raised the land to $130 an acre, but he was "up against it" when in search of another place that would be like home, and has never been as well satisfied again.

When Rolla Ponce sold sixty acres in Franklin for $9,000 to Byron L. Bunker, people thought the land well sold, but a year later Mr. Bunker sold it to John Sterrenburg for $12,000—had cleared $3,000 and had the crops a year and a home there. When D. J. Kelly sold out at $105 in Sims he was satisfied, and yet the land changed within three years at $230, a clear profit of $125 an acre, although in the meantime Mr. Kelly had sold out again in Franklin at $171 and invested in land in Van Buren at $150, and thus western Grant county seems to range slightly higher in price than farm land in the eastern part of the county—more transactions, because more Illinois farmers have located there. When the J. C. Carr Real Estate Agency was established in 1896, it listed the Ledbetter farm in Franklin at $60, but the farm sold to A. B. Coggeshall at $55, and after ten years he sold it to W. H. Philippi at $120, who in turn has refused $150, and it is said that in most localities land trades are usually made at an advance of $10, and dealers think it excellent. Within six years the Winters Real Estate Agency handled one small tract in Van Buren eight times, starting at $2 100 for thirty-nine acres and making slight advances each time until finally he sold it again for $1,825, and it is a fact that small, well improved farms sell best, men of limited capital handling them. They invest their earnings and nothing turns them the same profit as realty.

When H. C. Creviston bought his homestead in Van Buren in 1880, he paid $28 an acre for it, and in 1913 he would not place a $150 valuation on it—the farm not on the market at all. Mr. Creviston has improved the farm—yes, but there are other agencies. The Cloverleaf Railway and the M. B. and E. Electric line, and improved highways—all have operated together in increasing values, and the man is fortunate who acted upon the Hoosier Schoolmaster suggestion. When Clarkson and W. E. Willcuts bought the D. B. Sweetser farm in Van Buren for $30 it proved an excellent investment. It developed into oil producing territory and paid royalties all through the oil boom days, and after it reverted to farm land again they refused an offer of $100 an acre advance over the purchase price, and there were no derricks on it. This half section of land cost them $9,600 and an advance of $40,000 would tempt some folks.

Looking backward, however, said John Flanagan, who in 1906 invested in land adjoining the Fairmount academy at $105, for which in 1913 he refused $225, a man could not have accepted a Grant county farm as a gracious gift and developed it from the virgin condition—from the green woods to the cultivated fields, charging himself up with drainage, fencing and all other incumbent expenses and clear anything at $250 an acre, and it must be true since men who had their farms given them are asking equally high prices for them. In 1852 Eli Thomas paid $7.50 an acre for land that in 1904, when he bought the rest of the same tract, he paid $82.50, and in several instances he has bought triangular pieces along the Strawtown road at $50 and $55, which let him out to the road with farm land that cost him $21 on time and which he could have had at $20 cash, and after paying $50 for one of those triangles it would have taken a great deal of money to buy it back as it let all his farm land into another class, having an outlet to



GRANT COUNTY FARMSTEAD WITH INTERURBAN TRANSPORTATION

the improved highway, and it is all high priced land now, Mr. Thomas having located his children all on well improved farms acquired when land was cheaper. Some urge a revision of the constitution of Indiana of 1851, saying that the state and nation are both operated purely in the interests of those who own the land.

Very few Grant county farms have never changed hands, although some tracts are still controlled in the original family. The Marion Title and Loan Company has record of every real estate transaction from the beginning, and J. F. Carmichael only remembers making one abstract for the man who entered the land—strangers now being in possession of many old homesteads. I. M. Miller of Millerton farm still carried his father's name on the tax duplicate for the land inherited by him until the centennial anniversary of his birth in 1908, although he had added to it until Millerton is one of the largest estates in Grant county. While farm land was cheaper when he bought it, corn and hogs were also cheaper, the rate of interest was higher and thus the ratio of value does not change with the years. Just across the Grant-Blackford line from Millerton is Renner farm, owned by Benjamin Johnson of Richmond, who sold railroad tie timber from it enough to pay for it, and the land cost him nothing yet it would rank with Mil-

lerton as a high priced estate. The right man still goes into debt for his farm and pays out on it. Hired men always move better when the boss shadows around a little, and the man who lives on the farm operates it at a profit.

If there is one man more than another who appreciates the value of improvements it is the dealer in realty. One good farm always helps him to locate other good farmers—careful husbandry is contagious, and there are whole communities where there are better farmers, and the result is apparent in land values. A waving field of grain is an inspiration to the passerby, and then the improved highways have certainly added to the price of Indiana farm land, of which dealers say the best is in Grant county. Years ago there was an influx of Rush and Fayette county farmers into Grant county, men who had sold out well and could buy cheaper, better land in Grant county, and a generation later some of them find they could go back there and buy their old homes at the old prices, so there is a limit to land values in some localities. One thing—Grant county farmers used to borrow wherein they now loan money, and there is no gainsaying the fact that gas and oil brought much outside revenue into Grant county. This money from natural resources has not been so freely distributed in all Indiana counties, and local industries and prices have felt the stimulus. High priced land in Grant county has resulted in many selling their farms and locating in nearby counties where conditions are practically the same, only the farm land has not been boosted as in Grant county.

Real estate men say there is usually more activity in city than in farm property, and that values are not quite as badly inflated—the tendency toward farm property as an investment having caused the advance in farm prices. There would be no opportunity now to exchange a silk dress pattern for a corner lot, a story told about the site of the Iroquois acquired from the White estate in 1898 by Philip Matter for $29,000—a Miss Branson buying the dress pattern for $50 from George White, who had paid that sum for the original property from the county agent. David Branson had reserved that lot in donating thirty acres to the town. At the present time property abutting the public square in Marion is quoted at $1,500 a front foot, and while some refuse that amount, others say it does not pay three per cent on the investment. The McClure property is the only bit of realty abutting the square that has never changed hands the senior Samuel McClure having bought it from Nathan Branson, county agent, February 23, 1836, paying $71.50 for the quarter square, and the property has never been on the market. On August 3, 1812, Samuel McClure, Jr., and the man known in history as the Indian trader, secured a quitclaim from all the Branson and Boots heirs—this being the Branson side of the town, and there has never been a scratch against the property although February 9, 1886, it was transferred by will to Mrs. Susannah McClure, and later through inheritance to E. T. McClure, and there has never been a price placed on this property since its purchase from the county agent within five years from the organization of Grant county.

Jason Willson paid $1,600 to the Stebbins heirs for the Marion National Bank corner, and when Samuel Whisler bought the site of the Farmers' Trust Bank for $600 it is said he lay awake nights because he had paid too much for it. Later he sold it to L. C. Beshore at $11,000, Mr. Beshore being willing to pay what he regarded as twice the worth of the corner rather than go on paying an annual rental of $1,000, and after a few years he sold it to J. Wood Wilson for $27,500, the Farmers' Bank corporation taking it over at that amount and realizing $100 from the old wooden building that had been a landmark so

long there. Mr. Beshore relates that when the Bennett block adjoining the Farmers' Trust building was constructed, his uncle, Samuel Whisler, thinking he was transferring two feet for stairway purposes, had conveyed the whole property to John (Dad) Bennett, the consideration having been the partition wall between them, but by prompt action in Mr. Bennett's lifetime he saved himself from it. People will pay higher prices where property is desired for personal use than speculators will pay for it, and yet Mr. Beshore found it a gilt edge investment. A. V. Custer owned the block bearing his name and with improvements it stood him $15,000, but he sold it to P. M. Kiley for $26,500, and why should Mr. Custer operate a grocery when he can clean up $11,500 on one real estate transaction?

Fred Gephart paid Charles Reece $10,000 for the old drug store site and ten years later he refused $22,000 for it. W. C. Webster owns twenty-two feet on the corner of the public square and refuses $35,000 for it. His property occupied by the Marion Hardware Store at Washington and Fifth streets cost about $1,000 originally and $30,000 would not touch it. It is said that Arthur Norton paid $150 for the lot now occupied by the J. W. Kelly Furniture Store, and in eight years Mr. Kelly paid $20,000 for the use of the property. Mr. Kelly is a Socialist, and he says the present system develops the rich man in the community. The biggest real estate deal in the history of Marion and all Grant county occurred in 1912 when B. F. Burke sold the Glass block to J. L. Barley for $125,000, a cash transaction—and Mr. Barley owned a great deal of property not included in the deal—his homestead and the H. D. Thomas crane-pond land which he held as an investment, having bought it at $100 and it is in the neighborhood of high values in Franklin. The Samuel Barrier will provided for the distribution of a great deal of property without any price quotations, and yet it was in the crane pond vicinity where land is rated highest, and one by one the large farms are being divided—the Willetts farm adjoining the Barrier land being another example. Town or country, Grant county people are inclined to place a high valuation on realty, and the wisdom of the philosophy of Mrs. Means about getting plenty is seldom questioned. Men who do not want to sell their property do not price it at all. There is a reaction against expensive homestead improvements that render it an impossibility for heirs to handle property when it goes on the market, and comparatively speaking there are fewer high priced dwellings erected on farmsteads than a generation ago, before there was such a decided trend from the farm to the factory. Commodious houses are the thing when the family occupies them itself.

XXI. PUBLIC UTILITIES IN GRANT COUNTY

The noonday of the nineteenth century had been passed in the onward march long before the modern improvements that made of civilization a simplified problem had evolved from the brain of the genius, and the element of profit from the ownership of public conveniences had taken deep hold on the mind of the speculator. There always have been and no doubt always will be men who can promote the business interests of others better than for themselves, and under existing conditions combinations of capital—corporations—will continue to profit from their efforts.

When the Strawtown road, the Marion and Liberty pike, was built in the early seventies, and while it was still largely controlled by Grant

county Quakers, it is said that no toll was collected on Sunday, but later day Grant county corporations have bravely overcome any such conscientious scruples, and commodities used by the public are paid for no matter about the quality of service. The Pennsylvania Railroad, which entered the county August 16, 1867, and reached Marion the next year, was the first public service agency, but since that time such commodities have multiplied rapidly, and twentieth century citizens are inured to their exactions. Nathan Coggeshall and Moses Bradford were two pioneer citizens who spent much time and money in securing railroads and the community has benefited from it. The story of Noah Clodfelter, who sacrificed his all in promoting electric transportation, is known to the present day citizen, but like the inventor who seldom reaps the profits from his invention, promoters of public affairs have not always profited by them.

Just as the word conservation as an economic term causes the thoughtful mind to revert to Theodore Roosevelt, and away back in the James G. Blaine campaign days a Grant county admirer of the "plumed knight" declared that reciprocity had not been in the dictionary until such political measure was advocated by him, the twentieth century Grant county voter will think of a Grant county citizen, Senator Bernard Bobbs Shively, when he sees "public utilities" used as an economic term. The Shively-Spencer Utility Commission Act, which is House Bill No. 361 of the 1913 Indiana legislature, is an act concerning public utilities, and the use of the term as applied to economics is too recent for the Century dictionary—the edition in the Marion library. While government control of public utilities may be inconsistent with private ownership, there are men who advocate it and the postal system is a strong socialist argument. While on the face of things it seems that public necessities should be public trusts, private ownership of public utilities is the prevailing condition.

The Marion water system is a municipal plant and some other towns own the water system, and because it has been a profitable investment in Marion, there has been frequent agitation of municipal ownership of all such commodities—public utilities deemed necessities. Utilities shared or participated in by all are public, and while the Bible says, "God made man in His own image," Disraeli declared, "But the public is made by the newspapers," and there are those who deny the freedom of the press wherein private ownership of public utilities is concerned, saying the truth is not known to the masses at all. Perhaps the first corporation to operate in Grant county to which patrons paid direct tribute was the Atlantic & Pacific Telegraph Company, which later became part of the Western Union, and Monroe Hill was the first representative in charge of the company's business in Marion, and today the Marion office controls the business at Jonesboro and Gas City while at all other Grant county points the railroad agent is in charge of the telegraph interests. The company is nonresident capital, and the local superintendent makes reports to three cities, Indianapolis, Cincinnati and St. Louis, as to local operations.

John A. Anderson succeeded Mr. Hill in the management of the Marion office in 1875, and for thirty-two years he was in charge of local telegraph business, Fred Rohrer, who succeeded him, having been with him as an operator for twelve years when Mr. Anderson's death occurred in 1907, and he was promoted to the vacancy. Mr. Rohrer recalls that local telegraph business was for many years limited to death notices, it being expensive to "wire" a message, but with cheaper rates death messages are now a small factor in the telegraph business.

While it once cost $1.50 to send ten words to Chicago—the rate regulated by the distance—there are now commercial rates and business is largely transacted by telegraph. The Western Union has patronage all over Grant county, and from messenger boy to local superintendent is the history of the Marion office.

It is said that the Fairmount town board saved the citizens of Grant county "many a penny" through the franchise it granted the Indiana Union Traction Company "along in the nineties" by controlling the amount of fare, and while franchises are frequently granted the same precaution is not always taken—and yet self-protection is as necessary with municipalities as with individuals. Public enterprise is usually encouraged, and "bonus" is a word well understood by many public-spirited citizens. Private ownership of public utilities in Grant county is the rule, and the water system constitutes the exception. In a few instances the water is furnished by private enterprise, and air and sunshine are the commodities not as yet commercialized, and the question of economics always will claim attention. Telegraph systems are only possible through privileges granted—right of way, and where citizens are wise they control the situation. Electric storms are the worst enemy, and wires must be properly adjusted to transmit messages.

The seventies were eventful years in Grant county, and those who remember Monroe Hill as a telegraph operator also remember his purchase of a Louisiana lottery ticket with $2 invested and that he drew $30,000 in cash, saying nothing about the immense business in lottery tickets that ensued, and after building a mansion on McClure street for himself, he installed the old artificial light plant along the river bank at the end of Eleventh street, now used as a coal office. Marion stores and many residences were lighted as a result of his fortunate investment, although the fortune was not his for many years. Mr. Hill brought the Hamilton Brothers to Marion, who were the first extensive plumbers in the county, but since that time Grant county citizens understand about plumbers and their bills when improvements are in progress. This artificial gas plant was installed in 1877, and later Samuel Woods, John Woods, D. B. Sweetser, J. N. Turner and R. J. Spencer had investments there, and when natural gas was discovered in 1887 its days were numbered, coal gas costing more than the natural article.

When the Mississinewa Mining Company was organized, mostly foreign capital, with J. F. Gabbey in charge of the local office, the artificial gas plant was "taken over" by the company and the mains were utilized for a time, but larger service pipes were required and everybody used the new fuel. For a quarter of a century there existed a bountiful supply of gaseous fuel provided by nature, the first gas well in Grant county being developed between Washington and Boots streets south of Fourteenth, in February, 1887, and all the territory south of Marion was excellent producing territory, gas wells not proving profitable north of Marion until the field south was well nigh exhausted. While there were numerous gas wells, the local oil development came in with the century and lasted only through one decade, and yet it made some Grant county families wealthy. It put many farmers out of debt and left them with comfortable bank accounts who knew the full meaning of financial struggles, and while in the best producing oil territory farming had to be practically abandoned for a time, oil was a blessing to the community. Men could afford to abandon agriculture when revenue was coming easier to them, but after one decade

of such prosperity the clank of the shacklerod was heard no longer in Grant county.

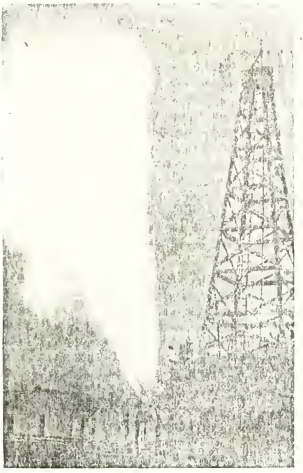
All through the gas and oil period the derrick was a familiar structure, but the child born today will be as ignorant of it as its parents had been when they were children, unless by rare good fortune there should be a return of nature's bounty in Grant county. While fortunes were thus accumulated, it is urged that the profligate use of natural gas hastened the oil development and shortened the life of both commodities. Wise heads counseled Indiana law makers to allow other cities to come to the gas belt rather than allow natural gas taken away, but without avail, and an exhausted field is the result. It was necessary to drill only about a thousand feet into the earth and enormous quantities of high grade gaseous fuel came rushing forth. "Feels like wind," said a school boy in describing it; and while nature's own fuel was abundant fortunes were accumulated, and an impetus was gained in this section of Indiana that was a surprise to the natives themselves. Cities grew up in the entire gas belt territory, comprising about fifteen Indiana counties, and manufacturing plants were everywhere established and Grant county had its full share in the general prosperity. Its fortunate location in a fertile agricultural district was the means of establishing within its bounds conditions that for the general welfare of the people have hardly been equaled—certainly not surpassed on the face of the earth, and there was a time when Gas City was not a misnomer for any town in Grant county.

For a score of years everybody used natural gas for all domestic purposes—only necessary to turn a key and strike a match, and fire was instantaneous, and the original Marion boomers promised natural gas as a fuel to manufacturers everywhere, and whenever a plug hat came to town, the pent-up supply would be liberated—not alone in Marion, for every neighborhood had the strongest local pressure, and many fortunes were burned up in free demonstrations. The Jumbo well was at Fairmount, and old men of the community realized its strength when they walked in front of the escaping fuel, and derricks on fire were frequently reflected against the landscape. It was artificial gas in the beginning, and the time has come again when it is no longer possible to secure natural gas for fuel and the manufactured article has been substituted. There are rural families who "took time by the forelock" and purchased gas wells and pipe lines for private consumption, and blazing fires are still seen in grates, but not all are so fortunate and natural gas is but a memory in most Grant county households.

During the time natural gas was in use there were many independent gas companies in both town and country, and there was an interim of several years in some communities after the natural product was exhausted before the manufactured article was substituted, but finally in 1911 the Central Indiana Gas Company solved the problem—overcame the difficulty. The factories that had been attracted hither by natural gas as fuel soon resorted to coal and producer gas, but the problem of domestic use was slower in its awakening, although artificial gas again serves the need of Grant county consumers. The Central Indiana Gas Company has acquired the properties and pipe lines of a number of natural gas companies and it has added to these plants until it now has capacity for taking care of the present demand, and an increased demand upon it. Its service is not limited to Grant county, and while in the past the fuel supply was found in the strata lying about a thousand feet beneath the surface of the earth, the present supply is found in solid form in the hills and mountains of the coal-producing

states, and artificial gas is manufactured from it. The Central Indiana Gas Company distributed a booklet describing the process, and saying that with the great improvements that have been made in appliances, artificial gas is an economical fuel. While the community mourns the loss of natural gas, the manufactured article is an excellent substitute for it. While many families had contributed to John D. Rockefeller's fortune by buying coal oil and gasoline stoves, the Central Indiana Gas Company has demonstrated its ability and modern gas burners are being installed in the homes of the entire county, as pipe lines are extended to them.

The discovery of natural gas in 1887 delayed the installation of an electric lighting system in Marion several years, plans having been



No. 3 Gas Well in 1887

laid in 1886 for such enterprise. O. H. Kellar and M. C. Meade, two prominent Marion business men that long ago were contemplating the venture, and Elkanah Hulley, W. W. McCleery and W. L. Lenfesty represented the interests of the town by visiting other cities where lighting systems had already been installed, but with the advent of natural gas no such franchise was asked for until in the early nineties. It was in 1892 that Kellar and Meade installed a generator in their chair factory, the same machinery running the factory by day operating the lightning system by night, and after wiring part of the town and fully demonstrating the profit in the business, Mr. Meade sold out his interests in the chair factory and devoted his attention to the manufacture of electricity. There was also a city electric plant located in

the edge of Waterworks Park that furnished light for several years, but unlike the water system it was deemed an expensive investment and it was abandoned, the city buying current rather than produce it. Now other towns have their own plants or buy electricity and many rural homesteads are thus lighted, some taking current from traction lines and others producing it themselves.

Mr. Meade was in the lighting business in Marion until 1900, when he sold out to a number of Marion citizens and the Marion Light and Heating Company is now a subsidiary electric company—a branch of the American Gas and Electric Company of New York City, of which R. E. Breed, Jr., is president, and his company lights many American cities. When the headquarters of the company was still in Marion, B. F. Burk and G. A. H. Shideler, along with Mr. Breed, controlled it, and the designation remains the same—the Marion Light and Heating Company. Current is supplied the M. B. and E. Interurban line and in turn to many rural and Van Buren private consumers, and the town of Van Buren is illuminated from it. Jonesboro, Gas City, Fairmount and Upland are all supplied from Marion, and the Marion and Muncie plants are so connected that each may relieve the other, as in the 1913 flood the Marion plant was inundated for a time. When the municipal lighting plant in Marion was temporarily abanoned the Marion Light and Heating Company secured a contract with the city—moonlight schedule; and when asked how much electricity was being manufactured daily, S. H. Smith, local manager of the company, said that speaking of kilowatts would be like counting the raindrops or numbering the grains of sand, but that many carloads of coal were daily converted into light, heat and power at the Marion plant by the river. In this way families are relieved of details in domestic economy that is a benediction to them and a profitable investment for the American Gas and Electric Company.

While the Marion Light and Heating Company is controlled from New York City there are people who think it has a great deal of local political influence, and the company has made great effort to advance its own business interests. While O. H. Kellar and M. C. Meade were the originators, and a man who cleaned lamps for them declares they were operating an eighty-five arc lamp prior to 1890—that they operated for a time without having secured a franchise,—they disposed of a valuable holding at a time when it would have turned them a fortune. Neither of the original owners are living today, nor is there much record showing their relation with the modern lighting system in vogue in the community.

Citizens of Grant county would not want to live the life of today without the friend on the wall—the telephone. This invention has played its part in the industrial, mercantile and social development of the community, and both town and country are served by the telephone system. When the telephone was first installed it was the Western Telephone Company, represented by John A. Anderson, and Marion citizens today pay him tribute—that he was a business man ahead of his time, and he did not always have easy sailing in advancing public interests. It was along about 1879 that Mr. Anderson began such agitation, and along in the eighties there were business men's junkets from all over Indiana and other states to witness the model plant, and to secure data toward establishing similar plants in other cities. Marion was much in the public eye owing to the advanced ideas of Mr. Anderson, and he will be remembered in history as among the most public-spirited men ever living in the community. He was local manager until 1900, when the Western Union Telegraph system required his

time, and those who say that natural gas was the agency, the impetus that brought the telephone, must also give credit to Mr. Anderson, who had it in operation several years before natural gas was discovered in Grant county.

The first improvised Marion telephone was established between the homes of Philip Dicls and Philip Patton in 1878, when they lived near each other—tin cans used for receivers, and the line was put up by William Bradshaw of Delphi, a guest in the Dicls family, who connected the two houses with a cotton string, and all went well until a load of hay demolished it. Marion people would visit other places and see and hear telephones, and finally Mr. Anderson furnished the telephone of commerce before other nearby cities were thus equipped. There were tin can lines between many homes, and the story was told that Jack Venters, the famous negro merchant in the "settlement," installed one between his store and his home, and he employed his spare time talking to "Frances" about her household duties, always calling to her to run to the phone when he would see her in the garden. To show the growth of the patronage, people used to inquire of others: "Do you have the phone?" while now they inquire the telephone number, taking it for granted, and yet it is said there is only about fifteen per cent development, showing to what great possibilities the improvement may yet be carried. With all the talk about horseless carriages and wireless messages, the "girlless" or automatic telephone has not yet made its local appearance.

The telephone rental used to be $1 a month under the original system—the old Bell telephone,- until a local stock company—T. W. Overman, Thad Butler, Wilson Addington and J. A. Gauntt—was formed, and later the United Telephone Company absorbed all existing interests—this in the nineties,—and some of the stockholders say that only for their enterprise Grant county would still be under the old rule—the original system with no improvements. While there are 3,800 telephones in use in Marion, and 7,000 in the entire county, there are still many families who do not have this direct communication with the world. The present investment of the United Telephone Company is half a million dollars, and the upkeep is an enormous expense. It is said that the office equipment, switchboards and everything wears out in about ten years, and a second investment is necessary. The Marion Telephone Company was only in operation long enough to reduce prices and sold out before it had incurred wear and tear expense, and every little while there is talk of other companies entering the field, although $1.50 a month is the present rate of single line service. Subscribers cannot own their own telephones—must pay a rental to the corporations.

The Sweetser Rural Telephone Company, the first rural exchange in the county, came into existence January 20, 1903, although many country people had the service prior to that time, and now there are many local stock companies serving rural patrons. The Sweetser Rural Company has always had more stockholders than renters, and sometimes assessments are necessary, while the reverse has been true of the Swayzee plant, and assessments are rarely made upon subscribers. The rental is sufficient for the maintenance of the system. The rurals are now all cooperative stock companies, although many rural patrons are served from Marion and there is free interchange between Marion, Gas City and Jonesboro subscribers, while toll is charged to other points in the county. When Mr. Anderson was extending the local telephone service into the country, the subscribers took shares of stock in the form of $25 worth of tickets which were redeemed as rental, and thus the

subscriber himself make the original investment although he did not have permanent exemption from rental. While town subscribers always have paid rental, rural subscribers had shares for which tickets were issued, and yet none would be without telephone advantages. There is argument always and knowledge of the markets every morning has saved the price of the telephone to many a subscriber—and Mr. Anderson is remembered by Marion business men as a man who did the community a lasting service.

Most of the independent or cooperative companies had free telephone connection with Marion and the entire county until social abuses made it necessary to change the system. "The line was busy" too often when urgent messages must be sent, and the prohibitive toll system was the only method of regulating the patronage. While several of the cooperative companies have enough renters that they need not levy assessments, the revenue from tolls helps keep up the system and all around it is more satisfactory on account of the social use made of the lines in business hours. The first long distance telephone communication was between New York City and Chicago, October 18, 1892, and within a year Mr. Anderson made similar demonstration before the Marion Commercial Club, and Grant county has always been in the foreground with telephone service. Many telephone cables are buried in Marion to lessen the danger from wires overhead, and to rid the downtown district of the poles through the streets. "The reason most people are too ready to make complaints against telephone service is because they do not understand what is required in making a telephone connection," and a visit to an exchange is always of interest—amazing to the subscriber who never saw the "Hello" at the switchboard, and who thinks she is having her annual vacation when he wants to use the line—to tell-ephone.

There are utilities galore that do not come under franchise restrictions, and the butcher, baker, grocer—any dealer in family commodities, is just as essential and the man who would supply the public need should be conscientious and do his duty by his customer, and except in utilities bound up by franchise the public has the one alternative—may transfer its patronage. Outside the utilities covered by franchise there has been little cooperative effort in Grant county. The farmer who regularly supplies his products to customers in town is under the same moral obligation as the great corporations who reap periodical stipends from the patrons, but only those who have written agreements are thought of under utility mention. The dairy that supplies an inferior quality of milk is easily regulated—patronage the basis, and if the blacksmith does good service the patron comes back again, and the dealer in every article must know its pedigree and guarantee it to the customer. The franchise should safeguard the interest of the people, and utilities should be the servants—not the masters.

XXII. MUNICIPAL WATER SYSTEMS AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS

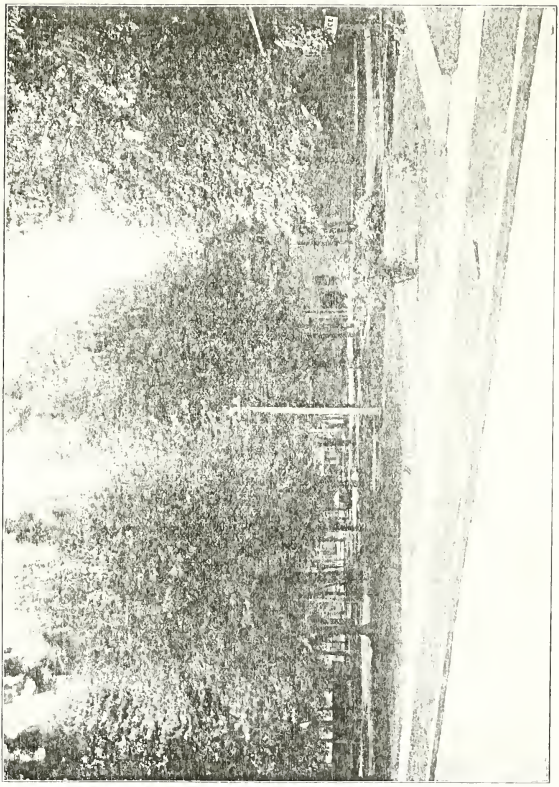
While death is regarded as the last enemy, water and fire are the most destructive agencies unless there is system—proper control of them. The superintendent of the water system is certain the firemen can do little to avert impending danger unless his department is in working order, and thus water is the antidote when a conflagration is raging. It was only after several most destructive fires that the Marion

water works became a reality, and in a little booklet: "History of the Marion City Water Works," Elkanah Hulley says: "In the early days of Marion all the fire protection was by bucket brigade, to which all residents—men and women belonged. The women often proved equal to the men as firefighters, although the task of throwing the looking glass out of the upstairs window and carrying down the feather beds was left to the men. It was not until the town had been visited by some serious fires that a Babcock fire extinguisher was purchased. * * * Then began the first real, earnest agitation for a water works system, the late Samuel Hulley being the prime mover in creating sentiment for it. After considerable agitation a petition was circulated and signed by three hundred and forty-five citizens, representing five-eighths of the taxable valuation of the property of the town.

"The appraised valuation at that time was $1,076,630. The petition was presented to the town trustees by Andrew Diltz, June 20, 1876, praying that a debt be contracted and bonds issued to the amount of $35,000 for the purpose of establishing a system of water works for fire protection and domestic purposes. Remonstrances were filed, but not sufficient to overcome the five-eighths majority provided under act of the legislature of 1852, under which law the Marion plant was established. At a meeting of the town board, August 23, 1876, Charles Reece presented an ordinance providing for the construction, operation and maintenance of a water works system, providing for the issuing of bonds amounting to $35,000 to run from five to twenty years, and the ordinance was passed by unanimous vote of the board. On January 17, 1877, lot 55 in White's fourth addition was purchased from George White upon which to locate the building and well," and Mr. Hulley's pamphlet gives all the details of installation and the information about additional territory until the present park was established adjoining the plant.

The success of municipal ownership of the Marion water works has always been an argument used by Socialists in advancing their theories, and acting upon the theory that "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," frequent tests of the purity of the water have been made with satisfactory results. Before there were so many wells, when the supply was low, the water from Boots creek was sometimes turned into the mains, and then citizens who thought the water absolutely pure would be bilious for a while after hearing about it. Mr. Hulley's booklet says: "The water works plant is self-sustaining, the income meeting all expenses of operating, payment of bonds and interest, and making extensions," and if all men in charge of similar institutions would compile such booklets, the future historian as well as the entire community would be indebted to them. There are more than forty miles of water mains along Marion streets, and the plant has a pumping capacity of 9,000,000 gallons daily with one big pump in reserve for emergencies. There about 4,000 consumers and about 350 fire plugs with about 120 pounds pressure to the square inch when a fire is in progress.

There are water systems in Jonesboro, Fairmount, Gas City and Upland, private enterprises in Jonesboro and Upland, but drinking water all through the county is considered pure—there being few surface wells, and underdrainage has changed early day conditions when there were so many contagions chargeable to the water supply. Deep water wells are drilled into limestone ranging from 120 to 300 feet, the drift cased off and the general health is good owing to the purity of the water supply. The dug well at the family homestead is the exception, except where the well has been in operation many years.



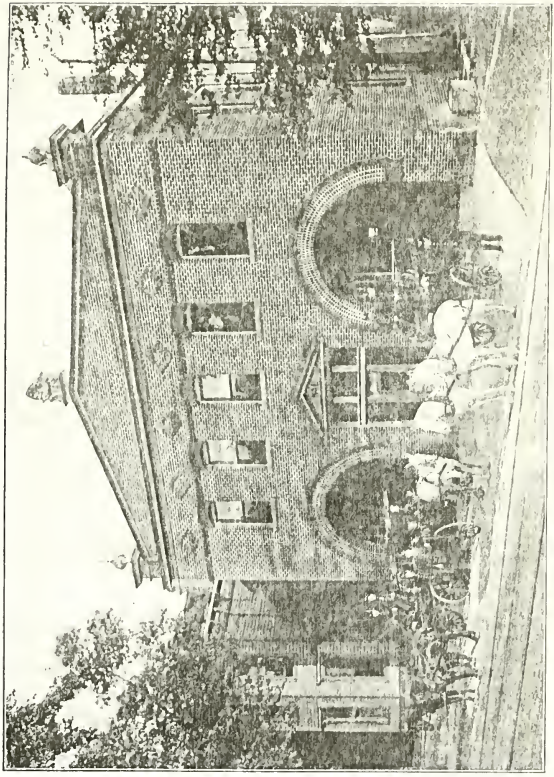
MARION WATER WORKS PARK

Along with its water mains Marion has about seventy-five miles of improved streets, and the fire fighters no longer have to plow through mud in reaching their destination. There are almost forty miles of sewers, and the city sanitation is considered excellent. It is conservatively estimated that one and one half million dollars have been expended on streets and sewers, and visitors no longer refer to deplorable street conditions. Along in the '80s there were muddy streets. Fourth street, paved in the early '90s, was the first brick street in Indiana. The city covers an area of more than 3,000 acres, and the principal business district is adjacent to the courthouse square.

The efficiency of the Marion fire department has been demonstrated many times, and time out of mind there have been volunteer fire fighters, and for a quarter of a century a paid fire department. At the close of 1912 there were five stations, with twenty-six regular firemen and thirteen horses owned by the city. When Marion had a volunteer fire department, and everybody went to a fire and stayed until it was under control, some of the fire chiefs were: J. M. Barnard, James S. Long, B. R. Norman, D. F. Davis, L. M. Whisler and C. L. Jackson, only Mr. Barnard and Mr. Whisler surviving, and the late Seth Sanders who was secretary of the volunteer fire department did not preserve his records. However, the first fire department was on the rear of the lot now occupied by the Goldthait store, and "in them days everybody was a fireman who had nerve enough to go to a fire," and thrilling stories are told of the heroism of volunteer firemen. Volunteers then received twenty-five cents an hour for the time they served, while under the regime of a paid fire department volunteers received seventy-five cents an hour while on duty, and there are volunteer departments in many factory districts. The regulars receive their salary whether or not they fight fire within the month.

When Marion adopted a city charter, May 7, 1889, a permanent fire department was organized, although John McDonnell, who was then fire chief, did not devote his entire time to the department, and those who have served since Mr. McDonnell are: O. S. Jones, W. O. Butler, C. R. Case, Oscar Boyd and William Crearer, and when asked the relation between the water systems and the fire department Mr. Hulley said his department furnished the water while the fire laddies did the rest. Mr. Hulley's predecessors were: H. W. St. John, C. W. Hamilton, D. F. Davis, D. F. Sanders, D. S. Hogin and Samuel Hulley, nearly all serving more than one period, and while the fire department property investment is not more than $25,000 the water works inventory shows almost $300,000 invested, and it is necessary that the water system be in perfect condition in order to secure success in the fire department. Fire and water are the two great enemies of property, and water must be the greater agency since it is always employed to subdue fire—fire cannot consume water, although when a fog was raising from the river some one hollowed: "The river's a fire and no water."

The fire department is the guardian of public safety, and there are always anxious hearts when the alarm is sounded, and its right of way in the streets is never questioned. The equipment is such that all departments receive the alarm simultaneously, and the department nearest the call is on its way immediately—the others alert until later signals, when sometimes all are called to the same conflagration. There have been few accidents, and members of the Central department only recall the death of two men—M. A. Middleton and Charles Gross, who fell at the post of duty. It was October 31, 1888, that Mr. Middleton was riding on horseback to a fire in the Horne packing house and was thrown, having neither saddle or bridle and guiding the animal with a



Marion Fire Dept. No. 1 Ready for Service

halter, the accident occurring on Branson street. Everybody remembered how happy he had been, having driven that day for Benjamin Harrison when a political meeting was in progress, and his death was such a sad ending of the eventful day.

The men about No. 1 station were uncertain of the year—all remembering that it was April 14, when Fireman Gross was killed by a chimney falling on him while fighting fire at the J. W. Wood residence about an hour after midnight. Chief Crearer opened the book to April 14, '04, where the entry had been made in red ink, and it was unnecessary to read it—the color being sufficient. A picture of Mr. Gross hangs on the wall of the station. Mr. Middleton's death occurred prior to the installation of a paid fire department, but after the death of Mr. Gross the council passed an act by which the widows of each were paid $150 a year—such benefit to terminate when the woman changed her relation, and it was proper recognition.

People of today hardly know what is meant by "bucket brigade," when old timers are relating their hairbreadth escapes from holocaust. There was no signal system—when the fire bell rang or, later, the water works blew a long blast, everybody rushed to the street, and mention of the volunteer fireman would soon fill a directory. Along at the time when Nathan Coggeshall was president of the town council and J. Q. Brownlee was clerk, I. M. Cox and J. A. Stretch were fire commissioners or policemen, and the beginning of the present system was December 7, 1874, when Jacob Whisler, Mr. Cox, W. C. Long, G. W. Hayde and H. F. Clunk were appointed fire wardens from their respective districts. There was not much of the town on the hills at the time, all the fire wardens living close to the center. Now there are outlying fire stations, and an alarm does not strike the degree of terror to the heart since there is a paid fire department—every man a bundle of courage, and people turn and go to sleep again feeling that the department will do all in its power to avert disaster.

While the firemen have their meals at home they only sleep there three nights of the month, and are on duty twenty-four hours, when they begin another turn without intermission. They get into their harness as quickly as the horses, and the horses come under the harness whenever the whistle blows. The firemen are familiar with the water system, and lose no time in turning water on the flames—the engineer at the plant always supplying the pressure, and the horses in the department soon learn what is required of them. When Bay Harry was the only horse in the department he was one day in a blacksmith shop when the alarm was sounded, and he went barefooted to the fire, the fireman returning later with him, and since that time when a fire horse is shod only one shoe is removed at a time, and when an alarm is heard he is quickly in readiness. The Marion fire department sometimes responds to calls from other towns, although there are volunteers in every community, and wherever there is a water system the citizens are well able to cope with flames. The hose and reel have served their day, and are still the reliance in many communities, and the bucket brigade is always a possibility.

While people are sometimes at a loss to know the origin of fire, incendiarism is seldom charged, and owing to the excellent fire protection, insurance rates are lower than in some cities where losses are more frequent. While some towns and farmsteads do not have water systems—private wells the reliance, all are fire-fighters and when emergency arises—go to fires. It was March 1, 1901, that John Gurren, an American tin plate worker, and Algernon Rothinghouse, a Gas City druggist, volunteered at the Gas City Pottery fire, and both lost

their lives under a falling wall, W. C. Jay and C. T. Eshelman who were near being unable to rescue them in time to save them. Others have been injured at fires, and some have been consumed by flames in their own homes, and yet bravery characterizes the average citizen when property is endangered, and there have been narrow escapes, frequently. The rainbow is the token of the covenant of the Almighty that the world will not again be destroyed by water, but the fire department does not have any release from duty. While everybody watches the clouds, when the cry of fire is heard all ears are alert and all hearts beat in unison until danger is averted.

XXIII. THE EVOLUTION OF THE PUBLIC HIGHWAY

By Joshua Strange

What was a reality in the way of road making to the pioneer is only a dream to the young. When they first penetrated its primeval forests, the original settlers of Grant county used the Mississinewa river as a roadway, and by means of flat boats and canoes brought their earthly all into the wilderness. Some of the pioneers brought their household treasures into Grant county on logs floating in the Mississinewa, but in "them days" there were no mill dams to obstruct their course. From the landings they used ox and later horse teams in reaching their clearings, usually four of either oxen or horses to the team, and hitched to the old wooden skein wagons with boat shaped beds called "the old Virginia four horse wagon," large enough always to stow away the affairs of the family, and many families came all the way from Virginia and the Carolinas in that way.

They carried farming equipment and feed for their stock, and made the journey in wagons covered with canvas stretched over bows, and what a memory of wagon trains coming into Indiana. The family was neatly housed, and the descendants listen with interest to the stories, but oh so few remain to tell them. The Virginia wagon beds are only a memory and the young gain no conception of them from stories told —recollection necessary to an understanding. They followed the blazed trails made by surveying parties and homeseekers, locating their tracts of land sometimes already entered for them, and some claims taken perhaps by soldiers who fought in the battle of the Mississinewa. Those trails were made available for wagon traffic by cutting the saplings too large to bend or passing under them, the wagon road terminating at the final destination of each pioneer settler. Such were the trails and roads followed by the pioneers in their cherished hopes and newly acquired and independent homes along the Mississinewa.

The original pathfinders and makers first sought out fordable places along the streams and diverged to and from these points over the high lands, around the swamps and more impenetrable forests to the places selected where they made their homes. More than sixty years ago (this written in 1913), the writer passed along and over some of those original roads or trails on horseback, having to part the overhanging brush with the hands to keep it from scratching his face or dragging him from the back of the horse. The principal means of light transportation, communication and travel was done on horseback as well as "going to mill," using the horse as a pack animal or beast of burden. After using those hacked out trails a little while they would become very bad and almost impassable in the sloughs, and the method of im-

provement was to cut new roads around them. There were bad places often and sometimes they would spread until several cuts were made around one mud hole in the woods—the original difficulty.

Many of those pioneer trails leading to central points were improved and extensively used under better conditions in the country, and they were only done away with by petition and action of the county commissioners when land owners wanted the roads thrown from the high land to the section lines in order to shape up their farms. At this writing only a few Grant county roads are along the original trails. However, the blazed trail has had its part in the development of the county, and the modern permanent automobile thoroughfare has followed in regular order. The road supervisor served his purpose "warning" out the citizens, and the graded road bed with side ditches was part of the systematic plan by which the stone road with tarvia binding has reached its present perfection. The influx of immigrants from 1830 to 1850 was such that it became necessary to regulate the road improvements, and to shift them to section lines in order that farms

An Anderson, Marion & Wabash Interurban Car

might be properly developed and boundaries established, and some of that work has been accomplished within the twentieth century. It was a slow process because the work was great and the laborers were few, but it has been persistently followed and there are no better roads than in Grant county.

The process in the beginning was to remove the smaller timber and the underbrush, and to cut off the overhanging limbs from the trees and let them fall and make a bed for the corduroy bridges across the sloughs, creeks and branches and culverts over larger ones that had sufficient banks to retain stringers. The larger trees were deadened and left standing to decay and die, which was a great saving in labor in the first opening of the roads, but it was very perilous to travel, especially on windy days, after the tops were dead. Along some roads the timber was entirely removed in the green, the stumps cut low enough for wagons to pass over them. To make the roads passable the sloughs and swamps were bridged with poles and logs laid crosswise the full length or width of the slough or swamp. Many were twenty rods or more in length, and those bridges were called corduroy bridges and oh what harbors for snakes they were! In constructing them the straight sides of the poles and log used were laid together sufficiently close that

a horse's foot could not get through between them, and the wagons would "rickety-bang" over them. The occupants of the wagons were always coming down when they were going up, and "jolt" is a word that was known to pioneers.

These sloughs and water courses through the mire were spanned by piling logs for the approaches and abutments, and single span stringers long enough to reach across from one to the other abutment were placed in notches in the top logs which formed the abutments, and they were sometimes more than two feet in diameter. If the width of the stream required a more extensive opening than a single span, it was made by placing large logs lengthwise in the stream, distanced for a span and so on until the stream was so spanned from abutment to abutment, or in lieu of logs sawed or chopped blocks set on end to retain stringers were used, and there was no scarcity of timber of the best quality. The tops for these bridges were round poles or split slabs, and notched onto the stringers to hold them to their places. They were crude, but they served the purpose. In passing over some of those places now on a continued stretch of good gravel road without a single vestige to suggest former conditions, a review of the road building of the past seems as a dream—an utter impossibility.

In the level parts of the county the streams had very little channel until drainage put them in their narrower confines. They were wide and sluggish and necessitated the construction of just such bridges as has been described, and many were needed in the quagmire of Grant county. In order to keep the bridges from floating away, poles were laid on either side of the corduroy on the ends of the timbers. They were held in place by stakes driven in lock style, and to make it safe to travel over them when they were afloat in time of high water. Sometimes dirt was hauled onto them to hold them down and make them smoother, and in time the mud from the wheels filled the cracks in the corduroy. Automobiles would have had more difficulty with the corduroy than with stone roads today, and it seems that a destiny has shaped all human progress. In the city of Marion from Fourteenth street south to the Washington street hill was one of those corduroy bridges, willow flanked on either side where beautiful residences now prevail, and "sons of their fathers" tell of hauling timber to make these corduroy bridges in town on both Washington and Adams streets. It is said that many bits of corduroy were removed when these streets were paved with asphalt, and that pieces used in the old plank road, now Lincoln boulevard, are still in existence. There was once a plank road from Deer creek to the public square in Marion, and it was to have been continued to Largo, but the stupendous undertaking was never finished—the best of forest timber used in its construction.

The next step in road improvement was an attempt at drainage by going down the streams in the woods and removing the logs and brush, and plowing a little channel to draw the surface water from the roads where it could be done, and otherwise such marshy places had to be spanned with corduroy. When the men and women of today were children they knew what it was to cross corduroy bridges along the otherwise unimproved highways of Grant county. The drainage laws that came to the relief of that condition of road construction were the first permanent improvement in the construction of roads, and then followed the removal of stumps and grading, all under direction of the road supervisor who warned out all able bodied men over twenty-one and under fifty years of age to work out a privilege of from two to four days each year, some to take horses and use road

scrapers and others to use shovels, and there was some little road tax money with which to repair bridges and buy material for them.

Under the statues of 1851 it was provided that a stock company might be formed for the purpose of improving roads by grading, graveling or macadamizing them and charging toll, and under that law several toll roads were built in the county. The first one built was the old stage road from Marion through Jonesboro and Fairmount to Anderson in the fifties. The old toll gate stood a little north of the south end of the McFeely bridge in order to catch the travel from over to Monroe road, and the next one was one mile south of Jonesboro and there was one on either side of Fairmount. In the sixties and seventies were built the Strawtown or Marion and Liberty, the Monroe, the Salem and the Wabash pikes, all of which were toll roads and very unsatisfactory and unprofitable to the stockholders. The breach between the stockholders and some of the "toll jumpers" was never bridged this side of the tomb, and the seventies were eventful years.

This story would not be complete without recording some of the names of public spirited citizens and patriots who expended their money and efforts for the improvement of the highways of the county, and were first in the good roads movements that have since swept the country. Among those memorable gentlemen were James Sweetser, Nathan W. Frazier, George Strange, John Y. Parlett, John Ratliff, Eli Thomas, Nathan Coggeshall and many others. In the Acts of 1881 there were provisions made for the building of free gravel or macadam roads and for the purchase of toll roads which eventually eliminated them, the last toll gate in the county being on the Fairmount turnpike, J. W. Hill of Jonesboro and J. P. Winslow of Fairmount being the remaining stockholders, and they had their troubles with "toll jumpers" who did not wish to pay such tribute. Under the Acts of 1881 funds were provided for the construction of roads that were petitioned for by a majority of land owners, and by an assessment of abutting lands within one and one-half miles of the proposed improvement on each side according to the estimated benefits. Under this Act all the main trunk roads of the county and many others were built.

The Acts of 1903 and 1905 made material changes in road construction, by new provision that fifty petitioners to the county commissioners would require them to take action for the improvement of the road or part of road petitioned for, and to raise funds for construction of kind of road petitioned for by taxation of all property in the townships or townships where the improvements were petitioned for, and those Acts with their amendments are solely operative in the construction of roads in the county at this writing, 1913, of material ranging from gravel to brick. There are some roads constructed and others being constructed of stone with bituminous filler, such as tarvia and like substances, and those who ride out for pleasure have some fine boulevards over which to travel, and speeding is a common thing many miles from the improved streets in Grant county towns.

Under the free gravel road laws of Indiana Grant county now has about seven hundred miles of gravel and macadam roads—the gravel in the majority, and the gravel beds are unfailing in the county. In the first stages of gravel road building some of the best pits were not discovered, but there seems to be gravel sufficient for future need and crushed stone is provided along Pipe creek as well as shipped in from other localities. The main streets of Marion and other towns in the county are constructed of asphaltum or brick, and while some have been paid for under the Barrett law or ten year plan, all are glad when such improvements become a reality. The stories of the trails now

seem like fiction in a county abreast with all other avenues of advancement in its public highways. The system of drainage carries the water so quickly to the river that it is no longer a thoroughfare—would not float a raft laden with household belongings except in high water, and then the settler acting as pilot would not man the craft, and twentieth century conditions are different from the time when the Indians had trails and the settlers were few in the community. The Mississinewa is no longer a highway of travel, and all kinds of "boats" are seen along Grant county thoroughfares.

XXIV. THE EVOLUTION OF THE POSTAL SYSTEM

"My days are swifter than a post," said Job in the Bible narrative, and the postal service is known to have been in general use in some countries as early as the thirteenth century. It was provided for when the Constitution of the United States was written in 1789, although at that time as an adjunct to the treasury system. Railway mail service was established in 1864, three years before the first railroad penetrated Grant county, and rural free delivery came in 1895. It was an experiment in Grant county in 1899, although the general delivery system was inaugurated August 15, 1902, and now that everybody has daily mail these stories of the long ago are stranger than fiction to the generation now on the stage of action.

People used to regard letters as present day citizens think of telegrams, although their friends were often dead and buried long enough before the letters reached them. No news was always good news, and a letter sometimes disturbed the peaceful tranquillity of the whole community. While there was no "wireless," there was "word of mouth" that seemed to reach everybody. There was a letter from York State for Lorenzo Miles when Jefferson township citizens used to go to Wheeling for their mail before there was any Upland, and before Jadden postoffice accommodated that part of the country. When Mr. Miles went to Wheeling in the morning he was wearing a good hat for that day, but he came home bareheaded in the evening. It required twenty-five cents to "lift the letter," and he pawned his hat to raise the money. It had been a long time since tidings from home folks had reached him, and he would have the letter at any sacrifice. The system of collecting postage at the time of delivery worked hardship on many settlers, and the law did not remain long on the statutes of the country. The settlers were always anxious for tidings, and yet the contents of some letters did not mean much to them.

In "Poems For Everybody," Milton Winslow adds a footnote to his poem: "The Way the Poet Popped the Question," saying: "I paid twenty-five cents postage to get the above to its destination, Richmond, Ind., in 1843," and W. E. Mason of Glencoe in Mill treasures a letter that "came by way of the mail" to his grandfather, Thomas Coleman, in 1833, directed to Greenberry postoffice on the State Road before there was any Jonesboro, which afterward swallowed up Greenberry. It was in the Mexican war that the Greenberry office was discontinued, the corduroy roads being impassible and since then Jonesboro has been the postoffice address of the "up country" folks. E. L. Goldthwait has a letter written March 6, 1837, so folded that the superscription became the face of the letter, and no envelopes were in use at the time. It was written by his father, Oliver Goldthwait, to a friend in New Salem, Ohio, asking that he dispose of some articles left there and collect some money

due him, and directing that it be sent the first time any one was coming from that part of the country to Marion. Money orders, money by telegraph and parcel's post had not been dreamed of then. Necessity has always been the mother of invention, and in time the envelope saved the necessity of folding the letter with one blank side for the address. In this letter Mr. Goldthwait urges his friends to tell Aaron Swayzee there is an opening for a shoemaker in Marion, and the result is that the Swayzee family became part of the history of Grant county. Mr. Goldthwait wrote in the letter that he "needs the money." "Collect twelve cents" was written where the stamp is now placed on a letter. There was no such thing as a postage stamp "then days." Wafers and sealing wax were used before the stamps became a necessity.

The advent of the steam railway in 1867 changed the mail service in Grant county. The mail was carried on horseback and by stage, and while many know the story of Walker Winslow and his stage route from Andersontown to Wabashtown through Grant county, Marion, Jonesboro and Fairmount thus receiving mail three times a week from either direction, as he would go one day and return the next, others remember that Barney Lugar carried the mail to Muncietown, while Paddy Morgan went once a week to Kokomo and back in the employ of Uncle Sam. Now that everybody reads the daily papers and has the news from the four corners of the world, who pays attention to minor details connected with the mail service? Who knows anything about the rural carriers and their difficulties? Barney Lugar was "small of stature," and yet the mail sack was so large and so heavy that his horse always had a sore back as a result. Paddy Morgan rode a mule named Reuben, and sometimes the mule would carry him and sometimes it would throw him off, and once a "bunch of rags was seen to go over the mule's head, and Paddy Morgan was in them." He was a man of consequence in the community, came from Ireland with Thomas Curran, and when he would reach the edge of Marion he would blow a horn and everybody came to the center to see who got newspapers or letters, and to learn the news from the outside world.

In war times, when Walker Winslow with his "coach and four" would arrive with newspapers conveying intelligence from the front, "Old Abe" was fired in the courthouse yard, the people would assemble and "Tom" St. John, the best reader in the town, would mount a barrel in front of some store and everybody listened while he read the news of the battles—listened in dread lest the name of a relative would be heard who had fallen in battle. The *New York Tribune* and the *Cincinnati Gazette* and *Enquirer* were the principal papers brought into Grant county that long ago, and a special news item from New York would be marked: "Cincinnati papers please copy," but all that is changed now and while papers may sometimes copy, credit is not often given to the original sheet for its production. After the railways brought the mails to the centers came the star routes, and there were several of them in Grant county. Star route was a name given the mail service to points not reached by the railways, and there was a contract between the government and individuals, and the "star route frauds" came in the Rutherford B. Hayes administration. There was an occasional robbery of the mail in Grant county, one man coming to grief who always took money out of letters in the "Richard's holler" between New Cumberland and Trask and there has been one instance of that kind in the history of the Marion postoffice since free delivery was established March 1, 1890, although efficiency has always characterized the service.

The star route system was introduced in 1882 in the United States,

and like other good things it was soon in use in Grant county. There was a route to Union Grove, Arcana and Jadden, and the historian remembers well that in 1884 he was a teacher at Wickersham between Arcana and Jadden, and always watched for the coming of the mail and much of the time the road was so bad it was slow delivery. Arcana people could send out answers to letters the same day by writing them while the carrier was going on to Jadden, and while this mail only came three times a week, the people thought it efficient service. The man who carried the mail from Jonesboro to Trask and New Cumberland seldom made the trip without passengers, and there was quite a revenue from that source for him. Weaver was on the postal map in star route days, but rural free delivery changed many star route postoffices to country groceries again. The last star route in Grant county was from Marion to the Soldiers' Home, the mail always carried by soldiers and two mails a day the result, but recently mail for the National Military Home of Indiana is received at Bethevans, the Panhandle station on the Home campus, and four mails daily are received there. Who does not remember the Russian soldier who had a queer little house on Thirty-eighth street just outside the Home camp, and who died in the mail service between the Home and Marion? It developed that he had a fortune.

The rural free delivery of mail supplanted the star route all over Grant county, and much of Indiana as well as the rest of the United States, and it has had much to do with road improvement nation wide. Perry S. Heath, who was in the postoffice department in Washington when the system came in, did not forget Indiana, and Grant county farmers were universally served almost as early as in any locality. A. B. Comer carried the first experiment route beginning September 1, 1899, and L. E. Rinehart carried route No. 2 and J. A. Carter route No. 3, in demonstrating the efficiency of the system. On August 15, 1902, there were thirty-four routes placed in operation within Grant county, and there was an unsuccessful effort to make of farm news a daily feature in the newspapers. With thirty-four routes in Grant county and some residents being served from Lafontaine, Converse, Windfall and Elwood, there was a complete revolution. Weekly papers were changed for dailies as rapidly as their time expired, and now all Grant county would be lost without the mail every day—many rural carriers arriving with such regularity that farmers know the hour without looking at the sun to estimate it.

Marion is the only postoffice in the first-class in Grant county. There are no other towns served by carriers, and the delivery clerk at the postoffice still has a busy period after each mail is distributed, although few rural patrons ever ask any more if there is anything for all their uncles, aunts and cousins—beginning with the head of each family and asking in turn for each child, many of whom are never known to receive a letter. The delivery clerk still knows when school is out in several Grant county towns. Some clandestine correspondents still ask for mail at the Marion postoffice, not caring to have all the family know, and when a servant girl changes locations she always informs the office in whose care to deliver her mail. The Marion postmaster receives the princely salary of $3,200 and there are always aspirants—politicians who "need the money." While there may be deficits in some of the smaller offices where the sale of stamps does not meet the requirements, the Marion postoffice is a money making institution, and in 1912 it forwarded $24,319.25 to the department at Washington after all current expenses had been liquidated. While the socialist always hold up the

postoffice as a model institution, they may not understand that it is a money making plant at all.

Every postal clerk knows that an inspector is likely to swoop down on him at any minute, and it behooves him to keep his house in order —to have all his accounts straight. Postal laws and regulations may not always be observed—may be sour grapes to some official, and yet there are always aspirants. Every presidential change brings about many changes in the mail service, and their patronage is one of the means congressmen have of carrying out their designs—and they usually award all snaps to their friends. While some farmers "kick to beat the band," because they have to go half a mile to the "little steel mail box that brings the four corners of the world to them," they once had to go all the way to town, and they could not "run to town" every day, while others who were on the mail routes "had no time for daily papers," and would not put up mail boxes for themselves. It was not many years until they conformed to the requirements. Indeed, rural

Marion Federal Building

carriers have been so much appreciated that they are always remembered at Christmastide by patrons and it is nothing unusual for them to find dressed chickens or fresh meat in the mail boxes—placed there for them.

Postal clerks and letter carriers are all under civil service regulations, and efficiency is one of the requirements. While absorbing some of this data in the mailing room of the Marion postoffice, one of the clerks said to the historian: "Where would you send this letter?" and the name of the town was horribly disfigured in the spelling in the superscription. A card had gone through his hands saying: "Mother is dead," but because it was unaddressed the clerks in the dead letter office were all who ever knew about it. The mailing clerk must oftentimes anticipate the writer, and supply lacking portions of an address. Freak letters bearing no return card must always be sent to Washington, and the dead letter office has its quota of Grant county correspondence. People stand ready to charge all mistakes to the inefficiency of the department when they have made them themselves, and quick perception by the mailing clerk often saves the day for them. A delayed train carrying the United States mail disorganizes everything, and if

the city carrier or the rural mail fails to arrive the whole population served by him is filled with wonder and disappointment. If a bundle of Marion papers for Swayzee is carried by, the rural subscribers all wonder why their paper was not issued, and when it reaches them next day it is ancient history and they do not read it. Such is the up to the minute mail service of the twentieth century in Grant county.

While there is no penalty attached to a man failing to mail letters for his wife, when they are once dropped into the mail box dispatch is the system. There is no relation between the Marion postoffice and other offices in Grant county, each postmaster being responsible direct to the department, and there are rural routes leading out of all towns in the county except Sweetser. Postal savings and parcels post were installed in 1913, and they have been well patronized from the beginning. It required concerted action to establish parcels post on account of business competition with the express companies, but the people would not now be without it. Who would give up the rural free delivery of mail, although many were indifferent about it? It was in 1885 that the letter postage rate became two cents instead of three, and people still living remember other reductions. The stamp collectors have flourished in Grant county, and any fad is liable to find local devotees. With the foreign population in Grant county the stamps of many nations find their way into this territory.

There is but one federal building, the home of the Marion postoffice, and it would be an ornament in any city. It was first occupied November 22, 1909, and is one of the best constructed government buildings in Indiana. It has two full stories and a basement, and the foundation above the surface is of Vermont granite, while the front is of Bedford stone. The side and back walls are of light colored pressed brick trimmed with Bedford stone, and the roof is of tin over wooden framework for it. A skylight covers half the roof, furnishing excellent light in the mailing room. The first and second floors are of fireproof construction throughout, and every device known to modern architecture has been used in making the building substantial. The main entrance is by broad steps of Vermont granite from Third street while there is also an entrance from Boots street. A corridor twenty feet wide extends along the south side and halfway around at each end, allowing access to the money order and registry departments and to the stamp windows. There is a series of lock boxes with general delivery and carrier's windows near the entrance. The postmaster and his assistant each have private offices and the revenue collectors, civil service examiners, and the postoffice inspector are accommodated on the second floor.

The work room is well arranged and well lighted, and there are two immense vaults in connection with the money order department and the mailing room. There is a platform where mail is loaded and unloaded from the wagons, and an outside driveway extends along the north wall making the platform of easy access. There is an employe's rest room in the basement fitted with bath and toilet rooms, and here are the coal bins and heating plant with accommodations for the janitor. This government building was a long while coming, although now it is the pride of the community. The first appropriation connected with it was secured by Major G. W. Steele while he was still in congress in 1902, which was $20,000 for the purchase of a building site, and when the George Sweetser homestead was decided upon the appropriation was $5,000 short and public spirited citizens made up the deficit in order to locate the federal building where they wanted it. The Hon. Fred Landis was in congress two years later when an appro-

priation of $100,000 was asked for the building, and when the money was available bids were asked for and the contract was awarded a Chicago firm at less than $90,000. Ground was broken in April, 1908, and September 9 the Grand Lodge of Masons laid the corner-stone.

There were elegant shade trees on the Sweetser corner, and an effort was made to save them when the federal building was erected, but with Boots and Third streets paved and no space for rain water to reach the roots it has been a problem. While the tree tops had all the sun and rain, the root system was robbed of both, and artificial watering is not quite equal to nature's plan for replenishing the earth. As postmasters come and go they do not leave much record, and literally nothing is known by the present incumbent about his predecessors except that he is the twenty-fourth man thus honored in the community. A postmaster serves until his successor is qualified, unless removed for cause, and a list of all Grant county postmasters is an impossibility.

The names of all Marion postmasters with the dates of their appointments follow: Joseph Vermilyea, January 18, 1832; Dr. Joseph Cadwallader, August 31, 1832; Dr. Ezra S. Trask, June 9, 1834; Nathan Branson, July 8, 1834; Dr. John Foster, February 1, 1838; Benoni C. Hogin, October 22, 1838; Jeremiah B. Stebbins, May 23, 1845; Cimon Goldthait, March 22, 1849; Oliver Goldthait, June 25, 1852; David P. Cubberly, April 28, 1853; John W. Dodd, January 16, 1856; Daniel B. Barley, November 21, 1856; David P. Cubberly, October 11, 1860; John Hodge, March 16, 1861; James Noland, April 22, 1865; Jacob M. Wells, March 22, 1881; David Overman, April 7, 1885; Jasper A. Gaunt, June 7, 1889; Clarence Hawkins, April 8, 1893; Jesse M. Ballard, April 2, 1896; James L. Bradford, April 1, 1900; Evan H. Ferree, March 15, 1902; Marion F. Evans, May 18, 1906, and all cars are to the ground—Congressman G. W. Rauch has the prerogative, a Democratic postmaster is due—who?

When Joseph Vermilyea became postmaster the office was designated as Grant Court House—there is still a Washington Court House in Ohio and it was during the incumbency of Nathan Branson that the name was changed in 1836 to Marion in honor of the Revolutionary General, Francis Marion. The Jonesboro postoffice was called Center until 1841, and Fairmount was Grant until 1852—according to research in some old church records in the county. There have been postoffices in several places under the star route system that were abandoned when rural free delivery was established, and while the government operates the system at a profit, few citizens would care to return to former methods. The postman and the messages he brings is now part of family life in Marion and in the country, while in all other towns the citizens still make daily demands upon the delivery clerks or use lock boxes and thus help themselves—but those accommodated by carriers seldom know the arrival or departure of mail trains, all trains are alike to them.

Soon after rural free delivery of mail was established in Grant county, Frank C. Beaton, once a resident of Marion, had a poem in *The Indianapolis News* in which he characterized the postoffice as having been put on wheels, and he ends it all by saying the worst modern affliction—worse than the *tellyphone* or the *tellygraft*, was when they put the postoffice in a *waggin*. There was a letter in the candle and a letter that never came, and with all the letters most people are glad of Uncle Sam's mail service in Grant county.

XXV. POLITICAL REMINISCENCES AND PROSPECTS

"There is glory in political conquest. No other field of activities seems to give to a man so much prestige, and some of us do suffer from the pangs of publicomania. Politics, I say, gives one so much social prominence," and most people think of politics as well enough for moneyed men who seek honor, but how about the drift of things? Politicians meet and lay plans to save the country—yes, to redeem Grant county, and they have the way of shaking people both before and after the election. "All the people know the methods of politicians—such unselfish interest in their affairs until the morning after the ballots have been cast—The patriotism of the dollar seems to have supplanted the love of country, and the neighbor has been entirely lost in the shuffle. As conditions exist, the man always seeks the office. We hear him say, it is true that he is only in the hands of his friends, but nevertheless he is usually in more than receptive attitude. I think it is quite often the case that men misapprehend the demands that community life has made upon them, and it is about time that some of the prevailing customs be reversed. Patriotism is commendable, I believe, but the almighty dollar seems to be the all pervading influence. * * * I urged, however, that there is more or less of conspiracy in political wire pulling. Now it is all well enough to count noses and listen to the voice of the people, but a nose should certainly be well examined in every instance before we blow it with our suffrage. * * * Political wrangles oftener than otherwise result in the whitewinged dove of peace being sent out to find an olive branch. Partisianism is soon buried in patriotism, and every heart throb is to one common purpose —the defense of our country."

"Ainsley Queerton" on Politics

While the above nom de plume may be a mystery to some, a Grant county man of affairs and business has attracted considerable attention to himself through the "Ainsley Queerton" newspaper contributions, and his Centennial History contribution is:

"Pollyticks in Grant county camenced when the county wuz very young. Away back when the chug chug of the flax brake and the sound of the axe were heard in the land.

"Part of the people, as now, took great interest, while others stayed at home, working through the day and sitting by the fire of an evening, squirting long green juice over the back log. The Democrat party seems to always hav bin although some say it wuz invented by a man by the name of Tom Jefferson. Grant county had quite a number of them in an early day. But they were not destined tu go it alone, fur along came the Whig party, declaring there should be no nigger slavery in the nothern states. And would be much pleased if there wuz none south of Mason & Dixons plow line.

"Grant county had sum of the best of each. They went to the polls together with only an occasionly fight. Swap yarns, beg chaws of one another, drink cider out of the same mug, until they were ready tu lie down together, az did the lion & the lamb. After a few years came the Republican party, a party that wuz destined tu play a great part in the history of the nation & Grant county. A party that haz been victorious in most of the national campaighns. Although it wuz gored in the side pretty severely by the Bull Moose in the late contest. And haz ben compelled tu limp a little. A great many believe it will recover its health and soon be in fighting trim and run with patience the race that is set before it. The good old rally iz a thing of the past.

When the people use to gather in from all over the county, some on horse back, some on foot, a great many in wagons—wagons drawn with from 4 to 10 horses loaded with beautiful girls waving flags, & the goddis of liberty sitting on high. The speekers stand waz the center ov attraction. It consisted of some boards laid on sum logs with a seat across the back fur the wheel horses of the party & the offis seekers tu sit on. There waz a stand in front on which was a pitcher with blue bells painted on the sides, containing water fur the orator. The candidate would step tu the front and az soon as the cheering would stop he would take a big drink of water & commence hiz oration, which went something like the following: Feller citizens. It iz with great pleasure I stand before you tuday. It never haz been my good fortune tu appear before such an intelegent looking audience as this during my past politick career. (Great applause the base drummer pounds the head ov his drum for 5 minutes.) We are now approaching a great crisis. The country iz on the verge of ruin. The opposing party which iz now in power iz bringing devastation & ruin. (More applause & sum tears.) Taxes are so high you can't reach them with a 10 ft. pole. (More tears & sumwhat larger.) (Here the speaker while waiting fur the dear people to calm down takes another drink of water.) The dinner pail is empty. The working man iz sitting on the wood pile waiting fur something tu turn up. And it must turn up quick or he is a gonner. If things are not changed at this election all stores & public buildings will have tu be turned intu free soup houses. And, feller citizens, where are you going tu get the soup? The young men of this audience will not be wearing those shining celluloid collars that I see encircleing your necks. That dazzle as the midday sun. Big hand clapping. Here the speaker takes drink number 3.) No, gentlemen, if the tarriff iz not changed soon you cannot sell a 2 galon milk cow fur 8 dollars. All business will stop. The smoke stacks will all stop belching forth sulphurious smoke, as many are thretning.

"Alas, my pretty lasses who stand before me dressed in your beautiful attire, if there iz not a change soon you will be wearing breakfast shawls on your heads in place of those beautiful hats with their flowers & ribbons. Instead of silk shoe laces you will be tieing your shoes with linn bark. (Loud sobs & a rain of tears by the sisters.)

"Elect me to congress and all others that are runing on our ticket & our country iz saved. He wound up in a blaze of glory. Everyone cheered & the big base drum waz beaten on both ends."

While a group of men were "saving the country" in a private circle, Captain W. S. Marshall recalled that one time when Indiana's great "war governor," Oliver P. Morton, was a speaker at a Marion rally soon after the war he said that whenever he wanted anything accomplished he sent out to the Republicans of Indiana, but if he wanted it well done he always sent to Grant county Republicans—a marked tribute to Judge Robert T. St. John, Colonel Asbury Steele and others who were at the helm in Republican party politics that long ago. While Mr. Marshall himself comes of political fighting stock, his ancestry was "the enemy." It was "His Maiden Effort."

Hiram Brownlee who still "lives on the town lot where he was born," relates that when he first "shied his castor into the ring," (Roosevelt put his hat in the ring) as a political speaker, he went out into Monroe to fill an appointment for Colonel Steele, who had been detained at the last minute—went as an emergency speaker. He was a young man then, and L. M. Overman, candidate for county surveyor, went along. They went on horseback to the schoolhouse, where

a large crowd gathered—the bushes were full of horses. David Wall, who was king bee in Monroe Republican politics, inquired: "Where's Steele?" Mr. Overman, who was white in the face, suggested that they return to town. He recognized the disappointment in Mr. Wall's manner, but Mr. Brownlee says: "We were there," and Mr. Wall was forced to make the best of it. His speech was written, but the window was open and the paper fluttered away on the wind, and his maiden effort was finally extempore, and from that date his services were in demand as long as "schoolhouse spellbinders" were the campaign policy. He relied on himself and came through with his colors flying, and from that time on he never wrote out what he wanted to say before an audience—said it off hand.

Have political methods changed? In that day all the politics the people knew were what they heard at the rallies when "Spellbinders" were there and township delegations were the order of the day. The newspapers have long since supplanted the spellbinder, and as a rule the people are better posted on the issues of the day. The day of schoolhouse campaigns is in the past, and nowadays the people read and know all about the issues before the speaker arrives—consequently he no longer comes. But while some of the "old campaigners" live those stories will be told in Grant county. Some of the stump speakers understood the issues and could hold the attention of an audience, while others caused "cold chills to run down everybody's back," and they would go away in disgust. Some of the "old campaigners" would sweat—would work themselves into a perfect furore in delivering their message—convincing argument, while others were a "frost," a blight, a disappointment. Among the best speakers ever heard in Grant county were: Ben Harrison, Ben Butterworth, C. W. Fairbanks, Albert J. Beveridge, J. Frank Hanley—but there is difference of opinion, W. J. Bryan, W. H. Taft—and the reader will be able to supply the names of additional orators who have been heard in Grant county. The hyppodrome campaign was in vogue several years, and it was in 1896 that the "six great generals" were heard from a rear end of a passenger car, mounting a platform in Marion—the exception to their rule, usually speaking from the coach.

I. M. Miller, of Millerton Farm, remembers well that as a young boy he came with his father to Marion September 5, 1863, to an immense political gathering—Vallandingham day. Thomas A. Hendricks of Indianapolis was the speaker, and the rally was in a sugar and beech grove—one of the prettiest spots about the country, afterward one of the early fair grounds. "There was more yelling when the Green township delegation came along," and the thing that incited the demonstration was the shell bark hickory pole for a flag staff, held in position by guy ropes and it was raised or lowered at will, and surpassed any other decorations in the parade that day. While the war Democrats were standing by Lincoln, there was a strong sentiment in Grant county opposing the war, and although an Ohio character, Vallandingham then had a great following in Grant county. The Emancipation Proclamation had stirred things that year, and Mr. Miller says he never again wants to see a community so divided—neighbors against neighbors, and friendships broken never to be restored. He accepts Gen. W. T. Sherman's definition of war.

J. Frank Charles relates that his first political "barn storming" was at Herbst, where an unoffending populace gave him respectful attention, but his first "empty benches" experience came to him in Washington township, where the schoolhouse door was not even unlocked, saying nothing about the present day "social center" agita

tion. He was the would be speaker and the entire audience, and in the same campaign George M. Coon was billed for similar effort in a Van Buren schoolhouse. Knowing what had happened to Mr. Charles, Mr. Coon resolved not to attempt to save the country with nobody there to witness his bravery, and he made an invitation affair out of it—did not wish to speak to empty benches, and knew in advance just how many were coming to hear him. While there is inspiration in numbers, it is not empty benches.

The Socialist and Prohibition parties are different. "Neither of them is like anything else under the sun," and yet they are part of the religion of their adherents. Socialists and Prohibitionists utilize the Sabbath day in advancing their interests, and J. W. Kelley remembers that he was the first man to publicly present the claims of socialism in Marion on a Sunday afternoon, in the back end of a grocery store at Washington and Thirtieth streets. Mr. Kelley thinks it was in 1894—a Sunday afternoon in the summer time, but like other beginnings of definite movements, none remember the exact date. Mr. Kelley did not preserve his paper, although now he wishes he had a copy of it. He had just read the book: "Capitalistic Productions," and his mind was full of it, and he thinks he has not since changed his viewpoint on the subject. There were but few socialists in Grant county then, and he presented this paper at the urgent invitation of Christopher Kohllenburg, who had just located in that neighborhood. While Mr. Kohllenburg advocated the principles of socialism, he spoke broken English and was unable to convince others, and from that day Mr. Kelley has been a moving spirit in the socialist party. He says: "If a man ever gets a glimpse of the cooperative commonwealth as contemplated by socialism in his mind, he no longer has any patience with the existing order of things. When a socialist once has the vision he never turns back to the beggarly elements of the old parties. They lay the ax at the root of the tree—" and what seems strange, Mr. Kelley asserts that he stands ready to make his business a profit sharing institution—that it is built up on monopoly, but his conception is a different order of things.

In a newspaper column: "Editorials by the Laity," the Rev. T. C. Neal writes:

"The poet has said coming events cast their shadows before. This seems to be especially true in these days when momentous changes in our affairs loom up in almost every direction. A list of great questions that now confront us for settlement would be a long one. The liquor problem, the cigarette curse, the white slave horror, the Mormon and Mexican question, and last but not least the 'votes for women question,' which is approaching a decision all over our land. He is indeed short-sighted who does not see that in no distant future the women of Indiana will be given the privilege of voting in all our elections. While there are many objections offered, the sentiment of most thinking people is favorable to this advance movement. As an evidence of this we may well consider the results of five days' voting on this question at the W. C. T. U. booth in the industrial exposition. Two thousand three hundred and ten votes were cast by men and women. Of this number 2,142 were in favor of women voting; 913 men voted on the proposition, 820 of these being favorable. This overwhelming majority certainly means something. If "straws show which way the wind blows," certainly this shows that a mighty breeze is blowing toward equal suffrage in these parts. The right of the matter appeals to many. As a prominent lawyer recently said to me, "The women

have an inherent right to the ballot," though he thought it would not be a wise thing to give them the privilege.

"But now the question is, will the women, by following the fool doings of our English cousins, ruin the cause that bids fair to win? Nothing but disaster can come from violence in this land of ours in the effort to gain what is truly a right. Let the friends of equal suffrage frown down all talk of the gaining the ballot by militant methods. It can not be so accomplished."

The following quotation relative to "Cleaning up Marion" is from *The Kokomo Tribune*—a 1913 issue—and adds emphasis to statements made in the chapter: "Temperance Movements." Lord Byron says that "seeing ourselves as others see us would from many a blunder free us, and foolish notion," and with that view of the matter the reference is quoted:

"The splendid victory won in our neighboring city of Marion, excluding saloons by a very decisive majority, is being followed up by a very sweeping and radical cleaning up of the city.

"The first step taken after the people had spoken was the announcement of the mayor that he accepted the result as a command of the people to enforce the laws, and he gave notice and pledges that he would do that very thing. He ordered the police to go after the blind tigers and exterminate them, and he has begun to do his duty by fining and jailing the blind tiger keepers as fast as they are brought before him.

"The latest development in this most righteous crusade for the proper enforcement of the laws is the retirement of the old board of metropolitan police commissioners and the appointment of an entirely new board, whose members were pronounced aggressive workers in the recent fight against the return of saloons. This board is as strong and as dry as could be picked from the citizenship of Marion.

"Nor is this all. The mayor has chosen and appointed an advisory board of seven of the most prominent representative workers in the dry cause who are to co-operate with the police board and assist in the aggressive enforcement of the laws. *The Marion Chronicle* thus characterizes the men who now constitute the police board and the advisory board:

"'The men who have been appointed are all pronouncedly dry, and are among the most substantial and worthy citizens of Marion. There is not one of them in whom the whole community has not the utmost confidence. They are men with strength of character, sincerity of purpose and directness and force of action. With men of this type co-operating with the mayor in the enforcement of law, it seems certain that the law will be enforced in so far as it is possible for law to be enforced. As these men are not of the type that can be trifled with, the people of Marion can rest assured that a very different condition of things will prevail in Marion in the future than has been the case in the past. It is hardly believed that any man or any set of men will care to take any chances in violating the law when the execution of the law is in the hands of the men who have been put on the police board and selected for this advisory committee.'

"The people of Kokomo are just now entering upon the same fight which was so splendidly victorious in Marion. The magnificent triumph in Marion can not fail to inspire and encourage the people here. What Marion has done Kokomo can do. Indeed the battle was a little harder in Marion than it can be here, because of the presence of the big brewery there, with its strong financial connection and inter-

ests. The fight was won in Marion by organization. Patiently and zealously and wisely, the people went about detecting and defeating contemplated frauds of all kinds and inspiring their own forces to eternal vigilance for a clean, fair fight and an honest vote. The Marion drys won because they beat down fraud at every turn and succeeded in getting an honest expression of the sentiment of the legally qualified voters. They won by getting out their own vote and keeping out all fraud. That was what won in Marion."

There are Grant county citizens, A. D. 1913, who wish everything were as roseate as it appears to Howard county neighbors.

"We have no contention with the mayor and none with the police board," said members of the city advisory board when tendering their resignations, July 21, 1913, but later followed the statement: "We were being criticised because law was not being enforced, and at the same time we had no power to enforce it. Our body existed in merely an advisory capacity, and we had no authority. We were tired of sacrificing our reputation." And the fact that one member had previously resigned and one was absent from the city explains why only five names—Andrew Jackson, C. H. Wardwell, G. A. Southall, Henry L. Erlewine and G. A. Morris—were attached to the resignation. The other advisory board members were: G. A. Osborn and G. P. Butterworth. J. B. McGuffin had already resigned from the police board, leaving only Dr. M. M. Wall and J. C. Haswell in that capacity—the history of law and order in local city government. Mayor J. O. Willson stated through the public press that in appointing the above administrative board he thought he had selected the "driest" men in town. Empty honor is not sufficient when criticism is part of it.

In discussing the political outlook, Dr. F. A. Priest declared he liked the game, but did not always appreciate the way it is played, and he objects to a campaign made on promises when a man's life has been spent in a community. When a man "slips his castor" into the political ring, all kinds of opportunities confront him. A man who has been mayor of Marion said to his friends that he did not enjoy having bribes offered to him, and retired to private life—choice, politicians given too much to intrigue. It is urged that the foundation principles of political organization demand the honest performance and the unrestricted fulfillment of party agreement, and that rather emphasizes the thought: "The purification of politics is an iridescent dream." The winner is not always an example of "The survival of the fittest," and the "battle of the ballots" is usually a war waged for supremacy. There is nothing in politics that does not already exist in the human heart, and the corrupt politician is corrupt wherever one finds him. It has been said: "The flowers that bloom over the garden walls of party politics are the sweetest and most fragrant that bloom in the gardens of this world, and where we can fairly pluck them and enjoy their fragrance, it is many and delightful to do so," although there is a great deal of political skullduggery, dishonesty and intrigue unearthed in high places, and without particular geographical boundaries—Grant county like the rest of the world. "We should vote for measures and not for men. No stream can rise higher than its fountain source, and the man should stand for principles who would enlist our suffrage. It is better to displease than to deceive one's constituency. People like to count a man honest even though he may be guided by mistaken judgment. . . . If you would know men and their weaknesses, it has been urged, go into politics."

Is the lawyer any more likely to legislate in the interests of the people than are men who are taken from the counting room, the

workshop or the plow, is the question that has stirred Grant county of late, and there has been a change of sentiment—political favors distributed to all classes—the plums and pies not given out without due investigation as to merit. There is a growing sentiment in favor of universal suffrage, based on intelligence and character. Wise men and women are addressing themselves to the problem of securing the ascendency in public affairs, and the conflict is on between right and wrong—between those who would make of the government an agency for good on the one hand, and the individuals on the other hand who would make of it a machine to work alone in their own interests. An ignorant suffrage is the bulwark of the boodler, and the watchword of those seeking to bring about reform in the administration of governmental affairs is education. The time to inculcate citizenship is youth, while the mind is susceptible, and the character of life yet to be determined. Tax-payers have a right to make certain demands on politicians—capability, and a faithful discharge of duty. When the political standard is raised and the office seeks the man, good government will be assured. There is always talk about rings and combinations, and the community is awaiting the citizen willing to sacrifice his own personal interests by breaking them, and rendering honest service. Sometimes it seems that he has already arrived, and there are good men in local politics.

When William Jennings Bryan visited Marion in the 1908 presidential campaign, one feature of the street parade was a father and ten sons, all Democratic voters, riding on a tallyho and carrying flags. The "Renbarger wing of the Democratic party" was not limited to eleven voters, but eleven voters in one household was an unusual campaign incident, and while having dinner at the home of H. C. Renbarger a few days earlier, the "plow editor" of *The Leader* suggested to Mr. Renbarger that he and his sons do it. The idea pleased him, and the most noticeable feature of the parade was eleven voters in one family—father and ten sons, and their acquaintance reached many households. Mr. Renbarger—they call him "Clint"—looked like a king surrounded by his court, and it seemed that he might hold the balance of power. The Renbarger sons are: L. E., L. F., I. E., D. E., G. M., A. O., O. C., B. O., F. S. and W. E. Renbarger, and their one sister, Mrs. Martha Ann Elizabeth Albright, who lives in Ohio, is the wife of a Democratic voter—a great showing for the Renbarger family. When Mr. Bryan arrived at the speaker's stand, the father and sons were introduced and Mrs. Bryan, who accompanied her husband, gave the senior Mr. Renbarger the stick pin she was wearing, a Bryan monogram as a souvenir of the occasion, saying she had never witnessed such a spectacle—so many Bryan voters in one family. "Bert" Renbarger is the only member of the family who has ever sought political preferment, and he is connected with the sheriff's office, but the Renbarger vote is always undivided—eleven votes always, and all cast for the same candidates.

"To the victor belongs the spoils," is a saying as old as politics itself. When the name of J. W. Anthony of Mount Olive Place was announced as successor to the late James Dicken, who died in June, 1913, as a member of the county council, Judge Hiram Brownlee forthwith declared his intention of going before that august body at its first session with Mr. Anthony as a member, and with all due solemnity demanding an appropriation of $500 because a long time ago he had saved Mr. Anthony's life when he was a young man and wore low shoes—that he was once waterbound and Mr. Brownlee carried him to safety. Now that Mr. Anthony is in politics, Mr. Brownlee would

claim remuneration, and then he said he favored clean politics and regarded Mr. Anthony in that class, and yet there was one serious objection—he is a Democrat.

Since straws indicate the way the wind is blowing, the following is quoted from Mrs. Helen Travis Loop on the suffrage question: "The whole question of woman's suffrage has undergone a change in the last few years in the minds of both those who favor it as a national measure and of those opposed to it. Those who have hitherto favored it merely as a right are now becoming aroused to its dire necessity as a remedy for the many evils now existent, which present man-made laws seem to foster and encourage. Everywhere we look, in the papers, magazines, etc., we find articles about suffrage. A year or two ago, when I had occasion to write an article on the subject of suffrage, I could find but little material except what was in *The Union Signal*, *The Message* and what came out of my own head, but now there is a wealth of material to draw from, for if the papers are not chronicling a demonstration of the suffragettes in England, they are foretelling a victory for equal suffrage in one of the United States of America, or illustrating some other phase of the suffrage question. There is a vast amount of material to draw from, and one scarcely knows what is best to select. This is in itself one of the victories for suffrage, showing the minds of the people all over the world." And after reviewing general conditions, the writer says: "And poor old Indiana. There seems to be less hope for her doing her duty toward her women than almost any other state. But those in opposition are beginning to realize that the women mean business, and that they are organizing themselves and a new constitution for Indiana should be the battle cry—the slogan of Indiana women until the legislature convenes again."

Some scattered sentiments from *The Economic Intelligencer* are: "Curbstone politics is running high. All sorts of subterfuge are resorted to in order to perpetuate the machine rule for four years more," and then it speaks of other Marion newspapers with "political standing unknown or questionable," and then methods are discussed from the Socialist viewpoint: "There's a nigger in the woodpile," and the line: "Maybe the powers that be are afraid a municipal coal yard will be established where the entire population can buy its winter supply at cost." In the same issue the candidate is discussed as follows: "In case he should be elected and fail to do his duty, his resignation will be acted upon, and while we do not have the recall in the state of Indiana, that official will be thrown out of the party," every candidate on the ticket having signed a resignation blank in advance of his election in order to protect the community. Miss Florence Wattles, who was a student in the Marion high school, was one of the speakers at the 1913 Socialist picnic, and "it was the universal expression that Miss Wattles's effort was a masterly handling of a subject dealing with the problems of today, as well as those looking to the future."

Perhaps after all politics isn't much changed at the end of the first century in local history. When the Whigs used to be the dominant party in Grant county they would throw their ballots into a hat and there was no secrecy about the voting. In 1852 Daniel Malott, whose blacksmith shop stood at the side of the Coliseum, later a garage, on Adams street, was a candidate for Grant county recorder, and he thought to employ a little strategy—would influence the delegates through their stomachs, and invited them to enjoy a turkey dinner at his home. While eighteen men accepted his invitation only ten of them voted for him, and he always wondered why certain delegates should enjoy his hospitality with malice in their hearts. While it may have

been a politic movement—some men do things when feeling no gastronomic pangs, yet pottage was not sufficient inducement for all of them to sell their birthrights. Mr. Mabott was disturbed over results, and there have been monetary inducements since that time that resulted just as disastrously. Again there are politicians who have "stumped" in the interests of certain candidates, and have met their own campaign expenses cheerfully because they believed in the cause and had confidence in the candidate. Sometimes politicians have the wrong political henchmen about them, and the wise voter always looks through any effort at strategy. The old saying about politics making strange bed fellows has been exemplified a good many times in Grant county.

It is undoubtedly true that the 1913 mayoralty election in Marion, and the general elections throughout Grant county, was one time when people cut loose from their political moorings of the past, and when the pulpit had more to do with shaping public sentiment in the community than the press—a condition that seldom prevails, and people were inclined to rebuke some of the methods in force. In what proved to be a four-cornered contest with the fifth ticket in the ring, James O. Batchelor, Bull Moose candidate, was elected by a plurality of 466 votes, 1,722 votes being his showing, with W. A. McKown, Socialist, coming second, with 1,256 votes; A. E. Gibson, Democrat, third, with 1,202 votes; John O. Wilson, Republican, fourth with 1,032 votes; James Rowan, on the one-man independent ticket, carrying 162 votes, and those who had dared a forecast had not correctly predicted results. The rapid gain of the Socialists and the relative position of the third and fourth men surprised the oldest inhabitants. While all interest centered on the head of the ticket, the rest of the patronage was well distributed and a precedent was established that shows the people to be inclined to independent thought and action—to be actuated from principle. The *Leader-Tribune* said: "Marion voters have just completed one of the most bitterly contested municipal elections ever known in the history of the city. With five candidates in the field, and the issue reaching in a hundred directions, with the law and order people demanding reforms that every human being in the city needed, with the liberal and law-abiding element faithful by its colors, with the evil and vicious waging a bold and brazen, illegal and disgusting contest to keep the foothold it has so freely secured in our city, an enormous vote was cast, and the warmest local campaign ever known is brought to a close. . . . The election of yesterday (November 4, 1913) will go down in the history of Marion as the most uncertain political contest ever waged in the city. At no time were the politicians able to forecast a result, and the results have furnished many surprises."

There is party distinction, and there are partisans who do not understand their own political platforms. There are plenty of women who would bring more intelligence to bear in politics than many men, and some joker defined a Democrat as a man who would lick Republicans oftener if he were not too busy lining up other Democrats, and a Republican as a man who worries a great deal more about what is going to happen to the country when he is out of office than while he is filling it. This same joker likens a Democratic president to a century plant—blooms once in a hundred years. He says the Progressive is a man who thinks public office a great temptation to the weak, and that he is the only man who is strong, and that Socialists and Prohibitionists are different from "anything under the sun." Some one advocating the higher age limit of voters, says: "Young men are absolutely inca-

pable of political wisdom," although the young man has sometimes made himself felt in local politics. It is urged that graft has made honest men fear to tread where rascals rush in and despoil, and that people often meet in politics and work hand and glove with each other —political tricksters and well meaning citizens, and that it is the common ground where morality and scullduggery play together. While some political leaders would not soil their hands—pollute their garments in politics at all, they are unprincipled vultures and wirepullers, and the honest voter should beware of them.

While national political issues used to be all consuming, the twentieth century idea is more attention to local affairs—vote for the man who stands for the community's best interest regardless of party affiliations. It is a significant fact in local as well as general American politics that random and slipshod methods are being investigated, and the common people are becoming a voice in community affairs. The recent result in Marion is in harmony with the growing demand that the government of American cities be taken out of national politics, and that voters control the situation. The system of spoils—to the victor belongs the spoils, has prevailed too long in the community. A broken-down politician is a sad spectacle, although a familiar sight in every community, and municipal government should be from the business rather than political standpoint. It is said that political resolutions so often resolve themselves into further resolutions that reformation is a long time coming, and business acumen is necessary in governing cities. Fly-bob politics is a recent brand—came in locally with the wet and dry issues, and the fly-bob, here, there and everywhere, is too often in league with dives, blind tigers and graft, and the sacred name of Lincoln is dragged down—think of Lincoln and fly-bobs. Quick change artists is a new political expression and gumshoe or still-hunt methods prevail when men love darkness rather than light. The old saying about politics making strange bedfellows is too often exemplified when the lion and the lamb having common interests peacefully lie down together.

Cartoons have always been effective agencies in Grant county politics, a sweeping glance at a caricature telling all in an instant that is carried in a whole column of carefully written editorial matter, and Willis G. Borne and Andrew E. Bodine have both injected virus into the local situation by their clever chalk plate efforts. Music, too, no difference how young the "heavenly maid," has always had a potent influence in local campaigns, and who does not remember Dudley's band, and how when the music died away it went back to Johnstown to hibernate until another campaign, and Andrew Jackson with his drum corps and a long time ago the Indian band, and all the bands ever organized in Grant county—all of them stood ready to fill political engagements. "Marching Through Georgia," and "John Brown's Body" will always quicken the pace of the slow-going populace in campaign years. People used to carry torches and march to the rhythm of "Steele, Steele, George W. Steele," and Andrew Jackson with his fife and drum corps was part of every parade for many years—if it happened to be a Republican occasion, but one day Andrew Jackson died and no one has as yet taken his place in the political campaign procession. He always came in front the "settlement," and his drum corps was part of every campaign.

Always back in the days of the Back Creek Quaker meeting house it is said that when John Flinn, who laid the brick in that old structure for $50, had finished the job he danced a jig on the wall [illegible] the presence of some of the sedate old Quakers. Years afterward, when

he was asking their suffrage patronage, they remembered the incident against him, and he did not secure a coveted county office from their opposition, superinduced by that fact, and thus discretion is always the better part of political valor in Grant county. While many of the Quakers, who were nearly all Republicans, later affiliated with the Prohibition party, others also belong to it, and they still stand on decorum in high places. While it used to be designated as the "Democratic Aid Society," because it weakened the Republican vote, it has drawn conscientious voters—men who vote as they pray, from all sources, and the Prohibition party expresses the political sentiment of many persons. Just as different churches represent different religious convictions, different political parties are adapted to different natures.

While the Prohibition party as a national issue was organized in 1882, it was first recognized in Grant county in 1884, when Nathan Coggeshall, Eli Coggeshall, Bennett L. Shugart, Denny Jay, A. W. Jay, John Ratliff, John Q. Thomas and others began voting the ticket, and in the 1912 election there were about 900 in the "water wagon" in Grant county. The Grant county Prohibitionists and the W. C. T. U. have always worked hand in glove, and the women have dictated its policy—morality the issue at stake. Eli Coggeshall asserts that it costs him $100 a year to have a conscience in politics, and the Nathan Coggeshall descent has controlled the situation in both the Prohibition party and the women's political wing of it ever since its organization. Grant is the banner Indiana county from both the Prohibition and W. C. T. U. standpoint, the strong Quaker population having much to do with it, and Quakers lead all other denominations in both organizations. *The Phalanx* and *Patriot* along with the *Union Signal* and *Message* have excellent patronage in Grant county.

While the Democrats, like the poor, are always with you, they antedate the county, going back to Thomas Jefferson. When the pioneers came along they brought their politics with them, saying nothing about their religion, and there were some early day Democrats among them. James Sweetser, Dr. James Shively, James F. McDowell, Andrew J. Harlan, Colonel Asbury Steele, Wiley Wood, George Strange, Samuel R. Thompson, Frank and James Thompson, Henley James, and there were others who were early day Democrats, but when the war cloud overhung the country they came over to the Lincoln point of view and changed their political relation. The local Democratic organization centers about the Jefferson Club, and from that center goes out most of the political significance and influence to the entire county. The Jefferson Club had its inception with Guy Hanna, at the time a teacher in the Marion Normal College, but later president of the Indiana Boys' Reformatory at Plainfield. After its organization Grant County Democrats were united in a way never known before in the history of the county, and what has been accomplished as a party has been through the agency of the Jefferson Club, which affords a social as well as political meeting place, and where the "political pot is always boiling." M. M. Kilgore was first president, but official honors are distributed and no one holds continuous office—the Jefferson Club in the interest of Grant county Democrats. When T. H. Banks was a Republican political speaker in Grant county, he used to amuse his audiences by saying that a wrangle never meant the disruption of the Democratic party, but always evolved more Democrats. The love of peace and harmony was not in the best interests of the Democratic party—that it flourished best under adversity.

When the Centennial History copy is ready for publication there are still a few John C. Fremont Republicans in Grant county, men who

cast their first Republican ballot in 1856, and who were already lined up when the opportunity offered in 1860 to vote for the "Great Emancipator." The name of Lincoln has ever since been a watchword in the Republican party in Grant county, although other political parties have filched some of the reflected honors. While the Republicans have long wielded the balance of power, the "big stick" is not exclusive property and party leaders have sometimes lined up elsewhere when they could not control the situation. "The Knights of the Golden Circle" seemed to be a special concern with Republicans, and they have always controlled the negro vote in Grant county. "Turn the rascals out," has always been the cry of the party asking favors, and since the Republican party has had the balance of power in Grant county that war cry has usually been directed at it. There are people who claim that whatever of reform and progress has come to the community has come through the Republican party, but people no longer follow blindly in the wake of any leader, and the divided municipal vote in Marion, November 4, 1913, may be considered as the straw which indicates the way the political wind is blowing in Grant county. When unrest possesses a people the political strongholds are sometimes overthrown, and the G. O. P. is looking well to its moorings. The elephant and the rooster have had many political contests, but not much is said about tariff any more, and the bull moose and clasped hand, the workers of the world united, and the old-time third party rising sun emblem are dividing the honors and enlisting the sympathies of the people until the past is no longer any forecast of the future in Grant county. You work for me and I will work for you may not always hold good, but "damned if you do and damned if you don't" is likely to remain the political reward for unselfish effort.

While the Grant County W. C. T. U. has long been considered as a political machine in conjunction with the Prohibition party, the Woman's Franchise League, which came into existence locally only a few months ago, has as its avowed purpose the ballot in the hands of women. Mrs. Marion M. Keller is its first president—an honor thrust upon her, and yet she admits that the ballot is the objective purpose, and the constitution needs attention at the hands of the women. Leaders among men admit the need of organized effort, and the women have entered the ring with a determination. While men sometimes wander after strange gods, the women, are apt to have a singleness of purpose—a definite end in view; and while organization is essential, there is a prerequisite—there must be something to organize, and women are at home when it comes to creating sentiment. There is no question about sentiment being the motive power in the political machinery, and education at the helm is the best sentiment—and women do stand for the educated ballot. That a policy is right is not enough—the people must be shown that it is right, and positive, active sentiment in behalf of the principle involved must be created, and that is certainly the field for the women. Figures show that the voters change that a score of years ago there were many active politicians who have ended their careers, and two decades hence the seed sown by the Woman's Franchise League may be bearing fruit and women may be shaping the destiny of the Nation—the hand that rocks the cradle may be moving the world.

XXVI. REMINISCENCES OF PIONEER SCHOOLS

By Thomas D. Tharp.

Within the life of one now living, the strides of the work in education have been marvelous, but not more so than modes of travel.

Darius Greene was a pioneer in the "flying machine" business. And there has been many a hearty laugh over the observations of his brother as he looked in through a crack in the barn where Darius was working out the great invention and testing it. A man said to me: "My father never saw an electric light or an electric car." And some now living may say—I have no picture of my father or mother. They died before pictures were taken. And what a wonder of the world the phonograph and the new ship Imperator! They may well be named the eighth and ninth wonders of the world, and we might add scores to the old "Seven Wonders of the World." Compare Franklin to Edison and it is a spark as the coal oil lamp to the burning of Chicago, as a point to an infinite line. In this brief writing for the new history of Grant county, I can institute a limited number of comparisons, only, of the knowledge either from observation or gathered from elders, of the status of the school work in our country. My father, Alfred Tharp, came to the county before I was born. He had ten children. I was next to the youngest. Hence I learned much from my sisters' and older brothers' experience. My chance was better. To our advantage our father had somewhat of an education and gave his children a start. The first school my youngest sister and I attended was taught in a cabin on our farm by Milley Willeutts, our cousin, a half sister of the late Clark Willeutts, a son of Clark Willeutts, senior, who owned at one time a large part of the land our county seat city is built on—a real pioneer and benefactor of our county. As our neighbors I may name: Ziba Marine, William Jones, Caleb Morris, Thomas Pyatte, Francis Jones, Richard Jones, William Webb, William J. Smith, Jonathan Willeutts, Jesse Bogue, Barney Bogue, David Hill, Sampson Reeves; a little later, Daniel Dwiggins, Feltey Hann and Spencer Brinkley. All of these Roosevelt kind of families attended our school, the Fairfield by name. Ours and the Quaker school (Mississinewa) were the best in the county, not excepting the town school. Willis Davis was one of the first teachers in the Friends school and most of my sisters went to him till ours was started. They walked two miles and back. A son of Willis Davis (Clarkson) became principal of Spiceland Academy, and a noted educator of the state. Another one of our boys, Louis Jones, become even more noted, for he had charge of Indianapolis schools, then of the Cleveland (Ohio) schools at the highest salary paid at that time—$10,000. Later Joseph Jay taught the Mississinewa school a number of years, drawing to him a large attendance, and built up many noble characters in his work and by his example. He had a fine personality. I seem to hear his well modulated voice and see his kind look and natural easy manner in his work. Personality in a teacher or in a preacher is a basic factor in success. Having returned home one vacation, I attended a grove meeting in Washington township held by the Wesleyans, and at eleven on Sunday, Leah Moore preached from the text "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord." *Freedom,* treated personally and nationally, was the line of thought. It was in the days of our slavery agitation. I have never forgotten the text, or manner and power of the speaker, so adapted in her personality. She was the mother of our Debbie Moore, a teacher well remembered by many in our county, and of such fine personality. She became the wife of our Doctor Wall. "Though dead she speaks." About this time Robert Morgan became teacher of our school and gave it a great uplift. He was a scholarly Christian man. He planted good seed that yielded an abundant crop. Mr. Morgan became a physician and served his country in the Civil war. A coincidence—his company "F" was next to mine—"D." Our next teacher was Daniel

Hockett, who had been under Horace Mann's instructions. Daniel came to us with all the fundamentals of teaching, and warmed up the enthusiasm of this great man that aroused the thought and energy of students. He was a born and finished teacher. He was a teacher far in advance of what we had known, and would stand in the front line to-day. He would go to the board and introduce new subjects and show us how to proceed, and then send us to the board. He would draw maps. Under this Daniel the dawn of a new, bright horizon began to appear. The teacher usually boarded at our house. This was good for us. I must not forget to refer to the ball games at our school in our woods across the road from the schoolhouse, and how the bell in the hand of the teacher would call us from play to work. And then the spelling matches—choose up and give an afternoon once a week to spelling and see who could stand at the head of the column. Both of the schools named often met and spent an evening in spelling. Our late Dr. Milton Jay was among our best spellers, and Mrs. Samuel Burrier was often seen at the head of the column. And then the debates and exhibitions. Once the writer essayed to declaim a comic piece, and someone called out at close—"small potatoes." I never entertained the thought subsequently of becoming a clown, but let "Little Ben" Wallace have that part of the exhibition. In my next time I tried a turn on an extract from Daniel Webster and the audience cheered me. Well, back of this period of reform and progress was the "Loud School" where you could hear the uproarious noise on your approach a good fraction of a mile away. Our late Nelson Turner taught our school one term in the days of "Loud Study," and often heads would be stuck out at windows but the chimes kept agoing, and the teacher heard to cry out, "Take in your heads." This custom was eliminated in time and the schools became quiet. There was a spiritual power and eloquence in the silence of Friends' meetings in earlier days, but subsequently these meetings became loud in their worship. Under "Loud schools" many corollaries may be reckoned with as "unnecessary noises," as treated in an open letter by President Grover Cleveland, in which he names some "unnecessary noises" of engines, fireworks and others. In the old country across the ocean the railroads do their business without much noise. No whistle for a start or a stop. So one must be alert, or he may be left off, or left on when he wants off. There may be extremes reached in the quiet, as I never heard a boy whistle or anyone start up a spontaneous song in the old country. We do not object to harmony of sounds—"the music of the spheres," whatever that may be—but we do object to "unnecessary noises," as Mr. Cleveland suggests. Deleterious results often come to weak, nervous persons along railroad tracks and near machinery in their localities. Thunder comes in the slapping together of the air split by electricity, and we are often startled, but purification of air results and the beautiful flash of light. Thunder never kills; electricity may and often does kill and destroy by fire. There was a kind of varied or multiplied intonation in this "Loud School" as well as in the out burst of silence into utterance with the Friends. Most of my relatives were of the Friends church and I used to drop into their sittings and later into their worship. The clatter of the "Loud School" may be compared to the concert ringing of many bells where some are cracked or imperfect in make. As my wife and I went from Mt. Blanc and descended from the mountains into Switzerland, at the base we came into a chestnut grove, carpeted with luxuriant grass, and a man was starting a herd of cattle home at sunset. Each one from the little calf to the old mother cow had a bell on—varying in make and size and

material, according to grade of the wearers, from the silver tinkler on the calf to the brass composition on the cow. So it was a mingled variety of sounds from various metals and grades of bells. There was a kind of modulated harmony in it all. Switzerland is a land of bells. We do not forget the Swiss herd.

Not long after this renaissance in our school some of us attended the County Seminary under Nathan Doan as principal and John C. Harlan as assistant. Here we took up the more advanced branches: Algebra, Geometry, Latin, etc. You must not confound the County Seminary with the Marion Academy held in the same building years after, a private school with J. R. Sperbeck as principal and closed up at the opening of the Civil war. Most of the young men students entered the army. In the fall I needed some money. So I got my two years' certificate and taught the Howe school, four miles east of Marion, a twelve weeks' term at a dollar a day, and paid a dollar a week for my board, net $48, as you see. This was my only country school, and at the age of sixteen years, and many of my scholars were twenty years of age, and some more. I enjoyed the winter and had a fine place to board, at Jackey Pierce's, and Mrs. Pierce was well versed in the Bible and accepted Alexander Campbell's interpretations of the scriptures; she also knew poetry and history. She had two daughters that attended school, Sarah and Susan, good students, and a son Winborn, a lawyer, and once a partner of our late Howell D. Thompson. Here I met many of the Christian preachers, as this was headquarters for them when they came around, and they often joined us in our debates. The late Henly James, Kersey Pyle, "Lack" Oren, Abram Goodykoontz, Jerry Cross and others were members of our debating club. Mr. Cross taught the Burson school. I have a picture of this old log schoolhouse with its shed to shelter the wood at one end. John Hart sock took the picture. I sent one to the Centennial at Philadelphia. We held our school in the large new Christian church after three weeks in the little old shack near Mr. Howe's house. Our attendance was large and our spelling matches filled the room to overflowing. They would come in as far as Farmington, where the late Dr. William Scott taught the school. What a change! Now you go into one of our country schools. You find regular grade work, and the best modes used by the teacher, a graduate of one of our normals. Our state has the largest school fund with maybe one or two exceptions, and our public schools stand as high as in any other state. The seating of the room in former times would be a wonder now, long benches without backs. The feet of the small children could not reach the floor. As the makers had no thought of grades so they let their feet swing, book in one hand, one arm around comrade, and so a whole bench full would sway back and forth, spelling or reading at top of voice, and eyes not on books part of time. Such as had penmanship and arithmetic sat at a long board put up at the wall and a long bench to sit on. To reach a seat here was a great promotion. Their faces to its wall, their backs to the teacher and school. The stove stood in the center of the room. Our late John Ratliff put the first blackboard into the schools of the county when he taught the school at Jonesboro. Before that time those that studied arithmetic had a large blank book into which they copied the "sums" and the full form and answer appeared there, and these books were public property in a way, under the hand of the owner. Not many original solvers of problems. My father had one covered with a fawn skin. This cover and the penmanship and the artistic order made the book a thing of beauty. As my brother needed it I never got the use of it. The teacher went around and sat with

this class of students, giving them a lift when they got into a hole. The small scholars he called to his side, one by one, giving one or two minutes to each.

I am reminded by the voices of many now elderly women in Marion, not to forget the pioneer primary teacher, Miss Julia Norton, sister of Mr. Eugene Norton and Mr. Arthur Norton, prominent citizens and business men of our city. Miss Norton started the little girls in their education and helped their mothers to make them good women. She kept her school in her own little frame house, where now stands the rector's home, which she donated as the property now stands. A record in granite is made of her in Gethsemene church. She entered into the lives of many as they came to her, and what she gave them was as "bread cast on the waters to be seen many days hence." The rod was not much used in the schools named.

XXVII. JEFFERSON TOWNSHIP IN HISTORY

By I. M. Miller and Jacob Bugher

Saturday, December 30, 1905, was Jefferson Township day before the Historical Society, and there are two Jefferson historians because the late Jacob Bugher, who was asked to follow Mr. Miller in a "Then and Now" reminiscence, misconstrued his assignment and produced an excellent history, although he forget it and left it at home, and in an extempore speech he declared the "people of today are not like they used to be, and the change has not all been within myself." The two Jefferson historians held frequent conversations—were the best of friends, and leaving the library that day, after having listened to the words of the Rev. Almon Greenman, who, like Mr. Bugher, was an honorary member of the society, when he said in prayer: "We are met here in the interest of the history of the past, to think of the past and to talk of the past," and in his extempore address Mr. Bugher had started in to trace the religions, social and political developments, keeping the religious note vibrating until one would think of him as an evangelist, Mr. Miller asked: "Why didn't you just say that you came to Upland when the only way you could see out was straight up?"

While Jefferson was the first township to be considered before the Historical Society, no other township has been favored with two historians. Mr. Miller's paper follows:

Jefferson township was organized September 6, 1831, on the second day of the first term of commissioner's court held in Grant county. The township originally consisted of forty sections five by eight miles, but later its boundaries were changed until it now embraces forty-two square miles or sections of land, beginning at the northeast corner and running west six miles, thence south seven miles, thence east six miles on the Grant-Delaware line and north seven miles on the Grant-Blackford line to the place of beginning. The township is traversed by the Mississinewa river in a northwesterly direction from its entrance with perhaps one-third of the township's area to the left or south of this once beautiful stream.

The water always attracted men in unexplored country, and consequently the first settlements were made near the river in the vicinity of the present town of Matthews. William Case is on record as having built the first house in the township, while some accord the house to

John McCormick. This house was built in section 3, town 22, the south tier of sections, now known as the Carcins farm, in 1829. A little later in the same year Thomas Littler located north of the river and within the next three years scores of settlers had made entries and occupied their lands, including the families of Joseph Reasoner, John W. Milholland, Thomas Dean, Sawyer B. Fergus, John Richards, Robert Sanders, Thomas Wharton, James Needler, John Marshall, Marshall Pugh, Joseph Allen and the McCormick and Richards families, thus founding a community unsurpassed for all that is good and great in becoming the peaceful possessors of their own homes and firesides.

The general trend of settlement was northward from the river year by year until in 1840 the remotest parts of the township had been invaded and the herculean task of "blocking a farm" out of the wilderness was a matter of necessity. The chief capital of the settlers was brawn and muscle, and there were trees to fell, lands to clear and houses to build. There were crops to raise in order to supply the demands of the households, and how many have declared that the days were all too short, and many a time at night brush was picked and burned to make ready for planting.

Our praise and respect is the due of those who have gone before and prepared the way for our blessings and comfort at this stage of Indiana's greatness in the progress of all the states. But returning to the first entries of government lands, I will relate the story of choosing and beginning in the woods as it was told to me by my father. Hearing so much of the west and of Indiana in particular along in the early 'thirties, accompanied by brothers and sisters he selected claims and they gave their money to an agent to make the entry for them. The agent was Mr. Boggs, but the land had been taken and the money was refunded. My father and one brother made a bee line north until they reached the old trace near the Salamonie that had been made by General Anthony Wayne, following it to Fort Wayne, where the United States land office was located.

When they reached Rock creek about five miles this side of Fort Wayne, they secured lodging for the night. Next morning they made entries and secured the necessary documents and returned as far as the Salamonie, where Warren is now located. Next day they reached the starting point, three days out and afoot, with no weapon greater than a pocket knife. For twenty-five miles of the way between Warren and Fort Wayne there was not a house—only the unbroken forest. This was in the early part of December, but it had been a dry season and the weather was beautiful. There was no water in the slashes and ponds. It was quite a contrast to the way they found it the next spring when they longed for the old home on the banks of the Potomac in Virginia.

My father, and uncle and two brothers in their twenties proceeded to cut logs for a house on my father's claim in section 1, and the house was raised on Christmas day, 1838. The dimensions, eighteen by twenty, and built of heavy logs scotched down on the inside and the spaces between the logs daubed with mortar made of clay, was said to be a typical cabin of the first class. It had clapboard door and puncheon floor with weight poles to hold down the roof. Less than one pound of nails was used in the construction of the house. None were required only in the door and window frames. Auger holes and pins of sufficient length supported boards for the clock, a few books, and there was a mantel above the fireplace. There was a stick chimney with its great back wall filled with clay that during the long winter evenings was enveloped in flame from fire consuming big "back logs" and "fore

sticks'' four feet or more in length, resting on ''nigger heads'' with armfuls of middlings of lesser size off the clearing made each successive winter in opening up the farm. This house was occupied nearly twenty-five years and but for the ground logs it was well preserved when it was finally removed and converted into a horse stable like many, many others throughout the country. Now scarcely a trace of those early habitations can be seen to commemorate the pioneer home with the modern dwelling of the present day.

About this time Noah Reasoner occupied the northwest quarter of section 12 near the lake in the same section which afterward came to be known as Reasoner's lake and the source of Lake Branch. About 1846 Mr. Reasoner erected a little sawmill—Samuel Campbell being the millwright—below the lake. A mill race and dam was constructed, but for want of fall and injury done to adjoining lands from back water the mill was abandoned after two or three years. Again it was said so many fish of large size came down the mill race, got into the mill wheel and stopped the machinery. It is said that they took out fish three or four feet in length. Although this may sound ''fishy,'' the lake and its tributaries were well stocked with the finny tribe and in season many a family's table was supplied with an excellent article of food.

I have heard my father relate that he and his brother were once on the lake in a canoe, when they saw several large pike in the edge of some weeds. His brother, with his ever-ready gun, fired among them, killing one which they brought to shore and strung it on a pole which they carried on their shoulders. They were both near six feet tall and yet the tail of this immense fish dragged the ground. When a mere boy I myself saw the bones of a pike over four feet long that had washed ashore. Since the era of drainage comparatively little marshy, swampy land still exists and the water in the lake is closing in year after year.

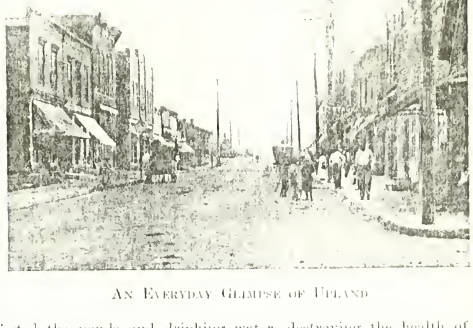
During the early days game was plentiful in Jefferson, including deer and turkey, but scarcely a deer has been seen since the present generation has been on the scene of action. When James Buchanan represented the national ticket of the old Democratic party and all of the majestic antlers of the masculine gender of the agile creatures were gathered to decorate the hickory poles erected the deer disappeared. Perhaps Warren Fergus has the honor of an all-day chase and together with Elias Lyon and Horner brothers of bringing down the last deer in this township. George Owens is credited with killing the last bear ever seen in Jefferson. It occurred in 1845, being an all-day chase and one dog being lost. From reliable sources I have the story of a bear being run down on Christmas day, 1850, just across the line in Blackford county.

While on the line of hunting stories I will relate an incident told to me by my father, as he had it from Robert Marshall, who cut a large poplar tree for coon one bright winter day in 1836 that stood within the present barn lot at Millerton farm. The tree was hollow at the butt, out of which Mr. Marshall took five coons, and seven were taken from a hollow limb while one escaped, but the dogs chased it up a tree and it was finally captured, making thirteen in all, and a few years ago I verified the story in a talk with Mr. Marshall, who said he had done better than a legislator that day, as he got $6.50 for them.

After my father came into possession of the land he made the famous coon poplar into rails, some of which are still doing service in the fences on Millerton farm after sixty-five years. Nancy Patterson and her family of several boys and as many girls, according to my information, came to section 2 in 1839, although the house, erected a year

previous, was there before John Patterson, the husband and father, died. In my youth "Grandmother Patterson" was held in greatest esteem, having brought up so large a family in the most primitive manner, yet withal so commendable to themselves and the community, each of the children having been provided with eighty acres of land secured by their father from the government in several allotments.

Lorenzo Miles came in the spring of 1840, locating in section 1. He was a native of Massachusetts, a shoemaker by trade and had learned the trade at Lowell, the original shoe factory in America. Mr. Miles made footwear for his neighbors and kept a small stock of groceries that he often exchanged for produce "wagoned to Cincinnati" and later to Richmond and Muncie, bringing back the most useful articles required by the settlers. His stock always included salt and he fed more of it to his cattle when it was $12 a barrel than the average, and yet he suffered very little loss from murrain, a disease among the cattle at that time. It has since been attributed to leeches in embryo that



AN EVERYDAY GLIMPSE OF UPLAND

infested the ponds and drinking water, destroying the health of the animals. Plenty of salt used seemed to destroy the germs of the leeches.

Thomas Dean, likewise an early settler, kept a stock of goods on the south side of the river and became an important factor in an official capacity, honored and respected by all for duty well performed at that day entrusted to him. It is appropriate here to speak of him. Few dollars went toward defraying the expenses of the family in purchasing store goods and groceries, as the wearing apparel was manufactured in the house from wool and flax grown on the farm. Indeed in those days when it required from three to ten days to make the trip to market, all relied on their own resources for sustenance and raiment. Most all of the women could prepare the raw material for the weaver and about one in six families possessed a loom and used it dextrously, so that but few wanted for comfortable clothing.

John Oswalt came early in the 'thirties, settling just south of the present site of Upland and naming his place "Rising Sun." He was at one time the largest land owner in the country. He had twenty one eighty-acre tracts in one body all purchased from the government. His idea was that Indianapolis and Fort Wayne would be connected by water

navigation by the success of little lakes and ponds and his land was directly on the line, but his prediction proved a boomerang of his own imagination. He finally disposed of his land except a half section which he retained while he lived. Mark Needler, nearly seventy, is the oldest person living who was born in the township. Frank Lyon, now a resident of Upland, is a close second, being two months his junior.

At the organization of Jefferson it was ordered that all elections should be held at Joseph Reasoner's, who was also elected inspector, while Samuel Case was constable. I have been told that a hat was frequently used for receiving the ballots cast, although my father's first ballot in Jefferson township was deposited in an old coffee pot. The stuffing of ballot boxes was an unheard of thing in those days. The winter of 1841-2 was of extraordinary severity. Mrs. Anne McVicker says she remembers of her brother, Daniel Dean, and others crossing the river on ice in April of that year, but warming up by night they barely made it back the same way. Mrs. McVicker, an octogenarian, as well as Warren Fergus, son of Sawyer B. Fergus, is authority for the statement that Mr. Fergus that winter made a threshing floor on the ice for tramping out his previous year's wheat crop, he living near the edge of the stream.

The freshet of 1847 drove many of the residents out of their houses built in the bottom lands as was the case with Mr. Fergus whose family was rescued from their home in a canoe. The reap hook and the flail were handy instruments used in garnering the grain, followed with the cradling scythe and the chaff piler. The veteran owner of such an outfit was Isaac Lannin of near the center of the township. Each succeeding harvest he was in his glory and he threshed around the community until late in the fall, and sometimes he was not through when snow came. It has been said that necessity is the mother of invention, and it is nowhere more true than in the progressive states of America. Since the use of electric batteries and gasoline engines has genius been developed and an Edison produced.

In the earlier days of the back-woods settlements there were boys cogitating and imitating in construction some implements or machinery on the farm and though oftentimes rude yet skill was to be seen in the simple affairs used and the boy of ten or twelve who could not fashion a wagon or sled to amuse himself and neighboring lads was not thought to be the promising kind in the community. The Fergus boys at one time put in operation a miniature sawmill on a branch of the river, but it was carried away by high water while other boys whittled out whirligigs to be erected on poles to scare hawks away. Warren Fergus secured the hub of an old wagon wheel and putting in fans, he mounted it on the comb of the barn roof and utilized the power produced sawing boards, wood, etc., and since this was in 1845 he was a pioneer in harnessing the winds in the Hoosier state.

Little boy graduates nowadays have store sleds and wagons bought by the "old man" and older boys congregate in various places to talk scientific games and are subjected to one hundred and one temptations that get them all too soon where Delilah got the strong man Sampson. There is too much aptitude for gregarious complications leading from the paths of usefulness. Mrs. McVicker thinks one Nicholas Owing taught the first school in the township in a little school house on the Gregg place. The records show the first schoolhouse was on the Ash Rodgers farm and that Joseph Allen was the first teacher. Others were built soon afterward. Early in the forties a schoolhouse was erected on the state road west of the lake that was used for several years. Also one was built in the same period on the Jefferson-Monroe

line on land now a part of Millerton farm, drawing support from both townships and from Blackford county.

This school became a lively place and was given the name of "Bunker Hill," and many came from miles away to singing schools, spelling matches and preaching services. It is related that on one occasion when a little salvation charmer came along there were no lights and the boys went out and brought in hickory bark, placing it on the hearth of the old box stove and when lighted it cast a halo of brightness about the room to the satisfaction of all save Jehovah's elect who lambasted the people for their back-woods proclivities, yet the minister was invited to come again and promised to be there on a certain date. The boys thought to retrieve their shady reputations at the time of the next visit and they made a big candle in an old dinner horn and dozens of others of the size in common use, and with lanterns in the trees there was plenty of light, but the man came not.

However, a Mr. Dowers was stopping over night with a brother of another denomination in the neighborhood, and he went to see the fun. He was invited to speak and took for his text: "Light and Knowledge," pleasing his audience by his ready wit and appropriate talk. Here it was your humble servant first lined up in his classes in the study of the three r's, but the school was abandoned when more modern houses were erected in their proper places in the township, on the four corners of contiguous sections of land.

No one thing has contributed more to the country's progress than the railroads and there is an event well worth mentioning, that Jefferson is again at the front as it was in section 1, now Millerton Farm, that the iron horse attached to the construction train first invaded the bonds of the county loaded with iron and cross ties. It was at 5 p. m., August 16, 1867, that an old Indiana Central engine, number 20, Newton Mitchell, engineer, Samuel Beaumont, fireman and Charles Fox, conductor, steamed into Grant county for the first time. During the afternoon of that day the rails had been laid far enough in the county to admit the train and it was unloaded there.

As the crew laid about a mile of track each day by the twentieth of the month Upland was down on the map as a railroad town, and Jacob Bugher, the proprietor of the place, was as proud as the president of the United States. He was making all of the appointments in the category of the official spoils. It was something like two months from that time until the track was finally laid across the river and reached the county seat when Marion celebrated the event—the arrival of the first railroad train there. I will mention just one more event and then close these rambling notes. It seems to have been a traditional custom that when two people embarked upon the matrimonial voyage that none escaped being informed they were "one," and they usually remembered it the longest day of their lives.

The young men and often the older ones joined neighborhood forces going for miles in extending their pleasure in marvelous celerity. The evening of March 17, 1850, offering an opportunity for a charivari troops were marshalled and led by two impulsive youths, R. H. Patterson and Jeremiah Snyder of the immediate neighborhood carrying old revolutionary muskets loaded very heavily with powder and wadding made of hornet's nests that was expected to rival the inventions of Dante's vision in reality. At the quiet hour of evening they rushed down to the home of the new made bride and Patterson touched the trigger to his flint lock, and great was the report. The old gun barrel burst and a thoughtless boy had lost his right hand. The other guns were not fired and that is perhaps sufficient reason why the son of the aforesaid

bridal pair has never given cause for the repetition of such an unfortunate affair.

Editor's note—The fathers and mothers of today well remember the one-armed school teacher, Robert Patterson, whose widow, Mrs. Elvira Patterson, of the Octogenarian Club, died in 1912, and it was at the wedding of the Jefferson historian's parents that the accident occurred, which he regards as sufficient excuse for remaining a bachelor himself.

A Second History of Jefferson

By Jacob Bugher

Accustomed to frequent extempore speaking, the aged historian declared that it was the first time in his life he had prepared and read a paper on any subject. Mr. Miller referred to him as the "King of Upland," because of his activities, and the following paper, prepared after he had crossed the four score mark, certainly refutes the Osler theory that when men are old they are incapable of doing things. Although an octogenarian, Mr. Bugher read in audible voice, and because two historians seldom describe the same battle alike, his paper is reproduced as he read it:

"Jefferson township is situated in the southeast corner of Grant county. It contains town 23 north, range 9 east, and one tier of sections off of the north side of town 22 north, range 9 east. By the surveys it contains forty-two square miles. The Mississinewa river enters this township near the southeast corner, and running nearly northwest, leaves the township near the northwest corner. In 1851 and for several years after most of the farms and other improvements in this township were in the center and south part of the township. John S. Miller, Robert Patterson, the Marshalls and a few others lived near the northeast corner, and James Johnson, Daniel Wise, Joseph Day and several others lived near the northwest corner of this township. But most of the north part of Jefferson township, and all that part where Upland is now located and for miles around, was then a dense forest.

"John Oswalt owned 2,240 acres of this land. He owned all the land upon which Upland is now located, except a small strip on the north side. Nearly every house in this township was then a log house. There was one store in New Cumberland, owned by Jacob Newberger. And a store on the Dean farm on the west side of the river, owned by Thomas Dean. And there was a sawmill on Lake Branch, owned by John Lyon, and one on Kirkwood creek, owned by John Richards, and one on the river near New Cumberland, owned by Orville Dennison. In 1853 a grist mill was erected on this site by Dennison and Kisner. In 1852 Oswalt sold land, first to John W. Ballinger, and then to Jacob Bugher. After this he sold most of his land and farms took the place of forests. And Upland was laid out by Jacob Bugher, September 30, 1867. (Note.—It will be seen that Mr. Bugher started his town a month after the first steam engine came into the county). And during this year the railroad now through Upland was built from Union City to Logansport and was then called the Union City and Logansport Railroad. Dr. J. N. Converse was president and Alexander, chief engineer. But most of the engineer work was done by Dr. Weddington. This road is now a part of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis Railway. Upland is the highest point between Union City and Logansport. Matthews is situated near the south line of Jefferson township and it includes what was New Cumberland. Upland and Matthews each have a population of about 2,000 persons.

Among many leading men in Jefferson township in 1852 we may name Thomas Dean, Jacob Newberger, John Oswalt, Aaron D. Bates, William Wharton, Dr. John W. Pugh, Joseph B. Allen, Solomon Duling, John Richards, John Lyon Sawyer, B. Fergus and Michael Pugh. Thomas Dean came in 1851, and for several years he was a farmer, store keeper and justice of the peace during the same time. He was township trustee one term, and after this county auditor. Dean's store, with the credit he gave, was a great benefit to many people. Jacob Newberger commenced in New Cumberland with a small store, but before he died he had a commercial rating of $80,000. While teaching school I was much with Newberger. He gave me the most complete history of the Jews I have ever had. His knowledge was extensive, his capacity good. He had many noble traits of character and as a friend he was good and true.

"John Oswalt was at one time the largest land owner in Grant county. When he bought this land he believed a canal would be built on this line from Fort Wayne to Indianapolis. His father was a member of the Ohio legislature that passed the law that built the Ohio canal, and that canal increased the value of his father's farm. John Oswalt was a candidate for the legislature of Indiana, but failed. Yet he lived to see a railroad built through the land he had sold. Oswalt was honorable, truthful and honest. He failed to marry the lady he long associated with and doubtless the lady he loved. He lived a bachelor and lived alone most of the time. Dr. John W. Pugh for many years had the largest practice of any doctor in eastern Grant county. Aaron D. Bates was a successful farmer. He was trustee of Jefferson township once. Joseph B. Allen, a farmer, was the first justice of the peace in Jefferson township. He was county commissioner in 1840. Solomon Duling was one of the most successful farmers of Grant county. He was the first Republican elected trustee in Jefferson township.

Since 1852 Jefferson township has been represented in the official affairs of Grant county by George Carcins, William Wharton, George Needler and James M. Peale, each as county commissioner; John Sanders as sheriff; John Hershey Zahn, first as recorder, then as county clerk; Dr. Harmon D. Reasoner and William E. Heal, each as treasurer, and Thomas Dean and Andrew Y. Stout, auditor-elect, as auditor; William E. Heal, a native of Jefferson township, was the most noted mathematician of Grant county. Take them all in all, the pioneers of Jefferson township were a noble set. As a rule they were honest, honorable and intelligent. Many of them were men of decided ability. But to me the dearest memory of that period is the spirit of those pioneer people. It was lovely. They had fullness of life with the smile of content. The struggles and strifes of older and more densely populated communities were not with them. Their condition was more natural, free from strife, and their spirit was more natural, and being natural was true. Most of this township was then in its natural condition.

"The creeks and rivers had a more uniform flow of water. The river was crossed in canoes, and at fords the water was low. The banks of the river was covered with trees, shrubbery and wild flowers, with here and there an opening where a farm bordered on the river. The woods were full of gray squirrels, with some flocks of wild turkeys. It was pleasing to see these squirrels scamper amid the foliage of the trees and see them leap from limb to limb and from tree to tree. The air was vocal with the music of birds and redolent of sweet odors of foliage, fruit and flowers. Certainly the charms of nature had something to do with the charming spirit of these pioneer people. With the

music of the birds, we had the music of the bob white, the whippoorwill, the katydid, the toot of the owl, the coo of the dove and the drum beat and whirr of the pheasant with the croak of the frog to add to the variety of our woodland music. Ground squirrels were numerous and by taking up corn they gave the farmer the work of replanting. But the most numerous thing living in the woods then was the mosquito. During the warm season after sunset, they were always feelingly near. But the one thing of joy never to be forgotten was that old sugar camp —that dear old sugar camp that did so much to sweeten pioneer life.

"In 1851 I received from Ephraim Overman my first certificate to teach school in Grant county. My first school in Grant county was during the winter of 1851-52, in the Lyon schoolhouse on Lake Branch. This was a sample school for this part of the county at that period. It was built with round logs clapboard roof and loft, with puncheon floor, and seats and writing desks against the wall with fireplace and stick chimney at one end of the house. This house was in the woods. Here we had spelling schools and a debating society. In this debating society we had Joseph B. Allen, Daniel Dean, Thomas Dean, Dr. John W. Pugh and Jacob Bugher. And in a meeting house not far east of this we had a singing school with Jacob Covalt as teacher. With these and a lively school we had a real good time. From 1852 to about 1862 Robert B. Jones was school examiner. After this Stafford, and then Sanford, each of whom held public examinations. But their questions were such as teachers then used in teaching common school. About this period we had many better educated teachers, wages were increased, and Pigot gave us better examinations.

"Thomas D. Tharp was the first county superintendent of Grant county. Wages continued to increase and better educated teachers were employed. From that time on our schools have advanced. Now we have well advanced schools and good school buildings. In 1852 and for some years after, we had no female teachers in the winter schools of this township. Now we have a large number of lady teachers in our winter schools. Then we had three months school and nine months for manual labor. This gives but little industrial education at the very time when habits of life are formed. We may have industrial schools, but the best industrial school on earth is the life invigorating labor of the farm. The boys on the farm have given us many of our best and greatest men. In 1852 the Methodists, Baptists, Christians and Presbyterians each had a church in Jefferson township. The religious spirit of that period was very zealous and earnest. Now the Methodists and Free Methodists each have good parsonages.

"When Dean as auditor let the county printing to Howard county, David W. Jones, who failed to get the county printing, sold his paper and moved to Fort Wayne, where he continued to publish a paper. Only two papers were published in Grant county then, yet the paper that failed to get the county printing could hardly succeed. Now four dailies are published in Grant county, the *Leader*, the *Chronicle*, the *News-Tribune* and the *Fairmount Journal*. There is a weekly paper in nearly every town in the county. The first railroad in Grant county was built in 1867. Now we have railroad, telephone and telegraph lines over nearly every part of Grant county and extending over nearly every part of the United States. These great lines give us greater speed in communication, transportation and travel than ever before known. In these and other great works we have learned to use the forces of nature to a greater extent than ever before. And now our advancement in knowledge and industry is the greatest in the history of the world. The forces of nature that give growth to man in knowledge and power are eternally the same, but man's conditions are not always the same.

"Before the settlement of America the people were deprived of freedom of opinion for a thousand years, and when not free the mind could not fully advance in knowledge. That period is called 'The Dark Ages' for the people were losing knowledge. But in the wilds of America the people were naturally free. They had greater freedom than any old country could give them. And during the long continued settlement and the great and long continued labor of improvement and building homes in this vast new country, including Grant county, the people of this country and the county had greater freedom and greater labor than any other people. And now they have greater knowledge than any other people. And the greatest workmanship the world has ever seen. With freedom for the mind, free labor and free self government the people of this country have had the greatest achievements in knowledge and workmanship in the annals of the times. In the great problems of self government the American people have before them the most important and useful knowledge ever presented to the mind of man. With our great advancement in science and invention and with our free self government, our schools, railroads, telegraph and telephone and our newspapers and news from every part of the world. With all these our advancement in knowledge will certainly be greatly increased.

"But we will need the great knowledge to carry us safely over the rising billows of our industrial evolution or possible revolution. For our industrial condition has greatly changed during the last sixty years. Sixty years ago the people were nearly all self employed, and with their farms, shops and small factories they supplied nearly all their wants with their own labor. Wage earners were few. Wages were about $10 per month. We had almost no dependent poor. Now great organized companies and factories supply nearly all the wants of the people not supplied by the farm. And great numbers of people are now employed as wage earners by these companies and factories. And now these wage earners have organized. This has divided this part of our industry into two parts, organized capital and organized labor. These companies and factories have paid in wages from $50 to $100 per month, yet with this division of capital and labor they have had almost continued labor strikes to compel them to pay high wages. And in these strikes much property has been destroyed and many people killed. The question is now, how shall harmony be restored, with justice alike to capital and labor, and to organized and unorganized industry.

"But our greatest and most important industry is our farm industry. The labor of the farm is more healthy and life invigorating than the labor of the factory or mine, or the labor of any other great industry. Our farmers not only supply us with the bread of life, but with their life invigorating labor they have supplied us with many of our greatest men. And with their industries, sturdy, moral and intelligent character and their great numbers, they are to a certain extent the life of the nation. The labor and business of the farm is as free today as it ever has been at any time, and far more pleasant and profitable than ever before. And our farmers have now the greatest opportunity to increase their knowledge they have ever had. And with their increase in knowledge they certainly will become more and more potent in the upbuilding of our country."

XXVIII. GREEN TOWNSHIP IN HISTORY

By Mrs. Anna Matchett Curless

Saturday, March 31, 1906, was Green Township day in the Historical Society, and the entertainment features were music by Mrs. Minnie Mur-

doff Kimball and a reading by Miss Frone A. Case. In its township alumni Green really possesses a most excellent substitute for an historical society. The historian is an alumnus. In her acknowledgment, Mrs. Curless says: "In the preparation of this manuscript I am indebted for the willing services of A. G. Brumfiel, superintendent of the Grant county schools, and William Seeley, trustee of Green township, in collecting data for the educational features. Also Andrew Gemmil, ex-trustee, gave valuable information along this particular line. For early inhabitants and traditional lore I am under obligations to Mrs. Virgil Hale and other pioneer settlers of the township. For accuracy of subject matter, acknowledgment is made of Kingman Brothers' Atlas, a most excellent text for early history work of Grant county."

Before beginning her paper, Mrs. Curless bounded Green township, saying it is located in the southwest corner of Grant county, and is joined on the north by Sims, on the east by Liberty, on the south by Duck Creek of Madison and on the west by Wildcat of Tipton and Union of Howard county. The paper follows:

As early as year 1843 James Burton and Joseph Taylor occupied land in what is now Green township. However, as they made no attempt at improvement of any kind they have not been given a very permanent place in the list of early settlers. The year 1845 brought four energetic men who came for the purpose of changing the dense forest of green into cultivated farms. Their names and places of settlement are as follows: Alexander McCracken, on what is now "The Prairie Grove Stock Farm," owned by John A. Peterson; Samuel Orsburn, on the Moses Harper farm; James Moon, on the Rush farm, and George Ohaver, who was a great hunter, on the Covalt farm. In 1846 Isaac Revis settled on the land now owned by Mrs. John Gossom and Samuel Kelley moved in sight of what is now the village of Normal.

These early settlers were noble men who led a strenuous life of labor and manifested an active part in whatever tended toward the welfare of the township.

The years 1847-48 added quite a number to the population. Prominent among these were William Perry, who located on the Samuel Leer farm; Marland Knox, on the Messmore farm; William and John Hammer, on the Andrew Miller farm; Jeremiah Hammer on that lately owned by the children of Wiley Hood; Joseph and Frederick Lane, on the Hawk farm, now owned by the McGraw Brothers; Daniel Bayless settled on the Widow Thrasher farm; James Hamilton, on that owned by Widow Seward; Levi Hiatt, on the old Hiatt homestead; Benjamin Orsburn and William Curtley on the farm belonging to John Orsburn; Peter Knote on the William Knote farm, and Rhoda Keever and sons on the farm still owned by their heirs.

The settlers of 1849-50 were Virgil Hale, Henry Foster, Elijah Ogle, Moses Jordan, Elihu Moon, William Turner, Jacob Tharp and Levi Tolle.

In 1851-52 came the following persons who have since proved themselves enterprising citizens: John Downing, Andrew Miller, Daniel Matchett, Jarret Ryholt, Joshua Stillwell, John Foster, Wm. Thrasher, Peter Gilam, James Kelley, Samuel Bar, David Kilgore, William McLain and John Hiser.

Prominent among those who came soon after and shared in the hardships of pioneer life were: Christian Cop, Eleazer John, Johnson Eakins, Jonathan Kilgore, Wiley Hood, Jacob Johns, Michael Echelbarger, Ira Main, John Wright, William Miller, Cyrus Henry, Harrison Cremer, Isaac Ryholt, John Wilson, John Ware, Hugh Hamilton, John Legg and Aaron Brooks.

In the traditions handed down to us from some of these early settlers we have interesting stories that deal with the Indians who, while they did not make this their permanent home at that time, came every autumn to hunt and fish in our forests and streams. "Shingle Macy" was the chief of the tribe and he with his Indian braves spent many happy hours in bringing down the fleet-footed deer or feasting on wild turkeys and smaller game. Their favorite camping grounds was near Grassy Fork creek and on one long-gone Sabbath day a party of sixteen white inhabitants decided to visit their Indian neighbors and thus renew the friendly relation existing between the two. They were treated very kindly by all except the old copper-colored chief, who remained grim and silent the entire afternoon. This caused some uneasiness on the part of the whites, but their fears were soon banished when, on the next day, the old Indian chief, on meeting one of the visitors of the previous day, explained his peculiar mood by saying that he was very much afraid that the white men and their families would frighten away the coveted deer that might be feeding in the surrounding woodlands, showing thus, that his heart was ever with the cunning of his bow and arrow and not so much with the friendliness of "the pale face."

Green township was organized in 1847 and was named in memory of the gallant General Greene. It is four miles wide and seven miles long. The first election was held in the cabin of Samuel Kelley, the same year, 1848. Soon after the place of holding elections was changed to the house of Isaac Rivis, thence to Minor's shop, which stood where we now find the home of Charles Leer; from there it was changed to Knotty Corner, and from there to Point Isabel, where it is now held. Among the first trustees were Samuel Kelley, Cyrus Cremer and Virgil Hale, the latter holding this office for ten years. Moses Jordan and James Hamilton were justices of the peace; David Hannah, treasurer, and Marland Knox, clerk. From 1865 to 1877 the office of trustee was filled by the following persons: Eleazer John, James Kelley, Johnson Eakins (four terms), N. J. Leisure (four terms), Darius Nesbitt (two terms) and Jarret Covalt. For the later day officials of this coveted place we have the names of Luther Hale, J. V. John, Andrew Gemmil, Charles V. Leer, and William Seeley, the present incumbent.

The first school house was built on John Smith's farm in 1850. David Steward had charge of the first school held here, in the winter of 1850-51. In 1856 a log school house was built on the Cyrus Swan farm, and the year following one on the Knox farm. Some of the early teachers were Virgil Hale, Marland Knox, Asa Long, Harrison Cremer and William Reed. At that time instructors were very scarce and the ranks were filled by importing any one who carried the mystical sheepskin and looked stern and capable of wielding the birch rod, for, then, "larnin' and lickin'" went hand in hand.

It seems that in the very early days the district teacher had far more privileges than one dare exercise today.

My father tells an amusing incident of his first school days in the later '50s. The teacher had come to them from New York. His name was Fisher and he was sixty years of age. The schoolhouse, an old log structure, stood in the midst of forest trees with now and then a maple interspersing. The teacher tapped the maple trees and boiled the sugar water on the old-fashioned box stove. When the contents of the kettle would simmer low and the little urchins were busy with their tasks, the teacher would slip quietly out into the forest and bring in more water to boil. Many a jar of delectable syrup he made that long winter and took it to the home where he was staying.

Perhaps the curriculum was not so crowded as it is today or perchance that was a part of the teacher's nature study experiments.

Coming down to more recent years, we have as teachers William Miller, G. W. Kilgore, H. M. McCaskey, Frank Collins, J. H. Salyers, Charles V. Leer, Frank Sherwin, U. S. Collins, and many others we have not space to mention.

There are in the township at present six school houses. A few years ago they numbered eight, but because of the small attendance two have been abandoned. Plans are being formulated for the complete consolidation of the schools and the near future will, no doubt, see marked improvement along this line.

Three of the school houses stand on one road just two miles apart. These are characterized by peculiar names which circumstances have given them. First, to the north we have "Striped" or District No. 2. There is nothing in the surroundings today that suggests the name, but many years ago there stood on the spot an old frame school house with perpendicular strips of lumber nailed over the crevices of the sides. There were painted red; the house being white, made it have a "striped" appearance.

Two miles south we have "Knotty Corner" or District No. 3. Some believe today that the word "Knotty" is but a misused form of the word "naughty" and that the name was given it because of the mischief loving pupils of the school. But the truth about the matter is that it takes its name from an old "knotty" oak tree that stood directly in the center of where the four roads meet today, but what long ago was a forest with a little cabin school house in its midst. The same pedagogue that boiled the maple syrup as he instructed the boys and girls, grew tired of seeing the gnarled form of this old tree and one bright spring day he set fire to it, and the neighbors, fearing it might cause damage, came forth with axes and felled it to the ground.

Two miles to the south we have the school of "Nauvoo" or District No. 6. It is told that it derives its name from a Mormon settlement in Illinois, a man of that faith having lived in the community.

The present corps of teachers is: Orpha Mae Morgan, John Downing, James Curless, William Pinkerman, Eugene Goble and L. L. Davis.

Green township has always had her quota of graduates, the first class appearing in 1882. It was made up of ten young men all of whom except one are still living and occupying positions of trust and honor. Some of their names are household words and are well known over the county. The list is as follows: William A. Seeley, William C. Haggerty, Charles Leer, William Salyers (deceased), Ralph Stogsdall, Alva Nesbitt, Homer G. Hale, William Armstrong, Charles S. Langston and James F. Hood.

June 10, 1893, is a very important date in the writer's life. Then Green township had another graduating class of ten young people who appeared in the arena of public usefulness. There were five girls and five boys in the number and like the first all are living except one, Mrs. Anna John-Main. The members were: Charles Knotz, Lemuel Shull, Clarence Salyers, Carl McCaskey, Harlan O. Kilgore, Manta Lane, Birdie Peterson-Leisure, Minnie Kilgore, Anna John-Main and Anna Matchett Curless.

Five of the members have taught school and the others have occupied places of equal note and importance. F. M. Searles was then county superintendent and J. V. John was trustee of the township.

The last class included Edna Collins, Oral McGraw, Jesse Eakins, Ralph John and Edna Brizendine.

Green township has three times won the first prize offered for the highest average scholarship in the common schools of the county. C. J. Goble, one of the early graduates, was first to bring the laurels to his

home township; the writer was thus pleasantly surprised in 1893, and Grace Agnes Leer was awarded first place in 1903. In 1906 we lost this honor by the small fraction of 1 3 per cent, Miss Thana Smith of Monroe winning over our representative, Ethel Matchett Henderson. The township tied with one of the sister townships in 1898 for highest honors in oratory. Our contestant then was Lodema Mills Curless.

The Green township alumni was the first township organization of its kind in the county. It was organized at the home of James F. Hood in Point Isabel on March 28, 1889. A committee of three persons was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws for the society. The following officers were elected: James F. Hood, president; Frank Sherwin, W. C. Goble and James Sisson, vice presidents; Frank Nesbitt, treasurer, and Ella B. Carroll, secretary. The first public program was given in the M. E. church at Point Isabel on August 9, 1890. The purpose of the alumni is to raise the standard of education in the community and to foster the spirit of culture among the young. Any one who has ever been granted a diploma in the township is entitled to membership. This, however, is the necessary requisite. The present officers were elected May 24, 1905: Mrs. Ella B. Carroll, president; Carl Livezey, Sena Rybolt and F. M. Brizendine, vice presidents; Mrs. Anna M. Curless, secretary, and Ethel Planck, treasurer. The last meeting was an all-day reunion and picnic at the pleasant country home of the president, Mrs. Carroll, on July 4, 1905.

The first religious services held in the township were at the cabin of Samuel Kelley in 1847, Cain Mullen preaching. The members called themselves Christians or Disciples. The first church was built on the Jeremiah Hammer farm in 1853, by the Methodists, Hammer donating the land for the church and graveyard. It is now the little burial plot just west of Point Isabel and the church house has long since been replaced by a plain frame structure which stands in the village. Some of the early Methodist preachers were Martin Morrison, Nathan Shackelford and Wilton Mahan. The last named was a presiding elder and conducted the first quarterly meeting held in the township.

The Christian church at Rigdon was built in 1864 and was perhaps the first frame church in the township.

We have today five churches scattered at even distances over the districts and representing four different denominations. The famous burial ground of "Knox Chapel," so-called from the founder of the church, is known for miles around and it is in every respect a beautiful "city of the dead."

The first marriage celebrated in the township was that of David, son of Samuel Kelley, to Charlotte, daughter of David Thomas, in 1848. The first death was that of Alexander McCracken, which occurred in 1847 from the effects of poison.

The villages of the township are few and scattered, the largest being Point Isabel, situated in the south-central part. It was named for a small town in Ohio and is a thriving little hamlet with the necessary vocations of village life well represented. It has always been the center of the township in educational, religious and political life. Out from its quiet haunts there have grown orators, poets, doctors, teachers, mechanics, artists, scientists, authors, musicians, humorists, scholars and thinkers. It has been the scene of tragedy, fire, cyclone, robbery and crime. These facts linked with its romance and traditional lore would furnish ample material for a thrilling little volume that might be read with more than passing interest.

The town of Independence or Rigdon was laid out February 25, 1851. It lies partly in two counties and in four townships, quite a good

range of territory for so small a place. It is the scene of many pretty homes and enterprising places of business.

In 1852 a postoffice was established in the north-central part of the township. It was given the name of Slash, later called Normal.

While Green township is one of the smallest of the county, it is one of thrift, industry and undivided progress. It has excellent highways, nearly every mile of public road having been built of gravel and carefully improved. Almost every home has its telephone and the free mail delivery is at every door.

However it has no lines of railway or interurban tracks that intersect its broad fields or divide its wooded knolls. No busy factories rear their giant chimneys to the skies and the loud din of city strife and turmoil is unknown. Yet we do not want for the luxuries of these improvements, as they surround us in adjoining districts and within a few minutes' drive they are ours for the asking, while our own firesides remain quiet and homelike, a haven of rest when we return.

Several small brooks glide through it with just murmur enough to lull one to repose, while the occasional note of some wild bird's song or the lowing of peaceful herds is perhaps the only echo that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity of its sequested woodlands.

Nature has dropped a bit of her choicest scenery in this part of the earth and Providence has peopled it with most excellent men and women.

Having lived here all my life, I can well say in the language of Washington Irving as he eulogizes his favorite valley: "If I should ever wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little township of Green."

XXIX. VAN BUREN TOWNSHIP IN HISTORY

By W. H. Nicewanger

Saturday, September 29, 1906, was Van Buren Township day in the Historical Society, and the historian, coming under a provision of the constitution: "Persons who have distinguished themselves in historical inquiry, or those who by reason of advanced age are the source of much information on the history of Grant county, may be chosen as honorary members of the society," was thus honored. W. H. Nicewanger was the first historian appearing before the Historical Society to die, although he had passed his golden wedding day, and for many years had observed November 21 as a special anniversary, inviting friends to dinner with him, thus commemorating the day on which as a boy he came to the farm where the remainder of his life was spent most happily.

Mr. Nicewanger was a member of the township advisory board from the time it was organized until his death, and when a tablet was being prepared for the new township high school in Van Buren, his son, Stephen A. Nicewanger, who succeeded him as a member of the board, deferred to his memory by asking that his father's name appear in this honorary way—simply filial courtesy. In a short extempore talk before the society, Mr. Nicewanger admitted that the charcoal industry had given him his start in life, and then he asked that his daughter, Mrs. Martha Nicewanger Blinn, be allowed to represent him in reading the following history:

The township of Van Buren, Grant county, comprises all of town 25, range 9 east, and is bounded on the east by Wells county, on the north

by Huntington county, on the west by Washington township, and on the south by the township of Monroe.

This township was originally covered with a heavy forest of most kinds of timber that grow in this part of the state of Indiana. The general surface of Van Buren is possessed of more inequalities than most other parts situated in this part of the county, which, in the state of nature, appeared to be quite level, but as time advanced and the forest disappeared, and ponds and "sloughs" were drained, the eye of the observer is struck with inequalities which were not seen in years gone by, nor even thought of by the early settlers. The facilities for drainage are good and before this every pond has disappeared, and the passerby beholds instead fields of waving grain, gardens and orchards adorning the country once a howling wilderness where the prowling panther and sneaking wolf had undisputed sway.

This part of the county of Grant originally had a full representation as regards animated nature. The black bear was once a denizen of the

Business Center in Van Buren

forest of this region, and numerous are the stories told of the encounters of hunters with him while engaged in the chase of this animal. The gray wolf, with a few of the black species, was quite numerous and destructive to lambs, pigs, calves, sheep, etc., in the first settling. Wild cats were plentiful; they were terrible when caught by a dog. Deer were plentiful and it was not uncommon for a hunter to kill four or five in a day.

The prairies in the township were not as large as in some other localities. That known as McCowen's Prairie is largest (it is sometimes called Sweetsar's). It had at first nearly two hundred acres of open prairie, covered with tall grass in summer, and in spring it was little else than a lake. Kirk's Prairie, just south of the Creviston farm, is the source of Little Black creek. It has been drained and become good farm land. A small prairie east of the Abe Endsley farm was another small body of water in spring, and in summer it suited the rattlesnakes to lie around and frighten those that came to get berries, flags, etc. A small prairie on Tony Korporal's land has disappeared and become a part of his farm. A prairie known as Tippey's had all the general features of those already described.

The drainage of this township is through its creeks and branches into

the Salamonia river, except in the southwestern part through the north branch of Lugar's creek, and thence to the Mississinewa.

Big Black creek enters the township at the half-mile corner, on the east side of section 36, and pursues a northwesterly course to a point near the center of section 21; thence northeasterly, passing out of the township near the northeast corner of section 12, having ten and eight-tenths miles within the township, with about thirty-four feet of fall. This creek was at first very fine in its number of fish. Big Black has an extensive drainage, and has been cut and recut till it is greatly improved. The cutting and clearing out the upper part of this stream was one of the first undertakings of the kind in the county under a ditch law, having been surveyed in 1860, and was cut out during the war and surpassed the most sanguine expectations in the way of drainage. Little Black creek rises in the prairie south of the Creviston place, and has an easterly and southeasterly course of nearly seven miles by its meandering, with a fall of nearly forty feet; it enters "Big Black" on the Corey farm. Rood's run is nearly four and three-quarter miles long, with a fall of nearly forty-three feet. Baker's ditch, including Brushy run, is another important system of drainage, and also Honey creek and the outlet of McCowen's prairie. The Cory ditch, the outlet of the Cover pond, also Doyle's ditch and several others are the principal works of drainage, to say nothing of those of minor note. These give as complete a system of drainage as is to be found in any township.

A white oak stood on the land of Stephen Cory. It was one of the great trees of North America. It measured nine feet in diameter four feet from the ground, having a well-proportioned body and a regular and well balanced top, measuring forty-five feet to the first limb from the ground. It stood in the Indianapolis and Fort Wayne state road; the travel passed on each side, which probably caused its death in 1839. It was cut down on Christmas day, 1850, in a "frolic" made for the occasion; it was perfectly sound.

The Godfrey trace entered this township near the William Kirkpatrick farm, now known as the William Sanderman farm, and passed nearly one-half mile south of Van Buren, and continued the same course, passing through the lands owned by Michael Doyle, Sr., now owned by his son, A. J., a little north of where his house now stands; thence passing on the ridge south of McCowen's prairie, and leaving the county. This was an Indian trace from the Godfrey reserve on the Salamonia to the Indians on the Mississinewa below Marion. The Lancaster trace went from where Jesse Lancaster settled in section 7 in 1833 to a point in Wells county where he settled after leaving Grant county, passing nearly east and on the north side of McCowen's prairie. These traces and the Fort Wayne state road were the only traveled routes in the township in 1839.

The first entries of land are found to be by Daniel L. Westcott, October 28, 1835, in section 1; William McCoy, in section 1, November 21, 1836; Solomon Fry in section 1, September 6, 1836; James Kilgore, in section 2, October 31, 1836; Jacob Crist, in section 3, November 11, 1836 (320 acres, and the money to make this entry was received from the proceeds of a lottery ticket held by him for which he received $17,000, after all expenses were paid, but he died almost insolvent); John Thomas, in section 8, November 19, 1836; Ed B. Thomas, in section 9, November 19, 1836; Geo. Cailey, in section 10, October 8, 1836; Stephen Corey, in section 11, September 6, 1836; Michael Roush, in section 11, September 8, 1836; Philip Shaffer, in section 11, September 8, 1836; Calvin Rusell, in section 12, September 19, 1836; John Matheny, in section 12, September 6, 1836; Joseph Lindsey, in section 14, October 14, 1836; John Bagg, in section 15, September 5, 1836; John Thomas, in section 15, Novem-

ber 19, 1836; William M. Kirkpatrick, in section 19, November 8, 1836; William Dillon, in section 19, November 8, 1836; James Bay, in section 20, September 5, 1836; Joseph Lugar, in section 31, September 29, 1836, John Hamilton, in section 31, September 16, 1836; Basil Foster, in section 32, August 24, 1836; Dennis Springer, in section 4, February 21, 1837; Abe See, in section 8, March 23, 1837.

In 1833 Jesse Lancaster located on the northeast quarter of section 7, a little south of the Lee schoolhouse, on the south side of the outlet of the prairie, or Little Black creek; he was the first white person that tried to live in the territory known as Van Buren township. It was then an unbroken wilderness, with plenty of Indians camped round about for hunting deer and bear. On one occasion the wolves chased his dogs into his cabin, snapping at them in the door as they ran in and went under the bed. Lancaster did not remain here very long but moved over into Wells county, and entered land and settled on it. His son Nathan was the first white child born in Van Buren township, October 25, 1836. He is now nearly seventy years of age and lives at Keystone, Wells county, Indiana. John Gilbert settled on the Walter Madden place in 1836. He was the first auditor elected in Grant county. Joseph Lindsey came in 1837 and settled on the Mills Whinnery farm, now owned by Elijah Creviston. Joseph Whinnery settled on the Saxon farm in 1837; he made himself noted by his verse-making; here is a specimen of his poetry:

Meditation.

Days of my childhood,
Where are they?
Thou brimful eye,
Withhold thy tear,
For on Time's wing
Ye have fled away
And left me a wanderer here.

Epitaph.

This stone attests
What few others can.
That beneath this stone
There lies an honest man.

Joseph Boxell came in June, 1837, and settled on the farm now owned by Martin Hammore. He was a minister in the Methodist Protestant church, and in the early days he gave the name to Van Buren township. Adam Pully, Sr., came in 1837 and settled on the well known farm of Amos Keltner. William Boxell settled, in 1838, on the farm near Van Buren schoolhouse. John Boxell, in 1838, settled on the farm now owned by William Bird, at the bend of Black creek. Samuel Malcom came in 1839 and settled on the farm now owned by Joseph Lugar, in section 30; his house stood on the summit, between the waters of the Mississinewa and Salamonia. Solomon Fry settled where Henry Creviston now lives, in 1838. John Duckwall settled on the farm where his two sons, Joseph and Burgoyne, now live, in 1838. Michael Roush came in 1837 and lived on the place entered by Philip Shaffer in section 11. Henry Douglass came in 1837; James Douglass, his father, came in 1838; they both lived on the farm known as the Douglass farm. John Huff and sons, Hiram and John, came in 1839. John Huff, Sr., settled just north of Daniel Tinkel's and the sons live on farms well known to the public. Philip Winchurner settled the William Hays

farm in 1839. William Wineburner settled on the Isaac Anderson farm in 1839. Andrew Chidister was the first settler on the Lease farm, in 1836; he built the first brick house in the township. Frederick Light settled on the north part of the Elijah Creviston place in 1841. John Dugan settled where his heirs now live, in 1839. William Long settled where George Cochran now lives, in 1840. Joseph Ludwick came in 1841 and settled on the Holmes farm. John Endsley came in 1840 and settled on the southwest quarter of section 8; Abe See entered and first settled it. George W. Gardner came in 1841. Samuel McCowen came as early as 1840 and settled on the east side of the prairie. William Kirkpatrick came in 1843 and Daniel Creviston came in 1843. George H. D. Rood came in 1843 and settled on the farm on which the depot is located at Van Buren. Lot Green came from Fayette county, Indiana, and settled on the farm now owned by W. K. Frazier, in 1844. He was a minister in the Christian or Campbellite church and has served as justice of the peace. Joseph Campbell settled the Long farm in 1839; he sold to William Long, and first settled the Steinebrunner farm, in 1840. Deitrick Steinebrunner came in 1846 and bought of Joseph Campbell. Hezekiah Zuck came in 1841 and settled on the farm well known as the Zuck place. Henry Shanebolser came in 1843. Stephen Niewanger settled in the fall of 1842 on the farm where his son William H. now lives. William Hays settled where his widow now lives, in 1849. Here at one time was located Greenbush postoffice. Jacob Stroup, in 1840, settled in the farm owned by the late Alfred Wilson. Stroup was a "mity" hunter of all kinds of game. He had treed a wild cat in a brush heap, and Joseph Whinnery, the poet, came along with a favorite dog that he said could kill the d—l and wished Stroup to let the dog at it. One dash at the cat was enough; the "fur flew" and he was off like a shot with his "stub-tail" tucked under. Samuel Doyle came in 1840, and settled where his son Michael now lives; at one time he served as one of the county commissioners. Michael Doyle came in 1837, and settled where his son A. J. now lives. He was a distinguished hunter, and at the age of eighty-three his mind was quick at recollection of the olden day of deer, bear, coon, turkey and fish. He was kind and hospitable to all; he was a native of Guernsey county, Ohio. William Boller settled the farm where his heirs live in 1861. Jackson J. Pulley settled where he now lives, in 1859. Frank Thompson settled the Compton farm in 1846. Stephen Corey came in 1839 and settled on the farm just north of where Corey's cemetery is located; he was one of the first justices in the township.

Concerning the incidents of long ago, a few stories are here related. A big black wolf kept prowling around in Van Buren township in the early days, and Steve Studyvain came over from Monroe with a large trap, intending to "gather him in," but he eluded the trap Steve set for him and still went the rounds for lambs and pigs. At length Michael Doyle became tired of his tricks and borrowed Studyvain's trap, and set it near the carcass of a steer near the Cover pond. The animal's foot was caught and its efforts to escape were terrible, but it was shot by Elijah Lyon, who was present with a gun. Michael Doyle in the early days counted one hundred wild turkeys in this green wheatfield, but his dog put them to flight before he finished counting. He also killed a wolf in 1839 that weighed eighty-seven pounds.

In November and December, 1838, during the influx of population, fifteen persons lived for six weeks in a cabin sixteen by sixteen feet, at Mike Doyle's; then E. E. Camblin, Sr., and family moved to their own cabin January 1, 1839. A bee tree on the land of Mike Doyle was climbed eighty-six feet by felling another tree against it. John Mays went up

and lowered down what made twenty-one gallons of strained honey, besides a big lot that was carried away in the comb. An old-fashioned barn-raising came off at Andrew Chidester's; it was a double log barn with floor between pens built of hewed logs. Seven gallons of the "best rye" that could be had were "laid in" and the work of raising went on; there was enough of spirits it was said for such an occasion, but the building was only partially completed the first day. They sang, danced and "frolicked" all night, and even the presence of a justice of the peace did not insure such order and quietness as some would desire. When daylight came they declared not another log would "go up" unless more whiskey was brought. Three gallons more were obtained and brought there. Four gallons more were obtained. Then it went up with a hurrah!

A big otter killing came off on January 31, 1867, on Little Black creek, just above the point where the Fort Wayne road crosses; four large otters were killed on this occasion by Joseph, Lewis J., Lavanner and Stephens Corey and Allen McKeever. Frank Leas and Dr. L. Corey bought all other interests in the pelts for $20, and sent them to New York and had two large sets of furs made of them for their wives.

John Duckwall and Samuel Malcom were soldiers of the War of 1812 and were at Detroit in Hull's surrender. Duckwall died in 1879, aged eighty-seven. Smith Jeffries came here in 1850; he was in the War of 1812, served in Virginia, and died in 1881 aged eighty-eight.

R. D. Fornshell came to this township in 1844; he was regarded as a leader in the Democratic party; was for many years a school teacher, and for sixteen years he was elected justice of the peace, and then one vacancy occurred, when he was re-elected.

Old Indian camping grounds were situated where Godfrey's trace crossed Black creek, near the southeast corner of T. B. Doyle's land; one on the outlet of McCowen's prairie, at the Big Beaver dam below Henry Moler; a sugar camp on the land of Milton Candlin was a very noted camping ground. In some mounds on the land of David Heckard, bones, ashes, coal and burnt clay have been found. There are several mounds on the land of William Leverich and two on the land of Samuel Roush, on the south side of the creek. The first saw-mill was built on Black creek, in 1848, by G. H. D. Rood; Michael Roush owned it afterward.

A record of deaths from accident is: Mary B., wife of T. B. Runyan, was killed by lightning. A son of Joseph Lindsey was scalded to death by falling into a kettle of potash. John Frazier was killed by the fall of a coon tree in 1843. Jennie Knox hung herself at Conwell's barn and George W. Gardener met death in the same manner. Elias St. Clair was caught in machinery at a mill and was killed in 1877. William Barnes was killed by a runaway team in 1878. George Roush was killed by a saw-mill explosion in 1878. F. Ludwick was killed by being thrown on a circular saw in 1877. William Anderson was killed by the fall of a tree in 1845. John Matheny, in the year 1841, shot himself. John Dailey fell dead in 1866 in the streets of Van Buren.

For any one who did not pass through the pioneer period of Van Buren township, it is hardly possible to conceive what mighty changes have been wrought, what sacrifices have been made, what joys and sorrows must have been experienced. The long years of ceaseless toil, the months and years of fevers and ills, incident to an undrained land intermingled with the hopes of better days. The devotion to and the faith in the unexcelled quality of Grant county's best soil, made it possible for the present generation to go over, through or around her bounds happy in the thought that it is a heaven kissed place in our fair state.

Probably the three things that have contributed most to the material development in the past twenty-five years are the drainage system, the improved roads, and the railroad. The main lines of drainage, as have been indicated above, were the outlets for certain parts only, and the dozens of ponds, swamps, marshes and other low places must be reached by smaller branches. Tiling came into use about twenty-five years ago and the farmer was not slow to see the value of drained land compared with the production afforded by the knobs or high points that were not water-covered. For about fifteen years the spade and the shovel were bright from continuous use almost the year round and the miles and miles of tiling and cost of placing it under surface enforced upon the land owner a debt that very few, it seemed, were able to withstand. Mortgage after mortgage was filed and the money used thus enabled the farmer to bring his production to a paying basis, and that in conjunction with the revenue from the oil industry which sprang up about twelve years ago wiped out the mortgage, removed the log cabin, the log stable, the rail fence, the mud road, and gave in their stead a bank account, a frame or brick house, a huge barn, wire fence, and graved road. It has been reported upon good authority that twelve years ago more than two-thirds of the farms were covered by mortgages and today such a condition is hardly found to exist anywhere in the township—in fact, all are living in comfort, and most of the pioneers living have much to call their own in their last days. In 1895 there were less than twelve miles of graveled road in the township and today there are less than ten miles of ungraveled road within the boundary, while the township is bounded by gravel roads with the exception of four miles. The schools of our township have always taken a conspicuous rank among the other townships of the county, and it has been hinted that she may well claim first place in several things. 'Tis true during the days of development the schools did not have the necessary funds to equip them as they should have been on account of the low valuation of property, but for the past six years the valuation has increased to such proportions that, notwithstanding the rate of taxation is placed almost at the minimum rate, the schools could be conducted the year round. Nor is that all. At present they are all well equipped, and the rate of wages for the township is higher than is paid in any other township in Indiana.

Two years ago, not one cent was paid out for pauper expense, not because we were selfish or stingy, but because not one application was made for support. Nine churches are within the bounds of the township and moral and spiritual development have kept pace with the material development and no one can deny the fact that the moral sentiment of this section is as high as is to be found anywhere.

The wealth of the township is found chiefly in its farm productions and the oil product. Corn, wheat, oats, rye and hay are raised extensively and profitably, as well as fruits of almost all varieties. The revenue from the oil operations has been generally distributed among all classes, and by so doing there have been few instances in recent years where poverty was found such as demanded the support of the public funds. Every community must of necessity have a center or head, and the township seat is Van Buren, as has been noted above. At present, the town has a population of from sixteen hundred to eighteen hundred people. It has passed the boom days of oil excitement and has settled down to a normal, steady growth which insures stability and desirable advancement for its citizens.

Recently substantial improvements have been made in the erection of at least fifteen brick blocks, the two main thoroughfares paved with

brick, and the town will soon be well lighted. Every line of merchandise incident to this section is carried on extensively and the stores found here would well serve a city and community of much more pretentious proportions.

The M. B. & E. traction line passes through the place and township parallel with the Clover Leaf Railroad and bids fair to do much to assist the town and township in their material advancement. Landess is partly in Van Buren and partly in Washington township, and serves well to help the community in the western part of the township. It is a thrifty village of five hundred and is well supported by a substantial community in both townships.

From many standpoints of view, Van Buren township affords opportunities and advantages that are second to none in any locality. Her present generation is born of that pioneer product that is willing to look for better things, those who are willing to help in any honorable pursuit, or sympathize with any distressed or needy condition. The joys and sorrows of the past are as sunshine and shadow that chase each other over billowy fields of waving grain, yet the golden harvest of these years of toil are abundant compensation for the effort exercised.

And in years to come, among generations that take up the ceaseless task of doing good, there no doubt will come to them many inspirations from the pioneer spirit long gone by that will be an incentive to greater and nobler efforts in their stride for material and spiritual gain.

XXX. CENTER TOWNSHIP IN HISTORY

By Miss Frone A. Case

The history of Center township and the city of Marion was read before the Historical Society March 30, 1907, and because it was Center Township day Miss Jessie Webster was the soloist. The historian said:

The best an historian can do is to approach accuracy, for to reach it is beyond his scope. The present historian is severely conscious of her sins of commission, but hopes they are not greater than are her sins of omission, for both of which she earnestly begs an absolutory sentence.

Great human interest attaches to the adjective "first"; the first feeble cry of the babe; the first, tottering steps of the child; the first short trousers of the boy and long skirts of the girl; the first day at school; the first consciousness of beauty and dawn of love; the first earnings of labor and accumulation of capital; the first sermon, client or patient; the first battle, the first sorrow—in short, the opening incidents in every earthly career have a thrill of their own out of proportion to that belonging to a thousand greater things that may follow, but we know:

> "There are gains for all our losses,
> There is balm for all our pain,
> But when from youth the dream departs,
> It takes something from our hearts,
> And it never comes again."—Stoddard.

The historian of Center offers no apology for the reiteration of the word "first," believing that without first there would be no hereafter. From 1828 until 1831 all the territory included within the borders of Grant formed a part of Delaware county. At this time the population of this portion of the state was rapidly increasing, consequently the set-

tlers, concluding they were entitled to representation in the legislature petitioned that body to this effect, and the petition was approved February 18, 1831. The name Grant was given the new county in memory of and in honor of Captain Samuel Grant and Moses Grant, both of whom fell in battle with the Indians in 1790, in southern Indiana.

The county as first organized consisted of but two townships of nearly equal dimensions. All north of a line passing through the central part of township 24 was called Pleasant, and all south of that line was called Union. This gave to the county its present boundaries with the exception of a two-mile strip which in 1858 was given to Madison county. In 1834 a three-mile strip of land was taken from the southern part of Pleasant, and the same from the northern part of Union, forming the new township of Center. In 1863 a small strip of land in Washington between the Mississinewa river and Pleasant township was transferred to Center.

On October 19, 1825, Martin Boots bought of the United States a part of sections 6, 24 and 8, the land on which the western part of Marion now stands. This was the first purchase of land made in the township, also in the county. In 1826 Martin Boots employed James and Daniel Cox to build a saw mill and later a corn cracker was attached to the mill. Should a pioneer crave the rare delicacy—flour, he was compelled to go to Richmond to obtain it.

On December 9, 1825, John Ballinger entered part of section 8, near the cemetery, the farm later owned by Isaac Jay. February 20, 1826, Jesse Adamson located in section 21, later the Martin Griffin land. In August, 1826, David Branson, with his son, Thomas, settled in section 6, now the eastern part of Marion. The same year Jacob Branson located on what was later known as the Joel Overman farm. With noticeable prescience these early settlers selected land in or near the site chosen six years later for the county seat.

In 1827 John Odell, David Adamson, Eli Ephraim, Silas and Reuben Overman settled in Center. In 1829 Thomas Knight located on what was later the Jesse Small farm; Isaac Elliott on the site now occupied by the Soldiers' Home; John Thomas, Caleb Morris, Jesse Bogue and Richard Jones became identified with Center. (Note—In order to understand much of the foregoing, the reader will have to think of the surrounding country as it was prior to the discovery of natural gas in 1887, which revolutionized farm history.) In 1830 came Nathan, son of David Branson, Henley and Samuel Thomas, Solomon and Benjamin Knight.

The location of the county seat in 1831 was an incentive for an increase in migration hither. Prominent among those who entered land in the township at an early date were Abraham Murray, Murray Woodworth, Jesse Thomas, Henley James, James Coulter, James Griffin with his sons, Martin and Robert, Seth Burson, Joshua Small, Jesse Embree, William Jones, Joseph Ratliff, Jonas Wolf and Alexander Frazier.

The first religious meeting in the township was held at the home of Eli Overman in the summer of 1828, by the Friends. For a while after this the meetings were held in the cabin of Thomas Knight. In the fall of 1828 the Friends built a small log house on the John Ballinger farm. This was the first meeting house built in the township, and was known as the "Mississinewa church." In 1834 the Friends again changed their place of worship, this time to a neat, comfortable house built on the Eli Overman farm.

In 1828, in a little log cabin, (near the present Pennsylvania railway station) on the Small farm William James taught the first school held in the township. The Quaker church on the Ballinger farm was occu-

pied for a while as a schoolhouse. In 1830 a school was opened in a cabin on the Martin Boots farm, and Elijah Thomas was teacher. In the fall of 1827, Nathan Branson built a log cabin on the present site of the Spencer house. The immortal Shakespeare, the myriad-minded, tells us:

> "There is a history in all men's lives,
> Figuring the nature of the time diseased,
> The which observed, a man may prophesy,
> With a near aim of the main chance of things
> As yet to come to life, which in their seeds,
> And weak beginnings, lie intreasured."

In the spring of the year 1827, on the banks of the Mississinewa, was built a small log cabin. This was the seed in which "intreasured" lay the Marvelous Marion of today. Under an act of the legislature approved February 10, 1831, Charles W. Ewing, William Edwards and William Hunt were authorized to locate the county seat. In selecting the location the commissioners had in view the following places, namely: the farm of William Hiatt near Jonesboro, the Beatty farm now part of the Soldiers' Home, and the land owned by Boots and Branson. The commissioners agreed to locate the town on the farm of the person donating the most land. The land of Boots and Branson joined and each agreed to give thirty acres, reserving lots Nos. 1 and 8 in each block. Their proposition was accepted by the commissioners, and the site selected was named Marion in honor of the Revolutionary general, Francis Marion.

The original plat of Marion consisted of thirty-nine blocks, from the river on the north to Seventh street on the south; from the alley east of Branson street on the east to the alley west of Boots street on the west, and since that time more than fifty additions have been made, the most important of which are: Oppy's in 1838; Connor's in 1838; Boots' southwest addition, 1839; Nathan Branson's in 1840; Turner's in 1842; David McKinney's in 1855; F. S. McKinney's in 1867; McClure's, Swayzee's, Bradford's, White's, Tibbits', Sweetser's, Willents' and Tharp's and many smaller ones in later years. The board of commissioners met in special session at the house of Riley Marshall, September 24, 1831, for the purpose of establishing terms for the sale of lots.

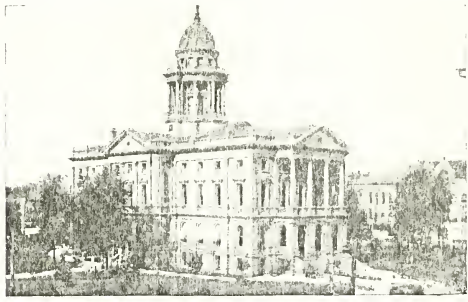
The terms were as follows: Lots to be sold by public outcry and to the highest bidder. The county agent was ordered to advertise the sale of lots in the *Indianapolis Journal; Pottawatamie and Miami Times* of Logansport, and the newspapers published at Richmond. Lots fronting or cornering on the public square were not to sell for less than $50, all lots fronting on Adams, Washington, Jefferson and Madison streets were to sell for not less than $10, and all others for $35 and $15, according to location.

During the first term of the circuit court in 1831 Nathan Branson was allowed the sum of $14.60 for cash paid Samuel Woodworth for services as surveyor in laying out the town of Marion. David Branson was allowed the munificent sum of $3 for boarding the surveying party, which consisted of five men. The town of Marion was incorporated in 1838, and fifty years later secured its city charter. The records have been lost or destroyed, and consequently nothing could be learned of the organization of the town.

The first merchant of Marion was John Chapman, and his store room, sixteen by twenty feet and built of round logs and poles, stood on the site now occupied by the I. O. O. F. temple at the corner of Third and

Boots streets. This store room, in impressive contrast to the majestic emporiums of today, was neither plastered nor ceiled, the cracks between the logs being daubed with clay and the whole covered with clapboards. The counter and shelves were of rude construction, the entire cost not exceeding $50. The stock invoiced $500, and was regarded by the admiring citizens to be absolutely colossal. The formal opening of this store occurred in 1828. Another early merchant was John H. Baird, who built a log store house at Second and Washington streets. This was in 1830. The following year Baird built a frame store house on the same lot, the first frame building erected within the present limits of Marion.

In 1832 Samuel McClure, Sr., built the first frame dwelling. On May 26, 1834, Samuel McClure, Jr., having rented this house of his father, occupied part as a dwelling and part as a store room. The next merchant was Bedsall, who in 1835 built a small frame house on the northeast corner of the square, the site now occupied by the When Cloth-



Grant County Court House, Marion

ing Store, in which he kept store. For many years this was the oldest business house in Marion. The first tavern of Marion was kept by Riley Marshall. Colonel John Wall presided over the second tavern, and Dr. Trask the third. Other early tavern keepers were Abraham Oppy, Stephen Long, Nathan McClure, Binoni Reynolds and Oliver Goldthait.

A ginseng factory which stood on Boots creek was one of the most important early industries. The roots of the ginseng plant were collected and refined. John Wall and Hiram Weeks were the pioneer tanners who supplied the settlers with leather for their boots and shoes. In 1854 the Marion council was composed as follows: First ward, Andrew Diltz; second ward, Thomas J. Neal; third ward, H. J. Lenox; fourth ward, J. A. Stretch; fifth ward, Joseph Hodges. (Editor's note—At this point when reading her paper the historian credited the following courthouse mention to "Rolinda," in the Greater Marion edition of *The Chronicle*, issued March 2, of that year, which was timely information at her command.)

At the beginning of the twentieth century there were still a number of citizens lingering here who boasted of having paid taxes in three different courthouses in Grant county, and history relates that on May

8, 1833, the contract for the first one was let by the county commissioners, the specifications calling for a small frame building two stories high with the court room on the first floor, with a judge's stand raised two feet above the floor and a place for three judges. James Trimble secured the contract for $684, work to begin immediately, with $100 as a first payment and the remainder in two equal annual installments. At the time it was believed that this structure would last the county many years—twenty-six by twenty-two feet, its dimensions—but in May, 1837, a new courthouse was ordered. The old one was bought by the Butlers, members of the direct family still living in Marion, and it was moved to the site of the Telephone block where the "Greater Marion" edition of *The Chronicle* was printed, and here it stood for many years, known as the Whitehall hotel, but in time it went the way of all the world.

The first courthouse stood on a natural mound covered with magnificent forest trees, but trees were not so much prized then as now, and when the onward march of civilization rendered a larger building necessary, many were used in the manufacture of the brick from which the second edifice was built. Doctor Trask secured the contract for building the second courthouse, employed Joseph Roberts to burn the brick, then sold out to George Webster, a pioneer builder, who later completed it at a cost of $5,000, and while it was standing there were still many of the original forest trees around it. The prehistoric mound was gone, and that is sufficient explanation of the statement that the courthouse lawn was once the site of a brick yard. The civic spirit had not yet manifested itself in Grant county.

When the second temple of justice was completed it was considered an architectural triumph—the order of arrangement was reversed, and the courtroom was in the second story. This building served the needs of the growing county for more than forty years, but the necessity for a more convenient place to transact the county's business, and a safer repository for the records which had been accumulating for half a century, rendered it necessary to build again. The first courthouse, described by a pioneer who used to attend church in the courtroom as a "ramshackle," was removed as a whole while the second one was torn down and the bricks were rebuilt in the "Sizemore" property on Boots street. The first action toward the present courthouse was taken by the county commissioners in 1880, when an architect was employed to draw up the specifications and superintend its erection. E. E. Meyers was paid $6,700 for his services in this capacity. The contract was sold to the Hinsdale Doyle Granite Company and W. D. Richardson. The total cost of the building, including ten years' interest on bonds that were issued, amounted to $212,775.75, and aside from the fact that no clock surmounts the dome, the architectural features of Grant county's temple of justice are not yet antiquated, although it is now a quarter of century since it was built.

June 1, 1881, was the day on which the corner stone was laid, and the tablet bears the following inscription: "Erected by order of the board of county commissioners, 1880. N. D. Holman, B. F. Stevens and A. C. Jay, county commissioners," and the names of the contractors and the architect are on this panel. On the other face it reads: "J. W. Stout, auditor; J. P. Campbell, treasurer; A. M. Baldwin, recorder; J. H. Zahn, clerk; A. E. Eyestone, sheriff; A. A. Hamilton, coroner; G. A. Osborn, county superintendent, and Steele & St. John, county attorneys," and yet "county tombstone" does not accurately describe this cornerstone, since a number of men then part of the county organization are still actively interested in private pursuit in the county. It was a great day in Marion when this cornerstone was laid, and when the

next courthouse is built the chronicler of the past will find much interesting data deposited there. It was built for the future—but the second one was, and it lasted less than half a century. After applying the square, the level and the plumb, the master of ceremonies that day said: "Gentlemen, we have laid the corner stone of this temple of justice according to the customs of our ancient craft. . . . It will be in keeping with the progress of art, an ornament to the county you represent, and a monument to the liberality, culture and refinement of her citizens," and the late ex-Lieutenant Governor Will Cumback, who was long a familiar character in the state and in Grant county, added: "The courthouse is one of the milestones on the highway of civilization. . . . The courthouse is an important factor in the problem of human affairs. It is not only the protector of the right of individual citizens, but to some extent it is the guardian of the peace of society."

[Editor's note—While the historian from Center dealt at length with Marion churches, it is thought best at the beginning of this second century in local history to handle that feature in a different way, and her reference to them is purposely omitted.] So much of Center west of the Mississinewa river is occupied by the city of Marion, that the present day agriculture is all across the river except a very few farms in the vicinity of the Soldiers' Home, and all the rural churches—Griffin Chapel, Howe, McKinney or Lugar Creek, and Locust Chapel are in the eastern part of the township. While there are few farms there are four township schools west of the river, and the last year ten teachers were employed—three at Mississinewa, three at the Evans school, two near the Normal college and two colored teachers in the school at Western avenue, some of the pupils coming from Franklin. There are four schools east of the river.

The physical resources of Center are not different from other townships except that there is perhaps more grazing land, and that a great deal of it is underlaid with gravel. When natural gas and oil territory was being developed, Center proved profitable enough, many farms yielding small fortunes, and dairy farming has been found profitable in the township. There is considerable waste land along the river, and dairying is the best method of utilizing it. While there are some social centers in the rural community, Marion is so nearby that many families find it convenient to attend school and church in town, and many suburban residents find employment in the city.

In summing up the Center historian said: "I am consumed with amazement when I revert to the *then* as compared with the *now*. I am reminded that

> "The years have linings just as goblets do;
> The old year is the lining of the new,
> Filled with the music of precious memories,
> The golden was doth line the silver is."

In dwelling upon the growth of Marion the historian is prone to treat it as if it had arrived at its acme, forgetting that every chronicler has done the same, and been belittled by later progress. An historian writing in 1870, when the population of Marion had reached 4,100, exults thus: "Fifty years ago when Marion was a hamlet the country round about was truly a wilderness. Now with the population numbering 4,100 she assumes the aspect of a populous city. The memory is at fault when it attempts to keep pace with this rapid progression. Well may we rejoice in a result so glorious!" The enthusiasm of the historian quoted compels a smile as one looks back upon it, and the writer of today is likely to forget that his own observations will be no less

amusing to the writers who come later. We have only indicated the ascending steps, leaps and bounds by which our fair city has advanced. Onward and upward she climbs. On the shining height the point which was her goal yesterday is her starting place today, and tomorrow will be far behind her, a mere study for her future historian.

[Editor's note—While the religious and material development of Center has been omitted from the foregoing chronicles of the township because they are to be handled independently, it is in simple justice to the historian to say that the lapse of only five years has witnessed the realization of much of her prophecy—A Glimpse into the Future, or Greater Marion in 1992, five hundred years after the discovery of America, having been presented in connection with the township history.]

My Dear Friend—Believing that you will be interested in hearing of the many changes that have taken place since you wrote of Marion—that was in the year 1907 if I mistake not, I send you this. Perhaps you knew that I have lived abroad for many years, returning to the city of my birth that I may be present to enjoy the festivities incident to the five hundredth anniversary of an event made memorable by that

MARION STREET SCENE, FIFTH AND WASHINGTON

intrepid Genoese navigator, Columbus. Consequently we shall enjoy the numerous innovations together.

Before alighting from our aerial car, the general mode of transportation at present, our attention was directed to the territory occupied by Greater Marion. This embraces all the domain within a radius of six miles from the courthouse, including Jonesboro, Jalapa, Roseburg, etc. The hangar where we alighted, I learned later, is connected with the Spencer house, a famous hostelry eight stories high. This hangar, where our airship was cared for, corresponding to a garage with reference to automobiles, covers about one-half of the hotel roof and the remainder is an artistically arranged roof garden much frequented by the people of the city. The Mississinewa, an imposing eight story building of great architectural beauty, occupies the northeast corner of the square formerly the site of the Dexheimer photograph gallery, and you will be glad to know that a substantial ten story business block has been built on the southwest corner of the square, I think the former site of a fruit stand and frequently spoken of as the Beshore corner. Every building on the square has developed lofty aspirations, and has climbed heavenward, roof gardens being the rule and not the exception.

Of the thousand and one innovations which I have noted, the one

which has pleased me in the superlative degree is the immaculate condition of the public square. No need to ask if you recall its former plight—no one could forget it—the filthy hitchrack stable, that disease breeder so extremely offensive to sensitive olfactories, the detestation of every refined citizen, and the amazement of every visitor. Hercules found no more difficulty cleansing the Aegean stable of the accumulations of ten thousand years than did the federated club woman of Marion when she determined to remove the stable from around the square, but when a woman, a Marion woman, a club woman thousands strong—when this composite woman wills she wins. Witness the fragrant, cleanly aspect of the square! At the suggestion of this same intrepid, composite club woman the city council had erected near the square a commodious building fitted with all the conveniences of a modern stable where Grant county horses are welcomed as guests of the city without money and without price.

This change for the better sanitation of the entire community which appealed so strongly to me had, it seems, been effected about the year 1920. Progress, truly, thy name is woman! I was told that several years ago the City Fathers offered rewards to the boys and girls of Marion for the best kept lawns and the most attractive back yards. The result is pleasing in the highest degree. Such wealth of blossom is rarely seen this side of the Flowery Kingdom. Flowers—flowers and vines everywhere! What could be a sweeter covering for the multitudes of objects unsightly! Significant of the appreciation of the youth of Marion are the many and inviting playgrounds provided by the city for the children. These playgrounds equipped with all of the contrivances dear to the heart of boy or girl are presided over by a man or woman whose play days are not so far behind him that he has forgotten the delight of the game. Aye, verily, the children of Marion comprehend the wild joy of living!

A dream realized. If the citizens of Greater Marion have one achievement of which they are more proud than of any other, it is their magnificent boulevard which extends from Matter Park following the Mississinewa river on both sides to the Soldiers' Home. Bordering this boulevard are all of the forest trees that are indigenous to the Hoosier state. Can you imagine the effect? Not alone for their intrinsic beauty are these noble scions of the forest the joy of the entire community, but for their utility as well. For years forestry has been a feature in the school curriculum, consequently every child from the tiny first year to the stalwart senior is personally acquainted with his native trees. You remember the Island—formerly the repository of tin cans and kindred refuse? Island park is now reached from both sides of the river by skeleton bridges very airy and effective. On the island of the long ago one sees the wild flowers—every species to be found in the state. Truly 'tis a thing of beauty and the greater part of the year a joy to behold. Permit me to say, parenthetically, that the Mississinewa is not a filthy sewer as you might infer from what you remember, but a majestic stream of which the citizens are justly proud.

Greater Marion and progress are synonyms, progress writ large. Refresh your memory by recalling the churches, schools, library, conservatories of music, everything that stands in a community for advancement and culture as you knew these in 1907, in Marion, then multiply the conditions by one thousand, and you will have a somewhat faint idea of the development that the years have brought to your native city. Adieu.

[Editor's note. Returning to things mundane, Center has so many conflicting interests, since the Temple of Justice and the manufacturing

and commercial industries center in Marion, that the work of the township historian will be shared by others.]

XXXI. FAIRMOUNT TOWNSHIP IN HISTORY

*By Edgar M. Baldwin**

It is not definitely known when the first white man set foot upon the soil of Fairmount township. Until about 1823, according to the best authority obtainable, the Indian was the sole inhabitant of Grant county.

It may be stated, however, for the meditation of thoughtful people, that James Marquette, the famous Jesuit missionary, visited the northern part of Indiana about the year 1672; that within the same decade Joliet, the noted French explorer, and LaSalle, with his band of adventurous spirits, passed through the region of the Kankakee swamps.

While it may be true that stragglers from these various expeditions ventured into this part of Indiana, there appears to be no recognized authority bold enough to assert, as a matter of fact, that any of these sturdy pathfinders penetrated the dense forests which in the seventeenth century covered this township.

In the fall of 1826, about the month of September,† Robert McCormick came from Fayette county, Indiana.

On August 15, 1829, he entered land and built his cabin soon after at the crossing of the Fort Wayne, Muncie and Indianapolis state road, on the farm later owned by J. and M. E. Wilson, one-half mile south of Wilson's Ford.

McCormick moved his family to their new home in October, 1829. His cabin became known far and near as McCormick's Tavern, and as the state road in those days was the principal highway through this section of Indiana, the tavern enjoyed a good trade.

It was at this hospitable inn that David and Nancy Lewis,‡ parents of the late William G. Lewis, stopped over night when they came to Grant county, Indiana. Their household goods were loaded in a two-horse wagon and drawn by two bob-tailed horses owned by a man named Johnson. They were seven days on the road, the same distance now being covered in as many hours. The route was by way of Connersville and Muncie. An accident befell the Lewis family as they were traveling along the road between Muncie and Granville that caused a delay of one day. An axletree broke, and it was necessary to make a new one before they could proceed. The wagon broke down close by the cabin of a man named Wilson. Wilson had an old black sow. A bear had

* This article is based upon a paper originally prepared by the writer and read by him before members of the Grant County Historical Society at a meeting held in the assembly room of Carnegie Library, Marion, Indiana, Saturday, September 28, 1907. New matter has been added to the production, which was revised by the author on March 18, 1913.

† This information is supplied by Mrs. Gabriele Havens, daughter of James H. Clark, whose family were neighbors and intimate friends of the McCormicks. At the time this matter is being prepared Mrs. Havens is living, at the age of 93 years. The official records show that while McCormick entered land on August 15, 1829, two years before the county was organized, and three years after his arrival, the explanation is made that there was no need to keep records, since settlers in that day were few and far between. The discrepancy in the dates, therefore, is accounted for. McCormick simply deferred the task of going to Ft. Wayne to enter his land.

‡ David Lewis was related to Colonel Davy Crockett, and Nancy Lewis, his wife, was blood kin to Colonel Daniel Boone.

eaten a mess out of the back of her neck, but the wound was pretty well healed up. On the 19th of November the Lewis family moved into a cabin on the McCormick farm, a few days later taking their belongings to the John Weston cabin, near by.

In 1829, according to official records, the first settlers came to Fairmount township to make their permanent homes. On June 10th of that year Josiah Dille purchased from the government the south fraction of section 10. James H. Clark, about 1834, bought this land of Dille.* Joseph Winslow, on December 28, 1829, entered the northwest quarter of section 17, the farm now owned by Ancil Winslow. On the same date Matthew Winslow, son of Joseph, entered the west half of the northeast quarter of section 17, the farm now partly owned by John A. Jones and partly by John Devine. Seth Winslow, another son of Joseph, on the same date entered the east half of the northwest quarter of section 20. This farm is now owned by Mrs. Ruth Winslow Elliott, a daughter who lives in Fairmount. Exum Newby on the same date entered the southwest quarter of section 17. This land is now owned by the heirs of Lewis Fankboner. These men came from Randolph county, North Carolina. They formed the nucleus for a settlement which grew in numbers and prospered. They cherished high ideals. They possessed rugged physiques. They were hopeful of the future. They were cheerful and they were helpful. They were made of the kind of material that did not hesitate to brave hardships and to surmount obstacles. They "toiled, and suffered and died that we might inherit the promise." Of these patient pioneers let the words of the poet speak:

"The world can easily spare the man
Who pauses a moment here or there
To make a promise or form a plan,
Or to pluck some flower that may be fair;
But the world has use for the man who gives
His best for the joys that he wins away—
The world with a welcoming cheer receives
The determined man who has come to stay.

"There are few rewards for the pioneer
Whose thoughts are only of sudden gains,
Who camps for a day on the far frontier,
Then journeys backward across the plains;
But wood and valley and plain and slope
Yield their best to him who has blazed his way
To the scene on which he has set his hope,
Who, having arrived, is there to stay."

Among others who came in the early part of the '30s and entered land were: Charles Baldwin, August 4, 1830; Solomon Thomas, August 9, 1830; Iredell Rush, March 16, 1831; John Benbow, November 30, 1831; Nathan Morris, April 9, 1832; Thomas Morris, April 9, 1832; Thomas Harvey, October 10, 1832; Jesse Harvey, October 10, 1832; Henry Osborn, August 27, 1833; Thomas Baldwin, October 7, 1833;

* Josiah Dille was a brother to James Dille, who at one time lived in Fairmount. Josiah was a younger half brother to Ichabod Dille, who was many years his senior. Josiah lived for about five years where he first bought land, then moved to what was known as the Dille neighborhood, two miles north of Jonesboro, on the river. In later years he moved west with his family, where he died. As he rarely ever wrote letters, it is not definitely known in what state he settled, and there appears to be no information regarding his people now in possession of his Grant county relatives.

Daniel Baldwin, December 16, 1833; Benjamin Benbow, December 16, 1833. These are the first men who entered land in the township. The majority of the number came from North Carolina, and practically all of them were of Quaker ancestry.

When the writer began his research for material for this production he encountered a fact which seemed to him particularly significant. Nathan Morris, one of the pioneers whose name has just been mentioned, was the father of twenty-two children. He was married twice. His first wife was the mother of fifteen children and his second wife gave birth to seven. Carrying the inquiry a little farther, it was learned that the eldest daughter, who at this writing is living, at the age of eighty two, was the mother of nine, seven of whom survived to marriageable age. The seven sons and daughters are parents of seven children, six sons and a daughter. At this rate of retrogression, if Nathan Morris, father of the original family of twenty-two sons and daughters, should return within one or two generations he would find his progeny practically extinct. It is when we are confronted by these extraordinary facts that we are disposed to share with Theodore Roosevelt his deep concern regarding the apparent indifference of the present generation to the problem of race suicide.

The country was populated rapidly, and settlements quickly multiplied. In 1835 Dugan Rush, Thomas Ratliff, William Payne, Clark Willcutts, Timothy Kelly, Elijah Lucas, Lewis Moorman, James S. Wilson, Bingham Simons, Nathan Dicks, John Weston,* Charles Henshaw, Solomon Parsons, Franklin Davis, John Lee, Jr., John Lee, Sr., and Jonathan Willcutts entered land. In 1836 came Henry Harvey, Thomas Winslow, Thomas Edgerton, William Osborn, Eli Moorman, Charles Smith, Otho Selby, William H. H. Reeder, Lewis Harrison, Harvey Davis, Jabez Moore, John Famboner, William Leach, Jonathan Reeder, David Stanfield, Moses Benbow, Lancaster Bell, Carter Hastings, Joel Hollingsworth, William Harvey, David Bates and Lewis Jones. In 1837 Phineas Henley, Peter Rich, David Lewis, Morris Payne, Joseph Weston, Sr.,† Amaziah Beeson, John Baldwin, Thomas Osborn, James W. Davis and Henry Simons entered land. In 1838 Nathan Davis came to cast his fortunes with the people of the new country, and in 1839 Charles Beeson followed.

Corn, oats, wheat and flax were the products of the pioneer farm. Flax was raised for its qualities in making articles of wearing apparel for both men and women.

There are three prime necessities of life, namely, clothing, food and shelter. These necessities are common to all mankind, and in all stratas of civilization. In this connection the writer is quite certain that it will be interesting to the reader of the present day to know how the earliest settlers grew and manufactured their own clothing. The following excellent description of the manner in which flax was converted into garments for the women and into trousers for the men will be found appropriate. It is from the pen of John T. Morris,‡ than whom there is no survivor of that early period better fitted to perform the work:

"During the first years of the settlement it was common for the people to produce nearly everything they consumed. Indeed, this was

* John and Joseph Weston were uncles of Captain Hugh Weston.

‡ John T. Morris, at the time this article is being prepared, lives at Carthage, Indiana. Mr. Morris was born near Fountain City, Indiana, November 22, 1824. With his parents, Aaron and Nanna Thomas Morris, he moved to Grant county in March, 1839. He taught a number of terms of school and in numerous ways contributed liberally of his time, his talent, and his energy to building for the present generation. Earl Morris, the present clerk and treasurer of the town of Fairmount, is a grandson of John T. Morris.

necessary, as most of the settlers were in limited circumstances—only able to command money enough to enter a small tract of land at $1.25 per acre. I suppose about eighty acres was an average entry for those who settled on the land at once. Some men who had the money to do so would take up larger bodies of land and hold it for speculation. So the situation demanded economy. The people manufactured most of their wearing cloths from the raw material. It was common for each family to cultivate a small plat of ground in flax, from which to manufacture their summer clothing and such other articles as towels, table linen, etc. The flax seed was sown early in May, and by some time in July it was ripe enough to pull. When flax was grown for the fiber it was always pulled by hand—pulled out of the ground and spread in swathes on the ground where it grew and left to cure, after which it was taken up, bound into bundles, and put under shelter to remain until the fall rains commenced. It was then taken to some grass plot and unbound and again spread in swathes and left to take the rain and sunshine. This process was called 'rotting the flax.' This was necessary in order that the fiber might the more readily separate from the woody portion of the stalks, and at the same time the woody part of the stalks was rendered more brittle, hence more easily worked out from the fiber. When the action of the weather had sufficiently rotted the flax, it was again taken up, bound into bundles and put under shelter to await the farmer's pleasure to break and scutch it. The first machine in this process was called a 'flax break.' This was made entirely from wood, not even a nail being used in its construction. The flax was first put through the 'flax break,' then to the scutching board. By the use of this and the scutching knife the schives were worked out from the fiber. After this the flax fiber was handed over to the women to complete the work of making it into cloth, or linen, which they did by the use of different machines, the first of which was the hatchel, an instrument used to comb out the coarse from the fine fiber. This machine was made by using a board seven inches wide and two feet long, in the center of which about thirty-six spikes were made fast in a space five by six inches. These spikes, or teeth, if you please, were about five inches long, made smooth and sharp at the point. This combing done, the fiber was ready for the 'little spinning wheel.' The reel was now brought into requisition, as it was always used in connection with the wheel. Reeled, spooled, warped and drawn through the sley, or put in the loom, the process of weaving was now in order. A nice fabric for men's pants and shirts was made by using cotton thread for the warp, filled in with flax thread. Trousers made from this, after it was nicely bleached, were fit for Sunday, and, indeed, your humble servant has worn such trousers when he went to see his 'best girl.' In those frontier times the women did the cutting and making, as well as spinning and weaving. It was some years after the first settlement was made before a fashionable tailor was in demand."

"The township originally was heavily timbered. There was an abundance of spice-wood, walnut, hickory, beech, cherry, sugar, ash, oak, sycamore, poplar, hackberry, etc. The dense forest served as a refuge and hiding place for all kinds of wild game, which was abundant in the early '30s. Bear, deer, porcupines, wild cats, raccoons, squirrels, 'possums, turkeys and quail were plentiful. The supply of meats was unlimited. The hunter and trapper had his choice "without money and without price."

Having referred to the manner of procuring necessary articles of clothing, the writer is again indebted to Mr. Morris for the following well written description of methods employed by the pioneer in securing his food. Mr. Morris writes entertainingly of his knowledge gained

by personal observation, which makes the narrative all the more correct and instructive. He says:

"In 1830 Martin Boots owned and was operating a corn mill, located a short distance above the mouth of Boots creek. At the same time Jesse Adamson was running another such mill on Griffin's creek, about half a mile above the mouth of the creek. For a few years the settlers were dependent upon these corn mills to get their corn ground into meal. The water wheels were so made that they were liable to freeze up in the winter, and remain so for some time, and in that case the people would run short of bread stuff, and have to fall back on Irish potatoes and lye hominy as a substitute for bread. Corn bread was the rule, and flour bread was the exception. Sometimes the neighbors would make up a team and go forty miles up the Mississinewa river to what was known as Lewellin's Mill and bring down a load of flour. Then, for a time, the settlers would have biscuits occasionally on Sunday morning. The diet throughout the community was plain and simple. Meat was had the easiest of anything that entered into a living. Game was plentiful and hogs lived upon the range and were at almost no expense. There were but few groceries bought. Each family made their own sugar and molasses from the maple trees. A few people used coffee, but a substitute for store tea could be found within a few rods of every man's house—spice-wood. So far as hogs were concerned, when left on the range they were almost no expense, as they would live and do well all the year. During the fall and early winter they got fat on the mast. Acorns and hickory nuts were in such abundance that a large amount of this mast was still on the ground when winter came on. This would become covered with leaves, and maybe with snow, and be preserved, so that hogs could find it and feed on it all winter. There was, however, one trouble with the hogs. They became as wild as deer on being left at large in the woods, where they would scarcely see any person. Those who had hogs on the range tried to keep them located by going out occasionally and finding their bed, which the hogs moved as occasion required. As the mast became scarce in their beat, they would move over into new territory. But the excitement was on when the men went out to butcher their meat. After deciding whose hogs should be killed first, a few neighbors would be on the way early, with dogs, guns and horses, prepared for the chase. They aimed to surprise the hogs in their bed. (A good snow was the prerequisite to this wild hog slaughter.) Arriving at the bed, the hogs were routed and the dogs turned loose. A hog was soon caught and held till the men came up and stuck it. This one was left to die, while the dogs caught another. And so the chase went on until all were killed, or as many as were wanted. Of course the dead hogs were somewhat scattered, but at least one horse was provided with harness, singletree and loose chain, in order to drag the dead hogs together at some suitable place where they could get to them with a wood sled and haul them in where the dressing was to be done. In this manner of hog killing guns were not brought into requisition, only as the hogs would rally and make a stand to fight, as was sometimes the case."

Thus we see, from this description of an eye-witness, how food was procured. Deer meat was another delightful article of food for the pioneer. Mr. Morris has told how the settlers hunted deer, and the writer is again indebted to him for this first-hand information:

"In those early times game was so plentiful that it afforded both sport and profit to those who engaged in hunting. In the summer hunters would go out on night expeditions on the river. They would equip a canoe for this purpose by placing a blind on the prow of the

canoe. This was formed by using a few short boards. One was put down flat, cross-wise. Immediately behind this was boarded up some twenty inches or more. The board planked down was for a candle to stand upon. The upright back was to break the light of the candle from shining upon the men. Their craft being ready, the next thing was to start up the river. This was called 'fire hunting.' It was their purpose to start early enough in the day to work their craft several miles up the river before nightfall. At that time the hunting was wont to commence. So they would stop and light their candle and turn about. The deer did not frequent the river much, only at night. It was supposed that there were two things that caused the deer to go to the river. One was the need of water, and the other was that they fed upon a moss which was found growing in the water upon the rocks. This was called 'deer moss,' and was found only where the water was shallow. Those hunters asserted that they had seen the deer go down with their mouths into the water after this moss. Whatever may have been the inducement, the deer were largely found in the river at night. On starting down the river one man would be seated in the stern of the canoe, paddle in hand. He made but little effort to give the craft headway, except to shape its course. The other man stood behind the blind, gun in hand, and far enough back so the candle would not shine upon him. By this arrangement the men were completely hid behind the blind. The hunters said that the deer would appear to be wholly oblivious to everything except the candle. They would stand and gaze at the candle until the canoe would approach within a few yards of them. It was also stated that a man could see a deer eighty rods or more from the light of a candle placed on the blind. When the man that was on the look-out saw a deer, he would simply point towards it and the man who was working the canoe shaped its course accordingly, carefully avoiding noise, till the craft approached to within easy shooting distance before the old musket was turned loose. An old army musket was the style of gun used in this manner of hunting. They were wont to have the gun well charged with buck-shot, as it was a random shot, not being able to see any sights. I remember to have seen one of those night expeditions on its return, in charge of Thomas Branson and Reuben Overman, with the canoe fairly loaded down with deer, lying on their backs with their legs up. It was claimed that the hotter the weather and the worse the flies the more the deer would be found in the river at night."

The coming of the pioneer for permanent settlement created the necessity for homes. These homes took the form of log cabins. There could be no homes without shelter. As the cabins multiplied in number and the work of clearing the land progressed, trees began to disappear and timber became scarcer. Log rollings and house raisings were of frequent occurrence. Neighbors were, indeed, neighborly. Co-operation in the building of homes was the rule. The spirit of mutual helpfulness extended to quilting bees, corn huskings, spinning and weaving. The real diversion for the boys was town ball and bull pen, while jumping the rope, hide and seek, and "William a trim-a-toe" were a few of the games in which both boys and girls participated.

The writer has touched upon the means of providing clothing and food. It now seems important to describe the methods of our ancestors in providing shelter and preparing food for their families. Again we are relying upon authority which cannot be called into question. The following is from the pen of Asa T. Baldwin,* now residing at 2311 South

* Asa T. Baldwin is a native of Fairmount township. He was born March 16, 1835, on the lot now owned by Clinton Winslow, corner of Mill and Jefferson streets, in Fairmount. Mr. Baldwin taught several terms of school in his young manhood.

Meridian street, Marion, Indiana. Being one of the few survivors who learned how this was done by his own personal experience, this detailed account will be read with interest:

"The log cabin was made by cutting poles or logs sixteen to twenty-four feet in length and notching the ends with an axe by men selected to carry up the four corners of the building, so that they would fit closely together and make a solid wall not easily thrown down. The open spaces between the logs were chinked with wood and daubed with mud or mortar to keep out the wind, rain and snow. The roof was covered with clap-boards or strakes, as the Yankees call them. These were split three or four feet long, with a frow, and put on as evenly as possible, lapping them and breaking the joints so as not to leak. They were held on by weights called ridge-poles, secured in their places by large wooden pins, as nails were too scarce and high-priced in those days for the average settler to think of affording such an expensive plan as that of nailing on the boards. The stick and clay chimney was built a little higher than the comb of the roof and well lined with mud from top to bottom to prevent getting on fire. The large open fire-places had jambs and hearths made of clay, sprinkled with water and thoroughly pounded with a maul to make them firm and solid when dry. The cooking arrangements were nothing like what they are now. Tin reflectors were sometimes used for baking and roasting. Ovens made of a clay mortar were common. They were built on a platform of heavy plank placed on four posts about three feet high and quite large, so that several loaves and a dozen or more pies could be baked at once. Johnny cakes were baked on smooth boards at the sides of the jambs, and venison was dried in the flue of the chimney. There were no large, convenient cook stoves and ranges with numerous vessels to go along with them. Corn bread or wheat bread was frequently baked in a skillet by placing live coals of fire under the skillet and on the lid. Pork was boiled with cabbage or beans in a kettle hung, in the absence of an iron crane, on a wooden hook over the fire. Squashes and potatoes were often roasted by covering them with hot ashes in the fireplace. As a matter of economy pewter plates were used by the early settlers, since they were not easily broken. Glass tumblers were out of the question, hence gourds were in frequent demand for drinking vessels. Many a cabin had not a single sawed plank in them. The floors were made with heavy puncheons, split out of logs and hewed as smoothly as possible with a broad-axe and the loft was floored with boards similar to those on the roof. The joists were the straightest poles that could be found in the forest, and sometimes the bark was peeled off so as to make them have a clean, beautiful appearance. The doors were hung on wooden hinges, and when closed were fastened by a simple latch, which could be lifted by a string from the outside, so a neighbor could open the door on hearing the welcome 'Come in.' At night the door could be locked, if desired, by pulling the string through on the inside. Sometimes double cabins were constructed so as to have two rooms and a sort of open porch between them, but generally there was only one room, which served for many purposes. It was not an uncommon thing for a room of this kind to be occupied by a man and his wife, with eight or ten children, and sometimes nineteen, and they seemed to be perfectly happy while there they lived and moved and had their being."

For a few years after he settled here Solomon Thomas owned what was known as the Lake Galatia farm. Thomas sold this land and on November 5, 1835, entered a tract about three miles southeast of Fairmount, a part of this entry now being owned by David L. Payne. Here the first postoffice was established, the modest name of At being used.

Solomon Thomas thus became the first postmaster in the township. In that day the postage rate was 25 cents for a letter going out of the state and 12½ cents for a letter addressed to a person within the limits of Indiana. The person receiving the letter paid the postage.

Previous to the opening of the postoffice called A1 mail was received and sent out from McCormick's Tavern. Upon the death of McCormick and the beginning of a settlement at Jonesboro, in 1837, the office was discontinued.

Grant postoffice was established in a frame house built by William Hall, in 1856, at the southwest corner of Adams and Main streets. Here Hall served as the first postmaster of Fairmount.

The first public improvement recalled by the late William G. Lewis was a horse mill erected in 1840 by Solomon Thomas. This mill was headquarters for farmers who wanted their corn ground. It was a stroke of enterprise which was highly commended by the pioneer and liberally patronized. A farmer would go on horseback to the mill with his corn, and by hitching his horse to the beam, together with Thomas's horse, the pioneer could get a grist ground out "in less than half a day." "It was a fine makeshift," comments Mr. Lewis, in his reminiscences now in possession of David G. Lewis, his nephew.

The first election held in the township was that at the McCormick Tavern, soon after the organization of the county, in 1831. Charles Baldwin served as inspector. Ichabod Dille was the first justice of the peace. Elijah Lucas served next, and after Lucas came Solomon Parsons. Later on (big) Thomas Baldwin was elected one of the first trustees and Joseph W. Baldwin, township clerk and treasurer. In that day the law provided for the election of a board of township trustees and a township clerk and treasurer.

The first death occurring in the township was that of a child of Charles Baldwin, of scarlet fever.

The wife of Exum Newby was the first person buried in old Back creek graveyard. The burial occurred in 1830.

In the early day June Quarterly Meeting of Friends was one of the noted gatherings of the year, not only with the Quakers, but with people of all denominations. For a number of years people would attend these meetings from miles around. It was not uncommon to see preachers up in wagons out in the shade preaching with great power. There was a platform and seats in another place where the Word was proclaimed. Vast throngs of people would assemble on these occasions. The crowds became so noisy and unmanageable as the years rolled by that the sessions were finally removed to Fairmount and the name changed to Fairmount Quarterly Meeting. The construction of the old Back creek meeting house was started in 1840 and completed in 1842.* Charles Osborn sat at the head of the meeting and preached the first sermon. The land on which it stood was donated by Exum Newby. The ground for the graveyard was donated by Henry Winslow. Nathan Morris was a prominent preacher among Friends at that time.

The early settlers along Back creek, and the supporters of Quakerism as well, were the Winslows, the Rushes, the Baldwins, the Hills, the Newbys and the Harveys.

"It will be strange to the people of today to think that at one time here the squirrels were so bad that the people had to make shooting matches to get them out of the way," writes the late William G. Lewis in his book of reminiscences. "Two men would choose the gunners and they would choose a driver. The driver was not supposed to carry a

* In that day it was necessary to mould and burn brick by hand. It was a tedious process, and accounts for the delay in completing the structure.

gun, but this rule was not always strictly carried out. I chose for my driver old Uncle Lewis Harrison. He was a soldier in the War of 1812, a good shot, and used a flint-lock gun. The squirrel was very apt to drop when he shot. Lewis Harrison was the father of Luther Harrison and Mrs. Henry Deshon. The first day we killed eighty-seven squirrels, and crows and owls and hawks. A crow would count for five squirrels, an owl and hawk the same. The squirrels would work on the corn in the spring and in the fall; the fields were not large, and woods all around, so they had a good chance. My father was paid 50 cents a day and ammunition found him for shooting squirrels around the fields of the Simonses and the Todds. They were all gray squirrels. The fox squirrels came in long afterwards. They were not so plentiful, and they were more shy than the gray squirrels. The blackbirds were very numerous and destructive to grain, wheat and oats suffering most. The farmers used to make what they called a horse fiddle. It turned with a crank and made a noise that could be heard quite a distance. The noise did not scare quite everything to death, but it would scare these pests away. We would take this rattle trap and go round the field several times a day in order to scare the intruders away. Wild turkeys were very plentiful and bad on corn. The hunter would take his gun and slip around the field and many times get a turkey. And sometimes they would build a pen and dig a trench for them to go in, cover the top over, and when Mr. Turkey would get inside he did not know how to get out. A great many were caught this way. I heard my father say he thus caught nine at one time."

The first Methodist church in Fairmount township was organized at the home of Joseph Weston about 1835. The charter members were Elijah B. Ward, Elizabeth Ward,* Joseph Weston, Lydia Weston, David Lewis, Nancy Lewis, William Payne, Celia Payne, George Crist, Martha Crist and Ann Austin. The latter taught the first term of school ever held in this part of the township. Elijah Ward was the first class leader at old Sugar Grove, after the class moved the place of meeting from Joseph Weston's, Joseph Weston being the first class leader. This class was organized by Wade Posey. Rev. G. W. Bowers was the second preacher. These people were the earliest supporters of Methodism in this part of the country.

The first Baptist church was organized at the home of William Leach, a commodious two-story log structure located about five miles southeast of Fairmount. This was the beginning of the church that is now known as Harmony church, which holds services in a brick building standing on the pike northwest of Matthews. The first members when the church was originally formed at the Leach home were William Leach and wife, Benjamin Furnish and wife, William McCormick and wife and James Gillespie and wife. Benjamin Furnish was an associate judge of the circuit court from 1845 to 1852.

The United Brethren in 1844 organized a class at Carter Hasting's home, one mile south of Fairmount. The charter members were Solomon Thomas and wife, John Thomas and wife, Isaac Anderson and wife, Carter Hastings and wife, William Hall and wife, John Buller and wife and John Smith and wife. William Hall was the first class leader. Services were held later on at the home of Hall in Fairmount. He was called to the ministry, and for a number of years preached at different points in this section of Indiana. In 1859 Hall was elected to the legislature, serving until 1863 as a representative from Grant county.

* This church was then located on land now owned by Henry Roberts. It was later moved to the David Lewis farm, on the County Line Road, now owned by Daniel Johnson.

The Wesleyan Methodist church was started about 1848, at the home of Harvey Davis, who at that time lived about two miles and a half southwest of Fairmount. The charter members were Lindsay Buller and wife, Elijah Harrold and wife and Henry Wilson and wife. The class was organized by Rev. Alfred Tharpe. Meetings were continued at the home of Harvey Davis until 1850, when William Cox, David Smithson, James Farrington and Harvey Davis built a schoolhouse on the Davis farm, where services were held for ten years or more. Robert Trader and wife and Bernard McDonnell and wife became members soon after the services were started at the schoolhouse.

A Friends meeting was held as early as 1831 at the cabin of Joseph Winslow on Back creek, two miles north of Fairmount. In the same year a double hewed log cabin was built on the Exum Newby farm. This cabin became known as the Back Creek meeting house. Nathan Morris was the first preacher. Among the first members were the Winslows, the Rushes, the Morrises, the Harveys, the Newbys and the Baldwins.

In 1833, by direction of New Garden Quarterly Meeting of Wayne county, Back Creek meeting for worship was regularly established. The meeting was opened by a committee from Mississinewa Monthly Meeting. A monthly meeting was established here in 1838 by direction of the same quarterly meeting. A fine campus and grove surrounded the brick church. Reference has already been made to the vast throngs of people who for many years attended the June sessions of the quarterly meetings held at this point.

In 1851 spiritualism swept over this part of the country. William Chamness started the movement for a town at Lake Galatia.* As early as 1833 Solomon Thomas had built a tannery in the neighborhood, and Micajah Cross, son-in-law of William Chamness, and Moses Hollingsworth had erected cabins there. Chamness insisted that all his followers should have everything in common. Believers were required to subscribe to the proposition that there should be a mutual interest in all human necessities. In this way a proper community spirit would be developed, and all would labor for the common good of the faithful.

Otho Selby, a well-known surveyor of that day, was employed to locate streets and blocks. Circles were formed and services were conducted by writing mediums. It was designed by the promoter to make this a seat of learning and the headquarters for the propagation of his doctrines. William Wellington and Joseph Hollingsworth erected a saw mill and grist mill. William Chamness and son started a store and built a residence. A little later James Lancaster erected a small frame building and put in a stock of merchandise.

A printing office was located, and a periodical called the *Galatia Messenger* was published.† The *Messenger* was a four-page paper, each page being about eleven by seventeen inches in size. Eli Selby was the editor of the periodical, which contained news of Spiritualistic movements, accounts of local happenings, items in reference to the seances held. The official organ frequently referred to the excellent healing qualities of the waters of the pool of Saloam. Joseph Hollingsworth and Peter Havens were two of the powerful characters connected with the movement. Mrs. Eleanor Hollingsworth, wife of Enos Hollingsworth, was one of the strong mediums. Charles Stanfield was another

* Micajah Weesner at one time ran a tan-yard near Lake Galatia. In 1852 an epidemic of cholera broke out in the neighborhood. Weesner and Alex Dolman, who had been moved to a point north of Jonesboro, died of the disease.

† Louisa Payne Thorn relates that on many occasions, as a girl, she visited the printing office and watched the publishers at work on their periodical.

active supporter. For a number of years a lane was visible through the forest where the right of way had been blazed and graded ready for a railroad which was planned to connect this proposed city with the outside world. Many people subscribed to a fund which it was proposed to loan to the promoters of the railroad at 10 per cent interest. Thousands of crossties had been bought and hauled to the scene of operations. There are still evidences of the grading done on the James Carroll farm, near the lake, although few traces of this right of way now exist. The Chesapeake & Ohio later took practically the same route as that indicated in the original plan.

Robert Nose relates that in 1855 a man named Gerard created considerable excitement in the neighborhood by announcing that on a certain day he would make his ascension into heaven. Gerald had for a number of days been preparing for his transfiguration. He remained in bed and abstained from all food. E. B. Chamness, who was then teaching in the vicinity, adjourned school in order that the children might see the flight of Gerald. At the appointed hour the children and other neighbors went to the Gerald home and formed a circle around the bed. Gerald slowly arose, shook himself violently for a few minutes, swung his arms about rapidly, and by various other means attempted to take flight. He did not succeed in making the ascension as promised, and his failure created much comment in the settlement, among the children as well as among the people throughout that section of the township.

All went well for a time with the little colony. A minister of one of the orthodox churches, believed to have been Rev. George W. Bowers, one day gained the consent of leaders of the Spiritualists to preach a sermon to the faithful. The minister chose for his text, "Oh, foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?" The sermon is described as one of great power. Bowers was an orator of ability and persuasiveness. His unanswerable logic appealed with such irresistible force to his hearers that the sermon started an agitation which eventually proved to be the beginning of the end of the enterprise. The movement began to disintegrate in 1857, and in time gradually disappeared. The proposed metropolis faded into memory, and today not a vestige remains of this exploded enterprise, which in its infancy promised far-reaching results.

One of the boldest opponents of Spiritualism was Morgan O. Lewis, who openly ridiculed their professions and their doctrine. Bowers was a Methodist preacher. He was a fighter when it became necessary to enforce respect for religious services. Upon one occasion, it is related, an intoxicated hoodlum made bold to walk up to the platform and take his seat in the pulpit with the minister. Bowers remonstrated with the drunken man, who promptly replied that he had as much right in the pulpit as Bowers had, whereat Bowers took hold of the ruffian by the nape of the neck, and forcibly escorted him to the door, putting the boot to the disturber as he went out. After this circumstance became known throughout the settlement Bowers was never known to have been interrupted in his meetings. Eli Selby, soon after the enterprise disappeared, went to Missouri and settled in the Ozark mountains. When the Civil war broke out Selby sympathized with the Confederacy. He and his son, George, joined the bushwhackers. Both were killed in the Ozarks during operations against the Union forces. It is not known what became of other members of the family. E. B. Chamness, son of William Chamness, lived for many years at Alexandria, Indiana. He died in 1910. The widow, Mrs. Clara K. Chamness, owns a cottage at Chesterfield, on the camp ground which is now occupied by the Indiana Association of Spiritualists at their annual meetings.

Lake Galatia afforded fine fishing for the pioneer. There was an abundance of black bass and plenty of fine perch. A hard freeze in 1862 killed them off, and fish has not since been so plentiful in the lake. Attention was turned to the Mississinewa river later on, where there were plenty of pike, salmon, red horse, suckers, bass and perch. The scattering settlers thought that the gig or hook was too slow for catching fish, so they devised a brush drag long enough to span the river, and with grapevine and hickory bark improvised into a rope they pulled the drag down to the deep hole where they landed with all the fish they could take care of.

East Branch Preparative Meeting of Friends was established in 1869, and held in a schoolhouse until 1871. The ministers accredited to the Friends in Fairmount township in 1877 were John Carey, Ruth T. Carey, Back Creek; Dr. William H. Charles, Thomas Jay and Nixon Rush, Jr., Fairmount; and Milton Winslow, East Branch.

A United Brethren church, known as Union chapel, was built in 1839 on the Solomon Thomas farm. Rev. John Pugsley was the first preacher at this church.

Susannah Baldwin, daughter of Charles Baldwin, who settled in the township in 1830, taught the first school at Back Creek in 1831. Others who taught here were Mahlon Neal, Thomas Winslow, Henry Harvey, Jesse Harvey and John Harvey. The first schoolhouse was built on the Benjamin Benbow farm, later known as the Daniel Thomas farm, now owned by William Beasley. It was a log structure erected in 1836. The next school building was erected on the Jacob McCoy farm in 1839. In 1844 the first frame schoolhouse was built on the Edmund Leach farm, about three-fourths of a mile south of Fowlerton, by popular donation. A store and a saw mill was also started at about the same time, and the community took the name of Leachburg. Joe Broyles taught here. Among those who attended this school were Elizabeth and Louisa Reeder, William Duling, John Duling, George W. Reeder, Henry Carpenter, Charles M. Leach, Clark Leach, Frank Brewer, James Terrell, John W. Furnish, Milt Brewer, Mary Brewer, William, John H. and Adrid Simons and Morton and Oliver McCormick, the two last named being grandsons of Robert McCormick. The earliest teachers in the township upon the building of the schoolhouses were David Stanfield, Thomas Baldwin, Joseph W. Baldwin, Solomon Thomas, Thomas Gordon, Rachel Lee and John T. Morris. Thomas, Edmund and Solomon Duling were among the first settlers on Barren creek. Solomon Thomas served as commissioner from the third district one term, 1832-1835. Edmund Duling was commissioner from 1864 to 1866, inclusive. J. P. Winslow served as commissioner from 1873 to 1877. John Kelsay served from 1903 to 1907. Thomas J. Lucas served from 1907 to 1910, and was re-elected the second time for the term of 1913-1916.

James Montgomery came in 1830 and entered land in 1837. He was an intrepid hunter and trapper, and never failed to get his share of the game on his expeditions into the forest. In the winter of 1840, perhaps December of that year, Montgomery tracked a bear in the snow about two miles and a half south of Fairmount. He summoned John Weston, Solomon Thomas and Jacob Davis, and they started in pursuit. The bear, which proved to be one of the biggest yet seen in the settlement, was overtaken and killed. The carcass was brought to James Montgomery's home, skinned and cut into meat and divided among the neighbors. Lindsay Buller, Francis Lytle, Henry Harvey, James Lytle, Lewis Jones and Thomas Winslow, while out hunting in 1840, killed a bear west of where the town of Summitville now stands. It was a ferocious female, and put up a terrific fight. The brute was finally sub-

dued and killed. The carcass was brought late at night to the cabin of Harvey Davis, where the bear was skinned and cut up into meat Mrs. Davis prepared a mess of bear meat for the hungry hunters which was for many years the talk of the entire settlement.

The first marriage license issued in Grant county was granted to John Smith, son of Caleb Smith, and Mary Ann Thomas, daughter of Solomon Thomas. Caleb Smith, father of the groom, walked from his home near Jonesboro to the Solomon Thomas cabin, on Lake Galatia farm, to perform the ceremony, which occurred on September 8, 1831.

Union graveyard is located on land entered by Solomon Thomas in 1835. Among the early pioneers buried in this graveyard are James Montgomery, Martha Creek, Anna Brewer (wife of Aaron Brewer, daughters of Solomon Thomas), Isaiah Edgerton, Thomas Edgerton, William Edgerton, Harmon Lytle and a small child named Alvah Herrold. A slab still stands in this old graveyard bearing the inscription which follows:

"Alvah, son of Elijah and Rachel Herrold, died May 25, 1844, aged two years, eight months and twenty-five days. 'This to wait is far from contention, where no soul can dream of dissension.'"

The quotation is from an old hymn book which was at that time in general use at church services. Solomon Thomas laid out this graveyard, which comprises about half an acre of land and donated the ground to Union U. B. church. Standing in this graveyard, as if to keep mute vigilance over the remains of the pioneer dead, is a wild cherry, a hickory, a sycamore, a walnut, an elm and a buckeye tree. The graveyard is situated just south of where Union church stood. Henry Osborn's old cabin still stands on the Louisa Thorn farm near by.

In 1849 the Methodists held services at Henry Osborn's hewed log cabin situated on land now owned by Zim Payne, three miles southeast of Fairmount. Caleb Morris, of Marion, an exhorter, would sometimes be present and assist in conducting the services. Those who attended meetings at Osborn's were Jesse Brooks and wife, Thomas Morris and wife, David Jones and wife, Henry Osborn and wife, Charles Stanfield and wife, Emeline and Louisa Osborn, Caroline and Martha Taylor and Aaron Taylor. In those days it was no uncommon thing to eat, sleep, cook and hold religious services in a room eighteen by twenty feet.

Solomon Thomas, who appears to have been a leading figure in the pioneer days of the settlement, owned a half section of land southeast of Fairmount. Thomas planted eleven acres in orchard. About forty acres of the land was dammed for a fish pond. Neighbors finally protested against the pond with such vigor, claiming that it was not good for the health, that Thomas yielded to their importunities and permitted it to be drained.

Elijah Ward, in 1836, entered the land where the Ward cabin (which he built) now stands, on the county line road. A man named Griffin, who owned Griffin's Mill, refused to sell corn to people who had money, but held it for his neighbors who had neither corn nor money. Frederick Ice was of the same disposition. Ice owned 1,700 acres of land in the edge of Delaware and Madison counties. William G. Lewis was a courageous man in his day, and while ruffians might seek trouble with others, they never bothered Lewis. David Lewis donated the land on which Sugar grove meeting house was built on the county line road southeast of Fairmount, the farm now owned by Daniel Johnson.

Union church was built in 1843 or 1844.

Sarah Baldwin in 1845 rode horseback from Fairmount to Richmond to attend Indiana Yearly Meeting of Friends. The route was south to Alexandria, then to Middletown, New Castle and Richmond.

On this journey she was accompanied by her father, Nathan Morris, and Milton Winslow was along a part of the time. Winslow was on his way to Wayne county to see his best girl, Mary Roberts, who later became his wife and the mother of Thomas Winslow, now living on a farm three miles northeast of Fairmount.

Amaziah Beeson in 1850 ran a copper distillery two miles east of Fairmount. He also built the first brick house ever erected in Fairmount township. Daniel Thomas built the second one. Beeson distilled sassafras, hoarhound, peppermint, golden rod and pennyroyal, the extracts being used for medicines. Dennis Montgomery was at one time employed as Beeson's assistant.

Otho Selby built a frame schoolhouse about three miles northeast of Fairmount in 1850, on land now owned by his son, John Selby. This is where Otho Selby first taught school. It was sometimes referred to as the Prairie Seminary.

Jonathan Baldwin in 1854 built the old two-story frame house on the old Baldwin homestead. The original Daniel Baldwin cabin, which stood near the hackberry tree, was torn down and removed to the northeast corner of Second and Main streets, and was afterwards used as the finishing room of the old tan-yard. In 1883 Robert Bogue bought ten acres of the Baldwin homestead.

The Wide-a-wakes were active in 1856. Cassius M. Clay made a speech at Marion during the campaign of this year. Among those who went to hear him were Jonathan Baldwin and family and Mary Hollingsworth.

William Hall kept the first toll-gate about 1859, just south of town. The toll-gate was afterwards moved across the street to the east side, where Solomon Thomas kept it until his death in 1870.

There was an M. E. church at Bethel many years ago. In the Bethel grave-yard lie the remains of Isaac Suddeth, a soldier of the Revolutionary war.

In September, 1851, Fairmount township was organized by authority of an order issued by the board of commissioners of Grant county. This board consisted of Robert H. Lenfesty, William C. Miles and Spencer Reeder, the latter being commissioner from the third district.

The territory set aside for this purpose had been included within the boundary lines of Liberty township since May, 1839. The township lines were then indicated as follows: "Commencing at the northeast corner of section 16 in township 23 north, range 8 east; running thence south on section line of the southeast corner of section 4, in township 22, in range 8; thence west to the southwest corner of section 6 in Liberty township and range; thence north to the northwest corner of section 18, in township 23, range 8; thence east on the section line to the place of beginning."

In describing the surface, soil, etc., of Fairmount township, William Neal, who for many years followed his occupation, that of a surveyor, and was reputed to be thoroughly conversant with practically every foot of ground in the township, in 1886 wrote as follows:

"This township presents some variety on the surface, but is generally level except in the neighborhood of the streams, where it is somewhat rolling, the greater portion consisting in a state of nature of black level lands where the ash, elm, and maple grew in great abundance, yet a great deal of the soil produced the walnut, poplar, beech, sugar and linn, all growing together in the fullest perfection, and arriving at great size. Along Back creek grew the poplar (tulip) in large proportion. Along Barren creek grew the oak in full size and perfection. In the eastern and southeastern portions grew in great plenty

all timber mixed in together, so that the lumberman could get whatever he might want without going off the section where he might be located. The surface along Barren creek and along the prairies is peculiar, and more or less uneven as compared with the other parts, and is almost exclusively covered with oak, mostly white oak mixed in with black and red and even some jack oak. Barren creek enters the township in section 4, township 22, range 8, and has a general northeasterly course and leaves the township a little south of the northeast corner of section 24, township 23, range 8, then comes the prairie on the west of the creek and extending to the lake, a distance of four and one-half miles, and the valley of one is sometimes not more than forty to sixty rods from the other. The space between lies high and is covered with oak, as are also the eastern and western banks of creek and prairie."

In June, 1855, the board of county commissioners made a general reorganization of the townships. Union and Fairmount townships were consolidated, the territory comprising the new division taking the name of Union township. Again, before the close of the year 1855, another change was ordered, and the old lines were restored. Being again consolidated in 1858, the new arrangement re-established the original boundaries and the territory thus created was called Fairmount township. At the September session of the board of commissioners, in 1863, a part of township 25, situated west of the Mississinewa river, was added to Center township, and at a later period that part of sections 11 and 12, in township 23, range 8, which lies south of the Mississinewa was annexed to Fairmount township. There has been no change in the boundary lines of the township since 1863.

It may be remarked here, in passing, that inasmuch as Fairmount township, while yet in her infancy, partook freely of the soil of Liberty and Union, seed fell upon good ground. The natives of this particular region point with a degree of pride and satisfaction to the unusually heavy enlistments in the Union army of young men of the township who stood ready to battle for Liberty and Union upon many sanguinary fields of the South during the Civil war. Considering territorial area, there is comparatively little or no unproductive land in the township. Practically every foot of cleared ground is under cultivation. The earnest labors of the pioneer, re-enforced at a later period by the industry and enterprise of his sons and daughters, have transformed the swamps, the lakes, and the beaver dams of the early day into the productive farms of the present. The corduroy roads of more than half a century ago have been replaced by good pikes. The open ditches are to-day practically a thing of the past. Fever and ague, relentless enemies of our ancestors, have disappeared before the sweep of modern scientific knowledge. The percentage of mortality is insignificant as compared with the appalling death rate of former times, when large families have been known to be decimated within a few weeks by insidious diseases common among the pioneers.

At a meeting of township trustees, held April 11, 1853, the bond of William Hall, as township treasurer was accepted as sufficient and filed. The trustees at that time were Jesse Brooks, Nixon Rush, Sr., and Joseph Hollingsworth. Ezra Foster was the township clerk. At this session of the trustees 75 cents was allowed as compensation for one full day's service. This is the record of the first meeting of the trustees now in possession of Township Trustee John R. Little, present incumbent of the office.

In April, 1854, there were six road districts in the township. The list of road hands eligible for service was classified as follows: Dis-

triet No. 1, James M. Ellis, supervisor—Joseph Hill, Jesse Harvey, John Carey, Thomas Harvey, Jr., Henry Winslow, Linden Osborn, Joseph Carey, Robert Carey, Robert Corder, Samuel Radley, Allen Wright, George Rich, Samuel Dillon and Seth Winslow. District No. 2, William Pierce, supervisor—Clarkson Pierce, Thomas Newby, James Harrison, Andrew Lytle, John Phillips, Joel Phillips, Jesse Pemberton, Mordecai Davidson, Moses Larkin, James Davidson, Milton Winslow, Jesse Dillon and John Knox. District No. 3, Hopkins Richardson, supervisor—William Winslow, Isaac Wright, Henry Leavell, Aaron Kaufman, Charles Stanfield, George Lewis, John Benbow, Isaac Portiee, Walker Winslow, Daniel T. Lindsey, Henry Winslow, Jonathan D. Richardson, Zimri Richardson, Simon Kaufman, Isaac Roberts and James Quinn. District No. 4, Phillip Patterson, supervisor—Andrew Buller, Carter Hastings, James Nixon, Judiah Smithson, Daniel Thomas, John Seale, Nathan D. Wilson, Jesse E. Wilson, Jonathan Baldwin, Nathan Little, Isaac Hawkins, David Baldwin, Mahlon Cook, John Henley, Joseph W. Baldwin, Isaac Stanfield, James Cammack, William Hundley, William Wright, Nixon Rush, Sr., Nathan Vinson, Seberry Lyons, William Hall, Solomon Parsons, Joshua Foster, Andrew Leverton, Calvin Dillon and Iredell Rush. District No. 5, Lindsey Wilson, supervisor—Hanley Broyles, Henry Wilson, Eli Neal, Micajah Wilson, Henry J. Reel, Andrew J. Mann, Albert Dillon, James Lytle, Calvin Bookout, Clayton L. Stanfield and Alfred Waldon. District No. 6, William Fear, supervisor—John Smith, John W. Ridge, Aaron Cosand, James Williams, Isaac Thomas, William Parsons, Isaac Johnson, Clark A. Johnson Jr., Henry Osborn, Jonathan Osborn, Charles A. Johnson and Nelson Thomas.

On April 7, 1856, Phineas Henley was elected justice of the peace, William Hall, treasurer, A. R. Williams, clerk, and Samuel Dillon, Daniel Thomas and Micajah Wilson were elected to the board of township trustees. In 1858 Thomas D. Duling, Samuel Dillon and Seth Winslow were elected to the board of township trustees John S. Carey, township clerk, and William Hall, township treasurer. This was the last year that a board of township trustees was elected.

In 1859 the law was amended so as to provide for the election of one township trustee to serve one year. On April 4, 1859, Henry Harvey was elected, being the first man to serve under the new law. The following township trustees have served the township: 1860 to 1865, J. P. Winslow; 1865, M. C. Wilson; 1866, J. P. Winslow; 1867, Samuel Dillon; 1868, J. P. Winslow; 1869, J. E. Jones; 1870, Morgan O. Lewis; 1871, J. Nixon Elliott; 1872, J. Nixon Elliott; 1873, Joseph Wilson; 1874, Joseph Wilson; 1875, Eli Neal; 1876, Eli Neal; 1877, Eli Neal; 1880, Lemuel Pearson; 1884, Joseph Ratliff; 1888, Lemuel Pearson; 1890, John Kelsay; 1894, Joseph Ratliff; 1900, Joel O. Duling; 1904, Alvin J. Wilson; 1908, John R. Little.

Prior to 1854 there had been but little, if any, agitation for the improvement of the roads. Such highways as had up to that year been opened for travel had been built along the ridges, where the land was high and dry. This accounts, to a large extent, for the angling, crooked roads of the early day. It was not until several years after work was started on a more extensive scale that efforts were made to build roads on range and township lines, making travel easier and the highways straighter. The Jonesboro and Fairmount turnpike was projected in 1860, being the first gravel road constructed. Jesse E. Wilson and Jonathan P. Winslow were among the promoters and organizers of the company which built this pike. The work progressed rapidly after these pikes were built, and has ever since occupied much of the atten-

tion of all classes of citizens. The Liberty and Fairmount pike was promoted in 1869 by William S. Elliott, Jesse E. Wilson and Elwood Arnett. These men sold $4,000 worth of stock, and the work proceeded rapidly.

The first temperance meeting of which there is any knowledge was held at old Sugar Grove meeting-house, in the Lewis settlement, about five miles southeast of Fairmount, in 1848.

It was at this meeting that William G. Lewis made his first effort to speak in public. His address created quite a stir in the neighborhood, and almost broke up the peace and harmony that had for so long existed among the early settlers. Some of the neighbors claimed that Lewis was advocating a plan that would take away the liberty that their fathers had fought for and bled for and died for. The movement spread rapidly, however, and ended in the formation of a division of the Sons of Temperance. The agitation grew, and the sentiment thus created at that first meeting bore fruit. All denominations united on this question and stood out aggressively against the liquor traffic. For many years there was a general feeling of hostility against the sale and use of intoxicating beverages. This sentiment manifested itself on more than one occasion in the years that followed.

In the late summer of 1874 Andy Morris, who lived at Summitville, encouraged by the representations of an acquaintance that Fairmount might be a profitable location for a saloon, thought by a ruse to test the matter of putting in a stock of liquors. It was first necessary to ascertain the sentiment of the Quakers with regard to his proposed enterprise. Induced by Fred Cartwright, a well-known character of that day, to make a well conceived feint, Morris put some articles of furniture resembling saloon fixtures into a wagon and brought them to Fairmount. No sooner did Morris reach the town with his conveyance than he was surrounded by a crowd of determined, but angry men, led by Dennis Montgomery and Alex Pickard, and notified that he had better take his traps and move out at once. Morris was reluctant to do so. He hesitated too long. He was placed astride a rail, Alex Pickard holding one end and Dennis Montgomery the other, and was carried for a considerable distance along Main street. He was told, after a pause in the proceedings, that he might have his choice, get out of town immediately or be tarred and feathered. Morris promptly acceded to the terms laid down, and promised to leave at once if released. He was taken off the rail and with his wagon and other appurtenances he started south. Morris never returned to Fairmount after that.

In 1875, Dave Capper, of Harrisburg, attempted to open a saloon in a one-story frame building erected by Capper for that purpose east of the Big Four Railroad. There was a door in the west end of the building, and another door opening out on the north side. When the structure was being erected Capper claimed that it was designed for a blacksmith shop. Jonathan P. Winslow suspicioned the motives of Capper, and kept vigilant oversight of the structure as the work was being completed and the building made ready for occupancy. A circus was billed for the town, and it was on the night before that Capper brought his liquors by wagon from Harrisburg. Failing in his efforts to persuade Capper to desist from his purpose, Winslow went to the home of Frank Norton. Norton immediately left his bed and plans were formulated. It was agreed that the ringing of the Wesleyan church bell would be the signal for the ringing of every other bell in the neighborhood. When this bell started to ring others who had been notified rang their bells and a great deal of commotion was the result.

Nixon Rush was among the first to respond. The people were thoroughly aroused, and several hundred men assembled to ascertain the cause of the excitement. As each man appeared upon the scene the matter was fully explained. In a short while the crowd had assembled in front of Norton's home, on the lot where James Phillips' residence now stands. Norton was promptly elected leader of the crowd. He formed the men in line, and at their head marched east on Second street, crossed the Big Four tracks, and were soon at the building, where they halted. Capper, who was a Civil war soldier and a courageous man, appeared at the west door with a cocked revolver in each hand. He swore that he would shoot the first man who came near or molested him in any way. Norton was acquainted with Capper. He knew that Capper meant what he said, and that he would shoot. However, Norton, who himself was a soldier in the Civil war, and just as courageous and just as determined as Capper, quietly notified Capper that the crowd meant business, that they did not propose to allow a saloon to be run in the town, and that he would advise Capper, on behalf of the crowd, to pack up his goods and get out immediately. Capper stepped back, again notified the crowd that he would shoot the first man who interfered with him, and closed the door. After a short consultation with Jesse Bogue, J. P. Winslow and Nixon Rush, Norton shouldered a fence rail, took a running shoot and knocked the west door about half way through the building. Jesse Bogue was at the time right at the side of Norton and remained with him through the mix-up. When Capper discovered that further resistance was useless, and that the crowd would not be bluffed or bull-dozed, he capitulated. The citizens loaded up his stock of liquors on a wagon, forced Capper to sit on one of the whisky barrels, and in charge of a committee was hastily started back to Harrisburg, while the bells tolled amidst the jeers and hoots of the hilarious throng.

In 1886 Ira M. Smith, of Marion, was making plans to open a saloon on the west side of North Main street, between Washington and First, in a two-story frame building which stood where Fritz's meat market is now located. Smith had secured his license. One night in the summer of that year the building was destroyed by dynamite. Smith abandoned his project and returned to Marion.

Luther Morris secured a liquor license in 1892 and opened a saloon in a one-story frame residence at the northeast corner of First and Main streets. Prior to this year, for about fourteen months, Morris had been engaged in taking orders for liquors and beer, delivering his goods by wagon from Marion. In the latter part of 1892 Morris erected a two-story frame building on East Eight street, and was preparing to move his stock of liquors to this new location. Before the structure was quite ready for occupancy it was destroyed by dynamite one night and a few days later the fragments were burned. In 1900 Morris erected the two-story brick building now occupied by the Marion Light & Heating Company, on North Main street. He continued to run his saloon in this building until 1906, when the citizens of the township remonstrated the business out of existence, Morris being the first, as he was the last, man to run a licensed saloon in Fairmount.

Before the Civil war O. H. P. Carey owned and operated a stage coach for passengers and freight between Marion and Anderson. His drivers were Coon Slagle and Caleb May. These men were occasionally relieved by Thomas Hobbs and Henley Winslow. They changed horses at Johnny Moore's, just north of Summitville, at a point called Wrinkle. Upon the outbreak of the Civil war Carey enlisted, becoming in a short time the colonel of a regiment. He sold his stage coach to Rode

Hammill. About the same year a stage line was established and in operation on the state road from Marion to Muncie. This line changed horses at Wheeling. About 1860 Walker Winslow bought the stage coach of Rode Hammill and continued the business. It was not a great while before Winslow owned two Concords. One he named "Artemus Ward," after the famous humorist, the other he called the "Lincoln." In those days it required four horses to pull the load, and occasionally, in bad weather, it required six.

In 1861 Winslow secured a contract from the government to carry the mail. The compensation agreed upon for this service was $300 a year, and his route was from Marion to Anderson. While the work of carrying the mail was important, Winslow soon discovered that the profitable part of his business was the transportation of passengers and express between these points. The coach left Marion every Monday morning, and he made three trips to Anderson every week. The stage would comfortably accommodate twelve passengers, but he has hauled as high as twenty-four when travel was heavy. Winslow handled thousands of dollars by express and never lost a dollar. Upon one occasion he had charge of $35,000 in gold and silver which was billed to Jason Willson's bank, at Marion.

At that time but nine miles of the thirty-four lying between Anderson and Marion was piked, and it frequently required eight hours to cover the distance between the two towns, with six horses pulling every pound they could carry. In the summer months the distance could be covered in much less time. The old corduroy roads became at times almost impassable. In such an emergency as this he would be compelled to leave his stage coach behind and use a lighter wagon to proceed with the mail, riding horse-back.

In an interview given to the newspapers shortly before his death, in 1911, Mr. Winslow relates this interesting story:

"In addition to being carrier of the mail I invariably carried all important news northward from Anderson, and my route was lined with people daily asking for the latest news from the war. I carried the news of President Lincoln's assassination into Marion, and I can tell you it was a sorry task for me. People along the route became so excited that frequently men mounted horses and rode ahead of me for miles spreading the news to their neighbors.

"In coming through Alexandria that day a big soldier was occupying the seat by my side. Upon reaching the main part of town I called out to the waiting crowd that I had sad news for them, imparting the information of the President's death. The words were scarcely uttered before a man in the crowd shouted, 'It should have been done long ago.'

"The Union soldier by my side looked at the man a minute, then crawled down from his seat, and, grabbing the citizen, fairly hissed into his ear that he and several other passengers in the stage had just come from the South, where they had been very busy shooting such reptiles as he was, and that if he did not get down on his knees and apologize and give a loud yell for the dead president he would kill him in his tracks. The man fairly groveled in the dirt at the soldier's feet and gave a lusty hurrah, as instructed. This action undoubtedly saved his life."

Winslow continued his stage line until the Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan Railroad was built in 1875.

While the Society of Friends do not encourage war as a denomination, but stand, instead, for peace and arbitration among nations, this strong Quaker locality contributed as many volunteers to the Union

army as any other community in Indiana of similar population. Among the men who enlisted for the service during the Civil war were John B. Hollingsworth, Roland Smith, William Smith, Gilmore Hollingsworth, Wesley Hollingsworth, Leander Smith, Cyrus Hollingsworth, Robert Hastings, Samuel Puckett, Newton Lytle, Bird Lytle, Miles Lytle, Luke Lytle, Stanton Lytle, Henry Lytle, Thomas Lytle, Enoch Lytle, Elias Hiatt, Nelson Thomas, Thomas Payne, Ephraim Payne, John M. Payne, James J. Payne, George Thorn, John D. Lewis, Bailey S. Payne, Isaac Moore, William Newby, Thomas Wilson, Daniel Wilson, Foster Davis, Harvey Davis, Jr., Isaac Smithson, Lindsey Wilson, John Smithson, Jonathan Smithson, Judiah Smithson, Seth Smithson, Alexander Little, Thomas Little, Absolom Moore, Ichabod Smith, Newton Beals, Enoch Beals, Azel Little, Joseph Little, Zachariah Little, Frank Norton, George Norton, Harry Norton, Arthur Norton, Andrew Jackson Mann, Ison Mann, Elijah Moorman, Moses Ratliff, Zachariah Moorman, Isaac Moore, Hubbard Stanley, Elias Vancannon, Cyrus Winslow, Hart Kaufman, John Selby, John Newby, Thomas Heavenridge, Lewis Turner, George Turner, James Turner, Andrew Rhoades, Milton Crowell, Penn Crowell, Walker Crowell, William Simons, Hiram Simons, Edmund Duling, Wesley Payne, Walker Winslow, Alpheus Henley, Hiram A. Jones, J. F. Jones, Henry Winslow, Tobias Winslow, Leander Baldwin, Harrison Simons, Alfred Waldon, John Helton, Jacob McCoy, James Cox, Tom Cox, Paul Williams, Blanche Hockett, Lee Schooley, Scott Brandon, William G. Lam, Nathan D. Cox, William S. Elliott, William Duling, John Duling, George Jones and Mike Mittank.

The following Fairmount township men enlisted during the Spanish-American war: Captain Allen D. Parker, Frank Deshon, Dr. Murt Woollen, Charles T. Payne, Burl W. Cox and Edgar M. Baldwin. John Hubert served in the war with Mexico.

In 1846 William Hall built and operated a tannery south of town on the land where J. W. Parrill's residence now stands. In 1853 Daniel Ridgeway started a tannery at the northeast corner of Second and Main streets. In 1856 Micah Baldwin purchased an interest of Ridgway, they operating the tannery until 1860, when Rariden Smith took over the interest of Ridgway. Baldwin and Smith conducted the business until 1876. In this year William Thomas bought Smith's interest and the enterprise was thereafter managed by Baldwin and Thomas. After disposing of his interests to his partners Ridgway started a tannery southeast of Fairmount, where John Caskey now lives. Nathan Little, who had been employed by Ridgway, in 1861 opened a tannery on East Washington street, where the wholesale poultry house now stands. Little displayed a lynx over his door as a sign. It had been killed by Billy Brewer on land now owned by Charley Allred, situated one mile and a half southeast of Fairmount. The lynx was skinned and the hide stuffed with such skill and such attention to detail as to deceive the most experienced taxidermist. It attracted much attention and comment in that day.

It required about a year of time to properly tan a cowhide. The skin was first placed in a lime vat. After it had remained in this vat for many weeks it was taken out and the hair removed with a scraping knife; then to a vat of clean water, where the lime was thoroughly soaked out, and then through a succession of vats containing hen manure, weak oak ooze, strong oak ooze, this process being continued until the hide was thoroughly tanned and turned over to the finishing room where an application of "dubbin" was put on, one side blacked and dressed and made ready for the market. The hair was saved and sold to put in mortar for plastering.

Oak bark, called tan-bark, was plentiful in those days. Farmers would peel this bark off of trees and cord it up to dry. When thoroughly dried out it was hauled in and found a ready cash market, the price ranging from $3 to $4 per cord. At the tanyard it was corded up under sheds so as to be kept perfectly dry, when it was taken to the bark mill located in the upper floor, known as the grinding room. In the center of this room was a large iron hopper, something near three feet in diameter at the top and eighteen or twenty inches at the bottom, and three feet deep. Inside was a succession of iron teeth, and there was fitted in the hopper another iron small in proportional size and iron teeth fitted on it. This hopper was used to grind the tan-bark into a fine powder. It was operated by a large beam, to which was attached one horse going about in a circle. This mill was usually run by a boy, generally the proprietor's son. His work was to get the bark up into the mill and with a wooden mallet break the bark over the edge of the hopper in small pieces, two or three inches in size. After being ground the powder fell below in another room and from there was wheeled out in a wheelbarrow to the yard and placed in the vats. The tannery was for that day an important institution. It was headquarters in war times for men who were interested in the issues of the day. Abolitionists especially would meet here and discuss the slavery question, and the possibilities of freeing the slaves. It was a stopping place for refugees, both white and colored, and for a time was the center of interest for people from miles around it. It was in 1863 that Thomas Harvey, one of the prominent abolitionists of his day, suddenly died in the finishing room while discussing the importance and magnitude of the slavery question, and the probable outcome of the Civil war.

James Cammack in 1848 built a saw mill on the ground now owned by W. P. Van Arsdall, southeast corner of Washington and Mill streets. Cammack had been induced by Iredell and Elizabeth Rush to come to Fairmount. They had been neighbors in Wayne county, Indiana. In 1857 the saw mill was owned by Albert and Allen Dillon. Jonathan P. Winslow later purchased the mill of the Dillons, and a grist mill was started in connection. The two occupied a frame building, the grist mill using the lower floor and the saw mill the upper one. In 1870 J. N. Wheeler & Company purchased the property of Winslow, and it was for many years successfully operated by J. N. Wheeler and George W. Butler, his father-in-law, under the firm name of J. N. Wheeler & Company.

In August, 1860, occurred the first real excitement that the people of the sparsely settled community had known. The boiler in a grist mill exploded, scattering fragments of iron, brick and timbers in every direction. The mill, which was located on the west side of Mill street, in the rear of where Pet Lemon's house now stands, had been built a few years before by Clayton and Isaac Stanfield and Thomas Lytle. Ward McNeir, of Anderson, known in that day as a trader, owned the mill. A man named Frank Brindle was the miller. John Brandon was the engineer and Hugh Finley was in charge of the mill. It appears that Brandon had neglected to keep the proper amount of water in the boiler, and the result of his carelessness was disastrous. The balance pea, weighing perhaps fifty pounds, was sent by the force of the explosion to the creek bottom on Jonathan Baldwin's farm, a distance of a quarter of a mile. A piece of the boiler was blown west of the creek bottom on Daniel Thomas' farm. John Smith, who was passing by at the time in a wagon with his son, William Smith, was struck in the head by a piece of brick, and the sight of one eye was temporarily destroyed. Dr. Elliott was summoned to take care of Smith, the physician extract-

ing particles of bone and brick from Smith's face. George Doyle conducted a grocery store in a frame building located at the northeast corner of Mill and Adams streets. A fragment of the debris passed through the building, leaving a hole in its path eighteen by twenty-four inches square. The mill was so completely demolished that it was never rebuilt.

In 1865 there were 495 children in Fairmount township of school age. The amount of tuition fund drawn during the year was $908.98. In 1875 the number of children of school age was 445. Amount of tuition fund drawn during this year was $1,353.68. The tuition fund increased in ten years $444.70. In 1876 there were 447 children enrolled in the Fairmount township schools, 264 males and 183 females. The average daily attendance was 283. In this year there were eight school districts and nine teachers, six male and three female. The salary of the teachers, per day, was $2.18 for male teachers and $2.02 for female teachers. The number of days taught during the year was 75. There were two brick and six frame schoolhouses, having an estimated value of $5,000 and $100 worth of apparatus.

The census of 1860 shows that Fairmount township had a population of 1,306, two colored. In 1870 the census shows a population of 1,573, 1,543 natives, 30 foreigners; 1,520 white and 53 colored.

The taxable property of the township in 1876 amounted to $563,325

In 1876 440 votes were cast in the township for the different candidates for president, of which number Rutherford B. Hayes received 296; Samuel J. Tilden, 121, and Peter Cooper, 23.

Mike Beck and Benny Adams hauled freight from Anderson in the early day, this being their occupation in 1860 to 1865. Beck brought the remains of the first Union soldier home from the war on the cold New Year in 1864. The body was left at the residence of John Smith. As some indication of the severe weather it is stated that this was the first time in his career that Walker Winslow left his harness on his horses all night, for fear that they would be so stiff from freezing as to make it impossible to harness the horses the next day.

In 1866 David Baldwin commenced hauling freight from Anderson, which was then the nearest shipping point. He used a two-horse wagon. In 1868 the Pan Handle was built to Harrisburg. This being then the nearest railroad station, Baldwin continued to transport freight by wagon from that point until 1872, when he met with an accident which left him a cripple for life. In 1873, J. W. Patterson, nephew of Baldwin, quit school and at the age of thirteen succeeded his uncle in the work, and continued to haul merchandise from Harrisburg until 1875, when the Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan Railroad was built to Fairmount, this line then taking over the freight business. In 1875 Patterson purchased a dray outfit and continued in the business in Fairmount until 1878, when he sold the dray line to Eli J. Scott and Uriah Ballard.

Captain David L. Payne was the son of William and Celia Payne, who lived four miles east of Fairmount. Payne received a rudimentary education in the schools of the early day. Perhaps no other man born and reared in Fairmount township attained to such distinction as did Captain Payne. He was as picturesque in real life as he was in his personal appearance. Long after he had departed for the west he continued to make visits periodically to his old home and neighbors. Captain Payne was born in 1836. Gabriele Havens, who remembers Payne quite well as a small boy, relates that he was precocious, that he was witty, and for a boy possessed an abundance of initiative. It is related that in the early day a medicine had been discovered over on the river

that was good for rheumatism, which at that time was a common complaint. Payne had a little touch of rheumatism, and when it was suggested one day that he try the new medicine he replied that it would not do for him, though it might be good for others, as he had understood that the remedy was a Payne killer, and he wanted to live a long while yet. Mrs. George W. Bowers was among Payne's early teachers. Captain Payne and John W. Furnish, who now resides at Jonesboro, were intimate boyhood friends. Furnish is a grandson of Judge Furnish, well known as a pioneer associate judge of the circuit court. Furnish relates that his first acquaintance with Payne was when they attended a school taught by William H. H. Reeder in John Brewer's kitchen about the winter of 1851-52. There were about twenty other children in attendance at this school. In 1859, having secured what was for that day a fair education, Payne went west and located in Brown county, Kansas. He took part in the border-ruffian war in 1859-60 in Kansas and Missouri. In 1861, upon the outbreak of the Civil war, he enlisted in the Seventh Kansas Cavalry. During his service in this command Payne distinguished himself by his courageous conduct, and was soon promoted to the rank of captain. He was with General Fremont in the latter's operations through the west, and was serving under Colonel Sullivan at the time Sullivan was in pursuit of Price through Missouri, Sullivan being killed at Springfield in a hot engagement. After the war was about over Payne went west with the command of General Custer and fought the fierce Comanche Indians with that brave officer through Kansas and Colorado. In 1865, having returned to his Kansas home, Payne was elected from Brown county to the Kansas state legislature. In 1870, having taken up his residence in Sedgwick county, he was elected senator from this county in the legislature. He was subsequently appointed a policeman at the national capital, serving as one of the guardians of the capitol building at Washington, D. C. In 1873 he was appointed postmaster at Leavenworth, Kansas.

In 1881 Captain Payne conceived the idea of starting an agitation for the opening of Oklahoma territory. It was at this time that Furnish was called by Payne to the position of private secretary. Payne caused to be printed and circulated many thousand bills and circulars announcing his purpose to open Oklahoma to settlers. Payne stated in his bills that he would locate parties on the land, and proceed to form a stock company, which he organized for the purpose of securing the necessary funds with which to push his enterprise. Headquarters were established for this purpose at Wichita. The shares were sold at $5.00 each. About three thousand different investors became connected with the movement, and in 1883, headed by Payne, these stockholders moved into the territory. Captain Payne, Couch, Smith and two other leaders of the crowd were promptly arrested by the government police and taken to Fort Smith. Payne offered no resistance to the authority of the territorial police, and quietly instructed his people to calmly submit to lawful authority.

The arrest of Payne, Couch and Smith had the desired effect. Payne's purpose was to start an agitation which would create a sentiment favorable to his project. Events which followed later showed the wisdom of his course. He was at no time an outlaw or a vicious man. He at all times recognized the right of properly constituted authority to eject his people from the territory, but it was his firm conviction that Oklahoma should be opened up to the public for settlement, and he was impressed with the idea that already this important step had too long been deferred by the government. A few days after Payne

and his comrades were taken to Fort Smith they were released. Returning to Wichita, Payne again renewed his agitation, and was again organizing his following for another raid of the territory. Before the expedition began its march, Payne had prepared a plat for the city of Oklahoma City. Entering the territory again in 1883, Captain Payne was promptly arrested, the government police this time including ten or twenty of the leaders, and they were taken to Fort Smith. Being again released, Payne organized the third expedition for the invasion of the disputed land. This time Payne was placed in Fort Smith for thirty days, when he was released under bond. Returning again to Wichita, he began once more to organize for another invasion. This time his headquarters were changed to Wellington, Kansas. Before his plans were fully completed for the fourth invasion of the promised land, he died suddenly in 1886 at his home in Wellington.

And thus the struggle of one man for what he believed to be right against all the powers of a powerful government ended only when death intervened. During this prolonged fight, which covered a period equal to the duration of the Civil war, Captain Payne became a national figure. He had the sympathy and support of followers in various parts of the United States. His printing press, on which he printed the first newspaper ever published in Oklahoma, was seized by the authorities and thrown into the Chickaskia river. It is related that he was once chained behind a slowly moving ox cart and was compelled to walk the entire distance across eastern Oklahoma to Fort Smith.

In a short time final action was taken by the government for the creation of the territory. Had Payne lived to see the territory thrown open to settlement he would undoubtedly have been one of the first United States senators from Oklahoma. Captain Payne was a natural orator of considerable magnetism and power. His language, though not of the finest quality, was nevertheless logical and convincing. His power over men was rarely, if ever, equalled. He was liberal to a fault. No worthy person ever appealed to him in vain for financial assistance. He was always a friend to the poor. In the west, when he was in the midst of his tempestuous career, he was known among the people as "Ox-Heart" Payne. He was always considerate and courteous to all with whom he came in contact. In his personal relations he was always a gentleman, never quarrelsome or rude, and it is said that he was never known to take part in an argument over politics or religion, or any other question.

Mr. Furnish, Payne's secretary, served three years in the Thirty-fourth Indiana Infantry during the Civil war under Colonel Ab. Steele. Furnish lost his left arm while in the service, at Algiers, Louisiana.

In 1866 Jonathan P. Winslow, who was at that time township trustee, built the two-story frame school building* which stood on East Washington street previous to the time that the present brick structure was erected to replace it. Winslow at the time met with considerable opposition to the movement. Citizens thought the trustee was too ambitious, that his plans were too extensive, and that the building he proposed was too large and entirely too expensive. But with characteristic energy and persistence Winslow went forward with the work. He lived to see his judgment verified by later developments, as it was not many years before his critics discovered that he rightly interpreted and foresaw the needs of the time, and were prompt to give him proper credit for his fore-

* Squire Caleb Moon afterwards bought the old frame building, which had been used as a dormitory, and moved it to his farm, west of Fairmount, in November, 1898, where it was worked over into a barn.

sight. William Pusey and Mary Winslow Bogue were engaged as the first teachers in the frame building. In 1891 the present commodious brick building was erected.

Fairmount had attained to such a position in population, business and commerce, by 1850, that citizens began to cast about for a suitable name for the town. David Stanfield suggested that the place be called Kingston. Joseph W. Baldwin, who had heard much of Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, suggested the name of Fairmount. Stanfield and Baldwin, after due consideration of the matter, left the controversy to the decision of William Neal. Neal agreed with Baldwin, and this is how the town came by its name. The town was laid out by David Stanfield, December 28, 1850. At first only four blocks were platted and surveyed by William Neal, who had been engaged for this work. The original plat was located in section 29, township 23 north and range 8 east, and consisted of fifteen lots. The following additions have been made: David Stanfield's, Jonathan Baldwin's First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth; Nixon Winslow's; J. P. Winslow's First, Second and Third; Henley's First, Second and Third; Baldwin and Nottingham's; Phillips'; Winslow, Ellers & Bogue's, and Winslow & Osborn's. The first home built inside the corporation was a log cabin erected in November, 1831, by John Benbow, at the southwest corner of Eighth and Main streets. It was a typical pioneer cabin built of round logs, with a stick and clay chimney, puncheon floor, chinked and daubed to protect the family from wind and cold. In December, 1833, Daniel Baldwin and family arrived from Wayne county. Baldwin had visited Grant county the year before, and while here he purchased the Benbow cabin. The second cabin built was erected by Thomas Baldwin, on the lot where Clinton Winslow's residence now stands, at the northeast corner of Madison and Mill streets. In 1851 Joseph W. Baldwin built a small frame house at the northeast corner of Main and Washington streets, where the Borrey block now stands. Here a store was opened, and Baldwin became the first merchant in the town. Other merchants of the early day were Joseph Hollingsworth, Isaac Stanfield, Aaron Kaufman, Paul Williams, William and Vincent Wright, Solomon Parsons, George Doyle, Skid Horne, Isherry Lyons, Henry Harvey, J. P. Winslow, Micajah Wilson, Harmon Pemberton and Robert Bogue. The first postoffice was located in a frame house built by William Hall, located at the southwest corner of Adams and Main streets. This was the third frame house built. The first was erected by James Cammack, on the north side of West Washington street between Main and Mill streets, now occupied as an office and soldiers' headquarters by Squire J. F. Jones. The second frame dwelling was built by David Stanfield, on the northwest corner of Adams and Main streets.

William Hall was the first postmaster. In 1844 he had been elected class leader and then ordained a minister in the United Brethren church. His duties as a preacher took him away from his home a large part of the time, and as he thought the responsibilities of the postoffice were too arduous for his little family during his enforced and many times prolonged absence, he gave up the position, and turned it over to Joseph W. Baldwin, who kept it in his store room.

Fairmount Friends' Meeting for worship was set up in 1851. A Preparative Meeting was established in 1852, a Monthly Meeting in 1869, with a membership of 547. The first brick church was built in 1860. It had a seating capacity of 800. Fairmount Monthly Meeting is composed of Little Ridge, Upland and Fairmount Preparative Meetings. The first members were David Stanfield and wife, Isaac Stanfield and wife, Jesse E. Wilson and family, Nathan D. Wilson and family, Daniel

Thomas and family, Allen Wright and wife, Samuel Radley and wife, Elizabeth Radley, Alice Radley, Nixon Winslow and family and Micah Baldwin and family.

In 1865 the Wesleyan Methodist church was organized by Isaac Meek, who continued as pastor for eleven years. Jonathan Baldwin donated the land upon which the present church building stands. The first members were Jonathan Baldwin and wife, Nathan Vinson and wife, Joseph Rush and wife, Mrs. Margaret Henley, and Joseph Bennett and wife.

In September, 1870, a petition properly drawn up and signed by a sufficient number of voters of the town was presented to the county commissioners, requesting that an election be held for the purpose of determining whether or not the town should be incorporated. The election was held on September 26 of that year. The total vote cast was sixty-five. Of this number forty-four were in favor of incorporation and twenty-three against it. The first election of officers was held on December 10, 1870, with the following result: Trustee First ward, Enoch Beals; Second ward, Elwood Haisley; Third ward, Milton Gossett; Fourth ward, Dr. P. H. Wright; Fifth ward, C. T. Schooley; A. M. Raper, clerk; Micajah Wilson, town assessor, and Foster Davis, marshal. The trustees met January 23, 1871, and adopted by-laws for the government of the town. At a meeting held on April 4, 1871, William Hall, Alex Pickard and Joseph N. Rush were elected school trustees.

The Methodist church was originally organized in 1861. The first services were held in the old frame schoolhouse,[*] which stood at that time on the east side of Walnut street, between First and Second. The charter members of the church were William H. Brodrick, class leader; Agnes Brodrick, Joseph Brodrick, Martha Brodrick, David Baldwin, Elizabeth Baldwin, Martha A. Wilcutts, Hannah Wilcutts, M. M. Mason and Anna Mason. In 1864 the membership had increased by the addition of the following names: John R. Kirkwood, Phebe Kirkwood, George N. Eckfeld, Sarah M. Eckfeld, Mary H. Moreland, Mahala Ward, Martha A. Smith, Thomas J. Parker, Rebecca Parker, John Shields, Martha Shields, John S. Bradford, Louisa Williams, Rachel J. Funkboner, Sarah Moreland, Jane Knight, Delilah Hollingsworth, Wesley Hollingsworth, Isabel Hollingsworth. A frame building was constructed for worship at the southeast corner of Second and Main streets in 1871, and used for several years. In 1886 a one-story brick church was built at the southeast corner of Madison and Walnut. In this church services were held until 1910. In 1910 the present magnificent structure was dedicated. The building committee having charge of its construction consisted of J. F. Life, Charles T. Parker, J. W. Dale, Dr. J. W. Patterson, Palmer Winslow, Curtis W. Smith, J. W. Parrill, Dr. W. N. Warner, Asa Driggs, O. M. Bevington, Captain Hugh Weston, with Rev. Benjamin Kendall, pastor. This building cost $40,000.

The Baptist church was organized April 25, 1888. The charter members were Cornelius Price, Hannah Price, William Price, F. C. Creek, Catherine Creek, William Mulford, Joseph Leach, Louisa Leach, James M. Fowler, Lucretia Fowler, Ida Fowler, and Albert Fowler and wife. James E. Price, clerk, and R. J. Gorbit, moderator. The present brick church was built on the corner of First and Sycamore streets in 1891. Emery Swindell, Joe Leach and James M. Fowler comprised the building committee. The church was dedicated in November, 1891, by Rev. A. J. Hill.

[*] This structure was later bought by William Hollingsworth and moved to the south side of East Washington street, between Main and Walnut, and occupied by Hollingsworth for many years as a cabinet shop and coffin factory. The building was later bought by N. W. Edwards, and in July, 1908, was torn down.

The African M. E. church was organized in 1901 by Reverend Chambers. The charter members were Reuben Jones and wife, Mrs. Luzena Frazier, Minnie Wallace, Rosa Wallace, Lucien McMillan and Lydia E. McMillan, Homer Dicken, Willis Dicken and Virte Lee Jones. Bishop Grant dedicated the building on East Seventh street in 1903. Rev. Jerry Nickels was the first pastor.

St. Cecelia's Catholic church was organized in 1878. The services were held at private homes for several years, Father Kelley, Father Struder, Father Grogan and others being in charge at different times.

In 1900 the present building on North Vine street was dedicated, and Father Joachim Baker became the first priest. The prime movers in the erection of the new church were John Shaughnessy, L. L. Coyle, and Jerome Coyle. The charter members were J. P. Shaughnessy and family, Patrick McCone and family, Martin Flanagan and family, William Monahan and family, James Monahan and family, L. L. Coyle and family, Jerome Coyle and family, Mrs. Isaac Delph and children, Andrew Ulrick and family, Mrs. James Fenton, John Pfarr and family, Joseph Kearns and family and J. H. Flanagan and family.

The Congregational church was organized in 1888, by Rev. William Wiedenhoeft, who was the first pastor. The charter members were H. H. Wiley and wife, Wesley B. Hollingsworth and wife, Mrs. Phoebe La Rue, Mrs. Sarah F. Ink and Mrs. Elizabeth Nelson. The church which now stands on the east side of Walnut street, between Washington and First, was dedicated December 15, 1889. Levi Scott, Dr. A. Henley and William Lindsey were members of the building committee. Members of all denominations contributed liberally of their means to the funds for the building.

The Christian church was organized in 1907. The first members were Noah Henigar and wife, A. R. Long and wife, Mrs. C. N. Brown, Ab Jones and wife, John Strubel and wife, Mrs. J. C. Albertson, William Cox and wife, Rockafeller LaRue and wife. Rev. W. A. McKown was the first pastor. The church building at the corner of East Second and Walnut streets was erected in 1912. The building committee consisted of the pastor, Rev. J. Ray Fife, A. R. Long, Ab Jones, Jason B. Smith, N. C. Henigar, Ed Stout and John Struble. The church was erected at a cost of $5,500.

The census of 1870 shows that Fairmount had a total population of 337, 334 native and 3 foreign; 331 white and 6 colored. In 1875 there were 253 children of school age in the corporation. The amount of tuition fund drawn during the year was $789.30. In 1876 Fairmount corporation had enumerated 230 children of school age, 120 male and 110 female. The average daily attendance was 135. There were three teachers, one male and two females. The teachers' wages per day averaged, male $4 and female $2.50. Days taught during the year, 100. One frame schoolhouse was sufficient to accommodate the pupils. The estimated value of school building and school apparatus was $2,050.

In 1878 C. A. Wood and son, Mark, built a stave factory east of the Big Four Railroad. The business flourished for a time. In the year 1879-80 the factory dressed two million oil barrel staves made from timber secured in this locality. In 1881 J. P. Winslow and son, W. C. Winslow, bought the building of the Woods, and installed a flax mill. The venture proved to be a profitable enterprise until people quit growing flax. The mill was then abandoned and the machinery shipped to Odebolt, Iowa.

The Cincinnati, Wabash and Michigan Railroad was constructed as far south as Fairmount in 1875, this station remaining the southern terminal point until 1876, when the line was extended on to Anderson.

Jonathan P. Winslow and Jesse E. Wilson were active in promoting this railroad, and Jesse E. Wilson served as one of the directors for a time. A. G. Wells had the contract for the construction of the road from Wabash to Fairmount. The line had previously been extended from Goshen to Wabash. In 1893 the Big Four Company took over the road, and since that year the road has been known as the Michigan division of the Big Four. The property has been acquired by the New York Central System, and is now operated by the New York Central people, having been extended to Louisville, Kentucky, on the south, from Benton Harbor, Michigan, on the north.

The C. I. & E. Railroad was built from Matthews to Fairmount in the year 1892. In 1901 the line was extended from Matthews to Muncie. In 1898 it was extended from Fairmount to Swayzee; in 1899 from Swayzee to Converse, where connection was established with the Pennsylvania line to Chicago. In 1907 the road was taken over by the Pennsylvania Company, and is now operated by this company as a short line from Muncie to Chicago. The C. I. & E. was projected by Harry Drew, manager of the Matthews Land Company, and the surveyor of the line was Fremont Wilson, who was afterwards elected surveyor of Grant county. For a considerable period the line had headquarters in Fairmount, and the extension work west to Swayzee was largely carried on from the offices here.

In 1876 the amount of taxable property located within the corporation was $79,550.

The physicians from the early day to the present time, beginning with Philip Patterson, who located in Fairmount in 1848, are John White, 1854; Duncan Pierce, 1855; David S. Elliott, 1859; Alpheus Henley, 1865; John Horne, 1867; Henry Charles, 1868; Peter H. Wright, 1871; C. V. Moore, 1876; J. W. Patterson, M. F. Baldwin, D. A. Holliday, S. M. Nolder, Glenn Henley, J. P. Scale, L. D. Holliday, W. N. Warner and C. N. Brown.

Among the early business men not already mentioned were Milt Crowell, Eph Wilson, John Basing and Joshua Hollingsworth. Others were William P. Osborn, A. D. Bryan, Charlon Thomas, Nathan Johnson, John Lillibridge, Thomas Baldwin, B. S. Payne, Mrs. Maria Hollingsworth, Charles W. Hasty, Frank Norton, A. P. Harvey, D. M. Nottingham, Wilson, Dove & Co., Winslow & Co., H. H. Wiley, Fields & Co., woolen mill; Winslow & Beals, warehouse; Charles R. Fleming, hotel, and Parker & Relfe. A business directory prepared and printed in 1877 shows the following:

William Azbel, proprietor hotel; Enoch Beals, grain dealer; Henry Charles, physician; Asa Carter, carpenter; Foster Davis, justice of the peace; W. J. Dove, miller; William S. Elliott, farmer and pioneer tile maker; Alpheus Henley, physician; John B. Hollingsworth, stone cutter; Cyrus Haisley, farmer; Jabez H. Moore, retired farmer and mechanic; Lewis Moorman, retired farmer; Eli Neal, farmer and township trustee; Major B. V. Norton, farmer; Thomas J. Parker, dealer in boots and shoes; Samuel Radley, farmer; Aaron Taylor, farmer and teacher; James Underwood, farmer; J. P. Winslow, merchant and county commissioner; Jesse E. Wilson, farmer; John Wilson, engineer; H. H. Wiley, proprietor planing mill; C. A. Wood & Son, proprietors stave factory, and Joel B. Wright, farmer.

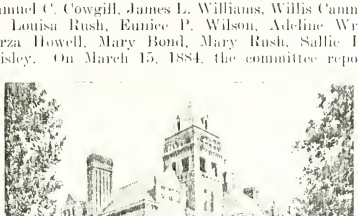
The first cornet band in Fairmount was organized in October, 1870, by Blanche Hockett. The first instructor was D. K. Elliott, who now lives at Anderson. The members of this band were Blanche Hockett, Walker Crowell, Dennis Montgomery, Cyrus W. Neal, Joel Puckett, Henry Jeffrey, J. B. Hollingsworth and Wesley Hollingsworth. The

next band was organized September 14, 1884, by William St. Clair. The members of this organization were J. W. Patterson, leader; John S. Baker, John Montgomery, Dennis Montgomery, Orlando F. Baldwin, Gilbert LaRue, George Gibson, William Hollingsworth, Charles Hollingsworth, Pet Gift, William Galloway and Lewis Mittank. When General Logan spoke at Indianapolis during the campaign of 1884 this band was assigned to the position of honor in the line of march and escorted the speaker to the platform. In December, 1904, Quinton LaRue organized the present Fairmount band. Birney Allred, Walter Briles and LaRue met in the old light plant on East Washington street, for their first practice. Since this first meeting of the original members of the organization rehearsals have been held once and many times twice each week. The result of their persistent work is the splendid band which is now a credit to Fairmount. Professor C. R. Tuttle was for several years an efficient instructor, and the organization progressed rapidly under his direction. The instructor at the time this article is being written is Professor George E. Payson, of Alexandria. Other members of the band are Charles Kiefer, Birney Allred, Leslie Davis, Burr Holmes, Ed Guinnup, Albert Riggs, Homer Williams, John W. Montgomery, Oscar Dickey, Orville Wells, Earl Morris, Ellis Wright, Louis Bender, Otto Morris, Omar Brewer, Luther Davis, Russell Stephens, Aneil Wright, Ward LaRue, Russell Dale, Roy Wells and Kenneth Morris.

In 1888 William H. Lindsey built a planing mill and sawmill. Afterwards Lindsey and Julian Swaim owned a lumber yard under the firm name of Lindsey & Swaim. In 1888 W. C. Winslow, John Rau, Frank Taylor and Charles Tigner established a bottle factory. In 1889 Charles Tigner, Allen Dillon and Frank Taylor built a fruit jar factory, which became known as the Dillon glass factory. In 1890 F. B. Ziegler, Harry Gable and Al Reed built the Big Four window glass factory. In 1890 Dr. A. Henley and Charles Tigner started what was known as the "Dinkey" bottle factory. In 1893 John Borrey and others started the Bell window factory. In 1894 Headly & Company started a window house. In 1900 the Snider preserve factory, a branch of the well-known Cincinnati concern, was established, the company erecting a large brick building for its purposes east of the Big Four Railroad. In 1910 the Bell Bottle Company was established by Alvin B. Scott and others.

Fairmount had reached a point in population and in manufacturing industry by 1894 where the need of a system of waterworks seemed imperative. The board of trustees of the corporation at this time consisted of Dr. J. W. Patterson, president; M. S. Friend, Jason B. Smith, William R. Pearson and Gabe Johnson. Immediately upon his election as a trustee, Dr. Patterson began an agitation for waterworks. At first he encountered considerable opposition. However, after considering the matter with care, the board decided to look into the proposition. Dr. Patterson and William R. Pearson were named as a committee to make a thorough investigation and report back to the board. The committee visited a number of towns, making a searching examination of other plants and inquiring closely into the details relating to the proposed enterprise. A public meeting was called. This meeting was held in Parker's Opera House. At this meeting Dr. Patterson made a detailed and exhaustive explanation of the plans by which the system could be installed. A petition was circulated calling for an election, and the required number of signatures secured. The result of the election which followed was a practically unanimous vote favorable to the proposition, there being but thirty votes registered in opposition to it. Work was started immediately after the bonds were sold.

Moved by the urgent need of a secondary school in this locality and inspired by the example set before them by the splendid work done at Spiceland Academy, where they had been students, Dr. P. H. Wright and wife and Samuel C. Cowgill and wife, in the year 1883 began to reflect upon the possibilities of establishing such an institution in Fairmount.* The result of their meditations were communicated to others. In December, 1883, at a business session of northern quarterly meeting of Friends held at Back Creek, Jesse Hiatt arose in his place and suggested to the meeting that it take under consideration the proposition of establishing an academy. The proposition was favorably received by those present. A committee was appointed to consider the matter and make report of judgment to a future committee. This committee consisted of Dr. Alpheus Henley, Joel B. Wright, Jonathan P. Winslow, Milton Winslow, Asa Bond, Elwood Haisley, Abel Knight, Henry B. Rush, Levi Hiatt, James M. Ellis, Enos Harvey, Nixon Winslow, Lewis Hockett, Samuel C. Cowgill, James L. Williams, Willis Cammack, Mattie P. Wright, Louisa Rush, Eunice P. Wilson, Adeline Wright, Millie Little, Thirza Howell, Mary Bond, Mary Rush, Sallie Harvey and Keziah Haisley. On March 15, 1884, the committee reported to the



Fairmount Academy, Fairmount

quarterly meeting that they favored the proposition. On June 21, 1884, the committee reported that the location selected for the academy consisted of three acres of ground twenty-two rods south of the public school grounds, which cost $600. The amount of money pledged by subscription reached the sum of $4,890. Elwood Haisley, James M. Ellis, Thomas J. Nixon, Ivy Luther and Mahlon Harvey were named as a committee to look after the incorporation papers. Jesse Haisley and Samuel C. Wilson, to serve one year; Dr. P. H. Wright and Enos Harvey, to serve two years, and Abel Knight and William C. Winslow to serve three years, were elected trustees. On September 20, 1884, the building was in process of erection. September 21, 1885, Fairmount Academy opened for instruction, with J. W. Parker, A. B., as principal, and Ellwood O. Ellis as teacher in the grammar department, each receiving an annual salary of $600. The school opened with forty pupils, but before the first term of fourteen weeks had ended the enrollment had increased to sixty-five. Before the close of the first year the attendance had increased to one hundred thirteen. The first graduates were Myra

* The writer acknowledges his indebtedness to Ellwood O. Ellis for much of the information about Fairmount Academy here recorded.

Rush and Melissa Scott. The present buildings stand on land at the northwest corner of Rush and Eighth streets, donated by Nixon and Louisa Rush. In 1895 the new structure was occupied. In 1911 an addition was built, which has greatly facilitated the work of the teachers and increased the efficiency of the school. While the school is supported by Friends, it is non-sectarian. Presbyterians, Christians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians and Baptists have had their turn as members of the faculty. Albert R. Hall, an efficient young educator, is at this writing Principal of the Academy.

In 1895 the high school received its commission. The present high school building was completed in 1894. R. W. Himelick was the first superintendent of schools, he in turn being succeeded by C. H. Copeland, who held the position for fifteen years. The first graduates of the high school were Grace Crilley, Eliza Frazier, Verna Hardwick, Grace Hobbs, Albert Knight, Moses Morrison, Emma Parrill, Irwin Winslow and John P. Starr. The matter of starting the high school was first agitated by Dr. J. W. Patterson, N. W. Edwards, E. D. Lewis and J. W. Parrill. Finally the town trustees advised the school board to proceed and the result is the structure on South Vine street.

The Fairmount Bible School had its origin in a theological institute of the Indiana Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist connection (or church) of America. The first session of this institute was held at Sheridan in 1884, under the leadership of Rev. Eber Teter, at which meeting there were twelve elders and licentiates present. A ten-day institute was held annually on the various circuits of the Indiana Conference until June, 1906, when, by an order of the previous annual conference, a thirty-day institute was provided for and held on the Wesleyan camp ground, near Fairmount. This institute body, at the close of this session, framed a memorial, which was presented to the next annual conference of the same year, asking for the establishment of the Fairmount Bible School, which was granted. The purpose of this institution was for the training of an efficient ministry in the spreading of Bible holiness. Among its promoters we find the names of Eber Teter, Aaron Worth, George Reber, William J. Seekins, Thomas P. Baker, Jacob Hester and James O. Baker. This school had a small beginning. The first enrollment numbered twelve, with one teacher. Since that time this institution has been able to enroll from thirty to sixty and to maintain a faculty consisting of four teachers, which will of necessity be maintained in the future. The development of this school has been marked by the sending out into the different fields fifty-one graduates up to the year 1912, a period of six years. The present school building was erected in 1907, and may be valued at $2,000. The building is located a mile northwest of Fairmount, in a beautiful spot, with plenty of shade and water. Close by is a large tabernacle with a seating capacity of two thousand, known as Bethel Tabernacle, where state and national conferences of the church are held from time to time. The institute has a library of 350 well-selected volumes.

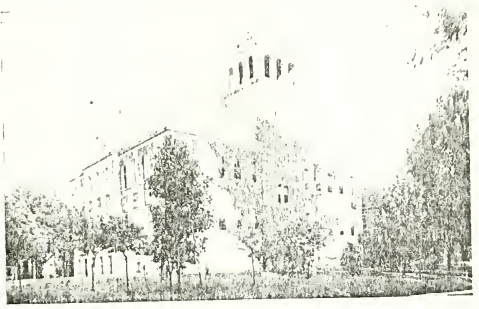
H. H. Wiley came from Jonesboro, in 1876, and started a saw and planing mill near the railroad which he operated until he retired from the business. In 1882 Cyrus Winslow and Lemuel Pearson bought the saw mill which had previous to that time been owned and operated by Winslow, Pearson & Beidler. The mill was located south of Fairmount.

William S. Wardwell came to Fairmount in 1878 and took charge of the Woolen Mills* which for many years had been operated previous

* The woolen mill, an important industry in its day, occupied a two story frame structure which stood at the southwest corner of First and Sycamore streets. Prior to 1878 this mill had been owned and managed at different periods by Vincent and William Wright, Jesse Reece and Elwood Hatchey.

to his arrival. Mr. Wardwell, who is still living, manufactured blankets and stocking yarn. He later moved the machinery to Converse, Indiana.

In December, 1877, Joel Reece, who had been publishing the *Jonesboro News*, finding that field unprofitable for his occupation, moved his equipment in a wagon to Fairmount, and issued the first edition of the *Fairmount News*. The matter of starting a newspaper had for several weeks been discussed by citizens who had held frequent meetings. Among the active promoters of the paper were Robert Bogue, N. W. Edwards, E. N. Oakley, and J. P. Winslow. The paper was issued from a room in the rear of the second story of the Pioneer Drug Store. An old-fashioned Washington hand press, the nucleus for an equipment of the average country newspaper of that day, was used to print the first edition, and the writer, as a boy of eleven years, gained his first insight into the printing business by assisting in the work of producing the first newspaper ever printed in Fairmount. Reece conducted the paper for about a year, when he sold out to Charles Stout



High School Building, Fairmount

and moved to Stafford county, Kansas, where he has since died. The *Fairmount Times* was started in 1888 by Edward A. Morgan.

The paper was later discontinued. About 1894 Morgan again entered the Fairmount field, with a paper called the *Daily Journal*, which was discontinued in 1906. A number of other newspapers have been established in the intervening years, with indifferent success. The *Child's Golden Voice*, a religious periodical issued monthly by Rev. G. P. Riley, was published here in 1885.

In 1885-1886 Brady & Allred Bros. owned and operated a chair factory east of the railroad, north of the Big Four depot.

In 1885 the Fairmount Machine Works were established by J. H. Harrington and M. A. Hiatt. Later Mr. Hiatt retired from the firm and was succeeded in the ownership by Elwood Davis and William Fink.

In January, 1881, Gilbert LaRue, associated with two brothers, came to Fairmount from Anderson and started a small saw and planing mill, which later developed into an excelsior factory. The business prospered under the management of LaRue, who in the meantime had purchased his brothers' interests.

In January, 1885, Kimbrough Brothers established a saw mill, which

prospered for many years, supplying dressed lumber in large quantities to the Graham & Morton Transportation Company, at St. Joseph, Michigan, owning and operating a line of vessels on Lake Michigan plying at that time between St. Joseph and Chicago.

The Fairmount Manufacturing Company incorporated February 2, 1886, with a capital stock of $3,000. This company was organized for the purpose of manufacturing the Lancaster Corn Planter and Ditching Machine. The officers of the company were J. P. Winslow, president; C. R. Small, secretary, and Levi Scott, treasurer. There were twenty stockholders.

In 1887 T. J. Nixon owned and operated the flouring mill located where Ulrey & Company's mill now stands. Mordecai Nixon was in charge of the milling. In the same year T. J. Nixon and Dr. A. Henley composed the firm of Henley & Nixon, grain dealers, who carried on an extensive business among the farmers. This firm had in 1881 purchased of Robert Bogue the grain elevators, and new machinery was bought and installed.

Jonathan P. Winslow and Enoch Beals, under the firm name of Winslow & Beals, in 1887 occupied the two-story brick elevator now standing at East Washington street and the Big Four Railroad. This building was erected in 1875. In addition to the grain business the firm handled salt, lime, hair, flour, etc.

On March 4, 1887, the Fairmount Mining Company was organized for the purpose of making explorations for natural gas. Other communities in Grant and adjoining counties had formed similar companies for this purpose, and the results were such as to encourage local men to believe that the Fairmount field offered as good prospects for developing this natural fuel as others that had been successful in their projects. J. P. Winslow, T. J. Nixon, C. R. Small, Levi Scott, Dr. W. H. Hubbard, M. Mark, John Flanagan, Kimbrough Bros., and Dr. A. Henley were the original stockholders. The board of directors consisted of Dr. A. Henley, president; T. J. Nixon, secretary; C. R. Small, treasurer; J. P. Winslow, W. C. Winslow and Levi Scott. On March 9, the secretary was directed to contract for the work of drilling for gas. Agreeable to instructions, Nixon contracted with W. A. Walley, of the firm of O'Neill & Walley, of Muncie. Mr. Walley placed Steve A. Irwin in personal charge of the details of the work, the derrick was promptly constructed, equipment secured, and operations commenced. On Tuesday, April 26, gas was discovered in Trenton rock, at a depth of 965 feet. The well yielded an abundance of gas. Professor Orton, Ohio state geologist, after much difficulty, succeeded in making a test of the pressure, and found that its flow was 11,500,000 cubic feet every twenty-four hours, or, in the language of Professor Orton, at the time, "nearly sufficient gas to supply the three largest cities in Ohio." The well was located on the south side of East Washington street, near the old brick elevator formerly owned by Winslow & Beals. In the fall of 1888 a special train bearing James G. Blaine was stopped near by, the well opened, and the Maine statesman admired the flame very much. The pressure was so great that it was with considerable difficulty that the flow was harnessed and gotten ready for use. Excursion trains came loaded with passengers from every direction to see the well. In a few weeks, because of its wonderful output, which was easily more enormous than that of any other well in Indiana, it was given the name of Jumbo, after Barnum's elephant, and it was thenceforth known throughout the country as the "Jumbo" well. The gas was finally piped, and the expense of gas for light and fuel for many years did not exceed $12 per year for each family for domestic purposes. Walker

Winslow was the first man in Fairmount who used natural gas for cooking purposes, and it was not many months before its use was general among the people.

Attracted by the cheapness of the fuel many glass factories located in Fairmount, and by the year 1890 the town began to increase in population and commercial importance, until 1894, when the census showed a population of approximately five thousand. Foreign corporations, seeing the opportunity presented, began to lease land in the neighborhood. The gas was pumped into Chicago by means of great pumping stations erected for the purpose. The powerful engines installed in these huge plants pulled so strongly as to diminish the supply perceptibly, gradually exhausting the pressure. Far-seeing men wisely discouraged the farmers from leasing land to outside syndicates, but the counsel went unheeded until the pressure began to weaken, and then gradually disappear. And thus nature's bounty, which promised at the outset to make the gas belt one continuous city, was dissipated, and there are now but few scattering families in this part of the state who are using natural gas.

In 1887 various means were adopted to induce manufacturing industries to locate in Fairmount. Dr. W. H. Hubbard and John Flanagan were selected by the Fairmount Improvement Committee to solicit donations in the way of real estate to be offered for the location of shops, factories, or other industries that would be of benefit to the town. The owners of the Nixon Winslow land offered ten acres to an institution that would employ one hundred and fifty hands. The owners of the Wilson farm offered eight acres for a factory that would employ one hundred men; Levi Scott, five acres for one hundred hands; Allen Dillon, four acres for a desirable factory or shop; J. P. Winslow, ten acres to shop or factory working one hundred hands. Others stood ready to do likewise, if necessary. Levi Scott and W. C. Winslow were appointed a committee to solicit donations of money to be expended in properly advertising the town and presenting Fairmount's claims to the attention of parties desiring locations for factories and other suitable industries.

In 1896, when the promoters first began to talk about building an interurban line to connect Marion and Anderson, the scheme was put down as a foolish project, and one which stamped its supporters as chimerical and visionary, the idle dream of a poetical mind. A meeting was called of men interested in the matter at the Claypool Hotel, in Indianapolis. There were present at this meeting Noah Clodfelter, William R. Pearson, Dr. Sullivan, Dan Mustard, Barr Sweetser, John H. Winslow, V. C. Quick and Harvey Painter. Three New York financiers met with this party. Arrangements were made with a New York trust company to underwrite $500,000 worth of bonds to begin the work of construction. The panic of that year rendered it impossible for the trust company to place the bonds for cash. At a subsequent conference William R. Pearson was directed to go to Chicago to interview the president of the Trust Company of Iowa. This man's father was a Wall street capitalist. An attorney and another representative of the Iowa people were sent to look over the proposed route of the line. After going over the ground carefully these men returned to Chicago and reported the prospects first-class. The president of the Iowa company went to New York to see his father regarding the matter, and the father turned down the proposition on account of the financial stringency then generally prevailing. L. N. Downs was then interested by the promoters of the enterprise, and he went to Kalamazoo, Michigan, where a $92,000 loan was arranged for. Immediately upon the

consummation of this deal, William R. Pearson went to Cleveland, where seventeen car-loads of rails were purchased with which to begin the construction work. At Cleveland Mr. Pearson received a telegram from interested parties to return at once. Upon his arrival home announcement was made that a proposition had been submitted by W. C. Mc-Whinney, Eli and Charles W. Halderman and Phil Matter for the purchase of the property, and the proposition had been accepted. These men financed the scheme, and in 1898 the line was opened for passengers between Anderson and Marion.

Fairmount township has furnished its share of county officials. J. H. Parker served two terms as county treasurer; Thomas Winslow served as county assessor; Samuel C. Wilson, J. J. McEvoy and M. S. Friend have served as representatives in the legislature, and Charles C. Lyons served four years as state senator.

The Commercial Club was organized in 1904. John Flanagan was elected president, J. F. Life, secretary, and R. A. Morris, treasurer. The directors chosen were, in addition to the officers, Al. Goldstein and John Rau. The organization did good work for a time. The location of the Bell Bottle Company and the Snider Preserve Factory is largely due to the efforts of this club.

In 1884 the Fairmount Union Joint Stock Agricultural Association was organized. In the summer of that year the fair ground was laid out on what is known as the David Stanfield land, southeast of the town and adjoining the corporation limits. The ground selected comprises a beautiful grove, which affords plenty of shade and water, an open space on the south edge of the grove serving as a splendid race track. The first fair was held in September, 1884, the following officers being in charge of the enterprise: Enoch Beals, president; W. C. Winslow, secretary; Levi Scott, treasurer; M. S. Friend, superintendent, and Philip Davis, marshal. The fair has been held continuously ever since, with the exception of one year. The stockholders reorganized in 1904. The name was changed to the Fairmount Fair Association. Dr. J. W. Patterson was elected president; John Flanagan, treasurer; Xen H. Edwards, secretary, and Gilbert LaRue, superintendent. These men gave the association an impetus and a standing which enabled the fair to go forward with added prestige and new life.

In 1883, Dr. A. Henley and Levi Scott, perceiving that the interests of the growing town required and the development of the surrounding country demanded local banking facilities, proceeded to organize the Fairmount Bank as a private institution. They purchased ground on South Main street and erected a two-story brick building. On June 24, 1886, the capital stock was increased to $25,000. The bank was reorganized and incorporated under the laws of the state and became known as the Farmers' & Merchants' State Bank, with Dr. A. Henley, president, and Levi Scott, cashier. The directors met in 1887 and decided to increase the capital stock to $50,000. The institution continued to operate successfully as the Farmers' & Merchants' State Bank until June, 1893, when the panic of that year which brought disaster to so many enterprises throughout the country, carried this bank down in the general crash.

On July 15, 1893, the Citizens' Exchange Bank was organized with Nixon Winslow, president; John Selby, vice-president, and W. C. Winslow, cashier. Other stockholders were A. A. Ulrey, John Seale, Sr., and William J. Leach. On June 14, 1911, this bank was reorganized and incorporated as a state bank, with John Selby, president; Charles F. Naber, vice-president, and Victor A. Selby, cashier.

The Fairmount Banking Company was organized as a private in-

stitution on December 18, 1902, with Aaron Morris, president; John Flanagan, vice-president; R. A. Morris, cashier, and C. R. Small, assistant cashier. In 1905 the bank was organized under the laws of the state and the name changed to The Fairmount State Bank. John Flanagan was elected president, W. F. Morris, vice-president, and R. A. Morris, cashier. The present officers are W. F. Morris, president; R. A. Morris, cashier, and Tony Payne, assistant cashier.

The Fairmount Telephone Company was promoted by S. B. Hill, and operated by him successfully for several years. The Citizens Telephone Company was organized in October, 1902, with John Kelsay, president. The directors elected for the first year were Aaron Newby, Aucil E. Ratliff, C. R. Small, Dr. D. A. Holliday, W. A. Beasley, I. S. Benbow and John Kelsay. This company took over the plant of the Fairmount Telephone Company, which at the time was under the management of Harry Miller.

Fairmount has about twenty-five miles of cement sidewalks and approximately five miles of brick streets. The business blocks are modern in arrangement and substantial in structure.

The business men now here are J. H. Wilson, Xen H. Edwards, Ribble Bros., H. D. Wood, M. W. Hunt, W. H. Parrill, Driggs & Welsch, Hiatt & Ware, John Flanagan, W. Zim Payne, Chas. C. Hackney, J. W. Dale, J. N. Dickey, Cland Jones, S. A. Hockett, J. F. Life, Henry H. Hahne, Chas. Kiefer, L. E. Nolder, J. R. Busing & Co., Mrs. Bessie Cooper, Cy Pemberton, John A. Clarke, John Osborn, W. Frank Buller, Hollingsworth & Son, Chas. H. Stephens, Fritz & Son, Marion Light and Heating Company, L. A. Wagoner, manager; Hill Brothers, John L. Conrad, Bard D. Jay, L. H. Kimes, P. H. O'Mara, Oz Fankboner, Clint Lewis, J. C. Albertson, C. L. Salyers, Leonard E. Montgomery, Montgomery & Buchanan, Will Lewis, Elmer Pennington, J. N. Winslow, Mark Snodgrass, Elmer Jay, Ab Jones, William Daniels, Chas. F. Naber, Mercer, Brannum & Bevington Company, John Winslow, A. D. Bryan, Abe Freeman, Augustus Weaver, E. H. Parker, Central Indiana Gas Company.

The successful development of natural gas in various parts of Grant county stimulated enterprising men in adjoining neighborhoods to make explorations for the fuel. Nature had never before provided heat and illumination which was at once so reasonable in price or so convenient for commercial or domestic purposes. For many years the cost of fuel was merely a nominal expense, while the simple turning of a key designed for the purpose opened up the avenue to unlimited quantities, night or day. For illuminating purposes the new fuel was quite an improvement over the coal oil lamp, and great flambeaus were frequently seen along highways and in the streets which would light up a distance equal to a city block. It was when excitement was running high that towns sprang up in this part of the state much as western towns would appear in a single night. In 1896 B. F. Leach built the first house on the present site of Fowlerton. Previous to this time a postoffice had been established in that neighborhood called Leach, after the well-known family of that name, who were quite numerous and influential, and who owned many acres of land located southeast of Fairmount. The first industry established in the community was a tile mill, erected in 1895, which was owned and operated by Elbert and Jeff Fowler. About a year later John L. Smith started a saw mill, and William and Charles E. Leach started a grain elevator. At about the same time B. F. Leach began work on a bottle factory on land donated by William J. Leach. In 1899 Favre Brothers started the Fowlerton Window Glass Factory. P. A. Dailey started a saw mill about this time. The Royal

Window Factory was established soon after, and the Industrial Window Glass Factory came a little later. D. L. Adams bought the Dailey saw mill about 1903 and converted it into a hoop mill. This mill is still in operation. These industries were all attracted by the cheapness of fuel following the discovery of natural gas in that territory in apparently unlimited quantities. The Fowlerton Canning Company opened a canning factory about 1904, which was later owned and operated by W. R. Bailey.

The C. I. & E. Railroad in 1897 erected a depot on the northwest corner of the Henry Simons farm, now owned by Oliver P. Buller. This building was in 1900 moved to the present junction of the Big Four and Pennsylvania Railroads, in Fairmount.

E. D. Fowler, Oliver P. Buller, William A. Miller, Jake Dame, Allen Virgin, M. F. Partridge and Clyde Partridge have served as postmasters. Among the first merchants who located in Fowlerton were Doc Philpott, John Carter, William Millspaugh, Isaac Key, S. D. Key, J. A. Hardesty & Co., M. F. Partridge & Co., Moses Barnhart, Elias A. Wilhelm and William Dunlap and son. J. A. Roberts was the justice of the peace, having been appointed in 1892.

July 20, 1898, B. F. Leach and others called a meeting for the purpose of talking over matters in relation to the erection of a new schoolhouse at Fowlerton. A petition was prepared, the necessary number of signatures was procured and the petition presented to Trustee Joseph Ratliff. Owing to the lateness of the year the petition was not acted upon by the trustee. The petitioners appealed to County Superintendent Alex Thompson. The superintendent agreed with the view that the trustee had taken of the situation, and conceded that while the necessity for the improvement might exist, the season was late and there was not sufficient time in which to erect and equip a suitable building for school purposes before the time fixed for the beginning of the fall term. In the summer of 1899, however, the first two rooms of the present commodious brick structure were completed. Will W. Ware was selected principal of this school. The first year the building proved to be inadequate to accommodate all the children. A frame schoolhouse was moved from the north to meet the demands. In the summer of 1907 Trustee Alvin J. Wilson added two more rooms, which has since served the purpose to the satisfaction of patrons and pupils.

In 1902 so much confusion arose over the difference in the name of the town and the name of the postoffice that steps were taken to adjust the matter in a way that would be satisfactory. Several names were suggested. A letter was addressed to the postoffice department by Warren M. Crawford, asking for instructions that would aid them in the difficulty. It was finally agreed that the postoffice be given the name of Fowlerton, a solution of the difficulty which seemed to be satisfactory to citizens generally. And so the name Leach was dropped and since 1902 the town and the postoffice have borne the same name. Fowlerton was incorporated by authority of the board of county commissioners on the first Monday in April, 1903. George A. Fletcher, surveyor and civil engineer, was employed in February, 1903, to run the corporation lines and make a map of the territory included in the proposed town. Elias A. Wilhelm took a census of the inhabitants of the town thirty days previous to this time, the same being attested by him to be correct. The petition for incorporation was presented to the board of commissioners on March 2, 1903. The territory set apart for the purpose embraced land owned by Ellis Wright, Frank H. Kirkwood and William J. Leach. Tuesday, March 17, 1903, the election was held, the date having been fixed by the commissioners. Elbert D. Fowler, August

Schmidt and Palmer J. Wall were selected to have charge of the election. The result of the voting showed 123 for incorporation and 6 against it. The first election of officers for the town was held between the hours of 6 A. M. and 6 P. M., on May 4, 1903, in Barnhart's block. The election board consisted of Elias A. Willhelm, inspector; William Girton and Matthew Costello, judges; Allen Virgin, clerk, and S. A. Marriott, sheriff. The result of the balloting was as follows: clerk and treasurer, James Chapman; marshal, Joseph Henisse; trustees—First ward, James P. Brown; Second ward, William Mitchener; Third ward, Elbert D. Fowler.

The Methodist Protestant church was organized in 1900. The members of this denomination who had been previous to this time attending services at Salem transferred their membership and influence to Fowlerton, and the result is a strong church organization. Some of the members of the church are John Duling and wife, Joel Duling, Solomon Duling and wife, William Duling and wife. Reverend McClaslan was the first pastor.

The United Brethren organized a church in 1897. The charter members were R. W. White and wife, Mrs. Lavada Malone, William A. Miller and wife, John G. Corn and wife, Oliver Buller and wife, George Fear and wife, Aaron Garrison, Mrs. Rebecca J. Corn, Frank Garrison and wife, and Lewis Hayden and wife. Rev. John Rector was the first pastor.

The Baptist church was organized in 1910. The charter members are William J. Leach and wife, Clark Leach and wife, Mrs. Levi Simons, Mrs. Naomi Deeren, Mrs. Margaret Corn, Mrs. Joanna Gregg, Mrs. Martha C. Hancock, John Leach and wife. Rev. Noah Ford is pastor.

The Wesleyan Methodist church was organized in 1912, with Rev. W. D. Baker, pastor. Charter members: W. L. Dickerson and wife, L. G. Richards and wife, Charles Malone and wife, George Fear and Alva Dickerson and wife.

John A. Hardesty was commissioned a notary public by Governor Marshall in 1909.

XXXII. LIBERTY TOWNSHIP IN HISTORY

By Mrs. Nora Mart Goodykoontz

March 28, 1908, was Liberty Township day before the Historical Society, and the following article is from the historian:

The author of "The Simple Life" says: "Humanity is ungrateful to its pioneers." Another famous writer says: "It is useless to criticize humanity." Let us try to believe that the men and women who first came to Liberty township and made their homes in the forest found happiness in their toil. To love one's work and to be able to do it is to find joy. If we have been careless in regard to those who have gone before and smoothed our pathway, let us henceforth have only the kindest thought and the deepest gratitude for those who sowed where we are reaping.

Liberty township was first organized in 1839. A change was made in the boundary in 1851, and it was in June, 1855, that another change was made, giving the township its present limits. It includes all of township 23 north, range 7 east, and one tier of sections off of township 22 north, range 7 east. The soil is mostly black loam and productive. It originally consisted of a level, rich plain covered with a heavy forest

of most kinds of timber. There were poplar, walnut, oak, ash, beech, hard and soft maple trees in great numbers.

This township was the great hunting ground of this part of the country and there were regular camps where hunters slept and dreamed perhaps of home and friends or future glory. They would doubtless have counted it a wild, wild dream if they had caught a glimpse of the landscape as it is today. When white men first came here there were bears, panthers, wolves, deer, a few gray foxes, porcupines, skunks, wild cats, ground hogs (woodchucks), otters, squirrels (black, gray and ground squirrels), opossums, weasels, hawks, owls, thousands of wild pigeons, many wild ducks and turkey. There was also plenty of fish in the larger streams. In those early days it was a common sight to see a bear skin stretched at the end of a settler's cabin. Wolves made the forest hideous with their howling.

The early settlers usually selected a high spot of ground on which to build their homes and the poorer lands were settled first. After the lower lands were cleared and drained they were found to be most productive. A prairie at one time existed in the northeastern part of the township; it extended from near the center line of section 13 to near the center line of section 12. This was mowed for hay before meadows were started. This ground was swamp and was usually a big pond in the spring of the year. Drainage changed it to first-class farm land. It was near this prairie that the first white man's home was made in the township. In 1833 Uriah Moorman settled in section 12 on the farm now owned and occupied by Hude Dyson. He came from Center township, but originally from North Carolina. His son settled near him the next year. William Howell came in 1834 and settled on the banks of Deer creek in section 11. This farm was afterward owned by David M. V. Whitson and it was here that "Rolinda" spent the greater part of his boyhood. The next farm east was owned by Richard and Mary Jay at the time the Whitson family resided in the township and it is still in possession of two of their sons. James Hall and Charles O. Fry also came in 1834. The next year Lindsey Baldwin settled on land now owned by Barclay Johnson. Isaac Meek and Joseph Small settled near each other in 1837. James Scott came from Wayne county the same year. These three men were great hunters. They killed many wolves, deer and coon and sometimes shot a bear. Isaac Meek was a great preacher in the Wesleyan church and several of the older people remember the interest shown in his meetings by the fathers and mothers who came under his influence. Harrison Powell came from London, England, about 1838 and settled on the farm now owned by his daughter, Mrs. Nancy Harvey. It was an unbroken forest and tradition has it that at that date one could travel twenty-five miles to the west before reaching the next settler's cabin. In 1838 Henry Winslow settled on the farm where Abram Goodykoontz located twenty years later. William Harrold came in 1839. Others who came in the thirties and entered land were John and Ira Haisely, Mahlon Neal, Eli Overman, Ezra Bishop, Job Jackson, Lindsey Buller, James Lytle, Harvey Davis, Dempsey Bailey, James Felton, Samuel Marshall, James Wright, Lewis and Jonathan Jones, Francis Lytle, John Ham, Spencer Reeder, Joseph Morgan, Zadok Tomlinson, Richard Perry, Nathan Jones, Mahlon Neal, Jr., and Zere Hunt. In the forties, Dr. Prior Rigdon, William P. Thrasher, Jacob Parrish, William Said and George Smith entered land in the southern part of township 22. Others who entered land about the same time were R. T. Wells, William Wilson, Jabez Reeves, John Thalls, Iredell Rush, Edward Leavell and Richard Turner. In 1848 George Davis came and located in the northern part of the township. Soon after locating he

was lost quite near his home. The trees and underbrush were so thick that he could not find his cabin. He shouted and his wife answered the call, and he found that he was within a stone's throw of the little haven he called home.

Others who came about the same time were Benjamin Dickey, James Titus, William Harvey, John Barrett, David J. Hutchins, R. J. Gauntt, J. O. Hartley and Jeremiah Howell. It was also in the forties that a number of colored people came here from North Carolina. Among those who came were John, James and Byrd Weaver, Absalom Hill, Jackey Burden, Benjamin Skipworth, John Stokes and David W. Wilson. The latter had been a slave, but obtained his freedom, and they all journeyed hither as to the promised land. They settled in the northern part of the township and quite a number of colored people still own homes and farms in that neighborhood. There were many white settlers who came in the fifties. Dr. Isaac Carey located east of Oakridge in 1850, where he practiced medicine about eighteen years. John Harrold and his wife settled on the farm where they still live in 1852. The land was swampy and covered with a rank growth of weeds. Their crop the first year was one acre of corn which was "tended" with a hoe. The second year the crop of corn was increased to three and one-half acres, and this was shared with two neighbors and used for bread. Tristam Conner and several others settled in the township in 1850. Among those who came from Clinton county, Ohio, in the fifties were Lewis Hockett, Riley Howell, D. W. Bowman, I. W. Carter and three brothers—Samuel, Andrew and Joseph A. Mart. Joseph Kirk came from that county in 1852. He and his family came in a wagon and were eight days on the road. They reached the farm just west of Harrison Powell's in April of that year. Mr. Kirk had bought sixty acres of land there the year before for $262.50. It was all in timber. Soon after coming they ordered a cook stove. Thomas Jay of Jonesboro ordered two others at the same time. He kept one for himself and one went to Fairmount township. Mrs. Kirk's stove came July 4, and it was the first cook stove in that neighborhood, and the first one some of her neighbors had ever seen. At that time the Marion and Strawtown road had been surveyed and the trees deadened, but they were not cut down and one could only travel over the road on horseback. Deer were getting scarce, but wolves still prowled around. There was plenty of game in the woods for food. The orchards that the early settlers in the eastern part of the township had set out were beginning to bear fruit. Settler's cabins were slowly dotting the western part of the township.

The first thing for a settler to do was to build a cabin. This was built of round logs undressed, with chunks in the cracks and daubed with mud. There was a puncheon floor, hewn with broad ax and split from hickory or elm, usually; the roof was of clapboard. The chimney was made with puncheons at the bottom, the upper part of sticks and clay, with pounded dirt jams and packed mud hearth. It had one room, one door and one window. The door was made of thin split or hewn puncheons, with wooden hinges and latch. A string attached to the latch went through a hole in the door and hung outside, by which the latch was raised to enter. There was very little furniture. Sometimes a homemade bedstead answered the purpose until a cord bedstead could be purchased. The thrifty settlers brought feather beds and as soon as possible commenced raising ducks and geese and making feather beds for all the children. Trundle beds were commonly used—that sort of a bed saved floor space in the daytime as it could be pushed out of the way under a large bed. There were no stoves as cooking was done by the fireplace, and there were few cooking utensils—a "Dutch oven,"

skillet and pot or kettle. Gourds were used as dippers and for various other purposes. Sometimes there would be only half a set of dishes in the cupboard. There would be a table, a few chairs—and floors were bare.

After building his cabin the early settler would build a log stable for his stock and a pen in which to fasten his sheep and pigs at night to keep the wolves from feasting on them. Clearing a patch of ground came next in order. This was done by cutting down the trees and burning all of the logs that he did not need for rails or for wood. Many trees that would afterward have been of great value were burned in this manner. After clearing there were many stumps and roots left, and the ground was plowed with a jumping shovel, with a thick, short beam. The corn was "dropped" by hand and covered with a hoe and much of the cultivation was done with a hoe. The squirrels were so numerous that for many years it was a common thing for the farmer to scatter corn all around the field every morning to keep the squirrels from taking up what had been planted. But little wheat was raised. It was sowed broadcast by hand and harvested with a reap hook. If there were not too many stumps a cradle was used. The wheat was threshed with a flail and sometimes tramped out by horses if one had a good stable floor. The grain was ground at Jonesboro. Later on when there was wheat grown for the market, it was taken to Wabash in the fall of the year, while the roads were still good. The farmer started early in the morning with a basket of provision, the load of wheat and perhaps one of the boys. He sold his wheat, bought the necessaries of life that he needed most, camped out over night and drove home the next day.

Grass was cut with a scythe and sometimes a forked stick from the woods was used in place of the rake and fork of a later period.

The cows and sheep had bells put on them and were turned out in the unfenced forest. They usually came home at night, but if they failed to come one could find them by following the sound of the bells. The winding path through the woods, the scent of the pennyroyal and the clang of the cowbells are never-to-be-forgotten memories. Men frequently exchanged work in those days in harvesting and when extra help was needed $8.33 a month was the usual price for a hired hand. Fifty cents a day was counted a fair price for chopping wood. Hired girls were paid fifty cents a week. The supply of water for household purposes was sometimes carried from a stream of water or open ditch until a well could be dug. Then a bucket, which soon became moss covered, was fastened to a sweep and hung at the well. The pioneer as a usual thing had plenty of food. There was wild game in the forest, corn to be made into hominy or ground and used for mush and bread. Corn pone was an excellent bread in those days, and sorghum molasses was freely used on the table, as well as to sweeten pumpkin pies and gingerbread. Pie was a luxury as one could bake but one at a time in a "Dutch oven." There were many wild bees in the township, and the hollow tree where the honey was stored was often robbed and honey was added to the bill of fare. Maple molasses and sugar were sometimes made in large quantities. Later on, when more cows were kept, the good women of those days added to their burdens by making cheese.

Hospitality and sociability reached highest ebb in those days. There were log rollings, wood choppings, corn huskings, house and barn raisings, wool pickings, quiltings and in due course of time there were apple cuttings and "carpet rag tackings." On these occasions good dinners or suppers were served. Neighbors helped one another

freely in sickness and misfortune, and when there was a death kind neighbors dug the grave and sometimes made the plain, unlined coffin, which was wrapped in a sheet and carried to the last resting place in a big road wagon.

The women clothed their household in homespun and homemade garments. The wool was washed and picked at home and taken to the wooden mills and carded and spun, if the spinning could not be done at home. Part was colored and woven into blankets, some into flannel or linsey, and some into jeans for the men and boys. Some was twisted into yarn for stockings and mittens. Blue dye yeast was saved in a jug from one year to the next in order to start a new dye for coloring with indigo. If green was the desired color, the blue yarn was dipped in a dye made of goldenrods. Walnut hulls were used to color brown. The women cut and made all the garments for the family by hand, knit all the stockings and mittens, made lye soap for family use, often worked in the field and clearing and then had time to visit and care for the sick and afflicted. The amount of money that many a farmer's wife now receives for her weekly "marketing" would have seemed like a small fortune to those dear pioneer women, as they sometimes carried a few dozen eggs to Marion on horseback and sold them for two cents a dozen. The stork came often to those cabins in the clearing and left a small mite of humanity which was clothed in pink calico and rocked in a rude cradle. Nearly everyone went barefoot through warm weather, except on Sundays, and sometimes the children and a few men attended church in that manner. Leather boots and shoes were made to order. It was a great day in the small boy's life when he was the proud owner of his first pair of red-topped, copper-toed boots. Overshoes were unknown. Boots and shoes were washed and greased on Saturday evenings, ready for a shining appearance on Sunday. Winter evenings were spent around the open fireplace; perhaps there were neighbors who came to stay until bedtime or over night. The women were busy with their knitting or sewing; the men and boys cracked nuts or popped corn; or perhaps the whole family went to a spelling school, or a religious meeting, which was announced to begin at "early candle-lighting." On summer evenings there was a fire built outdoors to smoke away the mosquitoes, around which the family gathered and rested from their labors.

Newspapers and books were scarce. By an act of the legislature township libraries were established and the books were distributed about 1856. Liberty township received sixteen classes, containing one hundred and five volumes. Additions were afterward made to this apportionment. These books were placed in the care of the trustee, who loaned them to the people. They were eagerly read by those who were hungry for knowledge, but times have changed and these books were long ago laid away.

The early pioneers knew the full and bitter meaning of ague. Their children have a lasting remembrance of the taste of quinine and bone set tea.

There was much low, swampy land that required years of toil before it was drained. The largest stream is Deer creek. It enters the township from Madison county, and has a northerly and northeasterly course and leaves the township a short distance east of the half-mile corner on the north side of section 1, township 23. This stream has but a moderate fall in its upper portion, but is much more rapid in flow as it reaches the north boundary of the township; so much fall that in about 1842 Sullivan Vinson, a millwright, erected a sawmill just above the point where the creek cuts the north line of the township, near the present residence of Arthur Jay. It soon fell into the hands of John

Allen and was known as Allen's mill—but only a few older people remember it. Bell creek drains the northern portion of the township. It has a general northeasterly direction and flows into Deer creek after it leaves this township. The southwestern part of the township is drained by Middle Fork, a branch of Wild Cat. Grassy Fork drains a portion of the western part of the township. It has its source in the "cottonwood ocean," and passes into Green township. These streams form a good outlet for smaller streams and ditches that drain into them. As a result of better drainage there is better health, more abundant harvests and better roads. In early days corduroy bridging was necessary to make travel possible at certain seasons of the year.

The Marion and Liberty Gravel Road Company was organized in 1869 and the construction of a gravel road was at once commenced over the "Strawtown" road, leading from Marion to Center schoolhouse in Liberty township, a distance of nine and one-half miles. This was a toll road until 1887, when it was bought by the county. The work of graveling the roads gradually went on until nearly all of the main traveled roads are graveled. As there is very little gravel in our township a good gravel road is more expensive for us than it is for some other townships.

A sawmill was erected near Oakridge in 1852 by James Cammack and a little later one was erected at Little Ridge.

In the early settlement of the township the young people were willing to begin home-building with a very small amount of worldly goods. The contracting parties to the first marriage in the township were Lindsey Buller and Mary Lytle, whose wedding occurred April 17, 1837. James Lytle and Easter Buller, the twenty-fifth of the same month and the same year, also took the solemn marriage vows. Newton Lytle was the first person born in the township. Milton, infant son of James Scott, was the first death in the township. He died in 1838. A daughter of Britton Wall was the first burial at Oakridge. So far as could be learned the oldest person now living in the township who was born here is Mrs. Jane Carey, the daughter of John and Ann Baisley. She was born in 1839. James Scott and Spencer Roder were among the first justices.

The first school was in Oakridge neighborhood and it is claimed that John Peacock was the first teacher. The first schoolhouses were of log and the first one built was in section 1, township 23, on the southwest corner of the farm now owned by Clarence Neal. The first schoolhouse at Center was a log one, and was built by Garretson Johnson. He contracted to do all the work and furnish everything except lights for the windows for the sum of $50. It was considered a very high price and the taxpayers made a protest against it. In those days the three r's and spelling were about the only things taught, and the children traced their names with goose-quill pens. George Brown, Jeremiah Hamell, John Smithson and William Neal were among the early teachers of the township. In due course of time frame schoolhouses took the place of log ones, and they in turn have given place to brick. But one frame building is now in use—the one at Radley, which was moved from Linwood last year. Our township has had fourteen school districts and as many schoolhouses. School No. 1 is known as Bethel. No. 2 is at Weaver and a new house was built there last year at a cost of $2,900. It is for the colored children of that district, and the children from No. 3, which was also a colored school, are now brought to the Weaver school in a township wagon. The school enrollment at this place is fifty-three. No. 4 is known as Elma or Prime's school. No. 5 was known as the Howell school. It has been abandoned and the build-

ing sold. No. 6 is Oakridge. No. 7 is Center. No. 8 is Antioch. No. 9 is at Independence. No. 10 has been abandoned. No. 11 is known as the Wells school. No. 12 is at Little Ridge. This school is so large that two teachers are employed. No. 13 is Radley school and No. 14 is called West Bethel. There are libraries at all the schools, and there are organs at some. The school enumeration for this township last year was 527 young people. The first graduates from the country schools of the county belonged to the class of '81. Those from Liberty township were Anna L. Goodwin, Nelia McCombs, O. Hamilton, Josie E. Shugart and Flora Mart. Last year the Liberty township graduating class numbered twenty-eight. After graduation many of our boys and girls have taken a course at the Fairmount Academy, others have attended Marion Normal College, some have gone to Earlham, some to Purdue and other places. At the present time there is a great interest shown in agriculture in connection with the school work. Clyde Nicholson won the first prize at the first "corn school" held at Marion in January of this year. Liberty township boys also won the fourth and ninth prizes. Jeremiah Howell and Willis Commack were among the early trustees of the township. Others who have filled that office are Eli Goodwin, George Mason, I. R. Shugart, Enos Harvey, B. F. Albert, Dr. I. N. Seal, D. Haisley and Frank McCabe, who is trustee at the present time.

The Quaker faith was the predominating element among the early settlers in the eastern part of the township. The Oakridge meeting of Friends was organized in 1840 or 1841. Their first church was a log one with two rooms making it possible for men and women to be separate during business sessions, as was the custom among Friends in those days. One of these rooms was used for school purposes for some time. A frame building for worship was afterward erected here and later on a brick church was built. Little Ridge meeting of Friends was organized about 1853. Their place of worship is a frame building, which has been remodeled. Bethel meeting of Friends was organized about 1864. Their church, which is a frame one, was built about ten years later. In those early days the Friends would sometimes worship in silence, and meeting was adjourned by those who sat at the head of the meeting shaking hands with one another. Singing was not allowed in the churches, but now there are organs at all three of the churches and some of the members are very good singers. But one other meeting of Friends has been organized since then in this township. It is known as Linwood and is located west of Radley. They have a frame church built in 1890.

The colored Methodist Episcopal church was organized in 1852. The church is called Hill's chapel. It is a frame building east of Weaver. There is a parsonage on the same lot. For many years they held camp-meeting near this church in August. These meetings were largely attended by white people, as well as the members of the church, but they are no longer held. The colored people organized a Wesleyan church at Weaver and erected a frame church, but services are no longer held there. The Christian church at Center was organized in 1875. They have a frame church. There is a Methodist Episcopal church at Independence. A Christian (Newlight) church was organized at Prine schoolhouse where services were held for several years, but they are very infrequent now. There was a Weskeyan class organized at the Howell schoolhouse in early days. At one time there was a large membership, but the meetings are no longer held.

About 1853 Albert Bailey opened a store at Oakridge. He also kept the first postoffice there and Jesse Carey carried the mail out from

Jonesboro. Jeremiah Howell afterward had a store there and had charge of the mail after it was brought to Oakridge. But store and post-office were abandoned long ago. Other postoffices in the township were Hackleman, Shadesville, Weaver, Elma and Tacoma. "They had their day and ceased to be." The postoffice at Radley is the only one in the township. The postoffice at Independence is known as Rigdon and is in Green township. We regard free rural delivery as one of our greatest blessings, and welcome the coming of the daily mail.

The C. I. & E. Railroad was built through this township in 1898. It is now a part of the Pennsylvania lines. The train stops at Wright and Cole station on signal only. Wright is in the southeastern part of the township and a tile mill is located there. Cole is in the northwestern part of the township. It has a store and an elevator. Radley is near the center of the township. It has a very neat depot, an elevator, postoffice, three stores, two blacksmith shops, school and several residences. There are three voting precincts at this place. The I. O. O. F. lodge has a hall room above one of the stores, where the lodge meetings are held. Radley is a convenient shipping point for the farmers.

Independence was laid out in 1851. It is partly in Liberty and Green townships in Grant county and extends into two townships in Madison county. The Methodist Episcopal church, schoolhouse, one store and several residences are in Liberty township. Hackleman has one store, a blacksmith shop and a few residences.

Weaver is the gathering place of the colored people. It has one store, a blacksmith shop, a nice school building, a church near-by and a burial ground for the colored people. There are three other burial grounds in the township, one at Oakridge, one at Little Ridge and a small one on the old homestead of James Scott.

Our people shared in the general prosperity brought about through the discovery of natural gas. The first well in the township was drilled about 1888. Nearly all of the farmers leased their land and received a yearly rental in addition to free gas for fuel. The Chicago Gas Company leased many acres of land and located a pumping station south of Oakridge. In the time of the oil boom there were a few oil wells developed in the southeastern part of the township, but they belong to the past. Only a few families now have gas for fuel, and as wood is not plentiful, coal is used extensively for fuel.

Wire fences are taking the place of the old rail ones, timber is disappearing and the birds do not find the same familiar haunts as of old. But the musical call of "Bob White" is still a joy of the summer. Up-to-date machinery is used by the farmers and the farms show improvement in different degrees. Many of the homes have modern conveniences. The telephone is at our command. The old well-sweep has given way to the wind-pump, and the piano has taken the place of the spinning wheel. We feel a certain pride in our achievements, yet we realize that Walt Whitman's test of greatness applies to a township as well as a nation, and we modestly write that our greatness lies in the strength, nobleness and purity of our good men and women—no matter where you find them. In the language of Ruskin, "He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth—they, and they only."

XXXIII. MONROE TOWNSHIP IN HISTORY

By Joshua Strange

Saturday, March 27, 1909, was Monroe Township day in the Grant County Historical Society, and the entertainment features were a vocal solo by Miss Ada Wall and a reading by Mrs. Atilla Farr Collett. There were a number of citizens who had never attended a meeting of the society who came out to hear the following sketch:

The organization of Grant county into townships was made at the first term of the commissioner's court held in Grant county, September 6, 1831, and the first was Wabash township and the second named Pleasant and the remainder of the county was called Union township from 1831 to 1834. The north half of Monroe township was in and formed part of Pleasant and the south half was in Union township.

At the March term in 1834 of the commissioner's court, Center township was formed and it comprised a part of Monroe township and in September of the same year the township of Jefferson was formed and it included the south tier of sections of which is now a part of Monroe.

In March, 1836, Madison township, now Monroe, was formed from the eastern part of Center and a mile strip off the north of Jefferson and by adding one mile on to the west of Jefferson from Union township gave Jefferson its present boundary. I say this incidentally in order to show how Monroe got its boundaries on the south and part of the west.

In 1837 Washington township was divided and the township of Monroe was formed of the territory of Van Buren, and in 1839 the name was changed (of congressional township 25) to Van Buren township.

In 1835 in a rearrangement of some of the townships the name of Madison township was changed to Monroe. I have now reached the name of the subject of my sketch. In nineteen years after birth it seems to have taken on some marital relations, and the history will have to come under the title of Madison-Monroe township.

The township of Monroe comprises all of township 24 north, range 9 east. The surface of the land is generally level. In dividing the township from the northwest corner to the southwest corner, fairly divides the township into two classes, the southwest of the imaginary line being more undulating and of a lime-clay soil, timber, more generally white oak, than on the northeast of the line, or northeast part of the township of which the soil was interspersed with a large amount of black, rich, fertile soil; timber—white and burr oak, ash, grey, blue and swamp, hickory flats, elm, sugar and beech ridges and some clumps of walnut.

Creeks and branches had but little, and in many places no channels, and the native state generally level and wet, and some places extremely marshy, especially in section 10, was known as the big mire, where stock would wander in search of early spring grasses and frequently would mire down, their legs going straight down to their bodies in the miry muck of which the depth is unknown. Fifty years ago I helped D. B. Pierce pull a cow out of this big mire; at that time I mind well of us pushing a pole fully a rod long straight down in the muck.

Those lands, in the main, have been reclaimed and are farmed in grain, corn mostly, every year. In section 15, there were two of those miry marshes, which were open lakes at some time and very deep. The writer drilled an oil well in one about one hundred feet from the edge and the rotten vegetation was fifty feet deep to the solid dirt. The muck when dry will burn and at a dry time about 1860, the big mire, spoken of in section 10, got on fire from a woods fire, which those days were

very frequent, and burned out fifteen acres, burning all the timber out by the roots. The land was covered with elm and ash up to two feet in diameter and burning the muck from three to five feet deep. No ordinary shower of rain had any effect on the fire. It raged until the late fall rains filled it with water.

Near one of those quagmires in section 15 is a beautiful round knoll which was used as a burying ground by the prehistoric race, who buried their dead by building a mound of dirt on them. The mounds seemed to have been of different sizes. There are several still plainly defined, one about four feet high and perhaps twenty-five feet in diameter at the base and shaped like a cone. From this mound the writer gathered fragments of bones of arms, legs, fingers, and toe bones, patella and teeth, which are on exhibition at the city library, mounted on blocks of wood about six inches square. From the amount of Indian darts and tomahawks found in this locality it surely was a great hunting ground in the ancient days of the first settlers. At this time I will mention another epoch in the history of this locality on Lugar creek, of which the above mentioned places were parts of the headwaters of Lugar creek.

In section 8, on the farm of George Strange, about the year of 1880, in making staves of large oaks on some of the inner bolts were engravings of the form of the duck, a whale and other indistinguishable characters, an ax hacks, and where bullets were cut out, one hundred and fifty growths from the surface, each growth representing a year, making to this date about one hundred and eighty years from the date of the skillful carving supposedly done by French trappers, as an old beaver trap was plowed out of a beaver dam within a half mile of those marked trees. As to the carvings, if it was done by white men from the character of the engravings made on the fresh sap on barked trees, they had been in touch with the Creek Indians, as it was their custom when leaving a place or departing from their village for a distant hunt to paint on barked trees the image of a snake, eagle or something to guard the position until the warriors would return. The similarity of the manner of which the oak staves are marked, which shows it to have been done on the sap of the trees after the bark had been removed when the sap was up, shows that it must have been done perhaps with some kind of paint as even the imprint of the tail feathers of the picture of the duck are in the wood.

The stave bolts and trap the writer has in his possession are evidence of the many interesting things of the prehistoric age of the locality, now a small subdivision of which at one time was known only as a great body of flat land, that the sun came from somewhere, and came up near the same place, in about regular intervals. These antiquated times of our blessed land upon which we have our homes is a wonderment to our mind and mystifies our thought to look upon those mounds, the graves, in a graveyard, on a beautiful knoll, besides the once beautiful lake, which nature has now transformed into a fertile soil and made a forest over the graves of the unknown dead.

To this once sacred spot in the confines of the writer's subject are, as it were, hieroglyphics written on the earth's surface that conveyed to us the only history where, if in detail, would make volumes, and in our mind's eye we look back and see our predecessors an obliterated race. So in a sense we can look as far back in our imagination as we can forward in our faith to things everlasting.

When those mounds were built is unknown. The historic mound at Mound City, West Virginia, that was discovered in 1770, was ninety feet high and nine hundred feet in circumference, and on the summit was a giant oak, six centuries old. In 1838 there was an excavation

through the center of it, and two skeletons were found in a rudely constructed vault of round timbers and loose stones. One of the skeletons was surrounded by six hundred ivory beads and an ivory ornament six inches in length. With another skeleton there were copper rings and plates of mica; also carvings on stones of unknown characters. I drop this scrap of history to throw more light on the history of our township.

Now in entering into tradition and written history of Madison-Monroe township, which contains thirty-six sections or thirty-six square miles, the geological strata on the surface were in the main a black loam soil from two inches to three or four feet deep. Second strata is a yellow clay subsoil and some depth of a blue cast, to a depth of from sixty to eighty feet to a strata of sand and gravel, mostly quicksand, which extends to the limestone, from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and eighty feet with the exception where the quicksand reaches a depth of four hundred and twenty feet from the surface to the shale, which has been termed by oil and gas operators as the deep dive, or "sow belly." From all indications it was at one time a deep river varying in width from three to four miles with the indications of almost perpendicular walls of limestone from one hundred and twenty to nearly two hundred feet high. The south line of this deep river enters the township near the center of section 19, and passes in a northwesterly direction through sections 18, 11, 10, 3, 4 and 5, leaving the township near the northwest corner of section 5. The uniform depth is about four hundred and twenty feet from the surface and widens and narrows in places and it has been traced over half across the state from the east line in a north westerly direction.

The shale lies at a depth over the township of about four hundred and twenty feet and has a very distinguishable equality in thickness of about six hundred feet and lies on what is known as the Trenton rock, which throughout the township is honeycombed or fissured with a very compact, hard covering on the surface from four feet to sometimes twenty feet thick. Under that is the gas and oil bearing strata, thickness depending on the elevation or depression of the surface of Trenton rock, in which at a depth of from thirty to fifty feet is the salt sand or salt water strata.

The township was an unbroken forest with the marks of a cyclone in the southern portion in sections 26, 27, 28, 35 and 36. In section 28 it seemed to have been more terrific, as it had uprooted most of the large timbers, as the native woods showed by the old logs and heaps of dirt lifted up by the mass of roots and the timber was thrown in circles as if done by a whirlwind. It was a rare time that you would find a tree that withstood the devastating power of that hurricane. In section 28 one mammoth oak stood out alone and the writer in looking over the track of the storm, while in the forest, measured that tree and three feet from the ground it measured twenty-one feet around and was at least sixty feet to a limb, but it showed that it had been stubbed by the storm.

The writer got the following information regarding the date of the hurricane as being between the time the soldiers went to Fort Wayne in 1812 and their return in 1813 and that it took them three days to reopen their road through the track of this hurricane. Afterwards it became a great pigeon roost and in taking up land some, in their minds, believed that the fertility of the soil would be extraordinary on account of the excrement of the pigeons. I have not the date of the opening of the Indianapolis and Fort Wayne state road. It was the first road or highway in the township, and entered the township near the southwest corner of section 19, and went in a northeastern direction through

sections 18, 7 and 5 and left the township about sixty rods east of the northwest corner of section 4. This road perhaps was traveled for the entry of most, if not all, of the lands of the township.

There was another old angling road that passed through the township south of the center, one mile, and being almost a direct line from Marion to Hartford City and extending through to Richmond, up into Ohio, but not cut out west further than the old state road in section 18, and was traveled a great deal in any early day, passing through sections 36, 25, 26, 21, 20, 19 and 18. Another of the pioneer roads was the old Cumberland and Warren road, passing through the east tier of sections which was one of the main roads for travelers.

The Fort Wayne and Indianapolis road crossed the Marion and Hartford City road near the southwest corner of section 18, and the Cumberland and Warren road crossed the Marion and Hartford City road near the northwest corner of section 36. Those roads are now all abandoned, with few distinguishing marks left to show they ever existed, except the Cumberland and Marion road.

When the lands were taken up and settlements formed, then other by-roads were opened through the forest connecting settlements, and in some instances blazed paths from house to house, of which many times the hickory bark flambeau was used at night to guide us through the woods, by going from one blazed tree or sapling to the other, to keep from losing our way in the wood—land that abounded with wild deer, turkey, pheasants, squirrel, black and gray bears, wolves, foxes and once in a while an otter, raccoon, opossum, porcupine, wildcat and minx. Perhaps there is not a gray or black squirrel in the township at this time and at one time they were the most abundant of any game, but in their stead are a few fox and piny squirrels. The only game at present is quails and rabbits. The first imported game came to the township February, 1909, two dozen Russian pheasants. They were turned loose on sections 16 and 20 on Thompson and Leonard farms.

The first gravel road was built by a stock company in 1873 from Arcana (by Monroe) west to the river at the now iron bridge, and was a toll road, making only three miles of improved roads in the township. There is now forty miles of improved roads by grading and graveling.

Joseph Lugar was the first settler. He came in 1831, and settled in section 7 and sold his claim to Dr. William McKinley in 1836, and then entered and conveyed it. John and Barney, and George, their father, came in 1832. Their chief occupation was hunting.

George Stout built the first house in 1836 in section 18 on the Fort Wayne and Indianapolis road, between the Wilson ford, where A. Wilson lived on the Mississinewa where the Fort Wayne and Indianapolis road crossed it, and Warren, and, in fact, was by the travelers known and called a stopping place and used as a country inn, and almost everybody stopped there when going to enter their lands. The chief luggage carried was the saddle laden with silver thrown across the saddle, generally behind the seat, or rather a sub-saddle used for strapping things on behind the saddle, and in removing the saddle all would come off together. The long split-tail, heavy, gray fulled cloth raincoat with a shoulder cape was the main equipment of the travelers and when not worn was rolled and strapped to the back appendage of the saddle. The saddle bags were made of leather in the shape of boxes, one on each end of a strap of leather about two feet long and six inches wide, which, thrown across the saddle, was the full equipment of travelers in Monroe township that called at the George Stout log cabin inn, and were glad to enjoy the hospitalities it provided, with a few temporary things arranged over the floor for bed, with feet to the fire to enjoy a

night's slumber. In the cabin the first election was held in 1838, and Silas Parks was the first justice of the peace. Edwin Brown was the second justice of the peace, elected in 1839.

I here give a more fully tabulated statement of the first settlers and date of their settling in their new homes in a wilderness, to-wit: Andrew Patterson settled at Farmington in October, 1835; Silas Park settled in 1835; John Jacks settled in 1836; Josiah Roberts settled in 1836; Moses Adamson settled in 1836; Green B. Jacks settled in 1836; Daniel Dwiggins settled in 1836 and built the first steam sawmill in the township; Ben Hillman, in 1836; Paul Roberts, in 1836; William Harrison settled in 1836, and was one of the school teachers; Robert Marshall, in 1836; Mark Gage settled in 1841; Joel Long, in 1838; Jesse Oren, in 1841; Charles Atkison, in 1828; Phillip Cole, in 1837; George W. Leonard, in 1837; Stephen Studevent, in 1838; Samuel Hodson, in 1841; George Phillips, in 1839; Israel Jenkins, in 1840; John B. Palmer, in 1837; James Bird, in 1837; Edwin Brown, in 1837; William Mitchell, in 1837; William Long, in 1841, and cleared forty acres for forty acres; James Wilson, in 1844; James Haines, in 1848; Samuel R. Thompson, in 1842; George Strange settled in 1841 on the land entered by his father in 1836, and resides on the same spot where he built his cabin in 1841, and now lives in the third house he has erected in the same yard, and he and his wife, the writer's father and mother, enjoy the distinction of being the only pioneer couple now living and the longest married couple in the county, having been married sixty-nine years the thirteenth of last February, 1909, George Strange being eighty-nine the twelfth day of November, 1908, and Lydia eighty-nine on September 18, 1908. Levi Lunday settled in 1840; Simon Goodykoontz settled in 1846; Jacob Goodykoontz, in 1839; Absolom Thompson settled in 1846; James Hults, in 1842; George W. Hults, in 1838; T. J. Hults, in 1842; John Wickersham, in 1839; James Lundy, 1840; Joel Green, in 1840; Abner Wickersham, in 1840; David Wall, in 1840; Daniel C. Keever, in 1840; Sephas Atkinson, in 1840; John Simons, in 1838; Thomas Smith, in 1845; James Gillespie, in 1838; Garrett Bird, in 1837; George Kessinger, in 1837; Mathias Stotler in 1840; Henry Smith in 1846; Zimri Leonard is the oldest citizen living in the township that was born in it. He was born July 6, 1838, and lives on the farm where he was born over seventy years ago.

The first death in the township was Virginia Lugar in 1838. The first marriage was Elam Hiatt and Louisa Patterson on October 25, 1838. G. B. Jacks and Cinderella Cole were married on September 6, 1839. The first village was Farmington, laid out in 1848 by Andrew Patterson and Benjamin Hillman. Isaac Truax and Elam Hiatt were the first merchants. Later on Truax sold out to Hiatt, Hiatt to Beckford, Beckford to Daniel Hiatt, Hiatt to Alfred Hiatt, then to Samuel Patterson and the latter closed out the mercantile business and the lots have long since been vacated and the village of Farmington has lost its identity.

The village of Monroe was platted by John Ratliff in 1852. The main streets were called Washington street, running north and south, and Thompson street, running east and west. The writer has the plat. The first building was a frame containing two rooms, twelve by sixteen, and the first school in the district was taught in the west room, the teacher lived in the other room. The first teacher was William Harrison. The house was on the southwest corner of section 10. The first school was in 1850. The patrons got together the next fall and built a hewed log schoolhouse about eighteen rods east of the above named corner on the north side of the road, labor donated. In that log schoolhouse in the

good old by-gone happy, happy, happy school days, the writer graduated under the following instructors, to-wit: William Harrison, two terms; William Chapman, one term; Bennet Spencer, one term; Jacob Mewmaw, one term; Stephen Harrison, one term; Allen Forquer, one term; Robert Tedrick, one term; Miss James, only two months; Lafayette Ayers, one term; George W. Roush, two terms; Rebecca Oren two, the terms being sixty and sixty-five days.

The plat later on was abandoned and upon the establishing of a postoffice in 1852 the name was changed to Arcana, as there was another postoffice in the state by the name of Monroe, and to the rising generation the name of Monroe has lost its identity. The first store was owned by William Harrison and he sold out to Robert Gilbert and he was the first man to establish a trade with the country people in butter, which dates back to 1852. His successors were Zimmerman, Barley & Line, Daniel Patterson, Bonham & Overhizer, Tate, A. Thompson, Boles & Ferguson, George Strange, Jr., Adamson & Green and Ferguson & Johnson. Patrick Gregan established a tannery on the northeast corner of section 16 and sold to John King. Samuel Thompson operated a tannery one-half mile west of Arcana in the forties on the branch west of the house. He built the first brick house in the township.

In the township's early history there were three trustees. Some of those that filled a position on the board of trustees were David Wall, George Leonard, Mark Gage, George Strange, T. J. Hults. About 1861 the law was changed to one trustee and George Strange succeeded himself for eleven years out of twelve years. Hugh Woody served one year and then came E. Oren, James Boller, J. B. Strange, F. A. Fleming, William Gage, L. B. Oliver, Henry J. Connelly, William Hayes and Alva Nesbitt.

Among the early teachers of Monroe township were Pearson E. Roberts, Fornshell J. Bugher, Harrison Mumaw, Chapman Patterson, Alex McMillan, A. Goodykoontz and John Embree. In those days "lickin' and larnin'" went as bosom companions.

The style of the early schoolhouses was not very artistic, usually made of round logs with long open fire places, with about six feet of a front opening and made of mud and sticks and a log cut out large enough for an eight by ten glass in a row between the logs to light the house. The seats were made of poles split in the middle and legs put in the bark side and the split side turned up to sit on. Holes bored in the wall and pins about two feet long put in and boards put on for a writing desk, and to lay books and slates on. Teachers in those pioneer days were called "masters."

Those pioneer schoolhouses were used for a double purpose and school grounds were occasionally donated for church as well as for school purposes. Church business and services in the main were held in the school houses, but in some instances regular preaching was at private homes. The writer has attended church at private residences. Among the pioneer ministers of local talent were James Hults, Sr., George Gillespie, Mathias Statler, Silas Parks, who laid in a trance for three days, and Phineas Roberts, Thomas Maddox and Joseph Meredith, transient.

The first church house was Rama, built about 1868 by the Methodists and was constructed of hewed logs on the Cumberland and Warren road on section 1, about eighty rods north of the Marion and Eastern gravel road. The second was Oak chapel, built in 1876 on the Cumberland road fourteen miles south of Jadden on the Cumberland and Warren gravel road at the cemetery in section 13. At the raising of this church when the structure was partly up, the frame collapsed and fatally injured George Robb, seriously

injured David Wall and slightly injured some others. This was built by the United Brethren. Later there arose a difference between the church over a secret organization and the church became divided, and were styled Liberals and Radicals, the Oak chapel property was held by the Liberals and the Radicals built a church on the northeast corner of section 15 in the year of 1896.

The Methodists built in the year of 1896, fourteen miles west of the center of the township in section 16 and the Friends church built in section 35, north side, in the year of 1887. All of the above named church houses are kept in good condition and regular church services maintained except at Rama, which has been abandoned for many years and the house obliterated.

Dr. William McKinney was the pioneer doctor and lived on the range line in section 7 on the banks of Lugar creek. Dr. James lived at Arcana about 1860. Dr. Lacy lived for a time at Monroe in 1879 and after that at Jadden and Dr. Ranson lived at Jadden and treated Joseph Mills and wife for smallpox, of which both died and afterwards the doctor's child died with it. Drs. Morris and Lacy practiced medicine in the northwest part of the township, Drs. Blaze, Folk and Runnion at Farmington.

Mrs. Nellie Holloway Moon was a pioneer midwife and would travel the byways at all hours of the night alone. Many times you would see her riding on horseback and knitting and she would carry a hickory bark torch at night.

The underground railroad extended from south to north through the township and Charles Atkinson maintained the main office and was the chief conductor. Some of his assistants were Daniel Dwiggins, David Wall, and some others of less note. It was the concealing and aiding of runaway and stolen negro slaves to escape from their masters to Canada.

Spiritualism flourished about 1852 and continued for several years with rather an exciting but brief existence, coupled with some amusing and other incidents and deceptive practices.

[Editor's note—In the multitude of counsel there is wisdom, and after reading his paper the Monroe historian added several names, at the suggestion of friends, to his soldier list which follows:]

Abner Holloway, William Schooley, Morgan Malcom, William Sharp, Samuel E. Haines, George W. Hults, Barney Mills, Amos Holloway, John O. White, Asbury Fleming, James W. Bruce, Jesse C. Hollaway, Elias Mills, John B. Hults, Asa Capper, Michael Capper, George W. Fanning, Martin Keefer, John Leonard, Robert Malcom, Isaac Holloway, Mahlon Malcom, Milton Marshall, William Shoemaker, Thomas G. Shoemaker, David Capper, William M. Dollar, Hallet B. Jacks, Adisson Keever, Linus Marshall, Joseph Maddox, Martin Shannon, David Keever, Elias Ritter, Joseph Rhodes, Eli Wright, Robert Jenkins, Thomas Benbow, Jacob Carroll, Robert Lugar, John Timmony, Thomas Coram, Walter Maddox, Elias Johnson, J. D. Moon, Sam Huffman, Isaac Holloway, John Dilly, Stephen Strange, Zenora Woody, Grey Woody, John King, Martin Nelson, Harrison Oliver, James Parker, James Rock, Dan Rock, Martin F. Kinner, Mills Wall, Harry Oren, John Smith, Allen Palmer, Wesley Smith and Stamen Noe.

The political status of the township has been Democratic but not at all times having Democratic officials. At the presidential election in 1840 the township vote stood: For Van Buren, Democrat, nineteen; for Harrison, Whig, four. The county cast only 861 votes.

Date, 1844, Democrat, Polk, votes, 21; Whig, Clay, votes, 11; Liberalist, Berney, votes, 5.

Date, 1848, Democrat, Case, votes, 38; Whig, Taylor, votes, 1; Free Soilers, Van Buren, votes, 47.

Date, 1852, Democrat, Pierce, votes, 39; Whig, Scott, votes, 11. The county only cast 1,431 votes.

Date, 1856, Democrat, Buchanan, votes, 70; Republican, Freemont, votes, 86; American, Fillmore, votes, 1; County cast 2,970 votes.

Date, 1860, Democrat, Stephen Douglas, votes, 79; Republican, Lincoln, votes, 84; American, Breckenridge, votes, 4. County cast 2,785 votes.

Date, 1864, Democrat, J. B. McClellan, votes, 89; Republican, Lincoln, votes 86.

Date, 1868, Democrat, Seymour, votes, 135; Republican, Grant, votes, 98.

Date, 1872, Greeley, votes, 107; Republican, Grant, votes, 89.

Date, 1876, Democrat, Tilden, votes, 146; Republican, Hays, votes, 100.

Date 1880, Democrat, Hancock, votes, 163; Republican, Garfield, votes, 121; Nationals, Ben Butler, votes, 11.

Date, 1884, Democrat, Cleveland, votes, 198; Republican, Blaine, votes, 132; Nationals, St. John, Prohibition, vote, 1.

Date, 1888, Democrat, Cleveland, Republican Harrison.

Date, 1892, Democrat, Cleveland; Republican, Harrison.

Date, 1896, Democrat, Bryan, Republican, McKinley.

Date, 1900, Democrat, Bryan, Republican, McKinley.

Date, 1904, Democrat, Parker, Republican, Roosevelt.

Date, 1908, Democrat, Bryan; Republican, Taft.

In the 1838 September term of court there were fifty-two indictments for betting, and among these were John Lugar of Monroe. The fine was twenty-five cents. The Grant county jail had a dungeon at that time and a man could be imprisoned for debt. It is claimed that George W. Stackhouse taught the first school in Monroe township. Others claim the first school was taught in Shaw's gun smith shop. Green B. Jacks was the second or third teacher and in 1840 a hewed log schoolhouse was built at Farmington out of public money and the first in the township. John Carrell taught the first school in it. The next schoolhouse was built in 1845 on the Charles Atkinson farm. Other early teachers were William Beckford and Howell D. Thompson.

Barney Lugar in the good old days, assisted in cutting a large elm tree for a coon and when the tree fell, a black bear came out of a large hole and beat a retreat and was soon out of sight, but in another hole further up were two coons. The next day the bear was pursued and killed. Sometime after that as Washington Hults was going along the road leading from (Monroe) Arcana about a mile and a half west from Monroe, on the north side of the road, he spied a bear up in a hickory tree.

I have heard George Leonard relate that soon after he came he encountered a lion a little south of the southwest corner of his farm. It was a little ways to the west of the road leading to Farmington lying down. At his approach it arose and turned and looked at him, and the suspense was the greatest of his life while they stood and looked each other in the eyes. Finally he gave a shrill "holler" and it turned and walked off. He returned and got his gun, but it had completely disappeared. Leonard's contentions were always that is was a lion.

On August 27, 1847, the writer was playing with a stump-tailed, spotted bull pup at the east of his father's cabin, and snugly coiled up close to the corner lay a rattle snake also enjoying the sunny side of the cabin. It was about nine o'clock in the morning and in the play-

ful mood the rattler was not discovered until he gave the warning that he was going to bite. When I heard him rattle I had my back to him and instantly glancing over my shoulder, I saw him make the leap at me and I dodged him and he fell full length where I was standing. I ran around to the front and told my mother and when we got around where we could see him he was circling around and going under the house. Mother went in and took the fire poker, which, in those days was a small hand spike, and pried up a puncheon and there lay Mr. Rattler in a coil, ready for the fray, but one rap with that poker settled him. It was the largest of its specie ever killed in that region. That is just how near I came to disappointing you and not being here. I was a little less than three years of age then. But a few days ago my mother asked me if I remembered the circumstances and I pointed out to where the log-heap was that she threw the snake on, and she confirmed it.

Charles Atkinson would start as likely at any time on a trip in the evening as in the morning. He would start to Fort Wayne with a four horse team and a load of wheat in the evening, and would, it is said, drive all night. In person he looked like the venerable Santa Claus; exemplary, honest, prompt and of a kind disposition.

The Lundays, A. Wickersham and Joel Green and the Goodykoonts moved to Iowa in 1852. A son of Lisander Noe's was bitten by a rattle snake that was under a sheaf of wheat and died from the effect. It was later learned that whiskey was an antidote for the bite and when freely used soon after the bite it would counteract the poison.

Thomas Smith sold goods at Walnut creek at his farm house and the Jadden postoffice was kept there. Frame Love, Sr., was the first mail carrier. Carlos Goodwin carried the mail for many years to Arcana and Jadden. Jadden was moved to the village of Jadden. In 1902 the R. F. D. was established and Arcana and Jadden postoffices were abandoned.

William Enckspringer built a hewed log house on the northwest quarter of section 16 early in the forties and lived there awhile and then moved to New Jonesboro. Once when out turkey hunting he was calling like a turkey and another party thinking it was a turkey and looking for it, saw Mr. Enckspringer's head over a log. Taking the head to be that of a turkey's he shot Mr. Enspringer in the mouth. The ball came out at the back of his neck, knocking out one tooth, but he recovered from the wound.

In that hewed log house in the early fifties the hogs of a large portion of the township were weighed, one at a time on a scale beam, every hog being caught and swung up in an old harness breeching by putting the ring of breeching of one side in the scale beam and putting the other end of the breeching under the hog and lifting the hog up and putting the other side ring in the scale hook the breeching straps being close to the front and the other on the hind legs, completely encircling the hog. If my memory serves me correctly, they were three successive days weighing the hogs that were collected there at that time and they were not little fellows as you might suppose. The largest weighed 600 pounds and belonged to Samuel Hodson. They were of all kinds and styles, typical razor back and some good porkers, and when they were weighed they were turned out in a field together and it looked like they were all on the war path to a hog. In those days that bunch of hogs was a sight. They didn't drive hogs in those days with a buggy whip or a weed. It was with a black snake whip with loaded butt or a good substantial hickory club ready for defense against the attack

of a vicious hog. Many times hogs were mainly fatted on the mast and fed out on the commons and reared entirely outside of any inclosure.

In those pioneer days the hogs throughout a large section would all be sold and collected at some central place and driven in large droves to some packing place, usually to Ward or Cincinnati, and sometimes packed at Muncie. One incident at that hog gathering was a little exciting. A vicious hog got after John L. Thompson and when it was about to get him, Ezra Moon threw a club and hit the hog in its open mouth. The blow was sufficient to stun it and it gave up the chase. Some years later a slat crate was hung on the scale beam and a chute to push the hogs into the crate and could weigh two or three hogs at a time and then we thought we were "getting there."

"Eli," the first platform stock scales, were made at Arcana in '64 or '65 by a stock company, composed, as I remember of George Strange, Samuel R. Thompson, E. J. Oren, Absolom Thompson, John B. McArthur, David Wall, Benjamin Schooley and Jefferson Hults. Even to a recent date the stock was principally gathered together at Arcana. The scales went down and J. Strange since 1882 has maintained private stock scales at Arcana.

The first sorghum known by the writer to be grown was by James Haines in the early part of the fifties, and he chopped it up in short pieces and boiled it in a kettle in an effort to make sorghum molasses. Of course, it was a failure. Later the process was better understood and rollers were turned out of sugar or beech logs with wooden cogs and two of them put in a wooden frame, a long lever attached to one roller and a horse, hitched to the other end, would travel around and turn the roller. The cane stock was run between the rollers and the juices pressed out and then boiled into syrup. In operating on one of those wooden mills by Enos Johnson, where his grandson Isaiah now lives, his daughter, Lizzie, a small girl, in feeding the cane in the mill got her hand caught between the rollers and run the hand through to her wrist, necessitating amputation between the wrist and elbow. Smiley M. Farr operated the last sorghum plant in the township of the modern plan with evaporating pans.

The old sorghum syrup reminded me as an edible of the old pumpkin butter, which antedates the introduction of sorghum. Who of you ever ate pumpkin butter or had it spread on bread for your school days dinner or ate pumpkin syrup or saw the old pumpkin press made of a broad slab, two feet or more wide and six feet long, with pins a couple of inches apart in circular form providing a receptacle for the boiled pumpkin to be pressed? Then the juice was boiled down into a syrup and thickened with pumpkins. Such were some of the early ways of procuring pioneer luxuries with the old corn pone made in the oven on the old dirt hearth at the fireside of which many times the corn grate was used for grating the meal from the ear of the corn to make it, or the mush for the supper meal.

Enos Johnson was one of the pioneer shoe and book makers. Griffith Jackson another and later David Bakely at Arcana. Shoe cobbling in winter months was an evening pastime in nearly every cabin by the grease lamp or later by the tallow candle. Later boots put in an appearance and the result was we didn't have to coon so many logs but nevertheless would tax them to their heights and had wet feet all the same.

In those days we obtained our leather direct from the tanner, as he would tan the hide and give you half the leather it would make. Heavy hide would make harness, and sole leather the lighter upper leather. No such thing as split leather in those days. The farmer usually made

his own harness with enough leather in one set to make two nowadays. Every home was a manufacturing establishment and the children were apprentices. Everybody had their flax patch and manufactured it into linen, making towels, sheets, shirts, pants, sewing thread and table linen. A tow shirt was as smooth as a rasp.

The sheep was a new innovation when the wolf was chiefly disposed of, and the manufacturing of wool was a new industry for the boys, especially of evenings and rainy days during the wool picking season. There were lots of rainy days, especially in that season for the boy. Early in the spring as possible the fleece was removed from the sheep's back and then washed and spread around over everything that was handy to dry it on, and when dry then the process of further cleaning by whipping and picking. When picked it was carded by hand into rolls, spun, colored by boiling with walnut root bark or maple or madder, usually then woven into linsey or jeans. My! My first jean suit made the other boys jealous.

In 1840 in the log cabin my mother in the winter days after supper, would get on that old loom bench and the last I would know that night was that shuttle spinning through the warp to and fro and alternately the reed would whack, whack and when I would wake up in the morning, whack! whack, as though it had never stopped during that winter night. Under the loom by the pedal sat an oven of hot coals to keep warm the feet that worked those pedals. My mother was only doing what other mothers were doing. What do we owe to our pioneer mothers, that cheerful spirit that none but a mother with such privations could so cheerfully sing the lullaby, and that voice ringing out in the forest, "Yoo whoo" for dinner that preceded the trumpet and bugle horn, and the bell. "Sook cow, sook cow," in the direction of the ringing of the cow bell in the forest, at the milking time, which often would be recognized and answered by a lowing of the cow that would come marching in for that tempting morsel of slop or lick of salt or perhaps, more than any other thing to enjoy that companionship which was very strong between the pioneers in their seclusion and their domesticated animals, their servants.

David Wall built fires around in a deadening to keep the wolves from his young stock corralled on the farm where James E. Hulis now lives. He was a farmer blacksmith in the early days. Alfred Hiatt and John Zimmerman ran a carpenter and wagon shop and also made coffins early in the fifties. They made the coffins of black walnut on orders, and they had an extensive business. James Farr was a pioneer deer hunter. Israel Jenkins built a large steam saw mill one-half mile east of Farmington, the sash saw being the only one used in those days.

There was a Masonic hall built over the school room in 1867 at Arcana and later the lodge moved to Upland, Indiana. There were a number of Grange lodges organized in 1870 to 1875. There was Monroe Grange 203, Walnut Creek, and at no time was there ever as congenial relation as a whole, among the farmers as at that time. Later the organization of the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association was extensively patronized and fulfilled its time of usefulness. At this time there is a lack of organization and co-operation among the farmers of the township.

The first method of harvesting of wheat and oats was done with hand sickles; soon followed by cradles. In the early sixties came the hand rake reaper, then droppers, then self-rake, then the self-binder. The threshing process first was with flail and tramping out with horses. Early in the fifties, the chaff piler, which contained a cylinder and con-

cave in a frame and looked much like a tanning mill, was introduced. A place was cleaned on the ground and the machine knocked the wheat out of the straw and the straw, chaff and grain all went on the ground together and a man on each side with hand rake, raked the straw back off the grain and chaff of which by drawing back formed what they called the "winnow" or winrow. This machine was introduced by James Wickersham and when threshing was finished at Henry Smith's there was a ground hog (woodchuck) found under the stack. It was thrown in the machine, while running, and broke the concave.

Following the chaff piler, which was of short duration, came the separator in its crude form, owned and operated by Martin Nelson, Sr., and would thresh about 100 bushels in a day, step by step. "It," the old flail, has resolved itself into the fine self propelling power to run the separator that cuts the band, separates the grain from practically all kinds of dirt, weighs and sacks it in the wagon ready to drive to the market at a rate of from one to two thousand bushels a day.

In the beginning, perhaps, the surplus wheat, as was the hogs, was marketed at Cincinnati, but later was marketed at Wabash and Lagro and when the plank road was built from Warren to Huntington, most of the wheat was hauled there, making the round trip in two days, a load being about thirty bushels but it took three days to make the round trip to Lagro or Wabash. Many times in the fall, when hauling away the wheat crop, there would be twenty or thirty wagons collected in a row. We would reach our destination and would take it by turns unloading, and the last in the row would many times be compelled to wait their turn late at night, and then go into camp.

This township has always marketed its grain outside of the township and these long hauls continued until in 1866, when the Panhandle was built to Marion. In 1852 a railroad enterprise was sprung on the township, passing through the south part, and the station was to have been on the Charles Atkinson farm. The right of way was mostly cut out through the township. In other places some grading was done and James Wickersham and some others put their farms in the enterprise and lost them, as well as the subscription of which there was considerable. The company issued a script which circulated as money but soon got to be worthless. Many years afterwards the project was revived and there was an influence brought to bear, that changed the route by Upland, Harrisburg, now Gas City, and Marion.

The first gas well was drilled on the west side of section 11 in the fall of 1888 by the Huntington Light & Fuel Company. The Arcana Gas Company drilled a well one-quarter of a mile west of Arcana and put in a plant at Van Buren and Landessville. Later J. Strange was the owner and operator of the plant and in 1895 made the first oil developments in section 10 that was made in the township and was the first oil operator and made the first shipment of over six hundred barrels in 1897 from the township, after which gas and oil wells were drilled promiscuously over the township, but commenced waning in 1905, and at the present time the product of both oil and gas is light, without any attempt at new development.

The last public expression of the township was the vote on county local option, resulting in 187 votes for the dry and 81 for the wets. A few years ago the township showed its hand on township remonstrance against the establishment of a saloon at Arcana. Let me suggest that Monroe township, when anyone complains of being out of a job on account of going dry, tells them to go to "Richmond" for a new cuss word instead of to hell and Texas.

A pioneer result of wet and dry: The wet and dry proposition was in a private way fought out in the large part of the township in pioneer days like this: The community in their mutual exchange of service in raising cabins and log rollings, one set became disgusted in the liberal use of whiskey and protested. The other set said, "If you don't have whiskey you can do your own raising and rolling logs," and the split came and there were two elements, the wets and the drys. They did their log rolling and raising separately. The results are marked in the posterity, wet and dry yet, and it is dry prosperity and wet adversity.

XXXIV. FRANKLIN TOWNSHIP IN HISTORY

By W. F. Jones

Saturday, September 25, 1909, was Franklin Township day, and a special musical feature was furnished by Miss Mabel Cooper and Harry Cooper, preliminary to the following history:

The history of a township is in miniature the history of state or nation. The real history is the acts and work of her first settlers. The first log cabin was an important epoch, and at the first swing of the pioneer ax her history commenced. As we understand it, it is simply a story of the simple life really and truly of the hardy settler who came here to hew out a home for wife and little ones. When the great Napoleon was warned of the dangers attending the attempt to cross the Alps his answer was, "There shall be no Alps." This same spirit was manifest by the conquerors of this wilderness that confronted the settler everywhere sixty years ago, and they, too, must have said, "There shall be no wilderness."

Franklin township was created in 1852, and was the last of the thirteen to be organized. Prior to this date all that part east of the old boundary line belonged to Center and west to Sims. It comprises all of township 24 north, range 7 east, and consists of two surveys, one of all that portion east and the other west of said boundary line. This line does not run true north and south by several degrees, and was for the purpose of dividing the lands between the Indians and white settlers. It was said that the surveyor running from a northern starting point kept bearing west from true south. This divergence reduced the red man's possessions quite materially, as the angle is about forty rods to the mile. Franklin is bounded on the east by Mill and Center, on the south by Liberty, on the west by Sims, on the north by Pleasant, and contains thirty-six sections.

They say a man can't live in two places at once. However, the north line of the township cuts a house in twain—the residence of the late Moses Dooley, on the Delphi road. Mr. Dooley could vote in either Pleasant or Franklin.

Franklin is strictly a level country. We have no hills and vales to describe, and no romantic scenery, but we do have a fine, rich soil that places her in the very front rank for productiveness. There is in the south part a ridge or elevation of a few feet dividing the waterflow from east to west. There is another ridge between Pipe creek and the Crane pond, terminating at the Hailey prairie, a place of considerable note. In the early days several acres of water was to be seen in the northeast corner of section 22. A tall, coarse grass grew therein that furnished a great feeding ground for deer as well as the cattle of the early settlers. Crane

pond was a vast swamp of a hundred or more acres, mostly in section 3. The real basin contained about forty or fifty acres, and was covered with water several months in the year, and sometimes all of them. A heavy growth of cottonwood grew therein, and magnificent trees they were. Many were from forty to fifty feet to the first limb, and made a fine quality of lumber. In the very top of these tall trees innumerable cranes built their nests. Hence the name, Crane pond. These nests were built after a peculiar fashion, seen in no other kind of a bird's nest. No fine material was used, as they were constructed in April when there was no foliage. From the examination of a nest found in a fallen tree the evidence was plain that with their sharp, strong bills limbs half an inch in diameter and several feet long had been cut, with a cleavage as clean as with a pruning knife, and these cunning tree dwellers had woven and fashioned this nest so securely to the tree that made it proof against the hardest winds. Pipe creek prairie, or Small's prairie, as it was known, was mostly in section 21, with a beaver dam below it. This was covered with water and grass. This grass was used for hay by some of the first settlers.

Big Pipe creek enters the township on the southwest quarter of section 31, and has a northeasterly, also a northwesterly, course, leaving the township in section 5. This stream and its branches constitute the main system of drainage for the township. The west branch of this stream enters from the southwest in section 19, and has a northeasterly course, and connects with the main stream near the northeast corner of section 8. Big Deer creek cuts the southeast corner of the township, and has some broken ground along its course. Dry Fork, a branch of Big Deer creek, enters the township in section 32, and has an easterly course, bearing north, and leaves the township in section 25.

Hailey Prairie branch has its source in sections 26 and 27, and has a general northern course to a point near the Hailey prairie, then west to the main channel in section 21, near Roseburg.

Boots creek has a branch beginning in section 24, and has a circuitous route, leaving the township on the east side of section 12.

There are also some large tile drains. The most important and expensive is the Crane pond ditch, commencing at a point near the center of the lowest ground, running southeast a half mile, then east two miles, emptying in the ravine near the center of the old poor farm, in section 13. Twenty-four-inch tile was used for the first mile and a half from the outlet, the remainder being twenty, eighteen and fifteen inch. The average depth is near seven feet, with good fall throughout. The estimated cost was about $6,000. The real cost was much more, as quicksand in the deeper portions made the work very expensive. This drain has proved very satisfactory under normal conditions. Big rains require a few days' time to get the water away. This tile drains several hundred acres. Another tile drain commences on the farm of J. L. Barley, in section 3, running north through Cart creek. In this fifteen-inch tile was used.

The late Henry D. Thomas put two rows of ten-inch tile from his farm, in section 10, through the deep cut of the old state ditch.' So the famous Crane pond country has gone "dry," and now grows big "yaller" corn, hay, wheat, oats and potatoes, and from $10 per acre to about $150 is a very marked advance in value. These waterways, both natural and artificial, have cost the farmers of Franklin a neat sum; the natural waterways, by reason of the recutting and straightening, the others by their first cost. The timber of Franklin is now only a matter of history.

I think I am safe in making the assertion that if big trees were now

growing on her thirty-six sections as in 1850, and sold at the prevailing prices for lumber and wood bolts and other marketable stuff, the price would represent a sum equal to the value of all the land and improvements at the present valuation. In the old sawmill days the very best was none too good. The best was walnut, poplar and ash. Little elm was sawed, as there was no demand for common stuff. Much of the timber was made into rails or placed in log heaps. Nothing under twenty-four inches in diameter was regarded as worth hauling to the mill. How memory lingers around the sawmill, the resort for us small boys on Sunday.

No economy was used in converting these splendid trees into plank. In the first place they were cut down with the ax. It had not entered into the mind of the woodman that a tree could be sawed down, thus saving valuable timber. He laid the ax not to the root of the tree, but at a good, convenient heighth This made it necessary to "butt" the first log; that meant to recut it above the "kerf" made in cutting it down. Logs of all sizes were generally "squared" with four cuts of the saw. If the slab was six or eight inches thick and "faced" sixteen inches it was all the same, as they made good wood to fire the boiler, and real "mission" furniture for churches and schoolhouses. How many are there here who have sat on the soft side of a poplar slab bench? So far I have touched briefly on some of the most important physical features of our township.

The first entries were James M. Dunn, Samuel Sherrett, Susan Coppock, Henry Coat, Charles Hailey, Ziba Marine, Melvin Conner, William Jones, Eli Overman, Lewis Connor, David M. Harris, Thomas Harris, Melton Thomas, John Shugart and Joseph Ratliff. All made entries in Franklin in 1833.

The first settlers were Charles Hailey, who settled on the old poor farm in 1834. John Webb in 1833 moved on the O. H. P. Carey farm. Henry Shugart, Sr., came in 1837, and commenced a farm where his son, Con L. Shugart, now lives. Alfred Tharp in 1834 settled on the eighty acres where John McConner lives, and it is now owned by Samuel Burrier. William Jones, father of the writer, moved on the Tibbits land in 1837, and some apple trees he planted there over sixty years ago are still growing. Jonathan Willcuts settled the Druckemiller farm in 1837, and Samuel Burrier where he now lives in about 1850. Many others came between 1833 and 1850. Orton Phillips, Daniel Sloderbeck, Samuel Small, Amos Small, William Bailey, Joseph Brown, James Roye, A. J. Meavilin, Eli F. Hunt, David Kelly and Charles Scott are some of them. All hardy sons of toil they were who came to the new Eldorado to make a home. What they did is in evidence on every hand.

Roseburg is the recognized capital of Franklin, situated near the geographical center and on the Clover Leaf Railway. Her founders, or first citizens, were George W Hiatt, general store and postmaster; Ella Smith, general store; Brewer & Price, blacksmiths; Hiatt & Schooley, saw-mill; Weston Mackey, justice of the peace. Her first church was Wesleyan Methodist. The members were William Price, Samuel Burrier, N. T. Davis, George Fenstemaker, C. C. Smith, pastor.

Fairfield was the first church built in the township, and was of hewed logs, and about 18 by 24 feet, and was located in section 12, a half mile west of the east line of the township. The leading members were at that time (about 1850) Caleb Morris, William Jones, W. J. Smith, Ziba Marine and John Webb.

Westfield Wesleyan was built about the same time, and was located a half mile west and some distance south of Fairfield. The leading members were Sampson Reeves and wife, Willis Elliott and wife, Curtis

Beauchamp and wife. The colored Baptist church was built on the John Jones land. Jones was a leading member, also Jerry Shocraft, Nathan Jones, Isaiah Jones, Rebecca Jones and Henry Williams.

Maple Run Friends' church was organized in 1857. The leading members at that time were Nathan Small, William Cook and Joshua Marshall.

The first circuit rider the writer remembers was a Brother Sweet, a very devout and earnest man, who preached the gospel as he understood it, and without frills or fancy flights of oratory.

There was Isaac Meeks, a very remarkable, though unlettered, man. A few, very few, are living who heard and remember to this day his fervid exhortations and eccentric and dramatic performances. Wrought up to the highest pitch, he would remove his coat, unbutton his shirt collar—no other kind was worn—and his ringing, earnest voice could be heard far and near.

Willis Elliott was also a licensed exhorter, as they were called in the early days. Some of the pioneer teachers in Franklin were Daniel Hockett, Josiah Small, James Scott, Hiram Overman, Henry C. Jones, William Shugart, Nathan Jennings and R. B. Beauchamp. The teachers were elected by ballot, and only parents or guardians had a right to vote. The school director would call a meeting for a certain date for the purpose of electing a teacher, also a director to serve the following year. Candidates made a house to house canvass, with a personal appeal for the support of the patrons. If he found the farmer in the field gathering corn he would shuck the down-row across the field. He had turned the tide in his favor, and a rival's two-year license could in no way offset it. Every one went to the meeting, as a heated canvass of the three or four candidates roused general interest to a remarkable degree. Every youngster, eighteen or over, wanted to vote, and as the hat was not very zealously guarded, the vote sometimes counted out not exactly as it should. However, there were no contests, and the minority took the defeat good-naturedly, and the incident was closed with the meeting.

The pay of these old-timers was not princely by any means. Some boarded among the scholars and cut their own wood, and the average salary was about $25 per month. "Readin, 'ritin and 'rithmetic" were the only branches taught.

Memories of the old playground at school still linger. The choosing up for the ball game. The first choice went to the boy who guessed right on "wet" or "dry"—a ball paddle—we had no bats—was wet on one side and then whirled rapidly as it was thrown in the air, and the one who named the side that would come uppermost had the first choice.

Then there was the rabbit hunt that often outlasted the noon hour, especially if the chase took us out of the hearing of the bell. The explanation to the master of how we came to be late by reason of not hearing the said bell generally went, and the spoils of the chase went generally to the master. The last day was looked forward to for weeks before the school closed. A school without a "last day" doings was not to be thought of. Even the small boys looked upon it as an occasion long desired to lick some other boy, and not to have to answer to the teacher either. An old-time school exhibition would be hard to describe, indeed. Every scholar was expected to speak a "piece," take part in some dialogue, read an essay or stay at home.

The first to teach in Franklin was Josiah Small. The first trustee was Charles Scott, then came George Fenstemaker, Powell H. Fowler, Con. L. Shugart, George A. Osborn, A. A. Burrier, Clark Willcuts, Frank

Mackey, Henry M. Shugart, B. F. Shields, Peter Hegner, T. J. Grose. Mr. Hegner is now serving his second term.

The first election held in Franklin was in November, 1852, and but forty-six votes were cast. Pierce and King, Democrats, received sixteen votes; Scott and Graham, Whigs, thirty votes. The total vote in 1860 was 202; in 1864, 222; in 1868, 279; in 1872, 301; in 1876, 319; in 1880, 449. This was the last election with only one precinct. The memory of that count will linger with us for ages. Nelson Thompson and I were the clerks. All the candidates for all offices from supervisor up were on one ticket. There were about three dozen names of candidates, and the voters scratched as they never did before or since. The tally sheet was fully four feet long and by reason of this blue pencil business the range of candidates voted for went from A to Z. It was near the noon hour the next day when we got everything signed up. These old time election days are readily recalled by the "old-timers." It seemed a free-for-all. The room was crowded all day and it surely would have furnished the pencil of A. B. Frost an interesting subject.

The squirrel hunter had brought his trusty rifle and here and there dimly outlined through the cloud of tobacco smoke their long barrels could be seen pointing ceilingward at a peculiar angle that never varied.

The politician was there in all his glory. Issues were argued and determined. All kinds of trouble was predicted should either side win. One man I knew who had been exceedingly active all day, went home forgetting to vote. Here, too, was to be seen the man who just wanted pay for his day. Some time he tried to "bull" the market, and I know of one instance where a fellow lingered in the back ground until the cry went forth, "Hear ye, the polls are now closed," losing his vote and "valuable" time as well.

Franklin now has seven precincts and the last general election showed a vote of 1,248. Franklin has had a fair share of the offices in the gift of the people. John Ratliff, A. A. Barrier, C. C. Shugart have represented Grant county in the lower house of general assembly; B. C Harris and Frank Chase each served as county commissioners; George A. Osborn served as auditor and O. R. Holman was sheriff.

The soil of Franklin is mostly what they call black land. The staple crops are corn, wheat and oats; potatoes and melons are extensively grown along the Pipe creek bottoms.

Anderson Hogston is easily the "melon king" and was also the first to raise potatoes as a market crop, having grown them extensively for twenty-five years. Many years ago Anderson invented a potato planter that, though home made, contained all the vital principles of the up-to-date machine of today and practically did the work as well.

I remember of hearing Mr. Hogston read a paper before the Grant county farmers' institute, treating on potato culture. I think Anderson that year had raised a large crop of this vegetable and the price not being satisfactory, had on hand four or five thousand bushels. I think this was brought out in the article. In the discussion that followed, some one wanted to know what he was going to do with so many potatoes. Anderson answered very promptly, "Eat 'em." The next spring the price had not improved and he had lots of help—in eating those potatoes. No one was turned away that was worthy and needy, whether they had the price or not, and many had potatoes that year who never had one before.

[Editor's Note.—Had the Franklin historian been writing at the time his copy was being prepared for publication he would have chronicled the death of Anderson Hogston, and the murder of Clarkson Willcents, two men always actively interested in the prosperity of the community centering about Roseburg, and a slight reminiscence, in which Mr.

Jones played a significant part, is added to his sketch. All who are familiar with the history of Franklin know the subsequent history of Mr. Hogston, and the litigation in connection with his will, and that a special law was enacted by the Indian legislature in 1911 covering the situation. He was a wealthy bachelor and given to eccentricities, although an excellent citizen and always abreast of the times, and since Franklin was early the storm center of temperance agitation, the Ratliffs being active Prohibitionists, Mr. Hogston and Mr. Jones together accepted the challenge of John Ratliff and his son, Harvey Ratliff, to meet them in debate in the Roseburg schoolhouse.

The writer was "schoolmaster" at the time, and when the evening came so many people came that the meeting was changed to the Wesleyan church near by, and John Q. Thomas was chosen moderator. John Ratliff opened the question, and in his reply Mr. Hogston quoted from a Kansas letter in the *Marion Chronicle*, written by Levi, another son of Mr. Ratliff, who had been through the Prohibition fight in that state, and in it was some reference to the use of dynamite which the speaker said did not read well through Republican eye glasses, when the senior Mr. Ratliff offered his Prohibition spectacles, thinking to check the mirth, but he had not quite anticipated his platform antagonist. Refusing the proffered spectacles, from some hidden receptacle Mr. Hogston produced a pair of leather spectacles and placing them across his forehead, he proceeded to read the Kansas letter, and there was never more genuine amusement connected with vaudeville entertainment.

The moderator objected, inasmuch as the debate was being held in a church, whereupon Mr. Hogston answered: "I was not aware that this was a funeral occasion," and he was not side-tracked in his purpose, and the popular verdict was in favor of the negative in advance. Mr. Hogston and Mr. Jones having taken that side of the question. Mr. Hogston could always take care of himself in mental encounter, and the grown-ups and present-day heads of families who were in Roseburg school at the time—two winters that the county historian held sway, will testify to his generosity in watermelon season, the "melon king" in extending his invitation only stipulating that no melons be burst and left lying in the field, and none of the youngsters were inclined to abuse a privilege. Later Mr. Hogston espoused the cause of Prohibition, and in honor of America's "Unerowned Queen," christened one of his best varieties of watermelon the Frances Willard. When "Rolinda" was a farm newswriter, Mr. Hogston always said: "Now, this is not for publication," as a preface to any particularly good farm story, and in escorting a visitor about the estate he still waged unremitting warfare against weeds, and when called upon to eulogize at his funeral in the Roseburg church later, Mrs. Myra Marshall emphasized the fact that he had been a good neighbor and citizen. Although under the pressure of circumstances, Mr. Hogston's body was given burial in the Marion cemetery, when the will was read it was removed to Indianapolis for cremation, and there always will be neighborhood gossip that his ashes were scattered on the farm where he had lived and acquired a fortune.]

The range of land values in Franklin has been remarkable. In 1810 the forty acres now known as Miller's first and second addition to the city of Marion was sold by my father, William Jones, to Nathan Compton, for $212 or a fraction over $5.25 per acre. About the year 1885 the late James Shively, father of M. T. Shively, bought the 160 known as the Moorman land in section 1, for $20 per acre. Sixty acres of the Crane pond land was purchased some years later for $600. Part of this same land has changed hands within the past year for $135 per acre.

In the early days after the roads had been taken from the "blazed"

trails that followed the higher ground in order to miss swamps and ponds and put on section lines, the supervisor, the "hezar" of the settlement, was created. The word of this official was law, even a "law unto itself." Powell H. Fowler, trustee, told the writer once after a tilt with the road boss, in which he was worsted, that he had found out that the district supervisor's authority was little less than the president's. In the month of either April, May or June, all able-bodied men between the age of 21 and 50 were "warned" out to "work the roads." Not less than two or more than four days. It is needless to say, everybody worked, including "father." "Crosswaying" or "corduroy" then was the chief remedy for real bad places, and was a fearful proposition to travel over. I have often regretted that some of this wood pavement had not been preserved and by some special machinery made to rise up in front of some of the fools who run their automobiles over our roads at a reckless and dangerous speed.

Crosswaying was made from logs, poles, rails or brush, or all of them. The whole was then covered with dirt, and it made travel possible over bad places. The old Delphi road from Marion to Converse had miles and miles of corduroy in the early days.

In the year 1909 Franklin township has more miles of gravel road than any other township in the county, and all in good repair. A very interesting period in the history of our township was called the "gas boom." Franklin was the "storm center" of the Mason, Wiley & Butler operations. What really took place now sounds like a fairy tale. Lots three miles from the courthouse were actually sold for from $100 to $250. Several hundred acres of land were bought and platted in sections 1, 11 and 12. Factories were located, streets and alleys were made—quite a few on paper only. Excursions from the east, with brass bands, made our rural districts resemble a "street fair." Marion was to be a vast inland city. All the men and teams that could be hired were making the dirt fly on the Queen City street car line. The Marion and Roseburg pike was torn up for several rods, ties and rails laid, and everybody wanted in on the "ground floor." Not everybody, either, for we "natives" stood around and could hardly realize that such doings could ever happen in old Franklin.

A magnificent hotel was built and elegantly furnished and named the "York Inn." The Queen City traction line connected this hostelry with the city, giving thirty-minute service. The Diamond Cracker Factory—that never made a single cracker—was built and was really a very fine brick structure that covered an entire city lot. The Westerman Rolling Mill, the Borts Steel Mill, the Smelter Works and Malleable Iron Works were all located in sections 11 and 12, and were operated a few years, and all, save the Malleable Iron Works, were finally shut down, and later dismantled and moved away. The York Inn shared the same fate, the cracker factory burned and the Queen City line was abandoned as unprofitable. The Malleable Iron Works was the best manufacturing concern located in the gas belt. It had run steadily nearly all the time since it was first started, and very recently expended $20,000 in betterments. It has been the salvation of "Bucktown." But I must hasten.

A few, only a few, are here with us who bore the heat and burden of the day, and know of these things of which I have tried to write. Some of them are Uncle John Shields, Samuel Burrier, Sidney Harvey, Samuel Small, John Ratliff, William Cook, Newton Parks, Clarkson Willcuts, B. C. Harris and Henry M. Shugart. They came, they conquered, not armies, like Alexander the Great, whose path was strewn with death and desolation. Their work was laying the foundation for a great indus-

trial structure, and to this end they devoted a life of toil and privations, and for this the present generation rises up and does them honor.

If this country was in 1909 as it was in 1850, history would not repeat itself. This generation would not be able to cope with the conditions that the pioneer found here fifty years ago. There will be other Harrimans, Hills, Vanderbilts, Morgans and Belmonts, but never a Daniel Boone, a Davy Crockett or a Lewis and Clark. These pioneers have accomplished things that could not have been done by any other class of people. They met conditions that would cause the great financiers of today to throw up their hands in despair.

The real living, breathing history of a country is of her people, their lives and deeds. We have seen the conquest where forests have melted into fields and farms out of the "old house into the new;" it is in evidence everywhere. The country is traced with steam and electric roads, the telephone connects us all as one family, and the evidence of prosperity is seen on every hand, and why?

Because of the real history that will never be written. It has been the work of tired, worn hands of the pioneer and his brave wife, long since folded in the eternal rest, that awaits us all.

As I have said, the real history of any part of our commonwealth is the achievements of her people. If this were not true Franklin township would not be on the map, with all of her fine farms, and factories, and schools, and churches, her splendid system of highways and her electric and steam roads, and a valuation in 1909 of near two million dollars. My friends, in leaving this crude effort for your consideration, I have for all of whom we have written this one sentiment. It is: "Cheers for the living and tears for the dead."

XXXV. MILL TOWNSHIP IN HISTORY

By Rolland Lewis Whitson

When Monroe was to be considered before the historical society, the historian of that township suggested that if the meeting were held at Oak Chapel there would be a large attendance, and the experiment was tried in Mill, the Jonesboro Presbyterian church being the place of meeting—Mill township day occurring April 12, 1910, and besides the people of the town there were many present from other localities. At no meeting held in Library hall had there been better interest manifest, and the experiment was a success. Mrs. Bess Peirce Oatess and Mrs. Harry Lazure sang "Ben Bolt," and the comment from the chairman, E. L. Goldthait, was that the grayest-haired man present had heard the song when he was a boy, and had enjoyed hearing it again.

The historical sketch of Mill was written by the secretary of the Grant County Historical Society and is as follows:

History is well defined as the record of transactions between different people at different periods of time, and some one has said that not to know what happened before one was born is to remain always a child. The roots of the present, it is said by another, lie deep in the past and the past is not dead to him who would know how the present comes to be what it is, and all of us have been interested in the firelight stories when told by those of preceding generations—stories heard at mother's knee—traditions handed down from father to son, and time was when "word of mouth" had greater significance than at present. The Grant County Historical Society would perpetuate the lore of each township,

and it is delving into the great past in an effort to unravel the tangled thread of all the yesterdays. Fairy stories have their place in family life, and some of the traditions handed down from one generation to another seem like a story that is told even though every word is fact, and the young people about the firesides nowadays—firesides and steam heat, what are the coming generations to do in the way of pleasant recollections?

The young people in the homes of today have little conception of the primitive conditions, family lore and local history, and we owe it to them, in this mad onward rush, to anchor them for a while in memory's doorway, where they may listen to the footfall of the ages. Bulwer Lytton said: "There is no past so long as we have books," and in the

A Typical Nineteenth Century Woman

pages of history this society would render it possible to live it all over again, make it our present and that is the mission of the true township historian—the preservation of many things of interest to the future citizen. To be in fullest sympathy with the history of a township or any given locality, one must needs be a citizen and in touch with community interests. The writer of this Mill township lore first saw the Indiana skies from the town of Jonesboro, and no one born there ever removes far enough away to forget his nativity. While his parents were not born in Indiana, they sought early in life to better their conditions, and their childhood was passed along the Mississinewa, the paternal grandparents having come to Grant county in 1844 and to Jonesboro in 1847, and the maternal ancestry had been in the Grant county wilderness several years ahead of them, there being specific information extant to the effect that David Jay bought land at the Fort Wayne land office in 1835, and there are 1,837 tax receipts in existence. No one

seems to have more definite information, the Jays having come from Miami and the Whitsons from Clinton county, Ohio.

When those ancestral families came to Jonesboro and vicinity, Grant county was in its infancy, a heavily timbered country in contradistinction to its present day civilization, and wrapped up in its forests and streams were the possibilities that have made its splendid present a matter of history. To show the present historian's lineal eligibility, statement is made that David Jay and John Whitson raised their families there, and both had their part in converting the wilderness into a fit abiding place for the present day descendants of the pioneers. In the early history of Grant county, and history in Mill is contemporary with the earliest history within the county's borders, both grandsires frequently hauled merchandise from Richmond and Cincinnati, both having brought their families by wagon into the jurisdiction of the frontier county. Both had their part in constructing the mill dam across the Mississinewa that made the flouring mills of the past a possibility in Jonesboro, and which caused such a beautiful expanse of back water for two miles up the stream to the famous Rock Dam, once such an important enterprise. And not many years ago the writer heard this story anew from the lips of the late D. B. Shideler, who claims the distinction of having wrought out the iron work used in its construction. These two men also delivered the timber under special contract for the old river bridge that was destroyed by fire only a few years ago.

What one remembers is fact to him, but older citizens say the first bridge across the Mississinewa at Jonesboro was without a cover—had old-fashioned stringers across, and there were huge water breakers and one who had witnessed the ice break up in the spring will understand the need of them. The second bridge was on the site of the first one, and when the new bridge was built, a little below, the old masonry—abutments and middle pier, were utilized by the I. U. T. Company as a support for cars crossing the river. Speaking of the original bridge, J. M. Barnard, who was a boy in Jonesboro, recalls that there were no houses down that way then, and all boys went swimming, diving from this wooden span into the water. One time he and Andrew Morrow thought they had found a rendezvous of mice under the sleepers, and while he punched them out Morrow was to imprison them in his hat, when instead of mice it proved to be bats—and young Morrow got lice in his hat, and it required red precipitate to rid him of them. When the Tenth street bridge was built the river road, always a sort of Lover's Lane for Jonesboro young folks, went back to farm land, much to the regret of all who had pleasant memories there, and high water times in Jonesboro will never be forgotten.

The town was high and dry, but some of the people loved the water. Wilson Carter—Bridge Carter, so many used to call him because for years his home was at the present site of the C. & O. station, used to go over the mill dam in a canoe—an adventure almost equal to going over Niagara, and in another article the story of the sorrow the river brought to him will be related. A few years ago W. E. Scott, a correspondent of the *Marion Chronicle*, published a story under the caption: "Many mills in township gave name to that part of area of Grant county," and since much of his data was obtained from Wilson Carter, it is used again:

There are thirteen townships in Grant county, one of which is Mill, but it is very doubtful if there are many persons among the younger generations who know much about its early history or how it came to be named Mill. Among the older men and women who have lived in

the county forty or fifty years or longer, are many who remember well how the township got its name. Even among these older people there are but few who remember the first town in the township or what it was called.

Mill township obtained its name at an early date from the many grist mills within its borders. The raising of the building which housed the third mill ever known in Mill township has given rise to much talk about the early history of Jonesboro and Mill township. There are still a few characters who will remember the days before Jonesboro was known by that name, and when the country was yet a wilderness broken only here and there by small clearings which the pioneers had made.

The frame building now being torn down on the south side of Back creek in the north end of Jonesboro, and only a few feet west of the Indiana Union Traction line, is the building which housed the third mill in the township. It was known as the "Red Mill."

The Red Mill was built in 1848-49 by Ruben Small, one of the earliest

Along the River Road at Jonesboro

settlers of Grant county. It was operated until 1883, when the machinery was taken out and brought to Marion and installed in a woolen mill that was erected on Boots creek on the north side of West Second street, by Robert McKinney. This was long before Second street was even thought of and only a small lane led up to the mill for years after it was built.

When the machinery was taken out of the Red Mill the building was sold to Elihu Pemberton, who converted it into a dwelling, and it has been used for such until a short time ago. At the death of Mr. Pemberton the building was sold to Charles Terrell, county superintendent of schools, who is having it torn down.

It is the oldest mill building in the township and with its passing the township loses one of the landmarks of its earliest days. There is still a part of the ruins of several mills to be found in the township which were erected during the 'forties.

The first mill in the township was built in 1840, by a man named Horseman, on Horseman creek, a branch that emptied into Back creek.

This mill was but a few yards away from the mill that is now being torn away. A portion of the ruins of the building is still standing, and when early residents return to Jonesboro for one more look at the place they once knew so well, they are told that a part of the old Horseman mill remains and none fail to pay the site a visit. There are but a few timber left now and a few more years will see the old landmark entirely gone.

The second grist mill was built in the same year on the north side of Back creek and about a hundred yards west of the present mill building. It was erected by Obediah Jones and Ruben Small. It was this Jones that later built the Red Mill.

The fourth mill was put up by Enoch Small about 1849. It was built on the Mississinewa river and was the first river mill in the township. It was soon sold to Timothy Kelley. The dam which had been built across the river was improved. The dam was raised and the water was raised two feet on the land of John Pemberton, about a mile and a half up the stream. Just above his place a stone dam had been constructed, which operated the Pemberton mill.

Pemberton sued Kelley and got a judgment of $2,000. The matter was finally settled by Kelley buying the Pemberton mill in 1853-4.

The first and second dams on the Mississinewa river in the township were what were known as Brush Dams. The second brush dam was built for Kelley.

The man who built the first frame dam across the stream is still living. He is Wilson Carter of Jonesboro. Mr. Carter and John Cray secured the contract for building the dam, a part of which is still in the river. The dam was erected for a man named Silvester Fankboner, who bought the river mill. Twenty-eight thousand feet of hewed timber was used in constructing the dam. Mr. Carter is seventy-six years of age at this time, but at that time he was a very strong young man and placed practically all the timbers that were used in constructing the dam.

The apron of the old dam is still standing and is a favorite haunt for fishermen and bathers. The timber used was taken from three farms. Eighty acres of timber were cut from the Skillman farm, while a part was taken from the John Russell and the Winters farms.

Silvester Fankboner sold the mill to Jack Howell in a few years soon after which it burned.

About the year 1860 a woolen mill was established on Back creek a short distance south of what is now Third street, Jonesboro, by Pierce and Coats. This burned later. John Pemberton then put up a mill just north of Sixth street, Jonesboro, on the creek.

Lank Baldwin, whose sudden death occurred in this city today, helped to put up a sawmill in connection with the Pemberton woolen mill. Nearly all the early mills had a sawmill in connection. Baldwin had assisted in putting up a number of these and when the Pemberton mill was established, was given the task of building and equipping the sawmill.

The Pemberton mills only ran a few years, when they were destroyed by fire. It has always been thought by many that the mills were burned for the insurance. There was supposed to be a large stock of wool in the building at the time it burned.

Where Fifth street strikes the creek at Jonesboro, a man by the name of Whiteneck put up a tannery early in the sixties. About twenty years before, or early in the forties, a tannery was established at the old stone dam. The cholera plague of 1849 killed the entire family which was in charge of the mill and the members are buried there. There were seven members of the Renner family and seven graves can be found

on the bluff near the old rock dam. The graves have long been neglected and the markers are gone from several, but the place is well remembered by the older residents. There was scarcely anything done with the mill after the death of the Renners and it was allowed to stand idle and go to ruin.

Another mill was established just north of Back creek near the road leading to Marion early in the fifties by Enoch Small. This was about the same time a town was laid out just north of the creek, which was known for many years as "Independence."

Bob Griffin built a saw and grist mill on Walnut creek, north of what is now Gas City, at an early date. The mill was located near where the bridge leading to the county infirmary crosses Walnut creek. A few years later a mill was put in one of Harris' sheds in Harrisburg, now Gas City. A. Hadley, from Indianapolis, had Wilson Carter put in the machinery and started the mill. Later John Wise had a mill on the Gas City side of the river. This burned.

At one time there were fifteen mills in operation in the township, but today there is but one. Niel & Van Valer operate a mill at Sixth street and the Big Four Railroad. This site is what is known as the old schoolhouse grounds and many of the older residents of Jonesboro attended school there at an early date.

Jonesboro was formerly known as Darlington. The town was first started by a man named McCormick. Soon after the county was first settled McCormick established a small general store and a blacksmith shop in the extreme south part of Jonesboro. The place took the name of Darlington and was called that for a number of years. Later a man by the name of Jones secured a large tract of land and laid out a town. It was named Jonesboro after him and Darlington was soon a part of the town.

While some of the foregoing was news to the historian of Mill, his ancestry knew Jonesboro in its village days, and they left their mark in the community, although the lineal descent of either is much smaller than it was a score of years ago. While they lived Jonesboro was their world center, and the paternal grandmother was the last of that quartet of noble ancestry. What an enduring interest she had in everything pertaining to Jonesboro and contributing territory.

In keeping track of local developments how often the historian of Mill has thought of Mrs. Sallie Kimbrough Whitson—born the year Lincoln was born, the year so many prominent men came into the world, and wished she might have been spared with her storehouse of rich knowledge, that she might have lived on and on and enjoyed things of so much interest to her, and perhaps others whose ancestors had part in this glorious transformation are possessed of kindred feeling. There must have been as much "ginger" in the early citizenry of Mill as in any other locality, and the fireside stories heard in a happy childhood were of bravery and courage. When the call was issued for volunteer soldiers at the beginning of the Civil war, there was response from almost every hearthstone, there being four Whitson and three Jay boys donning the blue uniform and marching away, two of the Jay boys laying down their lives in the southland. All kinds of people make up the world, and perhaps there were as many war time stories told in Jonesboro as anywhere in the county. This grandmother who lingered longest always had a fund of war reminiscences. She had sent her sons to the front in the days when history was being made, and those war time stories were always near her heart. Other Mill township families had the same experience although a complete list of soldiers from there was not available. Patriotism and love of country is always engendered

under such circumstances, and such firesides are a blessed memory. Her mind was always a treasure house for all family traditions, and she knew her country's history. Born at Beard's Hatter shop, Dobson's Crossroads, North Carolina, she always said Carolinians were as good as any except Hoosiers, and since she went away I think I have longed for her with kindred feeling to others whose parents were spared to rear them. When she was only a child she was brought from North Carolina to Ohio, and she always had stories on her tongue of incidents in her early life.

As in other communities the oracles of the past in Mill who knew and helped to make the early history, have nearly all "been gathered to their fathers," and second hand information alone is available. The sons and the daughters of the pioneers are few of them able to relate family traditions, and the study of genealogy needs to be prosecuted in every family. While a human herd book may be an impossibility, every child has a right to know its line of descent. Here and there in every community are a few examples of "The Last Rose of Summer," their "Lovely companions" having faded and disappeared from the scenes of their earthly activities—men and women who have outlived their "day and generation," scattered remnants of once well known families, and family names once so well represented are wiped out of the book of remembrance in the community. While there are Jays and Whitsons in Jonesboro today, "remnant" is the descriptive term, and the same is true of so many pioneer Mill township families. Other once prominent families have run their course, and like the Arabs, the "remnant" even has "folded its tent" and quietly stolen away, and ask of the winds—where, oh, where are they, in recalling some families once "too big to ever have a cent left until the next pay," and so many children sleeping in one room that it was hard to find their clothes the next morning. Echo answers, where, oh, where are some of the friends who used to live in Mill when the tavern bell rang out on the peaceful morning air in Jonesboro, and the church bell called the whole population to Sunday morning worship.

This grandmother loved all those sounds, and yet she did not live so much in the past as many who are growing old today. She read the newspapers and was in touch with progress, and her voice comes back today in commendation of this work of the Grant County Historical Society. While she did not have many educational advantages, when she carried a basket of eggs to the store she knew what was coming to her in any transaction, and yet she never set down a figure in all her life. She had sons in the different political parties, and always professed that she had no politics until something was said about the one who was a Democrat and now the last representative of the family, and she was always on the defensive—had politics of no uncertain character. She used to tell about the families who were in Jonesboro when she came, and representatives of some of them are still living there. She knew the Hiatts and Obadiah Jones, and in collecting data for an historical paper now what a privilege it would be to talk with her again. The land along the Mississinewa was settled first, and when William Hiatt located in Mill in 1826 there were only half a dozen other families in Grant county, his nearest neighbor being the Bransons, whose home site and burial place is marked by the Branson monument along the river bank in Marion, while this original Hiatt homestead in Mill is now in the Hiatt family north of Jonesboro. When William Hiatt came he was accompanied by David Hiatt, his oldest son who was then a married man and who went back to Wayne county for the winter, leaving him alone in his cabin for two or three months in cold weather.

He would visit the few families farther down the river, and it must have been a winter of discontent, although the pioneers did not care for hardships.

The other sons and daughters in the family of this pioneer settler were Mrs. Hannah McCormick, Mrs. Rebekah Winslow, Mrs. Lydia Roberts-Day, Mrs. Nancy Davis, Joseph, Aaron, Elam and Jesse Hiatt, and descendants of some of them have given the within information. David Hiatt, who was the senior son, and who first braved the wilderness with his father in 1826, is survived by four children, David Wilson Hiatt, who passed his four score milestone in November, being the oldest, and being a half brother to Calvin W. Hiatt, Levi Hiatt and Mrs. Levina Hockett—twin brother and sister, and both well known to Jonesboro of a score of years ago. There were three sets of children in David Hiatt's family, and their childhood home is now the Jay farm, while the original Hiatt farm next north of it is owned by Daniel, a son of Elam Hiatt. David Hiatt sat on the first grand jury ever assembled in the county, and he was contemporary with Martin Boots and David Branson, the men who donated the site of the county seat in opposition to the effort of the Hiatts and others to locate it more centrally in the county. This original Hiatt farm was once considered as the proper place for the temple of justice, and later there was an effort to locate the county seat in the town of Jonesboro. Marion was only an infant town when Jonesboro came on the scene, and for years it was a rival for the seat of government. Grant county was organized in 1831, and five years later Jonesboro was sharing honors with the trading post farther down the river.

When Obadiah Jones came from Ohio he bought the land on which Jonesboro was built, and in 1836 he laid off the town, the survey being made by his brother, Daniel Jones, using as his model the city of Dayton in western Ohio, near their home in that state. The original Obadiah Jones' house still stands, although the log structure has long been incased in weather boarding, and for many years it was painted red, but the weather has given it much of its present color. Perhaps the Jonesboro school boy today does not know its history, many who have graduated into the school life being unable to point it out, and yet most old-time citizens of Jonesboro could direct the stranger to this habitation. It is now an undivided estate belonging to the heirs of the late John Zeck, and occupied at present by Mrs. Anna Scrambling. One never thinks of the house being old until he hears the story. D. W. Jones of Fort Wayne, who for several years has been an octogenarian, is now the only surviving member of the family of Obadiah Jones, although several grandchildren still live in Grant county. He belonged to the Society of Friends and raised a large family in that faith. Center Friends meeting was organized and for a time the meetings were held in his home. Some of his sons were prominent men of affairs, and one of them, Dr. Enoch P. (Nuck) Jones, was the family doctor when ye historian arrived in Jonesboro.

While the town of Jonesboro was once farm land and owned by Obadiah Jones, its wide street, now paved with brick and by many said to be the prettiest street in the county, was due to the influence of his brother, Daniel Jones, and strangers always note the width of the street when passing through the town. Daniel Jones was also a resident, and he is now survived by one daughter, Mrs. Luvenia Harris, and the house in which he lived—Aunt Millie Jones' corner, since known as the Lams property, is to this day a landmark in Jonesboro. The writer well remembers when Branson Jones and his mother lived there. He had a carriage shop in town, and did much custom work for Mill township

people. While the name Jones does not appear so frequently in the annals of the town nowadays, and there are few of that original Jones family registered there, yet like Tennyson's Babbling Brook, it will go on forever, and it is a pretty custom to perpetuate the name of the founder in the name of the municipality he brings into existence. It must be that Mill is as rich in its pioneer legacy as any other Grant county township, and a goodly heritage is left the present generation in many well known families. Silver and gold some of them have, and honorable ancestry.

Some of the household names in the log cabin age are: Hiatt, Hoggatt, Adamson, Pemberton, Baldwin, Whiteneck, Ayres, Roberts, Harris, Bates, Roush, Jay, Russell, Elleman, Winslow, Smith, Dolman, Hockett, Ellis, Hill, Murdock, Intsminger, Peirce, Shideler, Ink, Ruley, Spence, Wilson, Coleman, Moreland, Broderick, Carter, Douglass, Candy, Wallace, Lucas, Horne, Thompson, Bell, Jones, Hollingsworth, Benbow, Brushwiller, Allen, Evans, Crowell, Coggeshall, Coppock, Cox, Stuart, Shugart, Fort, Hullinger, Burns, Dille, Sweet, Swank, Farnsworth, Neal, Patterson, McCormick, Coates, Farber, Cook, Fankboner, Morrow, Jennings, Reynolds, Richardson, Nottingham, Whitson, Wiley, Zeek, Jackson, Barnard, Meek, Havens, Nelson, Johnson, Carll, Clark, LeFever, Jenkins, McQuitty, McCurdy, Crilley, Hammore, Parks, Hodupp, Dailey, and just where to draw the line and cut off the modern from the pioneer names is not an easy matter, and, as in other townships, some of the original families are well represented. Time has worked many changes and others are known no longer in their accustomed haunts. The name Barnard is no longer heard, and the twelve Hodupp children are represented by one sister—truly conditions have changed since the days when every family kept a cow and the commons about the Friends church was the town pasture. There are men and women in Mill today whose ancestry lived on wild honey, corn bread and game, and who wore nothing but home-made fabrics—spun and wove every garment themselves—but nearly all that great army has answered the final roll call—have fallen by the wayside in the heat of the day, while a few have been spared until the cool of the evening, and yet so many memories come trooping by of those who no longer answer the summons of the present. There are a few octogenarians in Mill—only yesterday it seems, was the remnant of the Shugart family laid away, and truly there are but few still lingering in the haunts of men who were really identified with the unfolding of the past and development of the present in this locality. The childhood memories of some of them are far removed from their present habitations. Twice Mill has had the distinction of being the home of the oldest person in Grant county since the Octogenarian Club has been in existence, but Mrs. Eliza Marks, who was born November 15, 1813, and whose home has only recently been in Jonesboro, harks back to Ireland with her childhood memories, and to Michigan where her active life was passed, and the late William Havens, who was past ninety-five, had a recollection of New Jersey dating back of his Jonesboro days.

Mrs. Marks is now the only resident of Grant county dating back of the admission of Indiana as a state, but James D. Fort, who is next to her in age in Mill, came into the state of Kentucky the year Indiana was admitted into the Union, and he has been around Jonesboro for these many years. Other octogenarians in Mill are: Robert McQuiston, A. C. Forsythe, Christian A. Swafford, Joseph Wills, Noah Harris, Jesse Johnson, Mrs. Naney Harris, Mrs. Ruth Gibson, Mrs. Christine Beck, Henry Clapper, John Adams, Elias Hicks Lancaster, Joseph W. Hill, B. B. Coleman, and Mrs. Eliza Wallace, the colored woman, whose

age is an uncertainty, she having no record of her birth at all. Since the last meeting of the Octogenarian Club, Mrs. Elizabeth Howe, Mrs. Phoebe Dailey and John Shugart's names have been stricken from the Mill township list. It is sadly true that nearly all the men and women who came down the Mississinewa by raft when first entering the limits of Mill township have entered the haven of rest in some other clime, yet stories have been gleaned from some of them of times when all their earthly possessions were afloat, but the changes wrought from cutting away the timber and draining the land make such stories seem improbabilities, even in the threshold yet of the twentieth century. Why, there are parts of Mill township now that remind one of the stories of rural England in their splendid improvements, and some of the families who came down the river aboard the rudest crafts, started a fine country when they cut away the timber, and their children were born—not on farms, but in the cabins nestled away in the edges of the clearings. Some of them carried with them their artistic temperaments, and some of the oldest and largest evergreen trees to be found in a Sabbath day's journey are in the vicinity of Jonesboro.

It seems grotesque since the country has been drained, and the mill dams are out of the river, to speak of the Mississinewa as a navigable stream, and yet there was once a steamboat company organized in Jonesboro for the construction of river craft, and flatboats were to be built for shipping produce to New Orleans, and it is a matter of history that a cargo of bacon was once sent down the river Dr. Levi Peirce was secretary and his son, John Peirce, still has the records of the company. Mr. Peirce also has his father's township poll book when the boundary of Mill included much more territory, called Union township, and there was only one voting precinct. The first store in Jonesboro was kept by Coates and Farber, but Dr. Peirce soon bought the Farber share and Coates and Peirce constituted the firm. From that day till the present, there has scarcely been a time when there was not a Peirce in business, and the Peirce family certainly holds the record, there being eight adults still living, although other Jonesboro families are almost extinct. Mrs. Mary Jane Coates Carter, a daughter of William Coates, was born January 26, 1839, and she was always said to be the oldest native of the town, although it was platted in 1836, and Mrs. Sarah Ann Peirce Baird, born October 13, 1841, was the second child in the new community, and she is now the oldest native resident of Jonesboro. Grant county had been organized just one decade when she took up her residence, and there are few residents of the county who have been here longer, Mrs. Martha Renbarger Wilson, of Monroe, who was born January 24, 1827, being the oldest native of the county, and she was born along Deer creek and perhaps in the present limits of Mill. There was a good showing of settlers in this locality when the county was organized, and if there were any "first families" recognized, then Mill would have some undisputed claims as to citizenship. While some of them came by river, others blazed their way through the woods and came in wagons, but in whatever manner they came they were on the ground early.

The first Methodist meeting in Mill was held in the home of William Bates in 1832, and the next year the Quakers held a meeting in the cabin of Obadiah Jones, and before the end of 1833 they built the first church in the township. Shortly afterward Bethel Methodist church was built, and the Old Bethel burial ground still marks its location. The first school house was built in 1833 in Jonesboro, near the site of the Friends church, when the town was laid out on a "hog's back," between the Mississinewa and Back creek. Jonesboro was always dry when other towns

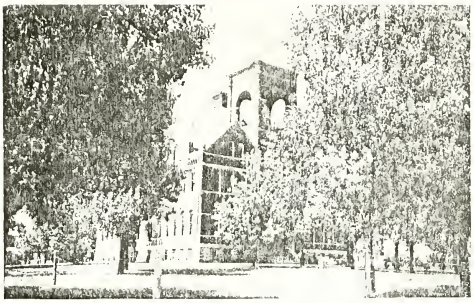
were "stuck in the mud." Deer creek, Back creek, Walnut creek and Horseman or Brush creek are other Mill township streams, all emptying into the Mississinewa. Even Brush creek, which joins Back creek just before it reaches the river, once turned the wheel of a woolen mill, and it requires some stretch of the imagination to take all that into the account nowadays. There has been a revolution of industrial conditions in "this neck o' the woods." Mill is one of the smaller townships—the one that breaks the regularity in the Grant county checkerboard and makes it a baker's dozen with two strips two miles wide belonging in the geographical survey to Center and Fairmount, Sixth street in Jonesboro being the line of the township were it again thrown back to the original and Mill eliminated from history. The facilities for water power recognized by the settlers gave the township its name, and, like Jefferson, Center and Pleasant, the river divides it into separate communities, pioneers of Jonesboro always saying "over the river" when referring to the east end of the township. While there is considerable rural wealth and some excellent farms, study of the Grant county map shows fewer unbroken quarter sections of land perhaps than in any other township, but parts of Mill will rank with any locality from the standpoint of soil or improvements. There are both first and second bottom land farms, and the stories of England may be duplicated in writing of rural conditions.

While Mill has always ranked high in agriculture, and the township received its name on account of water power early utilized in manufacturing, there has been a distinct evolution in the manufacturing process, and with transportation facilities unsurpassed, Mill is certainly fortunately situated. Time was when the men of Jonesboro sought employment in Pemberton's woolen mill, Whiteneck's tannery and the Coggeshall nursery meant something to the community. There was a saw mill as early as 1840 on Walnut creek, and there are still traces of the old mill race that wrecked the fortunes of the men who promoted it in order to manufacture flour in the community. The settlers could not go on hauling their grinding from Richmond and while there were no subsidies voted, they did use their capital and their labor in bringing about different industrial conditions. Robert Wilson once operated a ferry, and in securing the necessary license he agreed to have enough boats in operation to accommodate the travel—a similar agreement I suppose to that entered into by the Indiana Union Traction Company in operating its cars, and yet Mill township citizens know what it means to hang to the straps, and perhaps this ferry had a similar rush of business. Pioneers have often related stories of crossing the Mississinewa by ferry. Pemberton's carding mill was at the Rock Dam, and when Whiteneck's tan house was in operation—and I remember the building that stood near the river bank long ago—the simple life prevailed in Jonesboro. People did not want what they could not have, but the carding mill and tan yard are not even memories now to the majority of local residents. The cows ran on the commons then, and nearly every family had a brood sow and put up their own winter meat. "Backward, turn backward, oh Time in your flight—make me a child again—" ah, how many would entertain that thought for one moment, taking into account the hardships of the pioneers.

When in 1867 the first railroad came through Grant county and Noah Harris caught the spirit of Obadiah Jones and sought to perpetuate the family name in the town that sprang up on his land by calling it Harrisburg, all went well—East Jonesboro, really with no post office there until in 1892, when the Pennsylvania Railway Company, operating through the Gas City Land Company, took a hand in local indus-

trial conditions, and Harrisburg became known as Gas City in the post office directory. While Mr. Harris still lives and natural gas has run its course as a manufacturing asset, there are some who would rather say Harrisburg now than Gas City, the latter term a misnomer, but the fact remains that the quietude of the country was broken by the stirring activities of this land company, and the business complexion of the entire community was changed. There were rapid strides in growth and in change of population, but the present-day citizens are familiar with it all. While the river separates Jonesboro and Gas City, the Twin Cities have many interests in common, and along in the boom days people came from everywhere until there was a cosmopolitan population on both sides of the river. There are still a few families who have seen people come and go for almost three-quarters of a century, and while for a few years there was mushroom growth, its character has been changed and there is now a staple population on both sides of the river.

Since for a generation past the center of the population of the United States has been in Indiana, and Grant is one of the strong manufactur-



High Schools in Gas City

ing counties, and Mill is centrally located, then the Twin Cities are certainly in the center of things. They are in the heart of the manufacturing and consuming world, and the payroll in the Twin City factories means the distribution of a great deal of money every month. In fact, Mill township has its share in all material blessings vouchsafed a God-fearing people, and its natural resources are unsurpassed in Grant county. The smoke of many factories indicates the busy life, and rapid transit places the people in quick communication with all the world. In so many respects Grant is the banner county, and Mill township, Jonesboro and Gas City are in the center of things. Of course, there was a new impetus to affairs in Mill when Gas City sprang from the hamlet of Harrisburg, and the tax duplicate for 1909 shows more than $1,000,000 taxable property. The roads originally blazed along the high points have nearly all been thrown to the section lines, and today there is very little unimproved roadway in the township. The frame school houses have all disappeared, and all the district schools are maintained, while in many townships consolidation has been necessary. In an educational way Mill has always been abreast of the time, and in the Twin Cities

there are two excellent high schools, and time was when more teachers came from Mill than any other township. The old red school house in Jonesboro turned out its full quota, and there have been men of all professions except perhaps law, who belonged to the soil in Mill. The ministry, medicine and teaching force will compare with any other locality, and there are native preachers whose voices have been heard around the world, and physicians whose counsel was much desired—men whose advice had much to do with the hardihood of the pioneers facing the conditions in the wilderness along the Mississinewa. Just count on your fingers the Jonesboro doctors who have enjoyed more than a local reputation and practice.

The name of "Bill" Owens was always linked with the school-day memories of many families, and when there was only one post office and Harrisburg citizens came across the river for their mail, Jonesboro always had its contingent of well-informed citizens, and later when Gas City came on the scene there was another coterie of progressive people, and an intelligent community has always flourished on both sides of the Mississinewa. While Jonesboro has pursued the even tenor of its way, it has witnessed a cosmopolitan population come and go, and it has been unnecessary to go away in order to see the world. There are not now so many persons of foreign birth as when Gas City was first on the map of Grant county. To illustrate the point, when the Catholic church was organized in Gas City there were so many foreign-born citizens, that a foreign name, St. Genevieve, was given it, but it is a different population now and Holy Family is the name on the corner-stone of the new church edifice. The church as well as the school had its place in the hearts of the pioneers, and there was Quaker with a strong tincture of Abolition in the rural population. The church denominations today are well represented, and except the Catholic and Episcopalian churches all have flourished from the early history of the country. With the coming of new families in the boom days, society was greatly changed, and there came a day when few residents could say they knew every man, woman and child in the township. While people came from everywhere to Gas City, many of them went away as mysteriously as they came, and now a more settled population lives there, and it may be safely urged that local citizenry measures up to the high standard of other communities.

No township in Grant county has had more capital invested in factories than Mill, and there are some good manufacturing plants on both sides of the river. There have not been many casualties from fire, yet some losses have been sustained and owing to the operation of the trusts, other factories have been dismantled or removed to other territories. It would be interesting to consult the assessor's books and make a list of local industries, but away back in history, when water mills and water wheels were reckoned with, the people were just as happy, and a generation ago all the inhabitants depended on the Fankboner flouring mill and in a flood of memories one thinks of the Smalls and of the toll the miller always took, and the fat hogs always seen there, and then the picture changes—rapid transit and the mill site almost forgotten, and while in reminiscent mood one longs for the stillness unbroken by the shrill factory whistle. That greatest of all historians, Ridpath, takes one back to the dawn of history, long before the pyramids of Egypt were built, and he tells us of American patriotism and religious liberty to the dawn of yesterday. Yet when delving into the past history of many localities, we do not find the necessary information forthcoming, and if an historical society had been organized when some who are now in their graves were active citizens, so much valuable data could have been obtained from them. The newspapers of today are doing more for the future

historian than in the past, when they were only issued once a week, and their files will be consulted to advantage. The regret is that "word of mouth" was not transferred to the printed page while the pioneers were more numerous in the community. It has been hundreds of years since there was a pioneer in England, and in time America will become an older nation.

There is certainly as much beautiful scenery along the Mississinewa in Mill as in any locality, and the Rock dam is a real nature park if only it were accessible to the public. The civic spirit is in evidence and there are many beauty spots scattered about. In Gas City a downtown breathing space has recently been developed, and in time it will take on the dignity of a park. The man who plants a tree is a benefactor, and all Grant county a park is the spirit of sections of Mill. The evergreens in many door yards indicate the fact that the early settlers had well defined notions of landscape beauty. Some of the pioneers had the future in mind and mayhap "builded better than they knew." There is considerable architectural beauty in both town and country, and the Twin Cities now have improved streets with water and lighting systems, and the citizens enjoy all the advantages of the larger centers, owing to the transportation facilities. The vicissitudes of the early settlers were very much the same in the different communities, and they used to talk about the "Railroad" store in Jonesboro, and the historian well remembers the unfinished grade that was abandoned and later used by another construction company. "Old Brindle" and "Redside" had their place in Jonesboro history, and the town's ambition to become the site of the temple of justice was never quite lost sight of until early in the '70s when the Strawtown road became the Marion and Liberty pike, the city of Marion appropriating $5,000 for that purpose, which certainly proved an excellent investment. After this avenue to the southwest was opened up to Marion the cat slowly died in Jonesboro, and today the school boy will tell you he never heard anything about it. When the railroad scheme failed and the town lost the trade from the southwest, there was an exodus of several prominent families from the banks of the Mississinewa to the Wildcat, and for that reason the Kokomo city directory contains a number of well-known Grant county names. Jay & Bell had a store and Jay had a packing house, but the want of shipping facilities caused them to seek other location, and now Jonesboro is as well served as Howard county's capital.

The Bible says: "The poor ye have always with you," but there is no local significance to "over the hills to the poor house," since "Saint's Rest" is a county institution. For several years the county poor have been sheltered in Mill, and the county farm is among the pretty landscapes of the township. Three "war time" brick houses south of Jonesboro are still landmarks of the community, but the Jonesboro-Fairmount turnpike, with its toll gates of a generation ago, is little traveled now, owing to steam and electric transportation, and yet it was once the stage coach route to Anderson. The writer has seen the stage filled with passengers and carrying the United States mail into Jonesboro. In war times there were stations along the "Under Ground Railway" in Mill, and as a child one little boy used to wonder about them. His maternal ancestry maintained one of the depots, and there was always an air of mystery about it. Not so many years ago there was cord wood piled along the railway tracks, and every day they took on wood as well as water, but all that is changed and now coal is used exclusively. "Four-foot wood" used to be collateral in many households, and many a farmer has traded it for groceries. I remember well when we all went to Harrisburg to see the first passenger train in the autumn of 1867, and now per-

haps there is no citizen of the township who has never enjoyed an excursion aboard the railroad train.

A short time ago G. A. H. Shideler, who dates back to Jonesboro for his childhood recollections said: "Find me at mother's" was a sign he remembered, and the story connected with it is that the simple life prevailed in the town. When the late Dr. E. M. Whitson was rebuilding his home it became necessary for him to establish different quarters in which to meet his patients for a while, and instead of saying: "Call at the residence of Mrs. Sallie Whitson," he took it for granted that everybody knew, and that simple sign was sufficient. Mr. Shideler admitted that he knew, and that others had no difficulty with the sign, and he longed for the days again when everybody knew and had such kindly interest in their fellows. While other scenes recur to the memory of some, there are others who hark back to Jonesboro, and a few years ago a friend used to say: "Now that all happened in Jonesboro?" when he heard certain reminiscences, and we are content with past memories. It was always a good community, and there is no other spot quite like the old stamping ground. In the day when the Mississinewa gives up its dead there will be many Mill township homes remembered, since the river has often exacted tribute and is closely linked with local history. There are heart-rending stories yet fresh in memory, and the lives of some of the citizens have been turbulent as the stream that has robbed them of friends and relatives. The Mississinewa tells its own tale to many listening ears and aching hearts, and the story of Mill township, Jonesboro and Gas City is but partly told, but time and space are the barriers to further detail. As a man thinketh in his heart so it is with him, and none forget the place of their birth who began their earthly pilgrimage in the township named for the many excellent mill sites along the Mississinewa.

Mrs. Daisy Barr, pastor of the Fairmount Friends church, had been invited to recall "Childhood Recollections of Jonesboro," and many who had not met with her since she was a child in the town were delighted to hear her say that the most beautiful sunsets in all the world to her were across Back creek in Jonesboro. While a Friends minister, she had first gone to Sunday school in the old Presbyterian church, and Lillian Coleman had been her teacher and the inspiration of her childhood. It had been the shock of her young life when she found out she was not blood kin to everybody, and she still felt like all the "Uncles" and "Aunts" she had known in the town belonged to one big family. Since Daisy Brushwiller Barr had met with success in her chosen life work, the ministry, and had come back among her early friends to speak of the past to them, they were glad of her allegiance and loyalty. She said Jacob Bechts had named her—that he had a daughter bearing the same name, and that children everywhere to whom she ministers remember it easily.

Mrs. Barr spoke of Elijah Carter, Alfred L. Barnard, Mrs. Thurza Howell and other pioneers, and told the story of her sister Virgia being hooked by "Granny Bradfield's cow," and that her father, J. W. Brushwiller, had requested the old lady to keep her cow out of the streets of Jonesboro, thus giving to children unrestricted privileges. Later she had attended Center Friends meeting, and the old time silent meetings had always impressed her. Mrs. Sallie Winslow Stephens had been her teacher in public school, and when she went as a missionary to India, the call to the ministry came to her—as yet a little child, and while she had never expected to be heard outside of Grant county Friends pulpits, the child grown to womanhood had been highly honored by the Society of Friends all about the country.

Mrs. Barr characterized her life in Jonesboro as "My Mud Pie Days," and the following clipping will be of interest.

Mrs. Daisy Barr, who was born in Jonesboro and spent her youth there, said in part:

"While I cannot give a history of Jonesboro I will give some of the reminiscences of my childhood. I will call them 'My Mud Pie Days,' the grand days of the very best pleasure our hearts ever know, when we dug our hands into the mud and moulded the cakes and left them to dry in the sun. Many of us never quit making mud pies, some of them are of the common things of life and some of them are of silver and gold, and some of them are of characters. It was here in the church built upon the same foundation that this one is that I first went to Bible school. It was here I first learned the sweet stories of the children of Israel. The first shock of my life was when I found that I was not actually blood kin to every family in Jonesboro, and I was almost grown when I found that the people I had called aunt and uncle were not s in reality, and that their sons and daughters were not my cousins.

"Our pleasures come to us according to our cultivation. The foundation for what life will bring to us is built by the time we are fifteen or sixteen years of age, so Jonesboro was my spiritual battle ground. It was here I first learned to love, first felt anger and pride, told my first lie and stole the only thing I ever stole in my life.

"I think I will tell about the first time I knew what it was to be angry, because the man is here today. The people that lived next to us had a big, tall, homely boy, and we played together. I had a new dress. It was the first new dress that I remember of having, and I don't know how long it was before I had another. I wanted the boy to see my new dress, and I went to the fence and called him. They had been doing some carpenter work there, and nails and tools were lying near the fence. When I showed him the dress he wanted me to put it through the fence. When I did he took hold of it, took a hammer and nail and nailed it fast to a chicken coop. Then he went away and laughed. I screamed and screamed. I began using my voice early. My mother came out, his mother came out and the neighbors gathered. His mother wanted to know what I wanted done to him. I wanted him thrashed. Nothing else would do. My mother took me into the house, and after a while a peace offering came in the form of two doughnuts brought by the boy himself. This made everything all right and we were friends again. That boy was Dr. J. S. Whitson.

"I remember distinctly one of my impressions of old age. There was a beautiful old man He was not so old, but his hair turned gray early, and he seemed old to a child. He was so kind to little children. He had a shop of some kind, and the children all used to go there. He was Elijah Carter, and I thought when I got old I wanted to look just like he did. I received my first idea that there was a difference in society here, that some people were a little higher mentally than others, and I thought the Coleman girls a little extraordinary. 'Squire Barnard was another beautiful character, and his daughter, Lillie, who went to what seemed to us like a great way off, Texas, where she died with tuberculosis. He would draw all sorts of things, and after her death he drew beautiful white lilies which he gave to her friends. He gave me one. I don't know why, for I was only a child. At another time he gave me a drawing which I still have. It was two birds with their bills touching. Under it was a verse which has been one of the guides of my life. It is:

"'This world is full of beauty,
As it might be full of love,
If every one would do his duty
As the angels do above.'

"I felt my first touch of pride at one of the monthly concerts that Will McIntire used to give. I used to recite when I was a very little girl. I went to school when I was four years old. Mother had so many children that we were sent to keep us out of the way. At the concerts I was such a little girl that I often went to sleep. When I was called on to recite one evening I was about half asleep. I had a motto that said 'Never say fail.' I got the motto upside down, and did not discover it until I was almost done. Then I saw it, stopped, announced to the audience that the motto was upside down, turned it over, began again and said the piece over.

"Grandmother Cray had the most nice things that children did not dare to touch of anyone I ever saw. She had the nicest little clothespin basket that I wanted, and I think I should want it yet if I saw it. I wanted it, and I think I had asked for it, but it never came, and one evening my brother and I went there after milk, and it was out under the grape arbor. I took the basket. I did not realize that I had done anything especially wrong until on the way home my brother wanted me to do something, and said he would tell mother that I took the basket if I didn't. For three days he kept me his slave. Then I asserted my independence and he told mother. She took me on her lap and told me the awful sin of stealing. Then she made me take the basket back to Grandmother Cray and tell her that I had stolen it and was sorry. That cured me. From that day to this I have not wanted anything that was not my own.

"When I was about fifteen it became a popular thing for young people to leave the church about the middle of the sermon. One day I, with some others, got up to leave. Just as I got my hand on the door my father put his hand on my shoulder, led me back to the amen corner and sat down by me. Since then I have never been able to leave a session without embarrassment and a feeling that someone was behind me just about to overtake me.

"Here was my first great sorrow. There was a little crippled girl, Addie Havens. We children watched over her and played with her. One day she came to our house, and I had to lead her home. We had to give her our hands to lean on. She hurt my hand, and I scolded her. Two days after that she died, and I was wild with grief. These things come to me very tenderly, and I think of Jonesboro as a sweet memory ground, and there are others who echo the same sentiment—join in the chorus."

XXXVI. WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP IN HISTORY

By Mrs. Maud Howard Gaines

Saturday, September 24, 1910, was Washington Township day and both residents and exiles were at the Historical Society meeting. It had been a willing service on the part of the historian, who was an invalid, and Mrs. Martha Nicewanger Blinn, read the paper as a favor, the writer saying:

My native township, where I was born and where my childhood days

were spent, has been to me an interesting and pleasant study. The hands of the clock have been turned back to my earliest recollections and I have lived over again those days that will never come again. As a Daughter of the American Revolution, I naturally am deeply interested in the history of my ancestors. My grandparents, Maurice and Matilda Howard, being pioneers of my native township, the study of it has a double interest to me. My remembrance of them is indeed pleasant and the heritage they left to their posterity is worthy of emulation and one of which I am justly proud. The pioneers of Washington township have all passed away and their children are among the old men and women of the county. They deserve equal credit with their parents in developing the township to its present high stage of civilization. This township is bounded on the north by Wabash and Huntington counties, on the east by Van Buren township, on the south by Center township and on the west by Pleasant township. It is drained by several winding creeks, which find outlets in the Mississinewa and Salamonie rivers. Thousands of rods of tile ditches are connected to these creeks, which makes the drainage system complete. The surface is generally undulating and rolling and was originally covered with a heavy growth of mixed timber, with trailing vines and small undergrowth through which it was almost impossible to penetrate in many places. The forest was a magnificent spectacle; great trees of oak, walnut, hickory, poplar and the stately ash towered above the beech, sugar, maple and lesser timber, making a dense foliage that almost shut out, when in full leaf, the light of the sun. The dewdrops in the early morning fell from the leaves like rain, and it required the noonday sun to dry the moisture. These forests were the favorite hunting grounds of the tribe of Indians that had their abode near by. Wild game was plentiful.

There were wolves and wildcats, deer, coon, 'possums, minks, foxes, squirrels, wild ducks and turkeys, hawks, owls, cranes, snipes and smaller birds and animals in every part of this great forest. The Indians had undisputed sway in this territory up to the year 1826. In this year Reason Malott and his brother-in-law, Daniel Badger, both of Winchester, Indiana, heard of a new settlement lower down on the Mississinewa, and decided to seek a new home. Building a large flatboat and loading their personal effects upon it, they waited for a freshet, which came in due time. They reached their destination safely and Malott settled just north of the present limits of the city of Marion, and Badger south of him, on land that is now covered by North Marion. This was in 1826, and there were not a half dozen white families in the county. The Indians were quite numerous and often camped by scores near their cabins. It is said that the only thing that saved the first settlers was the Indians remembrance of the battle of the Mississinewa, which was fought only a few years before. On the seventeenth of July, 1827, occurred the birth of Robert Malott, son of the first settler. He was the first white child born in the township and it is claimed that he was the first white child born in Grant county. Two of his sons, L. J. and W. S. Malott, and a daughter, Mrs. James F. Hood, are now residents of Marion. In 1827 Robert Massey settled on the farm known as the Michael Coon farm. It was on this farm that the first hewed log house in the township was built. Massey built this house several years after he first settled. The year 1828 brought four energetic men to this settlement. They were John Pierson, who settled on the Moses Bradford farm; Solomon Wright, on the land east of the present site of Charles' mill, but known for many years as Seerist's mill; a man by the name of Hobson on a part of the Frazier farm; and Samuel McClure, Sr., who settled on the Caleb Boots farm. McClure being by trade a millwright

and the Mississinewa affording splendid advantages for milling, he was soon engaged in the building of a mill. He completed the mill that year and as early as 1829 was prepared to saw the logs of the pioneer into lumber or grind his corn into meal. This mill was highly valued by the pioneer, for it gave him material for bread almost at his own door. In 1829 men whose names were Chambers, Norton and Ellison settled on the Lewis Bocock farm and David Love a couple of miles south of them. In the same year John Endsley settled on the land which is now the beautiful grounds of the Marion Country Club. His cabin was built on the same knoll where the artistic building of the club is now located. Endsley was noted as one of the famous hunters of his time and plenty of wild game was always found in his cabin. A natural spring at the foot of the hill supplied the family with pure water; these springs were numerous in those days and were appreciated by the settlers.

The Hummels came in 1831. John Hummel first settled on what is known as the Hummel farm on the Huntington road. His cabin stood on Hummel hill, where a large two-story house now stands. Charles settled in the northern part of the township on the Bobdell farm. Moses Bond, Edmund Gaines, Samuel McNary and Benjamin Bond came in 1834. After this year the population increased so rapidly that it would be difficult to locate each settler. A list of prominent early settlers, without reference to date of settlement, to all of whom, as well as to many others, is due much honor for valuable services rendered within the borders of Washington township: Samuel Woolman, Dennis Dailey, Maurice Howard, James Hicks, George Hobaugh and son V. D. Hobaugh, George Conn, John Hamaker, Thomas and Robert Lenfesty, Riley Marshall, Ephraim Bates, Isaac Moore, James Cain, Jacob Miller, John King, Isaac Lancaster, George Wyans, Jacob Hansley, James Barnett, John Martin, Jacob Jackson, Jacob Line, Christopher Sears, William Dailey, Henry Tinkle, Jesse Marsh and sons Enoch, Benjamin and L. D., Samuel and Adam Pulley, John and Alfred Bocock, Conrad Barley, Wm. R. Jackson, James Love, James Marshall, Jacob Wiant, George Bradford and sons George and Leonard, John Lobdell, Henry Renbarger, James Thompson, Archillas Bocock, Enoch and John Hendrick, Jacob Streib, Richard Dicken, Redden Chance, Thomas Thomas. These were followed later by John Swerist, Nelson Turner, Frank Thompson, Thomas Campbell, Daniel Shank, Elijah and William Cox, Ebon Badger, Calvin McRae, Henson and Samuel Pulley, Joseph Lugar, James Dillen, Hiram Froat, James Phillips, William Cranston, James Bloxham, Jonathan and Lot Vevard, Allen Edwards, Eli Rodgers, Martin Gingery, David Kingery, John Ellis, Abraham Gallentine, Abraham Bish, Samuel Hawkins, J. W. Melick, James Carr, Jacob Rich, William Williams, Albert Westfall, Andrew Ebbert, Phineas Skinner, Levi Carter, Wesley Allen, Andrewson and John Maddux, Washington, Madison and Frank Helm, William Lenfesty, Samuel Williams, Josiah Oates, David Cretsinger and Christian Hetler.

The first settlements were made as a general rule as near the county seat as possible. This was located in 1831, across the line in Center township, and named in honor of General Francis Marion of Revolutionary fame. The first home built by the pioneer was a rude log cabin with a puncheon floor and a clapboard roof. The windows were made by cutting out a portion of a log and covering the opening with greased paper or coon skin stretched very tightly so as to admit light. The doors were hung on rude wooden hinges, which announced the opening and closing of the door with a loud creaking noise. The chimneys were built of sticks which were held in place by a kind of mortar made by mixing clay, ashes and water together. When finished these were

large affairs and often it was hard to determine whether the chimney was built for the house or the house for the chimney. The furniture for these first cabins was hand-made and necessarily crude on account of there being no tools with which to work. It consisted of two or three rude benches used for chairs, a bed fastened to the wall by means of wooden pins, a slab table, and a cupboard made by laying slabs on wooden pins fastened in the wall. The light of evenings was furnished from the fireplace in winter and a rag was dipped in lard placed in a small tin vessel and one end lighted; those who could afford it had tallow candles. The cabins were built on knolls, so as to secure natural drainage for the door yards. Corn dodgers and corn pone, wild game and boiled meats were the principal diet and prepared before the open fire. Orchards were set out as soon as enough ground was cleared; the trees grew with little attention in the early days. They were free from the tree-destroying insects of the present time. The idea of better dwellings was soon entertained and hewed log houses with partitioned apartment and stairways to the upper story took the place of the one-room cabin. The furniture likewise became more elegant. The first innovation made in the accustomed methods of preparing the meals was by the Bradford family, coming from Virginia and setting up a cook stove. At first it was looked upon with suspicion and many doubts, but after a time the new method was adopted and came into general use with the exception of baking corn bread. Around these old homesteads our fathers and mothers recall many sacred recollections. The trundle bed with its little wooden wheels, on which they slept, and the great fireplace that filled the room with light and heat are two memories that linger in their minds. Here by the glow of the burning wood the family spent the long winter evenings together; a basket filled with apples was always in evidence, the bellflower, golden russet and luscious rambo being common varieties. The mother usually occupied one corner, spinning or knitting, and the father usually dressed an ax-handle or mended shoes. The children played games, cracked nuts and ate apples. As the forest was cleared, the brush and logs were piled up through the day and set on fire at night. Often around these fires the adjoining neighbors would meet in a central location and in front of a blazing log heap talk over the events of the neighborhood. The fraternal spirit that existed among the people greatly softened the hardships they had to endure.

The principle of universal brotherhood was more completely carried out then than it is now under the best organized unions. It was a spontaneous and unselfish regard for the interests of each other without any declaration of by-laws or binding obligations. The Golden Rule was their motto in business affairs as well as in the hospitality shown around their frugal board. Distinction or caste had no place in their social intercourse, as it was based on the high plane, a man's a man wherever met. The latchstring of everybody's door was always out. In fact it was a leather string fastened to a wooden latch and must of necessity always stand out to the outsider. The social fabric of the women rested on a common level and was entirely divested of all formality. Their social gatherings consisted of quilting bees, wool pickings and apple cuttings. All the women in the neighborhood were invited to these gatherings. They took an unfeigning interest in the welfare of others and no deception or hypocrisy was practiced. The pioneer women possessed traits of character and simplicity of manners that would be well for us to cultivate in this more cultured age. They shared with the pioneer the hardships and privations of the new country without murmur or complaint and willingly joined with him the ardu-

ous work of making the home and clearing the farm. All the clothing was made by the women even to the spinning the threads and weaving the cloth. Their wardrobe in the summer was made up of heavy shoes, a plain calico dress and a plain sunbonnet. In winter, linsey and sometimes flannel was substituted for calico; the heavy shoes and sunbonnet were not changed. As the population increased from immigration and children multiplied and grew up other duties aside from clearing away the physical obstructions were forced upon the pioneer. Mental, moral and religious culture as well as material things must be looked after and meetings were held to discuss the needs of the neighborhood, as well as the political issues of the day. Lectures on the abolition of slavery were frequent, and a strong anti-slavery sentiment was developed. Fugitives from the slave states always found willing friends among the pioneers of Washington township, and many a black man and woman has been helped on his way to freedom, to a soil that knew not slavery. The home of Grandfather Howard was one of the "Underground Railroad" stations through Grant county. I have often heard my father tell of assisting when he was only a young boy in long night drives in covered wagons, carrying loads of human freight to the next station. The bloodhounds were often not far behind them. Moses Bradford was actively engaged in this work and he had many exciting experiences in connection with it.

The first school in the township was taught by Miss Ellen Love, in a cabin on the Robert Massey farm, with about a dozen pupils enrolled. This was in the summer of 1834. Mrs. Sarah Little, daughter of John Endsley, was one of the pupils who attended this school. She is now eighty-four years old and lives in Huntington county.

Two or three other schools were taught in deserted cabins that stood around in the fields. One was on the Hummel farm and taught by Mitchel Jackson. The first schoolhouse built in the township was on the farm of John Endsley. It stood north and east of the Country Club building. It was a log structure built at a cost of $40, and thought to be a very fine house. A huge fireplace took up half of one end of the room. The benches on which the pupils sat were slabs split from logs, with legs three feet long fastened to them. There was no backs to these benches and pupils sat in a very uncomfortable position, their feet, clad in rustic beauty, dangling six inches from the floor. A board was placed around the wall for a writing desk.

Goosequills were sharpened and split for pens. Spelling, reading, writing and arithmetic were the branches taught. The pupils studied their lessons out loud without any thought of disturbing those who sat near them.

Samuel Woolman taught the first school here, in the winter of 1837 and 1838. Miss Mary Nicewanger taught the following summer. She was a sister of William Nicewanger, who settled across the line in Van Buren township.

Mr. Nicewanger has always been identified in affairs that concerned both townships.

In 1838 another schoolhouse was built, on the Redden Chance farm, now known as the Mark Hillsamer farm, near where Salem schoolhouse is now located. Sugar Grove schoolhouse in the center of the township was built about the same time. Log schoolhouses, like log churches, multiplied as fast as the increase in population required. Mrs. Millen, Ink and Camblin were early teachers. As time advanced grammar and geography were added to the curriculum. It was the custom when the holidays came to lock the teacher out until he stood "treat." If he refused, he was punished as the pupils saw fit. The

big boys had this matter in charge and the punishment rivaled the hazing practiced these days in the leading colleges. He usually yielded to their demands, however, and came around with a generous supply of candy and fruit. The old log schoolhouses were later replaced by substantial frame buildings. These were the centers of literary societies and debates in which everybody took part. The people came for miles around to these meetings, which were profitable as well as entertaining. Spelling schools were frequently held, to which all surrounding schools were invited, each school taking its turn in holding these spellings. Great crowds came and often it was a late hour before all were spelled down. In a contest held a few years ago Washington township took the prize for having the best speller in Grant county.

Up to thirty years ago little thought was given to the grading of the district schools. This subject was brought up at the institutes and freely discussed. Many thought it impracticable and impossible. Finally a course of study was adopted in the county and the systematic grading of the schools began. Diplomas were to be given to all those who completed the course of study. The first examination was held in the spring of 1881 and Washington township had two graduates that year, one of them being the writer of this history, the other Miss Luella Hicks. Both attended school at No. 6, known as the Hanfield school. Edwin Caldwell was the teacher, Ephraim Creviston, township trustee, and G. A. Osborn, county superintendent.

Modern brick houses have replaced the frame buildings of thirty years ago. There are at present twelve school buildings in the township outside of the corporation of Marion. In the year 1909 and 1910, 485 pupils were enrolled. The change in method of instruction has advanced with the times. The latest methods have been employed and all necessary improvements furnished, and 303 pupils have been graduated from the township since the examinations began. Thirty-two completed the course last year. Oscar C. Bradford, who is the grandson of a pioneer, is the present trustee.

The religious side of life was not neglected by the Washington township pioneers. Their homes were always open for religious services. Samuel Brumley preached in many of the early homes, the cabin of Jesse Marsh being the one most frequently used for meetings. Asa L. Neal and a man named Scott preached at John Hummels.

Other occasional preachers were Gabriel Williams, George Evans and two men named Felton and Hanley. George Conn entered the land on which Bethlehem church now stands and built a cabin perhaps 20x30 feet. This large room was used for both residence and meeting house. He had benches made which could be carried inside when meetings were held. Conn was a Methodist Protestant and an enthusiastic Christian. He had great concern for the salvation of his neighbor. His house was nicknamed "Conn's Ark," meaning a house to save all the people that came into it. It is said that if all the church members in Washington township today were as zealous for the salvation of their neighbor as was George Conn, there would not be a single person within her borders who did not know our Lord and Master.

In August, 1840, on the farm of James Hicks, an old-fashioned camp meeting was held which lasted about eight days. The people split out rails and built a sort of pens and covered them with rough boards. They slept in them during the meetings and prepared their meals before log fires in the woods. The preachers received no pay for their services, but lived among the families who camped on the grounds. These camp meetings were afterwards held on different farms, as no churches had yet been erected. The plain old-fashioned gospel, "Salvation through

the blood of Christ," was preached with vigor and understanding. Many regarded these places as holy grounds. The same spirit that filled the hearts of the people at Pentecost seemed to hover over these meetings and many an early settler looked back to them as the time and place that they began leading the new life, which they ever afterwards lived.

There are few living today who know anything about the primitive religious meetings of the first years of pioneer life. Everything connected with them was strictly primitive. While they would not meet the demands of the times in which we live, we must concede that there was much connected with them that would utterly put to shame much that is called religious worship in this more refined and cultured age.

The primitive worship was the homage of the heart. Professing people were true to humanity and their sincerity was not doubted.

In connection with these meetings many amusing incidents occurred. At one time when Samuel Bundy was preaching at John Endsley's cabin (the house was full) two deer crossed the creek. Endsley pushed back the door, got the gun and killed one of them, dressed it and had a part of it served for dinner. Bundy spoke highly of the venison as they sat at the table. "Yes," said Endsley, "I killed it while you were preaching."

At an out-of-door meeting on Maurice Howard's farm, a swarm of bees came along just as an old gentleman by the name of Briggs began to shout. The bees came down and settled on a sapling within the limits of the camp grounds. Briggs claimed the bees on the grounds that it was his shouting that brought them down.

The first church built in the township was Sugar Grove. This was built in 1850 by the United Brethren and Wesleyan Methodist. It was a log structure and located in the center of the township. The Bond, Bradford, Gaines, Hamaker, Woolman, Howard, Sears and Woodard families were among the first supporters.

Bethlehem (Methodist Protestant) was built one mile south in 1852. George Conn, George Hobaugh, V. D. Hobaugh, James Hicks, Wesley Allen, Samuel McNary and their families were the leading members. Ezra Conn was one of the first preachers. A neat frame church now occupies the same spot where the old log structure was built.

In 1853 Fletcher (Methodist Episcopal) was built on the farm of Benjamin Marsh in the southeast part of the township. The services on dedication were held in 1854 by O. V. Lemon. The first trustees were Dow Marsh, Andrew Riggle and Jonathan Bevard. The first pastor was Reverend Robinson. Conspicuous among the charter members were Jesse Marsh and wife. Benjamin Marsh was class leader for many years. A pretty church with modern appointments now ornaments the spot where the old church formerly stood.

In 1854 Liberty Temple (Wesleyan Methodist) was erected on the farm of Enoch Marsh, a local preacher in the Wesleyan church. This church was built almost exclusively by him. His ambition was to build a church for the worship of God as well as to preach the gospel. This church was abandoned some years ago and the farm house of Jesse M. Ballard built where the church stood. The grove set around this church is still there, lending shade and beautifying the spot.

Range Line (Disciples) was built in the northwestern part of the township in 1856. The first trustees were John Lobdell, William Martin and Timothy Green. The Lobdell, Hummell, Busick and Melick families are among the pioneer names that worshiped here. Ebenezer Thompson was the first minister.

Fairview (Wesleyan Methodist) in the central part of the township was built in 1862 and dedicated in the same year. Services on dedication

were conducted by Reverend Matlock of New York. The first trustees were Christopher Sears, Casper Bradford, Noah S. Bradford and George Camblin. One of the leading members of this church was Aunt Polly Bond. Her husband, Moses Bond, died in 1851 and for more than fifty years she remained loyal to his name, bearing the burdens and responsibilities of the home with unflinching courage. Her name was a household word in almost every home in Washington for more than a half a century. She was the mother of Joseph and Benjamin Bond, who were well and favorably known all over Grant county.

Salem (United Brethren), built on the Davidson Culbertson farm in the southeastern part, was erected and dedicated in 1857 by Bishop Edwards of Dayton, Ohio. Samuel Woodman and Dennis Dailey took an active part in the erection of this church. Calvin B. McRae, David Hillsamer, David O'Ferrell and John Y. Parlott were the first trustees.

Morris Chapel (Methodist Episcopal), in the northwestern part, was erected in 1864 under the pastorate of T. J. Eddings. The dedicatory services were in charge of Rev. Thomas Stabler, assisted by Rev. A. Greenman. Among the early members were Frank Helm, Abraham Bish, Casper Bradford, Sr., William Ellis and their families. The first trustees were J. C. Stallings, Lewis Smith, William Brunner, C. W. Bowman, and Moses T. Bradford.

The German Baptist or Dunkard church was built on the east line of the township in 1874. The oversight of this church was in the hands of the elders, John M. Baker and Jacob Tinkle. It was a one-story structure built of brick with a floor laid on the joists of the upper ceiling, making a large room or attic above. On the 20th day of May, 1877, this church was partially destroyed by a cyclone.

A union Sunday-school had been organized by the good people of the vicinity. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon on the date mentioned, when perhaps one hundred and fifty persons were engaged in the study of the lesson, a threatening cloud accompanied by lightning flashes and rolling thunder made its appearance. This was met by another cloud from another direction. Soon they met and assumed a whirling motion. The storm came first in the shape of hail, which caused a disturbance among the teams hitched about.

Several men went out to quiet the teams, which with the hail naturally and fortunately attracted most of the children and others to the windows. By this time the furious wind had pushed in the west gable wall and unroofed the building. Half the upper floor gave away and came down with a crash. The east gable was blown outward, scattering mortar and brick on men and boys who happened to be outside. Only two of the score of persons caught under the debris were killed. They were John Jackson and Eddie Mills, two exemplary young men of the neighborhood. My mother, the last Mrs. John A. Howard, was among the seriously injured and the last person removed from the wreck. I remember this event as the most horrifying experience of my childhood days.

Union Chapel, in the northeastern part of the township, was built in 1876 and dedicated in the same year by Rev. J. W. Holt of Dayton, Ohio. This church was erected by the United Brethren and Quakers, but the United Brethren had the deed to the property. The first trustees were C. B. Porter, Isaac Bradford, Daniel Shank and William R. Jackson. Prominent among the charter members were Daniel Creviston, Jefferson Hanaker and F. A. Bradford. The Weesners, Crevistons, Calentines and Gaines were among the first worshipers. The old church was remodeled a couple of years ago and all modern improvements added. Its decorated interior, with its art windows, is in keeping with the elegant

homes which grace this part of the township. Rev. Cyrus Smith was the first pastor of this church.

Hanfield (Methodist Protestant) is located one-half mile north of the village of Hanfield. This church was dedicated in July, 1886, by Rev. Hugh Stackhouse. The organization was the result of a revival held in Hanfield schoolhouse in 1885 by Charles A. and Laura Alice Love. John Wigger has been class leader since the church was organized.

Highland Avenue (Methodist Episcopal) and Christy Street (United Brethren) church are both in Washington township, but will perhaps be taken in with the history of Marion.

There are at present nine live churches in Washington township, each having a creditable membership. They stand as monuments to which her public-spirited and enterprising citizens point with no little pride.

David Brunner established the first trading post in the township in 1840, on the Bradley farm. About 1834 Benjamin Marks engaged in blacksmithing on the Casper Bradford farm. A postoffice was maintained for a few years near Thompson's sawmill on the Huntington road.

In 1880, when the narrow-gauge railroad was built through the township, the village of Hanfield sprung up and a postoffice was established. Several names were mentioned for the new town; among the others were Hancock and Garfield. This was campaign year and the people of each of the two leading parties wanted it named in honor of their favorite candidate.

At the suggestion of the writer's father it was named Hanfield, the name taking a part of each candidate's name. The Clover Leaf Railroad and the M., B. & E. traction line both pass through this place.

Much of the village of Landessville is on the Washington township side of the range line, including some of the business rooms.

The Big Four Railroad and the Union Traction line passes through the western part of the township. Street car stations are at every road crossing of both traction lines, which affords a convenience to the citizens not known to the early settlers.

It would seem that the organizers of Washington township were patriotic, as they named it in memory of the illustrious patriot and statesman, George Washington. This spirit has been fostered and kept alive by her people. They have shared in all moral and political reforms that have come before the public mind since its organization.

Probably the first election held in the township was in the cabin of James Hicks, in 1834. Some, however, claim that there was an election held at the house of Benjamin Marks in 1833. Jesse Barnett was the first justice of the peace. Jacob Jackson, John Martin, James Barnett and George Conn were early trustees. George Hobaugh served as treasurer and V. D. Hobaugh as clerk. Charles Hummel was supervisor.

Hon. A. J. Harlan, in naming the men in Grant county who were most actively engaged in the memorable campaign of 1840, names the following Washington township men. On the Whig side were Jesse Marsh and sons, Samuel N. Woolman, James Hicks, Maurice Howard, Samuel McNary, George Hobaugh, Dennis and William Dailey, Redden Chance, Isaac Bradford, William R. Jackson, Reason Malott, John Hendrix, Christopher Sears and George Conn. The Democracy was represented in the persons of Riley Marshall, Benjamin Marks, James and Frank Thompson, John Endsley, Nelson Turner, Henry Tinkle, John, Charles and William Hummel.

Washington has had her share of office holders in Grant county, both elective and appointive. Her first settler, Reason Malott, was on the first board of county commissioners, and since that time her citizens have

been honored at different times by being elected to different county offices. Three Washington township men have been postmaster of the city of Marion. The citizenship of the township has included soldiers of all the wars of the nineteenth century.

In the war of 1812 were Dennis and William Dailey, Maurice Howard, George Conn, George Hobaugh, Samuel Pulley, Levi Carter and Jesse Romine. In the Mexican war were George Streib, David Marshall and Benjamin and Arch Moore. When the old flag was fired upon at Fort Sumter and Abraham Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers, some of the Washington township boys were among the first to respond. They were sworn into the service of the United States and marched at once to old Virginia, where Confederate soldiers were armed and fortifying. The Twelfth Indiana Volunteers were the first Union soldiers that entered Winchester. In this regiment were these Washington township boys, one of their number being the father of the writer of this history.

From the very beginning of the war Washington township had soldiers in the field and four of them took part in the last battle fought. This was the battle of Palmetto Beach, Texas. The Thirty-fourth Indiana took part in this fight, but all our boys had been mustered out a few days before this battle, excepting John W. Allen, Benjamin Hicks, Dillon M. Cox and Charles Westfall. These men were present when the last gun was fired and saw the last bombshell burst.

The boys who donned the uniform of blue in the sixties sacrificed comforts of home and the happiness and hopes of the future. They turned their backs on fortune and loved ones for principle. The best blood of the township enlisted and no braver boys ever shouldered a musket. They honored the township with their splendid service in battle. Some of them never returned and those who did were broken in health, but they had fought for the flag they loved and were satisfied. They willingly offered their services and their lives if need be to their country. In the language of Kipling, they said in their hearts:

"What if the best of our wages be
An empty sleeve—a stiff set knee—
A crutch for the rest of life—Who cares?
So long as the one flag floats and dares."

The mothers, wives and sisters who made up the army in the rear were no less patriotic than those who went to the front. The best they had to give was on their country's altar. Their best love was sacrificed and the anxiety and suspense they suffered can never be written.

Washington township's sons sleep on nearly every battlefield from Gettysburg to the Gulf. They are scattered from the Everglades of Maryland to the plains of Texas. They fell in the thickest of the fight, some of them sleep in unknown graves. Unknown to all save the loving Father who has never allowed a sparrow to fall without his kindly notice. He knows them all by name—He saw their heroism, their loyalty and their devotion to the old flag. He saw them when they fell and He knows where they sleep.

Washington township shared in the war with Spain. Some of her sons were members of the One Hundred and Sixtieth Indiana Volunteers. Every one who enlisted was tinctured with the blood of a pioneer.

Whenever duty has called the people of the township, both men and women, have proven that in their veins runs blood of the same kind that warmed the hearts of their ancestors at Valley Forge, Lexington and Bunker Hill. The same blood that coursed through the veins of the fathers in the War of 1812. The spirit of '76 still lives if it has occasion

to be stirred. The same spirit that animated our father of the American Revolution—an intense Americanism is alive today. Washington township has always been proud of her home, her country and her flag. May the country and the flag always be proud of Washington township.

During the boom oil and gas several producing wells were drilled in different parts of Washington. Very little of either is being pumped out at the present time.

Two or three splendid stone quarries are located in the southwestern part. Gravel used for building pikes is found in different localities.

Dr. William Lomax, a pioneer physician of Grant county, is authority for the statement that Washington township is the healthiest township in the county, owing to its natural drainage.

The citizens of Washington have been prosperous. Her list of heavy taxpayers has always been long. This township has long been noted for substantial homes. Riley Marshall built the first brick house in the township in 1838. Moses Bradford later bought the Marshall farm and this house was occupied by him.

Washington township has always kept abreast of the times in all lines of improvements, both public and private. The changes that have been made are nothing short of marvelous. From the one room cabin to the palatial homes of frame and brick with all modern conveniences. From log stables covered often with wild grass to immense barns filled with the best of feed for the stock, which is of the best quality. The farms are fenced with the best fencing on the market.

Wind pumps and gas and gasoline engines have succeeded the old well sweeps and the hand pumps. The best improved harvesters have taken the place of reaper hooks and cradles. The hand loom, the spinning wheel and flax-break have entirely disappeared.

The farmers have their neighbors and the world at their own doors through the telephones and free mail delivery. They have electric cars near their homes. They have advanced from bridle paths and Indian trails to macadam and gravel roads. From oxcart to automobile.

We are forced to inquire, "Who will own the first aeroplane? What will the next generation enjoy?" Into their hands are committed the keeping of the principles for which their fathers have fought. May they ever be true to their sacred trust.

XXXVII. SIMS TOWNSHIP IN HISTORY

By Mrs. Margaret Newkirk

Friday, May 5, 1911, was Sims Township day in the Historical Society, and Miss Marguerite Plackard and Fred Fry, of Swayzee, furnished the musical features. When the conscientious historian begins to chronicle the events of the past he finds there are many traditions seemingly founded on fact that are not easily verified among the citizens of the time. It was Samuel Johnson who said that not to know what happened before a man was born is to remain always a child, and the historian of Sims found that the men who made history in that locality went the way of all the world without leaving much record behind them. She inquired of many citizens in obtaining the facts set forth in the following sketch:

The writer wishes to extend thanks to those who so kindly helped, in many ways, to make this paper possible. Sims township consists of four tiers of sections off the east side of township 24, north range 6 east,

and is bounded on the north by Richland township, on the east by Franklin, on the south by Green and on the west by Howard county. It was named Sims in honor of Joseph Sims, the father in-law of Jacob Pence, who was the first white man to take a home in this township, in 1845. Among the first settlers were G. W. Ammon, Jesse Elliott and Henry Olinger, who came in 1846. The year 1847 found David Pence, Joseph Buroker, John Brandon and Adolphus Long. In the year '48 came George Miller, Harrison Thompson and Lewis Pence. It had now been demonstrated that people could live in this part of the country, and the years of '49 and '50 were banner years for migration to these parts; we find John Olinger, John Green, Ephraim Frazee, Eliza Lyons, William Baker, Francis Smith, Samuel Grindle, John Burns, Oliver Lillhard, James Burton and Nathaniel Harris. In 1851 Jacob and William Fricrmood, Steven Jones and Joseph Heavilin located in this locality. Shortly after this came Solomon Barngrover, Thomas Read, Pernel Peters. The township was surveyed and laid out in sections in 1845 and organized in 1848. Owing to its being nearly level it was somewhat later in getting settled than some other parts of Grant county—the early settlers choosing rather to settle near the streams, thereby securing drainage—a difficult matter in the early history of Sims.

This tract was a part of the Indian reserve, and in the early years of Sims, the "Noble Red Man" was a frequent visitor to these parts, in search for deer, wild turkeys and such other game as could be found, and to barter with the settlers. There are yet living men and women who well remember some of the friendly Indians, with their leaders, Chiefs Mishingonesia and Waconeonaw. The surface of this township is uniformly level, with here and there a modern elevation rising a few feet above the general level. A fine rich soil is found in Sims, which is of more value to the farmer than a variety of hill and dale that lend more beauty to the landscape.

A system of drainage has enabled the farmers to change the land from slough to farm. The noble forest that entirely covered this section of the county has almost entirely disappeared. The woodman's ax has laid them low. The forest trees consisted of gray ash, hickory, walnut, beech, burr oak, lynn, swamp ash and sugar maple. There being no untillable land, every foot being productive, the farmer did not value the timber so highly and it was cleared away that crops of corn and wheat might be grown. A certain amount of opposition is a great help to man. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance; and these noble pioneers realized that they must take hold of the work of clearing away the forest trees, draining the soil, making roads, rearing the dwellings, and all that go to make up a life of sacrifice and toil—if they would win, and win they did.

The home would quite often be a temporary affair at first, until the busy season was past, then father and the oldest boys would help rear a more pretentious dwelling. In recalling an incident of this kind, Enoch Barngrover and his sister, Mrs. Isaac Gentis, tell of their first home in Sims township being a room fourteen by sixteen, built of poles and covered with lynn bark. A rail pen was built as an addition to this to serve for a bedroom. Bedsteads were not always available and a sort of shelf was made against the wall that could be let down at night and fastened up against the wall through the day, when not in use. Later, they had the "four-poster" with the "trundle bed" for the children, thus economizing space—many sleeping in the same room. More convenience and poetry than sanitation.

Oxen were used for plowing, as they would work all day, and the owner would put a bell on each and turn them out to get their living

in the woods at night. They were patient and slow, and were useful in hauling the grain to some distant mill. Making ox-yokes and bows required considerable skill, and the pioneer who could rightly shape them had a thriving trade, as not every man could make them just right. Making the roads in this newly settled section was no small part of the work. A blazing of the trees, chopping off a small piece of bark along the route, cutting down the smaller trees, so that a team of horses or yoke of oxen could wind in and out and around the larger trees and thus travel through the woods until a road could be cleared. Not straight roads, by any means, and it took a much longer time to reach a destination than could be easily understood by the present generation. A trip with the ox team from Mier to Wabash would take four days, two days to go and two to return. These trips had to be made to get salt, soda and other articles of household necessity.

Wheat was threshed by tramping it out with the oxen or with horses and the chaff fanned out with a sheet. Following this method was a great improvement—the flail. In the years of 1852-53, they took the wheat thus laboriously prepared to Jalapa to mill. Speaking of the modes of travel, horseback was the way best suited to the conditions, and a young man wishing to take his sweetheart to a meeting or a social gathering would get the lady to mount the horse behind him and be "just in style." The children, and those of larger growth, went bare-footed the greater part of the year. The mother and older girls spun the thread from flax and from wool, wove the cloth and fashioned the garments for the entire family. Sometimes the older girls "hired out" to spin and thought it no disgrace to thus help father and mother.

The first graved road in this township was merely a blazed way from Swayzee to Mier when Isaac Gentis, Sr., took his family to their new home a mile south from where Swayzee now stands. The township being organized in 1848, the citizens thought they would hold an election and decided the center of the township would be the proper place in which to hold it. They found what they thought was the center, but no building in which to hold the election. A large poplar stump was there and they held the election, Oliver Lilliard acting as inspector. The first justice of the peace was Adolphus Long; the second was James Braffett; the third, Isaac Gentis, Sr., who served acceptably for twenty years in this capacity. Joseph Olinger was the first to establish a trading post. Henry Olinger was the first successful miller. He built a grain and sawmill on David Pence's farm and operated it successfully for twenty years, building it in 1855.

Among the first deaths were a child of Madison Allen, who was the first person buried in Thrailkill cemetery, and a child of W. Francis Smith and son of John Galbreath. The first schoolhouse was what is now known as the Marks school or No. 1. There is a conflict of opinion—some thinking the Ammon school the first—at any rate they were both built at an early date. The Marks schoolhouse was built of lynn logs and went by the name of Lynn for years. A description of it will serve for the description of about all the schoolhouses in the early settling of this part of the county. Logs formed the walls, puncheons for flooring and slabs for seats. The roofs at first of bark, later of clapboards. Windows were made by sawing a log out of one side and instead of glass they placed greased paper in the opening to admit the light. Paper was scarce and hard to get. An elderly gentleman relates that he took a sack of rags to Mier and sold them for four cents, which he invested in paper, getting four sheets. A prouder boy was not to be found. His mother sewed them together so as to form a book, and fastened a loop to it that he might hang it up when not in use.

Among the first teachers are A. B. Downs, Martin Buroker, Christian Life, Darius Pence, Mahala Petty, Maria Scott, and William Gentis. Neighbors were scarce, and when a visit was made it often meant for the whole family to go and stay all night. The roads being bad, winding in and out among the trees and saplings, made progress slow and to go any distance required a lot of time. The first society event of which we find any report, was the wedding of Aaron Pennington and Margaret Burns. The guests were obliged to stay all night or until daylight to find their way home, and to while away the hours, they danced the whole night through, not daring to risk meeting the big gray wolf of which there were so many. Another early marriage was Katherine Miller to Peter Rouser.

D. P. Long relates an incident of his early childhood. A man by the name of Davis had been troubling the neighborhood in various ways, and in such a manner as to leave no doubt of his being insane, and a constable came from Marion, placed the insane man on the gray horse he had ridden, tied his feet together under the horse and his hands behind him, and the constable, walking beside him, thus took him to the "old log jail" at Marion. The first religious organization to hold a meeting was the Disciples of Christ in 1847. They did not effect an organization at that time, however, the first church to organize being the Baptist at the Ammon schoolhouse. The first church to erect a building was the Newlight Christian at "Old Valley," named on account of the house being painted yellow. Among the preachers were James Matchett, Frank Smith and Freeman Miller. The first assessment was made in 1852, Charles Miller the first assessor. While the citizens of this township are thus peacefully engaged, a cloud seen in the southern horizon and the rumble of war is heard in the land. The question of slavery is attracting the attention of the world. Old political parties are breaking up and the lines reforming upon the slavery question.

With patriotic zeal the boys of Sims responded to the call for soldiers to go to the front. They left their homes, their parents, their brothers, sisters and sweethearts to give their lives, if need be, to preserve the Union. Not all of them returned. Some gave up their lives on the battlefield; some languished in the southern prisons until death was a happy release to their sufferings; and there were many who looked in vain for the discharge from headquarters, which came too late. Many returned, carrying the wound of the southerner's bullet. Twenty-one of the brave boys of Sims came not back. Following is a list of those who enlisted: Watson Ammon, William Armstrong, Thompson Armstrong, George Coon, William Clannin, Isaac Barngrover, Darius Buroker, Joseph Boswell, Jacob Buroker, James Burns, George Barton, David Boswell, Ephraim Boswell, Joseph Bloxham, George Coffman, Joseph Darby, Finley Elliott, David Fox, Zachariah Friermood, George Friermood, Daniel Fox, Ezra Friermood, Jacob Friermood, William Floyd, Benjamin Floyd, William Gentis, Isaac Gentis, Jacob Grindle, Joab Gant, Frank Gentis, John Grindle, Charles Gilpin, Robert Gilpin, John Hardacre, Alex Hullinger, Benjamin Headly, Lewis Harter, Allen Hayden, William Jones, Frank Kite, Boyd Ladd, Thomas Lilliard, Marion Long, Isaiah Landis, Polk Miller, Isaac Murray, Charles Martin, Obadiah Mossman, Anthony Monday, Vinton Miller, John Maple, Benjamin Moore, David Olinger, William Peters, John Miller, Braff Myers, Wesley Mark, George Martin, William Murray, Silas Monday, William Miller, Elijah Maple, George Olinger, Isaac Parker, Caleb Peters, A. J. Pence, Jesse Rooks, A. J. Smith, E. M. Smith, John Shanahan, Captain E. Reese, John A. Sinclair, William Skinner, Isaac Skinner, James Smith, Samuel Smith, Joshua Thrailkill, Matthew Taylor, Robert Wil

son, Jacob Wetherow, Henry Thrailkill, John Thrailkill, Milton West, Taylor West, Adam Welker, L. C. Lilliard, James Peters, Henry Miller.

"To go where honor calls, whate'er betide,
To do and dare in its exalted name,
To stand your ground by whomsoe'er defied
Is worthier far than beauty, wealth or fame."

John Shanahan lost his life at Winchester, Virginia. The late Judge Finley Elliott lost an arm while skirmishing in that memorable battle of Vicksburg in 1863; Nicholas Shanahan survived the horrors of Libby prison, and at the close of the war was on his way home, when the vessel on which he was sailing blew up, in the mouth of the Mississippi river, and all on board, fifteen hundred in number, lost their lives. He had written home for his mother to prepare a turkey when he should be there to enjoy Christmas dinner with the family again. We can imagine, in some small degree, the bitter disappointment and the awful heartache of which there were so many in the time that tried men's souls and women's souls as well. Mr. James Shanahan, while not having served in the War of the Rebellion, thinks he is entitled to a pension. When asked on what ground, he replied that he was just about the right age, near the close of the war, to be drafted, and he was kept scared nearly to death all the time, and therefore deserves a good pension. The war over, the people began anew to improve the land and engage in the quieter pursuits of life, and we find a goodly list of the younger set coming into prominence.

Information in regard to the schools and school teachers in the early days of Sims township is somewhat meager. An old record of forty-six years ago—1865—shows the following teachers: No. 1, J. O. Spurgeon; 2, Burns Cravens; 3, Rinaldo E. Egbert; 4, Evan Reese. Martin Buroker was township trustee. At that time no institutes were held and teachers met one another incidentally. All school furniture was home-made, and school supplies few and of but little value. School No. 1 was probably a fair sample of general conditions. Although the house was small, yet almost all the big boys and girls in the district attended school, which at the date named above lasted for a term of sixty days. The highest attendance on any one day in this school was seventy-seven. Among the pupils enrolled were two ex-soldiers, one twenty-two, the other twenty-three of age. The teacher was a beardless boy, and a stranger entering the school one day on business, mistook one of the pupils for the teacher. Classes were sustained in spelling, reading and grammar. The grammar class had one member only. The text book was Pinneo. Most of the pupils studied arithmetic, the teacher instructing ("worked sums for") each pupil individually. The singing method was used in the study of geography from wall maps, which contained numbers instead of names. On the teacher's desk was kept a book, called a key, and in this key were numbers corresponding to the numbers on the maps and opposite each number was the name of the continent, country, desert, mountain, river, etc., etc. This was the most general and also the most interesting exercise of the school work. History and physiology were not studied. The blackboard, 3x6 feet, was mainly for the use of the teacher. No school crayons were furnished, but instead lump chalk was used, a half pound lasting a whole term. Fuel was supplied by dragging logs into the yard and chopping as needed.

Among the prominent men and women are: Dr. J. P. Buroker, of Sweetser; Dr. Emanuel Johnson, of Lima, Ohio; Dr. A. A. Shanahan, of Marion; Dr. A. C. Boswell, of Kansas City, Missouri; Dr. Cicero Peters,

of Greentown; Dr. William Smith, of Huntington, and A. J. Boswell, of South Bend. In the ministry are: David Boswell, of Jonesboro; Frank Morris, of New Castle; Emanuel Johnson, of the Northern Indiana Conference, and A. R. Ladd, of Texas. In the practice of law, Judge P. H. Elliott, D. P. Long of Swayzee, and the late Finley Elliott of Kokomo, who died quite recently. Prominent instructors: D. P. Barngrover of Kokomo; Andrew Life has charge of the Biological University of Southern California, at Los Angeles, California, and Professor Life of the Marion Normal College. W. E. Life is manager of the Community Silver Factory, Niagaria Falls. Mrs. Lula McKinney-Heminger, Valgan, China, is a missionary to China with her husband, to whom she was married upon her arrival at Tien Sin, at the home of the president of the board of missions. Mrs. Heminger was a graduate nurse, having taken training in the American Hospital at Chicago, Illinois, after which she took a course at the Moody Bible Institute. Consequently she is well fitted for the great work that she and her husband have chosen. Miss Alice Kemmer, a graduate nurse in the Baptist hospital of St. Louis, a Sims township girl, too, served as nurse in the Boer war also in the Philippines. She endured many hardships and was of great value to the American army. At one time she was called upon to nurse in a pest-house where some American officers had the smallpox. She has been honored with medals by the United States congress in special recognition of her valuable services to the government. She is now a resident of California.

In the year 1880 a railroad was built through this part of the county, at first a narrow-gauge, afterward changed to a broad-gauge and known as the Clover Leaf Road. Towns soon appeared along its route, and Herbst, Sims and Swayzee began to grow in good-natured rivalry. Herbst received its name from Jacob Herbst, who was about the first man on the ground putting up a store. Thomas Cabe donated the ground for the switch and the other citizens donated the ties for the same. During the winter of 1881 John Comer carried the mail from Roseburg to Herbst twice a week. At present its population is near one hundred and fifty. Herbst is supplied with stores, blacksmith shop and tile mill. This tile mill is turning out $100 worth of finished product per day, and employs seventeen hands. The Methodist Protestant church has a neat building in which to worship. This charge is in the Swayzee circuit and Rev. E. C. Lucas preaches here at least once every Sabbath. The school was taught this year by Miss Ray. Two miles west on the same railroad is the metropolis of Sims township. Swayzee was named for James Swayzee, who owned the land upon which the original plat was laid out. This was in 1880. Swayzee has not grown by any great "boom," but has had a steady growth until today its population is about eleven hundred.

Among the first persons to engage in business in Swayzee were: John and Elizabeth Kelley, William Herron and Henry Minnea. The first postmaster was Mr. Botoff. Other postmasters of Swayzee were: Billy Fisher, Charles Read, and I. R. Lee. I. F. Lawshe is the present incumbent, serving the people acceptably the third term. Mrs. Myrtle Hardesty is helping distribute the mail. The greatest impetus to the growth of the town, perhaps, was the discovery of gas on Azur Newton's farm in July, 1887. The well was a gusher, and in some way became ignited and created quite a feeling of pride among the citizens of Swayzee and the farmers as well. The event was celebrated by a mass meeting at the well and Mr. J. W. Eward, of Converse, was asked to make a speech in honor of the event. At the close of the eloquent address in the silence that followed, a voice was heard to say, "Azur, don't you

think a lot of the gas is going to waste?'' Careful housewife that she was Mrs. Newton had occasion to make the same inquiry many times in the years that followed. The gas has almost entirely disappeared at this time, but while it lasted, it was indeed a luxury.

Another impetus to the growth of Swayzee was the glass factory located in 1894, by Robert J. Main. This gave employment to many, additions to the town were platted and sold, coming nearer to being a boom than at any other time in its history. Competition with larger factories and other impelling interests induced Mr. Main to sell to the Bain Brothers of Muncie, who dismantled it and moved it away. An agricultural association was formed and for a few years the population of Sims township went to the Swayzee fair to visit one another, to see the exhibits, the shows and the races. Proving to be more of a social than a financial success the association disbanded, and A. J. Pence's woods pasture is undisturbed again as before. The business men of Swayzee are progressive. Following is a list of the various branches of business located in the town: Niecum Milling Company, grist mill and grain elevator; Cyrus Fultz, cement works; H. T. Munea, general store; Nesbit and Peters, general store; D. L. Spears, dry goods; A. W. Fry, grocery; F. D. Brown, hardware; H. Mark, hardware; Grant County Lumber Company; A. W. Sims, drugs; Charles Lawsche, drugs; A. W. Larkins, drugs; Mullins & Edwards, furniture; S. P. Mullins, barber; J. H. Porter, livery and feed; Morgan Brothers, undertaker; A. E. Heston, undertaker; Mullin Brothers, bakery; Bryan & Woods, gentlemen's furnishings; Baker & Garber, meat market; Barnhart's ten-cent store; Marshall brothers, barbers; Florence Mark and Geneva Read, each a millinery store; the First National Bank; W. A. Petro, jewelry; Swayzee Creamery Company; the Wright Brothers and William Herbst, coal; B. O. Minor, restaurant; Asher Long, restaurant; J. F. Newkirk, hotel; Ammon & Newkirk, real estate and loans; Doctor Hawkins, Doctor Anderson and Doctor Reasoner take care of the sick people; Doctor Dezoete, dentist. Those engaged in the practice of law are D. P. Long and C. S. Loy.

Swayzee is ten miles southwest of Marion and twenty miles northeast of Kokomo, being on a direct route between the two county seats, and connected with each by the Clover Leaf Railroad and the K. M. & W. traction line. It is also on a direct line between Converse and Fairmount on the C. I. & E. Railroad. Fraternal orders: F. and A. M., I. O. O. F., K. of P. and Modern Woodmen, with their auxiliaries, Eastern Star and Rebekahs.

Swayzee has four churches, Methodist Protestant, Newlight Christian, Methodist Episcopal and Church of Christ. The pastors are: Robert Wearly, the Newlight Christian; Methodist Protestant, E. C. Lucas; Methodist Episcopal, J. J. Fred; Church of Christ, William Weidrick. Each church has a large membership and commodious place of worship.

The school building was built in 1879. O. D. Clawson was the first superintendent. It became a commissioned school in 1902 with C. L. Stubbs, superintendent. The Swayzee high school is the pride of the township, and every year the young men and women go forth as graduates, well started on the road to useful lives. The present teachers in the grades are: Virgil Mullin, Anna White, Nellie Thrailkill and Nanna Ray. In the high school: George E. Chenoweth, superintendent; F. R. Gorman, principal; B. F. Williamson, assistant principal, and Bertha E. Wolk, teacher in music and drawing. There are 229 pupils in the grades and seventy pupils in the high school. The class of high school graduates for 1911 are nine girls and eight boys. The township trus-

tee is William Usher and he reports 370 pupils in the country schools. The schoolhouses are in excellent condition, some of them not being in use, owing to the scarcity of children in some districts.

The canning factory of Swayzee gives employment to one hundred people, and in the busy season puts up 30,000 cans of corn and 20,000 cans of tomatoes per day. The Swayzee creamery is capable of turning out 1,000 pounds of butter at a churning. This is the newest industry and has not yet shown what it can do. The first newspaper was called the *Herald*, edited by James Pinkerton. This sheet proved short lived and the next, the Swayzee *Press*, was launched in 1896, which has continued to exist ever since with varied experiences. The present editor, O. D. Melton, publishes a clean paper. A good newspaper devoted to the interests of the people is one of the town's best assets. We are happy to record no saloon in the township. It is a matter of primary importance. The protection of the youth means the protection

High School, Swayzee, Indiana

of the homes and the community. The boy of twelve or fifteen years of age is easily led astray, but if reared to manhood away from the alluring temptation the chances are that the saloon will have few attractions for him.

Sims is situated two miles west of Swayzee. It was first known as Cleopas. It has about three hundred inhabitants. It is a thriving and busy little town with a glass factory, the only one in the western part of the county; a grain elevator owned by A. W. Haycock; E. C. Conkling has a general store; Routh & Haines, also Daniel Kelley, have stores. A two-room brick schoolhouse is located in the north part of town. Clyde Leisure and Miss Elsie Galbreath are the teachers. Sims has three churches—Methodist Episcopal, Saints and Baptist, and each have comfortable buildings in which to worship. Doctor Haines looks after the sick and afflicted in a professional way. Sims has beautiful residences and a number have put in cement sidewalks.

Sims township ranks well with the rest of the county, and although we cannot record that any of her sons have represented us in state or in nation, the material is here, and should any be so fortunate as to be called upon to fill positions of honor and trust, they will be found to be fearless, honest and capable.

With two railroads and an electric line which furnish ready means of arrival and departure, its brick streets, electric lights, four churches and an intelligent and church-going people, Swayzee is a pretty good place to call your home.

The splendid achievements of this set of pioneers, who have brought about the wonderful results of reducing this township to its present high state of cultivation, bespeak for them great praise. They kept the obligations imposed upon them and handled their forces to the best of their ability. Their whole history was one of industry, frugality, honesty and steadfastness of purpose. Faith in God, faith in man and faith in work—this is the short formula in which we may sum up the teachings of the founders of Sims township.

XXXVIII. RICHLAND TOWNSHIP IN HISTORY

By Mrs. Cora Minnick Neff

On Richland day in the Historical Society—March 30, 1912—the historian delighted all by prefacing her own research with the following poem, which seemed such an apt introductory to a neighborhood sketch, and she scarcely needed to credit it:

O! tell me a tale of the airly days—
Of the times as they ust to be;
"Pillar of Fire," and Shakespeare plays,
Is a most too deep for me!
I want plain facts and I want plain words,
Of the good old-fashioned ways,
When speech run free as the song of birds—
'Way back in the airly days.

Tell me a tale of the timber lands,
And the old-time pioneers—
Somepin a poor man understands
With his feelin's well as ears:
Tell of the old log house,—about
The loft, and the puncheon floor—
The old fireplace with the crane swung out,
And the latchstring through the door.

Tell of the things just like they wuz—
They don't need no excuse!
Don't tetch 'em up like the poets does,
Till they're all too fine for use!
Say they wuz 'leven in the family—
Two beds and the chist below;
And the trundle-beds—'at each held three;
And the clock and the old bureau.

Then blow the horn at the old back door
Till the echoes all halloo;
And the children gather home once more,
Jest as they ust to do;
Blow for Pap till he hears and comes,
With Tomps and Elias, too,
A marchin' home with the fife and drums,
And the old Red, White and Blue!

Blow and blow—till the sound drops low
As the moan of the whipperwill,
And wake up Mother, and Ruth and Jo,
All sleepin' at Bethel Hill;
Blow and call till the faces all
Shine out in the back log's blaze,
And the shadders dance on the old hewed wall,
As they did in the airly days.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Beginning with a map of Indiana large enough to trace the congressional townships from base-line and meridian we follow them to town 25 north, range 6 east.

The western third is a part of Jackson in Miami county. The eastern two-thirds forms the civil township of Richland in Grant. It was named by Elias Burns, who lived until a few years ago, a poor man and who on nearing death, wished to hear his funeral sermon. His request was granted, and services were held for him a day or two before he died. Otherwise he remained unhonored and unsung.

It is certainly a fitting name today; but seventy years ago it presented a different picture. The southern part has the most rolling surface along Pike creek, where it is somewhat broken. The greater part is level and then wilderness covered its length and breadth. Ponds and swamps prevailed and wolves howled near the pioneers' cabins. To the north a few miles lay the Mississinewa and the land along the river was preferred. For these reasons and also because the township was all originally included in the Indian reserve the settlements were not made here as early as others in the country.

The early settlers had not only the clearing to do, but corduroy roads to build, the water to ditch out, mosquitoes to smoke out, and ague to shake out.

They came to their claims by roads which would not allow their wagons to turn until the axe was used some more; and sometimes camped in their wagons until the cabins were put up. Cabins like those are entirely out of date. One of them faced the south and in its old age had sunk about twelve inches in the ground at its western end; across its front was a big puncheon floored porch boarded at the west for a wind-brake; a big stone fireplace occupied half the east end. A lean-to kitchen had black walnut frame work, and its door black walnut jams. At least one still stands like Whittier's little schoolhouse by the road, a ragged beggar sunning.

This one was inhabited until the present year, though its old-time stick chimney went long ago. It has been spoken of as Uncle Tom's Cabin.

[Editor's Note: One time while touring Richland as a farm newswriter after Thomas Campbell and his wife were both very old, the county historian called at their door and was invited to partake of the meal on their table, "Uncle Tom" explaining that his wife was two months his senior, when she corrected his statement, saying that she was only one month and twenty-nine days older than her lord and master. There is an ax-handle in the Octogenarian Museum in Matter Park made by "Uncle Tom," who was present when the cabin was built, and who asked for a piece of the hickory log cut out for the fireplace, and this ax-handle was made from it.]

Another early cabin had a great fireplace where logs of six and eight inches were brought in by pony power in the morning and a veritable bonfire built in its deep throat, which lasted all day.

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When the season proved so wet that corn to make that bread we've heard so much about could not be raised in sufficiency, the men would go to clear ground for settlers along the river in Wabash county, where they took corn for work.

Money wasn't such a common thing then. One pioneer used to tell how ten dollars in money took his large family through a whole year. If the good hard timber that went up in smoke could have been turned into money instead, there would have been plenty.

The wild turkey and deer furnished a big per cent of the meat used in those days.

About 1840 Isaac Baldwin built a cabin on the Shaw farm near Pipe creek, soon changing to a location on the Coan farm. He was a sole inhabitant till the next year, when Silas Braffit settled near Pipe creek and Willis Steinbarger on the Stephen Harvey farm. In March of 1842, Mason Potter settled on the northeast one-fourth of section 1. The following December occurred the birth of his daughter, Mary E. Potter, who was the first white child born in the township. In October of 1842, Eben and Reason Badger, settlers across in Wabash county, went back to Wayne county with wagon to get apples. (It was an apple year like 1911.) On the return trip they guided Edward B. Tucker and family to their new home, which Mr. Tucker had previously located. The cabin had been put together minus door, window and fireplace, and deer had found a shelter inside its walls. The first night carpet closed the openings. They brought with them a window; a door was made next day, also a fireplace and chimney. They brought plentiful supplies, including gallons of apple butter, dried apples and barrels of flour, for Marion had the nearest flour mill. Thus they changed from a brick house in town for wilderness around them and just a glimpse of sky straight above.

Mr. Tucker was a shoemaker by trade. Many still remember wearing boots and shoes made by him. He made the finest boots for the Indians, who always wanted the best with red tops. They would bring an interpreter and always paid in gold.

In the same year came Jacob Malsbury and Joseph Cole. In 1843 came William Cochran, John Bash and sons Michael, Simon, Martin, Philip and Samuel. These are all gone now. Michael Bash, who died last January, still owned the farm he entered. This is the only farm in the township which had never changed ownership.

The years 1844, 1845, 1846 brought Charles Stewart, John Drook, Madison Shackleford, Membrance Blue, Jeremiah Strieler, Joseph Esely, James Highley with his sons, Clark, James and John; George W. Taylor, father of R. R. Taylor, the present trustee. Other familiar names are Lewis Pence and son, Milton, Milton Abbott, Isaac Miller, Gabriel Hayes, George Sharp, Elmus Fleming, Michael Burk, William Reese, Hugh Mayn and Jacob Minnick, who for years kept the Richland Nursery.

Early in 1845 the reserve was surveyed and several township boundaries changed. Richland was organized with the present lines except on the east where one row of sections now in Pleasant were included. The land was soon on the market and rapidly settled.

In 1847 a company of men went by canal to Fort Wayne to pay for their land. As they carried bags of gold, and the trip was so publicly known, the women and children left behind were terror-stricken. All went well, however, and in due time they returned really possessors of their homes.

No Indians lived in the township, but they sometimes went through on hunting trips or after ponies which had strayed. The women and

children were afraid of them much the same as we fear gypsies. Some flints and axheads have been found, but not to compare with the river hunting grounds.

Fifty or more years ago Wauka Kulma used to ride across to the Slash to preach. He had a pony which sometimes gave out. Then Wauka would dismount, give the pony a cut with his whip, which revived him enough to get away. As often as he came in reach this mode of revival was repeated until the journey was finished.

As early as 1843 Methodists held meetings at Willis Steinbarger's. Presbyterians held meetings at Mason Potter's in 1845, and Disciples at the same place in 1846. Some of the preachers were Thompson, Shockey and Milton B. Hopkins.

Methodists built the first church in 1845, a log structure known as Richland Chapel, on the northeast corner of section 21, on the John Druck farm. Some ten years later it was moved to the southwest corner of section 10. It was so damaged in the July storm of 1873 that it was torn down and a frame house erected. This was remodeled in 1909 and now Richland Chapel is a beautiful country church with a flourishing congregation.

Another church known as Mount Zion was built in the southeast part of the township, but this was long abandoned, moved and used as a farm building, and later destroyed by fire.

Methodist Protestants built in Mier in 1872 the church where they now worship. Also Universalists built in Mier in 1875. The church is now abandoned though still belonging to the Universal association.

The first schoolhouse was built in 1844. A log building with slab benches and a log left out of one side with greased paper inserted for a window. This was on the Comer farm just north of where No. 2 now stands. Elias Roby was the first teacher. Others were Miller and Shockey. In 1845 the second schoolhouse was built, on the Hugh Mayne farm, known as Taylor's or No. 1. Some of the teachers of fifty years ago were William Coldren, Sim McCullough, John Tucker, Annie Tucker, John Campbell.

Richland's schools have always stood well and kept pace with the times. When in 1881 Grant county held its first examination for graduation from common schools, Richland headed the list with the first three names; they being Jacob Highley, Carrie E. Newton and F. H. Stephens. During the thirty years that have followed, the list has grown to 4,101, of whom we claim 225.

A graded school at Mier does first and second year high school work. With Convers just at the west line, Sweetser at the southeast corner, and Somerset at the northwest, each with high schools, it does not seem expedient to equip one in the middle.

Concentration has made its appearance. Last year two schools were vacated. This year one of them, No. 4 (known years ago as "Swamp Academy"), has school at home, where the pupils of No. 3 are taken to Mier. The school children are growing fewer in number, it seems. The population has not changed much in forty years in number, while the children in school are about half as many as then. This year just closing the enumeration is 255 and enrollment 165, having seven teachers.

When the war time of 1861 came on many were ready to go, though just a few names are available: Frank Cochran and brother, Samuel and Alexander Burk, Isaac Flook, Alfred Taylor, John Tucker, Jeremiah Strieker, George Sharp, Marion Wright, Sanford Brumfiel, Gus Loveland, Monroe Drook, Theodore Coan, George Miller, John Eller, and many others. Some of these were school boys, others had families. A few of them did not return.

Across the southern tier of sections runs the Panhandle Railroad; to the south and parallel with it is the C. & O. Half way from east to west is the town of Mier, numbering about a hundred people. It was laid out in 1848 and once did quite a good business, local and as a shipping point. Competition right and left conquered it and now that prestige is lost.

Times have changed; we no longer have chills or ague. Sometimes we have malarial fever. The quinine bottle is smaller and is up on the top shelf. We eat corn-bread if we like it. Likewise we don't eat wild turkey and venison unless we ship it in. The old cordroy is replaced by splendid gravel roadways. The majority of houses have telephones. The voice of the automobile is heard in the land. On every side are seen broad fields of heavy yielding corn, wheat, oats or potatoes. If you wish to get far from the madding crowd of the city, see fine country and know a generous, hospitable people, go to Richland.

[Editor's Note.—The Richland historian will acknowledge the source of her information with reference to Elias Burns, who suggested the name of Richland and circulated the petition securing signatures, while at the same time an effort was being made by others to have the township called Hamilton. While little was known of him to the historian, he used to come to the annual meetings of the Octogenarian Club and the older citizens all recognized and respected him. The writer visited him at his home in "Tator Row," in Center adjacent to the Center-Mill line (near the county farm, although he was glad he did not live in the "poorhouse"), when he was wasting away with cancer, and he was in most pitiable condition. How he did appreciate a visit from one who had "called the old settlers together to talk of old times," and at the time of this visit he spoke with a feeling of pride of his early residence in Richland. For many months Mr. Burns knew constant suffering, and one who knew him would understand why he welcomed death and wished to hear his own funeral sermon.]

XXXIX. PLEASANT TOWNSHIP IN HISTORY

By J. O. Spurgeon

December 18, 1912, was the centennial anniversary of the Battle of the Mississinewa, and the Grant County Historical Society erected a century milestone along the highway of progress by holding a meeting. It had been planned that Pleasant—the historic township—should end the series of township papers considered before the society, although the historian claims so many "firsts" for his township that it is clearly a case of the first being last. One hundred years from the day the battle was raging there was a quiet "camp fire" in the Marion library, and Mr. Spurgeon's paper follows:

The name, Pleasant township, carries us back in time more than four-score years. What is now Grant county was formerly a part of Knox county, and later of Delaware county, but was organized into a separate county in 1831, with but two townships: Pleasant, embracing the present townships of Van Buren, Washington, Pleasant, Richland, the north half of Sims, Franklin and Monroe, and all of Center excepting the south six sections. The other part of the county was named Union township, but that name has long since been dropped, and so Pleasant is the oldest township in the county. In 1834 a change was made, leaving Pleasant with what is now Van Buren, Washington, Pleasant, and

Richland townships. In 1836 another change was made, taking from Pleasant the two congressional townships on the east. In 1845 Richland township was organized by taking from Pleasant a territory six miles north and south by five miles east and west. In the general reorganization of the county into townships, in 1855, Pleasant township gained a one-mile strip from Richland township on the east, and lost to Washington township that part of sections 24 and 25 lying east of the Mississinewa river. This change from Pleasant to Washington was made for the convenience of the voters east of the river, as the township elections were then held in the spring of the year, when the river was usually high, and sometimes impassable, since there were no bridges at that date. From that time to the present the boundary lines have remained unchanged, the civil township being a congressional township, except for the small tract east of the Mississinewa, above referred to as now a part of Washington township.

This township is crossed from southeast to northwest by the Mississinewa, sometimes called the "Beautiful River," and this, together with Pipe creek, Cart creek, Badger creek, Curtis creek, Meloina creek, and some other smaller streams, make the township so varied in features as to provide a home for all classes of people. The river in its course across the township has in general a narrow channel, more so than in any other part of the county, and in this township are the highest river banks. The northeastern part of the township is generally varied in surface, affording excellent opportunities for farming, grazing and stock-raising. In a few localities cultivation is hindered somewhat by boulders, deposited in the glacial period. The southwestern part of the township has a rich soil and yields abundant crops. The western part of the township remained almost an unbroken wilderness until as late as 1845. About two-thirds of the township lies west of the "old boundary line," and so was a part of the "Indian Reserve."

The first inhabitants of this township of whom we have any authentic history were the Miami Indians. Here the Indian "roamed at will through the dense forests in search of game. Undisturbed, his birchen canoe parted the placid waters of the Mississinewa, and his dripping oars glistened in the sunlight. But a change came. The white man made his appearance upon the scene. How well he has played his part, the present shows." The early settlers found homes near the river, on account of the natural drainage, abundance of building stone and the nearness to market. The Mississinewa was once a navigable stream, and flat-boats passed up and down the river for commercial purposes. Certain landing places were established, and the blowing of a horn or bugle gave notice of the approach of a boat, when the settlers would gather at the landing and buy, or swap, obtaining such articles as they needed, and frequently something stronger than they needed. In 1828 Samuel McClure built a mill in section 24, the second mill in the county, and soon the flatboat days on the Mississinewa were numbered with the past. In 1838 a man by the name of Baker was drowned by the wreck of a raft, and on Sunday, May 12, 1844, David Hamaker was drowned here, the mill at the time being owned by a Mr. Dalrymple. In 1845 a boat in attempting to pass the McClure dam, was completely wrecked, and further traffic by this method was abandoned. County records tell us that in 1823 a man by the name of Gilbert established a trading-post near what is now Sutton's Ford. His business was trading, and he made no attempt at improvement of any kind. On the 19th day of October, 1825, David Conner purchased the store of Gilbert, and entered the west half of the northeast quarter of section 24. Mr. Conner died in 1844, and lies buried in the field just a short distance west of where

his store stood. The original tombstone has been replaced by a respectable monument containing the following inscription:

David Conner
Aug. 9, 1844.
Aug. 8, 1771.

A Mrs. Harter, the youngest child of David Conner, is at present a resident of the town of Sweetser. The Conner farm now belongs to David Cretsinger. I here copy the following from another history: "This farm has been the scene of many wild, barbarous deeds. Here the Indians would assemble from their hunting expeditions, and having disposed of their furs would often spend the last penny of their hard-earned money for whiskey, a custom, a relic of barbarism, which, we regret to say, with all the improvements and boasted intelligence of the nineteenth century has not yet been abolished. The reason of the Indian being dethroned by drink, his cruel barbarous nature knew no bounds. He would, on the slightest provocation, engage with members of his own tribe in the most bloody hand-to-hand encounters. The stronger party, triumphing over his adversary, has been known to place him upon a burning log-heap and keep him there until roasted alive." Captain Dixon, a brother of Meshingomesia, chased a Pottawatomie into the James Turner house, shooting at him as he entered, a boy being with him, but the shot did not take effect. Dixon then drew a large knife and killed the "Pottawat" at a blow. The boy in turn stabbed Dixon, killing him instantly, and then escaped.

The pioneer life in this township was that of the other townships of the county. The first dwellings were cabins, one-story, often one-room only, of round logs unbarked, the chinks daubed with mud, the roof of clapboards, the same being held in place by weights instead of nails, a stick-chimney, a clay or mud hearth, windows few and small, the door home-made, with wooden hinges, catch and latch, and the "latch-string hanging out." The bedstead was a rude frame structure attached to the wall in one corner of the room, with poles or riven boards on which rested the straw bed. No cords, coiled or woven-wire springs, no felt, hair or cotton mattress, no feather bed for the early pioneer, but he was content, for he stood on a par with his neighbor. Surely his hardships were many, and to the present generation would seem unsurmountable. Only a short time ago an old lady, one of the pioneers, told how the wolves at night howled around their newly-built cabin, which for the first few days and nights after its occupancy had only a quilt for a door.

Game was plentiful then and the family did not want for meat, and meat at times was about all it had. Sometimes it was more difficult to obtain feed than food. The writer had this information direct from an old settler: One spring, before grass or grazing time, his supply of feed became so scant that for several days he cut down bushes or saplings that his kine might browse upon the branches. Such stories as these seem, today, almost incredible.

On the 19th of October, 1825, Martin Boots bought one hundred and eight acres in the southeast quarter of section 24. The next year Henry Reibarger bought the east fraction of section 24, and shortly after three brothers, Jeremiah, Jeptha and Platt Sutton came and settled just north of the river, at the ford which now bears their family name. David Conner early built a mill, now known as the Barley mill, which was burned down by incendiaries in December, 1836, but was rebuilt the next season. George Walker was found guilty of arson in burning the mill, and received a six-year sentence at the

May term of court, 1837. Samuel Bigger was judge; Samuel W. Parker, prosecutor; James Rariden, defense.

The following is a list of some of the early landowners: Margaret Housden, Juliet Ann Hummel, Henry Hummel, James Prickett, Benjamin Prickett, Ed Fox, Robert Hurley, Zadok Prickett, Jacob Flummer, Joseph Henshaw, Elizabeth Dunn, Ephraim Badger, William Dawson, John Dunn, James Stackhouse, John Stackhouse, Wash. McIlwain, George Renbarger, Edward Renbarger, Shadrach Lawson, John Fees, Ephraim Collins, Jacob Hardacre, Bluford Prickett, S. W. Hackett, John Grow, Russel Fields, Nathan Prickett, William Raypholtz, C. W. M. Smith, David See, Isaac Raypholtz, Riley Marshall, Elmas Flemming, Joseph Hall, Edmond Housden, John Fox, William Marshall, James Lewis, Doctor Miesse, Abraham Shank, Stephen Hall, Joseph Cravens, L. D. Jacobs, Nelson Conner, Alfred Y. York, Jefferson Pugh, Benjamin Purdue, John R. Lewis, Joseph Winger, John P. Campbell, Sr., Nicholas D. Holman, David Bish, William Prickett, Wm. E. Hendricks, George F. Dunn, Jonathan Seegar, Perry Sirk, Jesse Leazenby, Benjamin Berry, John Cain, Thomas Burson, John Hubert, Peter Shelley, Jonathan Berry, Abraham Pixler, Mordecai Cross, John Jaqua, John Loring, William Parks, Robert Crane, William Hume, John Myers, Thomas Prickett, Dempsey Fields, Peter Bragg, Henry Dawson, Robert Mansfield, Charles Omack, John Spears, William Riley Webster, Charles Mansfield, James Mansfield, Drury White, Eld. Charles Smith, William Sinclair, Joel Inks, John Shannon, William Fields, Conrad Wolf, and many others, later, equally worthy, but too numerous to mention here.

During the settlement of the Miami Reservation, came one Hulings Miller and took a claim on the northwest quarter of section 21, and made considerable improvement thereon, but for some reason did not become the owner thereof. He was the father of Joaquin Miller, "The Poet of the Sierras." Joaquin says that Marion was the first town he remembers, and that some of the happiest days of his life were spent in Pleasant township. The writer has a letter from Mr. Miller, written a few years ago, in which he expressed an ardent desire to revisit the scenes of his boyhood days, and in which he spoke feelingly of the incidents of the days long gone by. Another letter, of later date, in reply to a request that he write something for the township history, conveyed the information that he was just recovering from a long, severe siege of sickness, and that owing to his weakened condition he was not able to comply with the request.

Joaquin (Cincinnatus Heine) Miller was born near Liberty, Union county, Indiana, in 1834. He removed with his parents to the far west when he was thirteen years old. Thenceforth his teachers were the great solitudes, the mighty mountains, the wide plains and rushing torrents. He grew up amid and was inspired by picturesque scenes and romantic conditions. His genius was equal to the demands made upon it, and no poet ever filled his mission and dreamed and sang up to its great possibilities more successfully than he has done. He is one of America's great poets, and it is little to our credit that he was forced to "win his spurs" in England before the land of his birth would listen to his song. Miller is one of those rare beings of whom you cannot say that he was educated in this school or yonder college. If he is old and gray it is largely a result of his restless life of adventure, exposure and toil. His mountain home, near Oakland, California, overlooking sea and plain, is singularly suited to the character of the man and his genius.

[Editor's Note.—Since the death of the poet—February, after the

time limit of this Centennial History, there has been such an avalanche of interesting matter published that some of it is included in another place without consulting Mr. Spurgeon, since it had been within his province to mention the world-wide character—Joaquin Miller.]

A little log cabin in the southeast one-fourth of section 16 is the only vestige of the one-time Browntown. The so-called Indian village is now no village at all. Fox Station is situated in the northeast part of the township, near the common corner of sections 1, 2, 11 and 12. The Big Four Railroad and the Union traction pass through the place. It contains a grocery, owned by William Hendricks, a smithy, a coal yard, and a few dwellings. It formerly had a grain elevator, but none is in operation at present, although some grain and stock are shipped from that point. Jalapa, situated on a hill, across the river from the Mississinewa battleground, was laid out in 1849, by Jacob Sprecher, its first settler. The name is of Mexican origin, (Spanish pronunciation, Ha-la-pa.), and was named after a town occupied by General Scott and his army on the way from Vera Cruz to Mexico City. It was formerly the metropolis of Pleasant township, and was a thriving business town, but public enterprise has passed it by. It contains a schoolhouse, two churches, a blacksmith shop, two grocery stores, between fifteen and twenty dwellings, and about fifty inhabitants. Near by is the historic Conner mill, now the property of the Shockeys.

Sweetser is situated about six miles west of Marion, and was laid out September 18, 1871, by Dr. Lanford Prater. It is a thriving town with a population of about six hundred, and has a large trade in grain, live-stock and drain tile. Sweetser is partly in Pleasant and partly in Franklin townships, and therefore this history will be confined to that part of the town within Pleasant township. Among the business enterprises may be named: Sweetser Grain Company; Baum & Burge; Williamson Brothers, drugs, hardware, coal and drain tile; Malott Lumber Company, sawmill, planing mill, building material and coal; Wm. J. Lanning, general store; Charles W. Snyder, groceries and dry goods; Benner Brothers, groceries; Robert Vardaman, groceries and meats; Miller & Sons, drugs; M. T. Harrold, butcher shop; Frank Snyder and Fremont Hamilton, restaurants and lunch rooms; Jacob Buroker, hotel; A. J. Berry, stoves, tinware, roofing, etc.; Tom Reece, painting and job printing; Dan Malott, plumbing; Barney Malott, well-drilling; W. G. Surface, harness and vehicles; blacksmiths, Ward & Thomas, Abe Brewer, Eli P. Ward and E. F. Lawson; barbers, Anderson & Stevens, and William Gillenwater; physicians and surgeons, G. W. Daniels, A. D. Burge, J. P. Buroker and I. S. J. Crumrine; carpenters and contractors, J. E. Flinn, A. J. Bragg, M. R. Antrim, Elijah Owings, A. M. Stevens and Burnworth & Patterson; road contractors, Wimmer & Fox; moving picture show, Frank Lawson. Some of the other enterprises that may be named are: Sweetser Natural Gas Company; Sweetser Light & Fuel Company; Sweetser Rural Telephone Company; James W. Jester is postmaster; Jacob E. Jester, railway mail clerk and Garrison Smith, notary public. A Farmers' Bank has been recently organized with the following directors: W. J. Baum, Alva Williamson, J. O. Spurgeon, R. T. Calender, of Marion, V. R. Spurgeon, of Gas City, with quite a number of substantial farmers in the vicinity of Sweetser as stockholders. President, W. J. Baum; vice president, Alva Williamson; John O. Spurgeon, cashier. Later, another bank is now, (December, 1912), in process of organization, but it is probable that the two will be consolidated.

The Marion & Wabash Gravel Road was organized in 1867, with

James Sweetser, George F. Dunn, D. R. McKinney, William Wagoner and Hiram K. Hendricks, directors. The board elected James Sweetser, president, and David Seegar, secretary and treasurer. This was a toll-road, and began at the corporate line of Marion, and extended almost due north to the county line, a distance of about eight miles. The Marion & Jalapa Gravel Road Company was organized in 1872. The first officers were—John Rennaker, president, John P. Campbell, Jr., secretary-treasurer. The board of directors was as follows: John Rennaker, John P. Campbell, John A. Dunn and James S. Renbarger. The Delphi, the Pipe Creek & Pleasant Chapel, and the Peru-Sweetser free gravel roads were constructed some thirty years ago. There are now under construction in this township ten stone and gravel roads. The P. C. C. & St. L. and the C. & O. Railroads pass across the southwest corner of the township. The former was built in 1867, is a double-track, has an excellent road-bed, and a new station at Sweetser. The C. C. C. & St. L., and the Union Traction have already been mentioned in connection with Fox Station.

The Methodist Episcopal denomination has a church at Jalapa and at Sweetser. The Methodist Protestants have a church at Jalapa and at Mount Olive in the country, and have a parsonage at Sweetser. The Lutherans have an organization and a church in Sweetser, the Missionary Baptists have a church at the Indian Village, and the Dunkards, or Tunkers, at Cart Creek, two miles southwest of Jalapa.

Sweetser Lodge, No. 433, I. O. O. F., Bernice Rebekah Lodge, No. 158, I. O. O. F., Cayuma Tribe, No. 247, I. O. R. M., a Pocahontas Lodge, a Gleaners' Lodge, and a Lions' Den, are all located in Sweetser.

Among the early teachers were Chaney, Anthony, Badger and Gilmore. The first school house was built in 1832, on the Badger farm, now the Cretsinger farm. This school house was for many years used as a place for holding religious worship. The first houses were rude in structure, and the pedagogues were generally of very moderate ability, so far as "book larnin" was concerned, but were commonly experts in wielding the birch. But as the "three r's" were the principal studies, a finished education was not deemed a necessary qualification on the part of the teacher. The writer has known a few teachers whose mathematical knowledge did not carry them beyond the Double Rule of Three, and who did not know an adjective from an adverb, nor a preposition from a conjunction. But these were the exceptions, and in defense of the township I will say that it has always ranked with the other townships of the county in educational matters. The school houses of an early day had much the appearance of the dwellings of that day. Within, at one end of the room, was a huge fireplace. On the two sides of the room writing-tables were placed, formed by boring large holes in the wall and inserting therein long, strong pins, inclined slightly downward from the wall, upon which were placed broad planks. The seats were saw-log slabs obtained from the mill, or else split by hand and hewed with a broad-axe. Pin legs were placed in the round side, the legs being longer or shorter to accommodate the different sized pupils. Noah Webster's Elementary Spellingbook contains this sentence: "Six boys can sit on one long bench," and the statement would have been equally true had it said—Twelve boys can sit on one long bench.

In the country schools fifty and sixty years ago about the only classes worthy the name were the spelling and the reading classes. In arithmetic no lessons were assigned, but each pupil moved along regardless of any other pupil. When a scholar "stalled," that was, could not "do his sum" (I am now using some old time expressions), he attracted the attention of the "master" by pecking on his slate with his pencil,

and the master, when he cared to do so, took his place by the scholar, solved the problem, often making no explanation of the solution. Blackboards, if any, were smoothed boards, about three by five or six feet, supported by legs, and stood leaning against the wall, and could be moved from place to place in the room. No school crayon was in use, but bulk chalk instead. The blackboard was rarely used by a pupil, and not frequently by the teacher. The center of the schoolroom was sometimes used as a *thrashing floor*. Spelling then was held in high esteem, and should be to-day, but the method then would not be received with favor now. All were required to "spell for head" in classes, and some teachers were quite formal with this exercise. The class would be called into line and arranged somewhat in military fashion, then the teacher would say: "ATTENTION," when the boys would bow and the girls would "*curtsy*," and then the regular exercise began. I must not neglect to speak of one school exercise, in which all were expected to participate, and one of more general interest, possibly, than any other, and that was "geography singing." And it is surprising to know how much was learned in that way, and how lasting the information thus obtained. The area of the earth's surface, the ratio of land to water, the relative size of the oceans and the grand divisions of land, and a hundred other things were sung or chanted. How old, yet familiar the following: "The State of Maine, Augusta on the Kennebec River. New Hampshire, Concord, on the Merrimac River. Vermont, Montpelier, on the Onion River. Massachusetts, Boston, on the Bay of Massachusetts. Rhode Island, has two capitals, Providence and Newport, Providence on the Providence River, Newport near the sea. Connecticut has two capitals, Hartford and New Haven, Hartford on the Connecticut River, New Haven near Long Island Sound, etc."

The writer has in his possession an Elementary Spelling Book and McGuffey's readers, which were in use more than fifty years ago. These books would not be taken as models for the book maker of today, and the pictures are not steel engravings by any means, but the books are replete with good stories and wholesome advice. The spelling book, page 144 says: "The Sabbath is a day of rest, and called the Lord's day, because God had commanded us to keep it holy. On that day we are to omit labor and worldly employments, and devote the time to religious duties, and the gaining of religious knowledge. The light of the sun makes the day, and the shade of the earth makes the night. The earth revolves from west to east once in twenty-four hours. The sun is fixed or stationary; but the earth turns every part of its surface to the sun once in twenty-four hours. (This last statement is not universally accepted.) The day is for labor, and the night is for sleep and repose. Children should go to bed early in the evening, and all persons who expect to thrive in the world should rise early in the morning."

You who were pupils in the middle of the nineteenth century, know that then there were no school bells, and but few hand bells, and so the teacher used other methods of assembling the pupils, such as pecking on a window, striking the outside of a house with a board, beckoning with the hand, or calling: "Books, books." In calling the roll at evening, as the name was called, the pupil walked to the door, faced the teacher, and uncovered, bowed or curtsied, and passed out of the house. These are given as some of the most radical customs. The Hon. George W. Steele, now governor of the Soldiers' Home at Marion, taught school at Center, in this township, before the Rebellion, and he says that if he is to be the judge he will pronounce it the best school ever taught in Grant county. In 1865 the county board of education, with A. W. Sanford, county examiner, formulated and had printed a set of rules for the

guidance and government of the country schools. I cannot now remember all of them. One, probably the last one, read: "These rules shall be posted in a conspicuous place in the school room, and shall be frequently read to the school." Another said: "The school shall be opened promptly at 8:30, by scripture reading, to which may be added singing and prayer, at the discretion of the teacher." Another: "A fifteen-minute recess shall be given in the forenoon, and the same in the afternoon, and an hour intermission at noon. When school is called, the pupils shall promptly take their seats. At the expiration of five minutes, the signal for silence shall be given, and pupils coming in thereafter must account for their tardiness." Another rule admonished the teacher to open the house early, build fires, sweep and keep the schoolroom neat and clean. The pupils were told not to quarrel or fight, neither at school nor on their way to or from school, and that they were considered under the care of the teacher from the time they left home for school until they returned therefrom. But these methods have all given way to newer and generally better ones. The school system of Indiana is acknowledged to be of high order, and the schools of Pleasant township have long been in the van. A non-commissioned high school was established in Sweetser in 1891. John O. Spurgeon had charge of the school for the first twelve years, which is now a regularly commissioned high school. There are eleven districts in the township, and sixteen teachers are employed. The present teachers are: Homer Hummel, Clara McIlwain, William Tinkle, Frank Gilbreath, Donald Stephens, Ralph Conrads, Clifford Blackman, Ethel Renbarger, Edith Bragg, Harry O. Lanning, superintendent, Floyd Ferguson, principal, Sarah Line, assistant principal, Rose Morrow, Edna Barngrover, Rose Starbuck and James Brock. The township trustee is Nelson L. Shockey. Others who have held this office, beginning with 1865, were: Nelson Conner, John Rennaker, Stephen M. Sherman, Henry C. Renbarger, George W. Prickett, John O. Spurgeon, William H. Rogers, James W. Anthony, Charles M. Grindle, Alvin C. Wharton and George B. Dooley. The other township officers at present are: A. M. Coffman, assessor; J. E. Flinn, justice of the peace.

Pleasant township has been loyal to state and nation. It furnished soldiers for the Mexican war, the late Civil war and the Spanish American war. William Morehead, Jeremiah Sutton, William Dawson and some others were Mexican volunteers from this township. Its patriotism may be shown by the following list of soldier boys, and, doubtless, the list is not complete: Enoch Alexander, James W. Anthony, Henry Branson, E. J. Beam, Samuel Bechtel, Samuel S. Baxter, Hezekiah Beeson, Harry Beeson, David Brunnet, Thad. Bruss, James Cain, John Cain, Daniel Conner, William J. Conner, John C. Conner, Martin B. Conner, John P. Campbell, Crayton Campbell, John Conner, Daniel Clark, William Dawson, Nathan Dawson, Charles Dolan, Henry J. Davis, John Dunn, Samuel Druley, Garrison Dawson, John Egbert, Calvin Fields, G. L. Grindle, James W. Grindle, Robert Gilpin, William Gilbreath, Eli Green, Elias Gabriel, Frank H. Hall, John Hubert, Ezra C. Hill, Isaac Hamilton, Moses Harter, Samuel Harter, R. Harter, Cyrus Harreld, Henry Harreld, Luther P. Hess, William T. Hess, Jacob H. Harter, Lewis C. Jacobs, Joseph T. Kem, Augustin Kem, Edward A. Key, David Keener, Jacob C. Lugar, Joseph Leazenby, Jesse Leazenby, Hudson Loring, E. H. Loring, Charles Lemming, John Loudebarger, Washington Lewis, Lewellin Martin, John Miller, John Miller, John H. Miller, William Miller, William Miesse, George W. Miller, Levi H. Miller, Silas G. Morehead, Thomas Murphy, William Mills, John McNeil, Uriah Mars, Silas Mars, Sanford D. Maggart, Oliver McGuire, Isaiah Owings, Thos. V. Pixler, Joseph Pixler, Andrew P. Price, Riley Price, John W. Peter-

son, John Pritchett, William Pritchett, Richard Poffenbarger, David Poffenbarger, John Poffenbarger, J. H. Raypholtz, Lewis Raypholtz, Ephraim Raypholtz, George W. Renbarger, James S. Renbarger, William Rutherford, Hiram Renmaker, Elias B. Renmaker, Jacob C. Renmaker, James Renmaker, John Smith, Samuel E. Smith, William Smith, Charles Smith, Jasper N. Seegar, William H. Sutton, Thomas Sutton, John Sutton, Platt Sutton, Nathan Stevens, Amos Stevens, William Steltz, Levi Steltz, J. L. Sisson, Daniel Taylor, Alfred Taylor, Andrew J. White, Willis White, William Wolf, John Wolf, Silas R. Williams, Robert Williams and William H. Voris. A list of the Spanish-American soldiers has not been obtained.

Pleasant was the first organized township in the county.

The first inhabitants were the Miami Indians.

The first white settler was Goldsmith Gilbert.

The first land entry was made by David Conner.

The first store was near Sutton's Ford.

The first mill, the second in the county, was built by Samuel McClure, 1828.

The first death was that of Betsy Prickett, in 1831.

The first marriage was that of Moses Conner and Ann Sutton, April 3, 1832.

The first election was held at the home of Ephraim Badger, near the mouth of Badger creek. Jeremiah Sutton was the first justice of the peace, and George F. Dunn was the second, he holding that office longer, probably, than any other man ever held office in Grant county, in all thirty-seven years. He was also probate judge of Grant county from 1844 to 1848.

The first schoolhouse was built about 1832, on the Badger farm.

The first country brick schoolhouse in the county was at Center, that is No. 5.

The first church was built by the Methodist Episcopal denomination, in 1847, on the Whiteman farm, and was known as Pleasant Chapel, but long since abandoned.

The first election for justice of the peace was held at the home of Riley Marshall, Jeremiah Sutton being the choice of the voters, he having previously held that office by appointment. He was also a member of the first board of county commissioners. David Conner and Henry Renbarger were two of three commissioners appointed to view and locate the first public highway north from Marion. This highway is known as the Lagro road. George Renbarger, Robert McClure, Jeremiah Sutton, Jonathan Berry and Zadok Prickett were members of the first grand jury in the county.

Daniel Badger, Henry Renbarger and Platt Sutton were members of the first petit jury for the first term of circuit court in the county.

At the March term of court, 1832, Joseph Lugar presented his first report as justice of the peace of Pleasant township, which showed that Thomas Mason had been convicted of "Salt & Battery" on the person of Edward Mason. John T. Davis had been arraigned and convicted for disturbing the peace. A fine had been assessed and collected in case of an affray between William Gorden and Isaac Renbarger. The Squire's report in September following, showed that Isaac Renbarger had been fined in two cases for assault and battery upon the persons of Moses Conner and Samuel McClure, and that Robert McClure was fined $1.00 for quarrelling with Isaac Renbarger.

At the April term of court, 1833, the first criminal cause was that of the State vs. Jonathan Berry and Jesse W. Thompson for affray. Berry pleaded guilty and was fined $2.00. Thompson had not been

apprehended. At the first trial held in Grant county before a petit jury, Samuel McClure was found guilty, as charged, in that he kept up his mill dam and obstruction for four weeks, and his fine was assessed at $12.00. Jonathan Seegar was one of a committee of three appointed to select a site and purchase a farm, the first, for county paupers. The report of the committee was accepted, and a farm purchased in Franklin township, a short distance southwest of Marion. The original building was a two-story brick, built in 1855. The biography of Stephen M. Sherman says he was the first assessor in Pleasant township. John O. Spurgeon was a member, by appointment, of the first county council.

The first high school in the township was established in 1891.

The first common school graduates were Byron Gebhart, William Lewis and Frank Neff. The first railroad, the Pennsylvania, was built in 1867.

William Morehead was the first volunteer for the Mexican war. The first Grant county Mexican soldier to die and be buried in a foreign land was Jeremiah Sutton, Company A, Fourth Indiana Regiment, who died and was buried in May, 1848, at Puebla, Mexico. Pleasant township has the distinction of furnishing the first Grant county volunteer for the Rebellion in the person of Levi H. Miller, and the first Grant county soldier boy in blue to receive in his body a leaden ball from a rebel gun was Frank H. Hall.

The people of Pleasant township are prosperous, with no paupers — are as honest and intelligent as other people, and with one exception Pleasant township has not received an office by a county vote for more than thirty-five years. In 1904 Elmer E. Veach was elected county recorder.

[Editor's note. The historian fails to explain that Pleasant has always been regarded as the Democratic stronghold, and that all Grant county was not of the same persuasion. It has been in no sense a discrimination against the locality.]

Pleasant is the historic township of the county. The only battle ever fought in the county was fought on Pleasant township soil. Of this battle between the whites and the Indians we will speak later. The home of the Indian was along the Mississinewa and its tributaries, yet he roamed hither and yon as suited him best. One mile northeast of Swedser was the location of the Me-shin-go-me-sia sugar camp. He and other Indians came there yearly and camped among the hundreds of maple trees, that they might make syrup and sugar. Any modern account of these people would be incomplete without the name, Meshingomesia, the late chief of the Miamis. He was born near the mouth of Josina creek about the year 1782, and died in 1879. He was a friend to the whites as well as to his own race, and he was held in general good esteem. After his conversion to the Christian religion he became a steadfast adherent. On Sunday morning it was a common occurrence to see him leading his decrepit companion to his favorite church home to worship. His body was buried in the rear of the village church, and a marble shaft erected to his memory contains the following inscription:

Me-Shing-O-Me-Sia
died
December 16, 1879,
aged
about 98 years.

Meshingomesia united with the Baptist church and was baptized the second Sunday in June, 1861, and lived a consistent Christian until

he was taken from the church militant to the church triumphant in Heaven.

The writer made a plat of the township in the seventies, and here follow the names of some of the land-owners at that time: Aw-taw-waw-taw, Chang-sin-gaw, Chap-en-do-ee-ah, Chin-go-quah, Ching-gwa-saw, Ke-tah-ke-mung-e-quah, Len-on-zo-quah, Me-shin-go-me-sia, Me tah-con-sah, Me-tah-con-sac-quah, Me-tah-ke-quah, Oe-waw-le-nien-dah, Pe to-tem-quah, Po-can-ge-ah, Pe-me-se-ah, Soc-a-chock-quah, Shap-e-ne-naw, Tah-con-sac-quah, Wah-pah-ke-ke-quah, and Wah-pe-nock-she-ne-quah. But the Indian is gone from our midst and scarcely known except in memory or in history.

The memorable Battle of the Mississinewa was fought one hundred years ago today. It is fully described elsewhere, and I did not feel that it was necessary that I should copy and read to you. I have in my possession a printed copy but do not care to read it, unless requested to do so.

This township history is not wholly original with the writer, but is a combination of personal knowledge, knowledge obtained by conversation with others, and from books.

[Editor's note. Because the Battle of the Mississinewa is county, state, nation wide in its significance, some further data furnished by the historian of Pleasant is used in another place. The Battle of the Mississinewa is given a chapter by itself.]

XL. WILLIAM JAMES, SCHOOLMASTER

While there are several educational chapters in the Centennial History, the following data concerning William James, who has always been accredited as the first teacher in Grant county was not available when they were written. William, son of John and Mary (Snead) James, was born May 7, 1807, in North Carolina, and came with his parents to Wayne county in 1814, afterward removing with them to Randolph county, where he died August 22, 1830, aged twenty-three years, three months and fifteen days.

In the spring of 1829 Mr. James located a claim and "put out a deadening" on Deer creek, where the Big Four Railway crosses the stream. While he was working there the Quakers of the vicinity asked him to teach a school, and the following article of agreement was the result. While he was a nonresident, three years after his death, his parents took up their residence on his claim—the beginning of the James family in Grant county. There are subsequent teachers who have followed the example of this original Grant county pedagogue and provided homes for their relatives.

While there are no firstlies and secondlies, nor parties of the first and second parts, as are common nowadays in binding contracts, this original document seems to have served every purpose. The agreement reads: "Indiana, Delaware county: Know all men by these presents that William James intends to commence a school on the first day of June next near the dwelling of David Branson for the term of three months at the rates of one dollar and twenty-five cents, and the said William James is to teach spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic and the English grammar if required of him, and we the subscribers promise to pay the said William James one dollar and twenty-five cents at the expiration of said school for each and every scholar numbered opposite to our names, April 28 day, 1829." This was duly signed by William James and the fol-

lowing patrons: David Branson, three scholars; Thomas Mason, two; Martin Boots, three; Richard Jones, one; Sarah Ballinger, one; Thomas Knight, one; Ephraim Overman and Thomas Branson, each one half scholar; Robert Massey, one; Reason Mallott, one; Daniel Boyer, two; and Eli Overman, three.

On the reverse side of the agreement is written: "William James' article, this June 10 day, 1829, for Eli Overman to make up," and since Mr. Overman "signed" three scholars, he was naturally interested in the school question. There are also credits to S. Ballinger, M. Boots, S. Castor and T. Branson for money not shown in the subscription list, so that the school must have netted the teacher about $30, there being nineteen scholars regularly signed and all entries made in splendid handwriting, penmanship once an art among teachers. This document—a good strong word is necessary—was enclosed in a letter written August 22, 1913, to David Snead James, president of the James Family Association, by Lewis James, son of Daniel James, who was an older brother of William James, and who recently died in Fort Wayne. It was just eighty-three years after the death of the first Grant county schoolmaster that the following was penned in a letter to D. S. James: "I enclose to you an old school certificate or subscription paper given to Uncle William James in 1829 which you might like to keep as a relic, as I have no use for it. He died August 22, 1830, and when I was in Randolph county three years ago I visited his grave," and thus ends the life history of Grant county's first school teacher.

While the Renbarger family gave the first child, the James family gave the first school teacher, and when this article of agreement reached D. S. James, who has always been a connoisseur of family heirlooms, he promptly added it to his collection of nineteenth century antiquities. The paper is yellow with age, and when payment had been made on subscription the credit had been so many heavy lines drawn across the signatures of those early day Grant county citizens as to almost render them illegible, but it is a valuable document and properly belongs in the pages of the Centennial History. While the grave of William James was made in Randolph county three years before the family came to Grant county, his brothers, Daniel, Robert and Henley, and his sisters, Mrs. Hannah Overman, Mrs. Mary Conner, Mrs. Lydia Bowles and Miss Rachel James, who was the "bachelor maid" of the Octogenarian Club and the last of the immediate family, all lived in Grant county. D. S. James (see biography section) is a son of Henley James, and a nephew to William James, and one of the many subsequent school teachers in the James family.

While there has always been much capital made of the three r's in the common school curriculum of the past—readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic, and "cipherin' as far as the Rule o' Three," William James agreed to teach English grammar, and his use of capital letters in the article of agreement was in conformity with present day usages, and since "custom makes grammar," he must have understood it. This roll of subscribers was certainly the first families of Grant county, and since older residents say the David Branson homestead was adjoining the Branson cemetery along the cemetery boulevard, this original Grant county institution of learning must have been near the site marked by the Branson family monument, of which mention is elsewhere found, and the original church. Friends meeting house built the next year was at the entrance to Friends cemetery adjoining the Marion I. O. O. F. cemetery, and thus what was once the scene of busy life when first the young idea acquired a knowledge of educational tire arms is now the beautiful "city of the dead," and as the centuries go drifting by who will prophesy

what the historian of the second century will record in reference to William James and the first school in the territory now known as Grant county? More than four score years had gone into history before this information came to hand about the vanguard of civilization in this part of the heritage.

XLI. ANTEBELLUM EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

By Captain J. W. Miles

[Editorial Note.—When the historian asked Captain J. W. Miles (see chapter on Civil Government), quartermaster at the Soldiers' Home, for an article under the above caption, he said what so many others have said— that it had been so long ago, and there was so little record of those institutions from which to obtain information. For that reason alone this chapter has value and should have place in the Centennial History, and then so many whose school days were contemporary with Mr. Miles and who hark back in memory to the Marion Academy and the College of Indiana, say that subsequent schools have not surpassed them —that there were exceptional educational advantages in Marion before the Civil war, and that those antebellum institutions had the requisite patronage—that they drew young men and women from other communities—the Mellette brothers and others, and then had not Ernst Guenin who had charge of the music been court musician and played for kings and queens—and old time Marion and Grant county appreciated the educational talent in its midst.]

When a chapter in history has been written from inner personal knowledge, it means so much more than one gleaned from a cyclopedia, and Mr. Miles has done the community a service in writing this chapter. It is a garment made from whole cloth, as he had nothing at hand only memory, and when it was written and ready for the historian he changed his mind, saying it had been so long ago and after laying aside the copy other facts had come to mind, and he would write it again. Among the families who patronized the schools of that day—before the war—are: Neal, Brownlee, Webster, Miles, Jay, Wolf, Sanford, Buchanan, Lenox, Thompson, James, Wallace, McClure, Spencer, White, Shively, Thomas (and gossip has it that Jeannette Thomas became the wife of Professor J. R. Spurbeck) Swayzee, Goldthait, Eward, Stout, Horton, Cary, Sweetser, Frazier, Seegar, Dunn, Ayres, Pilling, Steele, Radford, Leas, Hogin, Harlan, Hockett, Davis, McKinney, ad infinitum, and they must have been schools of distinctive type—special worth in the community.

Mr. Miles says: In the year 1850 the building that formerly stood at Adams and Eighth streets was built under a law of the state establishing seminaries in the county towns. It was called the Marion Seminary, and for a short time a school of a higher grade than the ordinary three months' winter school was taught there, the principal being Nathan Doane of Wayne county. Who his associates were I am unable to say except that John C. Harlan, afterwards auditor of Grant county, was one of the teachers. This school bid fair to prosper and become a center of learning in the county, but for some reason it soon closed and the building was sold to a private citizen. And again the only educational facility was the ordinary winter school, such as prevailed throughout the county.

There had been, however, some private schools with a limited number of pupils. Prominent among these was a school for young ladies taught

by the Rev. Alfred Hawes and his wife. He was the Presbyterian minister at the time; his school was at his residence, at the southeast corner of Boots and Eighth streets, and at that time on the extreme outskirts of the village. About the year 1856 Samuel McClure, a pioneer citizen and prominent merchant of the town, conceived the idea that Marion should and must have better educational facilities. He had children of his own to educate, and he felt an interest in the children of his neighbors. Accordingly he began agitating the matter and enlisted the interest of some of the prominent citizens who had children to educate, and plans were made to inaugurate a school in which the young people of Marion and vicinity could secure a liberal education without going abroad to get it.

The old seminary building was secured, and the next problem was to secure competent instructors. John R. Spurbeck, of New York state, was employed as principal. T. D. Tharp, a Grant county young man and a graduate of Indiana University, was secured as one of the instructors. They sent for him while he was yet at Bloomington. In the meantime a private school of some pretensions was being taught in the Presbyterian church, a small frame building just across the alley east of the present Indiana theater building. The teacher was James R. Smith. He was a graduate of Ft. Wayne College and a man of superior attainments. His services were also secured and he became a teacher of mathematics in the new academy, Professor Tharp being teacher of ancient languages. Miss Georgiana Law, of Massachusetts, a graduate of an eastern female college, was secured as a teacher of modern languages and rhetoric. Miss Sarah Spurbeck became teacher of the younger pupils, and Miss Emily Ward, who afterwards became the wife of Judge R. T. St. John, was the teacher of music. With this force the new academy was launched, and it very soon became a success. It soon became known throughout the county, and also the surrounding counties and the state that Marion had a first class school or academy, and many young men and young women were attracted to the school from various counties in Indiana, and a few from outside of the state.

Changes were occasionally made in the personnel of the teachers, and some were added to the faculty. George W. Lee, of Charleston, Indiana, a graduate of Indiana University, was employed and for a while he taught the languages. Samuel C. Miller, a graduate of Genessee College, New York, and a teacher of ability, also became a member of the faculty. Samuel Sawyer, a Presbyterian minister and a graduate of Princeton University, was also added to the faculty. He had been teaching in a college of Rogersville, Tennessee, but he was compelled to leave the state because of his expressed attitude toward the institution of slavery. After teaching a short time in the academy Mr. Sawyer withdrew and started another school, with himself at its head, and the old Riverside hotel building was secured as the home of the new institution. It stood on the southeast corner of Washington and Second streets. The new school was named the College of Indiana.

Reverend Sawyer soon gathered about him a corps of teachers of ability. Among them was William A. Woods, a graduate of Wabash College, and a man of signal ability who afterwards became a judge of the United States court. He was professor of mental and moral science in the new college. George W. Barlow, a former student of the academy and afterwards a graduate of Wabash College, was a teacher of ancient languages. Robert Spellman, also a graduate of Wabash College, was a teacher of mathematics. Horace Hitchcock, of Western Reserve College, was a teacher of natural science, and Robert Mitchell, alma mater unknown to the writer, was also a teacher of natural science. Miss

Francisco was a teacher of modern languages, and W. H. Harlan and wife, teachers of music.

Here were two schools with able instructors, each with a large number of students of more than the ordinary capacity, and of course there was a considerable degree of rivalry between the schools. What the outcome would have been cannot be more than conjectured; it was the opinion of many persons that a union of the two schools would have resulted, and Marion would have become the seat of a college that would have taken rank with the best in the country, but grim visaged war intervened and the schools were soon abandoned. But as it was, much good was accomplished by the schools. Young men and women went forth from these schools better prepared for their life work, and many filled enviable stations in public and private life. Of all the teachers herein named, I know of but one now living—our honored fellow citizen, Thomas D. Tharp. There may be some of the others living; I do not know. Most of them, I do know, have joined the "silent majority," as have also many of their old time pupils. James R. Smith of the academy, a man universally loved and esteemed, was an officer in the Eighth Indiana Infantry in the War of the Rebellion. He was wounded at the battle of Pea Ridge in northwestern Arkansas; he was only slightly wounded, however, and was fixed as comfortably as possible by his comrades, but on their return he was found to have been butchered by Albert Pike's Indians. This brutal ending of a gentle life produced a general feeling of horror and of profound sorow here, where he was known and loved. Up to within the last three years there was an organization of old academy and college students, meeting once each year to renew old associations and talk over old times. The meetings were very much enjoyed; the old life was lived over again in stories and song, but in some manner the organization has become a thing of the past in Grant county.

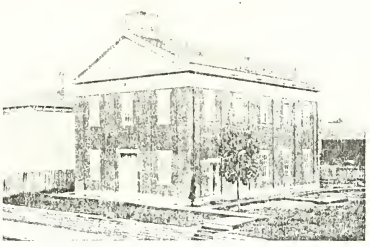
XLII. GRANT COUNTY EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

Whatever may have been the high standard of the Marion antebellum colleges, the pioneer educators and the public school system, private institutions of learning seem to flourish and they are a component part of Grant county history. Fairmount Friends Academy and Wesleyan Theological Institute have been so well taken care of in the history of Fairmount township that only passing mention is given them in this resume of educational interests. There is a statement in the Atlas of 1877 that one of the first normal institutes in Indiana was held in 1872 in Grant county, conducted by T. D. Tharp, then at the head of local educational interests, and while these summer normals were later held in all Indiana counties, Grant was among the first to take advantage of them.

It is a matter of history that while superintendent of Grant county schools Mr. Tharp prepared and read a paper before the Indiana State Teachers' Association entitled "Economy in School Management," and later State Superintendent of Public Instruction, James M. Smart, sent to him for it and it was incorporated in his annual reports—and it was the beginning of the agitation of the grading system now in use all over Indiana. Thus Grant county has always occupied advance ground in an educational sense, and writing about the early summer normals Mr. Tharp says: "These terms have been pleasant and profitable, and the schools have been brought to a higher standard as the result. Teachers

in these normal institutes were T. D. Tharp, J. H. Ford, G. A. Osborn, Cyrus Hodgin, William Russell, H. A. Hutchins, J. O. Spurgeon, J. W. Lacey, J. W. Legg, E. C. Murray, S. J. Harrison—and the music was in the hands of Miss Fanny Behymer." In 1880 Mr. Tharp opened a spring term of school in his residence that was really the beginning of the Marion Normal Institute of today.

G. A. Osborn had just succeeded Mr. Tharp as county superintendent of schools, and they were associated in this preparatory school for teachers. Later Mr. Tharp disposed of the school to Dr. Joseph Tingley, who continued it in the Tharp block, now Hotel Manitou, at the corner of Branson and Fourth streets, and finally he suggested to Mr. Tingley's successors that the school should be located in the vicinity of "College Corner," the site of a district school at the corner of Morton Boulevard and Washington street, where Dr. William Lomos had an interest in it. Then came Dr. T. W. Jonason and Prof. A. Jones, who erected the college building farther south, and then came C. W. Boucher and finally the



Old Seminary

present organization—the Marion Normal Institute. Through all these agencies a great many students have been attracted to Marion in search of higher education. Through all its changing history the Normal Institute has advertised the county, and there were many acquaintances formed at the Tharp Normal in 1880 that have resulted in lasting friendships. It was the county historian's first venture outside of common school and Jonesboro High School, and since J. O. Spurgeon taught grammar in that early normal effort, "split infinitives" have been a continuous "stumbling block and rock of offense" to him. Mr. Osborn taught history, William Russell was instructor in physiology, and Miss Frone A. Case introduced the Philadelphia School of Oratory methods in reading. L. V. Wheeler and son, Elmer Wheeler, and Henry Fields, had the musical department, and some of the students learned to sing that long ago.

While a good deal is claimed for the antebellum schools, there was a splendid student body in that first "spring normal" in 1880. Mr. Tharp's earlier schools having been held later in summer. Mr. Tharp always had a way of explaining delayed attendance: "We're still in the midst of harvest," and scores of autograph albums of that day contained the

entries: "We're still in the midst of harvest," and "Why is T. D. Tharp like the Indicative mode? Because he asserts a thing as a fact." The same social spirit seemed to follow the later development of the school through its Marion Normal College history and its present organization. When it was first located at "College Corner," debt became its handicap, until Dr. Johnson "financed" it, and then it had an era of prosperity continued throughout the Boucher administration when finally President and Mrs. C. W. Boucher abandoned the field, and September 1, 1912, the Marion Normal Institute was opened with Lawrence V. Jackson as president, citizens of Marion and Grant county standing behind the enterprise with a cash bonus sufficient to place the school in working order.

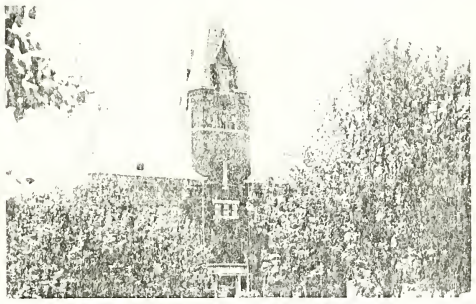
Article III of the Articles of Association of the Marion Normal Institute reads: "The objects and purposes of this corporation are to establish and maintain an educational institution in the city of Marion; to establish and maintain therein classical, scientific, law, medical, commercial and business departments; to confer all the usual and necessary degrees therein; and to advance business and collegiate education on broad and practical lines; and to buy and own real estate for school purposes, and do and perform such acts as may be necessary to carry out the purpose of this corporation." The board of directors is: G. A. Osborn, A. Jones, Robert J. Spencer, G. P. Butterworth, J. Wood Wilson, Eli Coggeshall, James L. Barley, M. L. Lewis, John W. Kelley, L. V. Jackson and W. H. Charles. The slogan of the school under the new management is everything better, and although there have been changes in its management, it has been maintained for so many years at its present location that there is a characteristic school community in the vicinity of the institution. Within the year the Normal Institute property has been purchased by a corporation consisting of representative citizens of Marion and Grant county, and there is a commendable loyalty to the reorganized educational institution—the Marion Normal Institute. "Efficiency is the burning question of society today. Efficiency is a component of two factors—knowledge and power. We offer liberal courses of study in a wide range of subjects that our students may become familiar with the elements of a number of studies, and find out those for which their mentality is best suited," and an able faculty has been secured to work out its future.

While in its early history local instructors were found in the Marion school, some of the faculty is still "home talent," as C. C. Thomas and Miss Ada Wright, and in addition to the business course conducted by Mr. Thomas there is the Marion Business College, one of a chain of Indiana business colleges, located in the Columbia block, which has excellent patronage. It has been in continuous existence since in the early '90s, and although J. D. Brunner, who owns it, is nonresident, Ora E. Butz is manager and a citizen of the community. Miss Nellie Wright, teacher of shorthand and typewriting, is a Marion woman and among the graduates are many Marion young people who have been started in positions which this training enabled them to occupy, and in addition, since 1908, there has been an agency of the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pennsylvania, maintained in Marion. Correspondence school graduates are found in many business places, especially draughtsmen, and the local representative claimed 250 students in Marion, with a total of 400 in Grant county.

The following history of Taylor University is from the pen of President Monroe Vayhinger, and while he mentions Dr. T. C. Reade in connection with the school, he overlooks the fact that its first president after it became a Grant county institution lies buried on the university campus.

Taylor University has been known locally through student ministers who have filled many pulpits while securing their education, and although sometimes spoken of as "preacher factory," there have been some splendid young people graduated from the institution. As in the case of the Marion Normal College, Muncie and Delaware county once attempted to locate this Upland institution, but did not succeed as with the Marion school, and "cosmopolitan" is the term that describes the Taylor University student body. President Vayhinger says:

Taylor University, Upland, Indiana, began work at this place in 1893. It was moved from Fort Wayne, at that time and was the successor to the Fort Wayne M. E. College and the Fort Wayne Medical School. It is under the control of the National Association of Local Preachers. Dr. C. B. Stemen, now of Fort Wayne, was the first president after the school was named Taylor University. Dr. T. C. Reade, a member of the Central Ohio Conference, was president at the time of removal to Upland. Rev. J. C. White, now of Kokomo, then



Taylor University at Upland

pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Upland, was largely responsible for the removal of the college to this place.

The institution is located in the corporate limits of Upland, about one mile south from the railway station. The school buildings are on a beautiful ten acre campus which is located upon the highest point between Columbus, Ohio, and Chicago, Illinois. The first building that was erected was the Maria Wright building, which is the main college building. T. C. Reade was a tireless worker and through his energy and self sacrifice he built up a school that became nation wide in its influence.

The school is named after Bishop William Taylor, the great missionary bishop of the Methodist church. He always took a great interest in Taylor University and did very much to send students from the four corners of the earth. His prayers are still a blessing to the institution. Samuel Morris, prince of the Krue tribe of Africa, became a student at Taylor University and because of his devoted life did much to raise the spiritual standard of the school. His life has been read by thousands of people, who have been blessed by a knowledge of his great character. A dormitory has been erected in honor of his memory. There

are four dormitories in all, one the Sickler on the campus and four just off the campus.

Doctor Reade was succeeded by Doctor Shilling, who was acting president for a year. Dean Ayres succeeded him as acting president for a short time. Doctor Winchester was elected president in 1903, and held the position four years. Under his administration one of the dormitories was erected and other very valuable improvements were made to the buildings. He was succeeded by Dr. A. R. Archibald, who was acting president for ten months. He was succeeded April 1, 1908, by President M. Vayhinger. The school has grown rapidly in the past few years. In the summer of 1911 a new heating plant that furnishes heat for the two school buildings and four dormitories was erected upon the northeast corner of the campus. The same year the new music hall and chapel was begun on the southeast corner of the campus. This is a fine two-story and basement brick building 50x70 feet. Mrs. Helena Gehman gave $7,000 to start the building. The second story is the chapel, which was completed in time for the commencement exercises of 1912, and is named after Israel B. Shreiner, who gave $2,400.00 for its completion. The first floor is the music hall, which consists of five studios and nine practice rooms. This was ready for use at the opening of the school year of 1912. The basement is a fine gymnasium with shower baths.

On April 1, 1912, a campaign for an endowment of $200,000 was started with J. C. Everson and O. W. Outland in the field.

In 1911-12 the student body came from twenty-two different states and eleven different countries. Many from foreign countries are here preparing to go back to their native countries as missionaries. The enrollment to date is more than one hundred larger than four years ago. The growth has been constant during that time.

Taylor University has always maintained a high spiritual standard. The evangelistic and missionary spirit of Bishop William Taylor seems to have fallen upon the entire school. The life of faith led by Samuel Morris and other students have been a great spiritual uplift to the school, so that many of the objectionable features of the ordinary college are eliminated, the moral sentiment of the student body being against such abominable practices as hazing and the use of tobacco and other demoralizing features that prevail in some places. The revival spirit prevails at Taylor University, so that the young people who go out from here are evangelistic and helpful in lifting the people Godward.

The faculty consists of a body of men and women who are graduates of the best institution and experts in their departments, so that any student here will find the best possible advantages for any line of work he may wish to pursue.

Taylor University is an honor to Grant county. Because of this institution people from all over the world are looking this way.

XLIII. AN EDUCATIONAL PANORAMA—VIEWPOINTS OF OTHERS

One who has distinctive remembrance of the three r's as the educational curriculum in the Grant county public schools is inclined to take some note of the passing show—the evolution in educational methods. Along in the early seventies, when there were few rural churches, the country schools were the social centers, and in the eighties the historian has distinct recollection of frequently cleaning out schoolhouses on

Monday mornings that had served as social centers on Sundays. Now the educational leaders are entering a plea for the return of similar conditions—the school properly to be utilized by the entire community. That long ago the teacher who taught the three r's successfully was doing his duty by the community, and if the child did not learn it was not the teacher's fault—but today there is individual instruction and if a pupil is backward it is the teacher's duty to find out why—to know the child's environment, and while advancement may have been made there were some good results from the old-fashioned methods.

"With the introduction of manual training and industrial work the discipline of the school became an easy problem," said one who had been studying methods for half a century, "and since that time it has never been difficult. In earlier days, when a child was disobedient, he was whipped, and when he reached the point where whipping did no good he was sent home, which in many cases meant turning him loose on the streets. Then his surplus energy, undirected, inevitably soon became misdirected. Corporal punishment was abolished, or became obsolete, soon after the industrial training was introduced." That certainly is a strong plea for modern methods—the training of the hand as well as the intellect, the discipline that comes with occupation—and years ago it was the teacher who was busy. When the historian "kept school," there was grammar, composition, literature and history, but a quarter of a century later all are included in English, but they do not get away from arithmetic, although nature study and other fancies find place, and the teacher who is still a student usually accepts the theories as practical, and would not block progress by clinging to traditions—methods of the past.

To show the trend of thought the following *Chronicle* editorial is used:

The one movement that perhaps comes nearer to the way the *Chronicle* thinks and feels about things in general is the gradual growth of a disposition to use the school buildings as social centers. The spirit back of this movement is exactly the one thing most needful to assure the most desirable future of this republic, including of course the most desirable condition of the people.

How this movement started, who did it or when he did it is not important. The vital fact is that such a movement is under way and a good many Marion and Grant county people have been considering it for some time.

In the first place there is a necessity for more of the get-together spirit among the people—among all the people. This applies to those who have had few opportunities as well as to those who have been more favored by fortune. Class distinctions are not to be attributed altogether to any one class.

The leaders in this movement propose to use the school buildings for meetings to consider anything and everything that pertains to the well-being of the community, not because they are school buildings but because these buildings belong to the people and should be available and because they are supposed to be located so that they are most convenient for the people of any one neighborhood to reach.

A social center has been described as "a place where the people can come together on a basis of absolute equality for the promotion of those things in which all have a common interest; a place where the people of a neighborhood can meet for recreation, entertainment or instruction and for the discussion of the problems of individual, municipal and national life." It seems to us that this should give a clear idea of the purpose. We find it in a pamphlet issued by the South Bend Chamber

of Commerce, which has consented to act as a sort of city center of the neighborhood centers.

At South Bend, where this movement has made perhaps more headway than anywhere else in the state, the school buildings are used because the people not only own these buildings but have a sense of ownership. They feel more at home in these buildings perhaps than they would in any other. "They can meet on common ground, laying aside all political, religious, racial, class or other prejudices."

In most places this idea is comparatively new. It is so in Marion, of course. There has been little public mention of this movement, comparatively little thinking has been done about it, and therefore the first thing to be done is to get to thinking about it. The *Chronicle* proposes to do what it can to help keep the matter in mind. It has not been a monomaniac on the subject but it is ready to become one, for the reason that it can think of nothing under the sun that in the long run will bring to the community so much good with so little expenditure of money, time and vitality. It regards this movement as one of the most beneficent things that has come up for attention in the history of the country. It is the spirit of the old New England town meetings, brought to bear when it is greatly needed and when the facilities for promoting various interests are a hundred times what they were in New England when the New England meetings began to prove so effective.

There are a few already in Marion who have been thinking of this movement and there will be more a year hence. Of course these people do not expect a transformation to come out of it in thirty days—nor in sixty. They realize—most of them—that it will take time and a good deal of it even to get the people to consider such a thing. It will take time to cultivate the habit of keeping the subject in mind, but the time will come, nevertheless, when the people will not only be thinking about it but they will be ready to make the most of the opportunity.

The *Chronicle* will be a zealous and industrious servant of the cause for the simple reason that it regards the movement as the best thing that has happened or is going to happen for many a day. The subject will probably have attention again tomorrow.

And next day the author of "The Mind Life," for he is a student, added:

We have so long been used to seeing our fine school buildings dark in the evening and empty at all times outside of school hours, that we have been slow to realize that in these buildings we have an equipment the value of which can be multiplied to an enormous degree, and this without interfering with their value as schools. In fact one of the most obvious benefits of the social center movement is that it forms a direct link between the school and the home—to the benefit of both.—South Bend Chamber of Commerce.

Here is a point that a good many people have never thought of—hundreds of thousands of dollars invested in buildings that are used but a few hours in the day for half the days in the year. There is not a business enterprise in the land that could live if no more use than this were made of its equipment. These buildings might be used three times as much as they are and still be in use less time than most buildings in successful business enterprises.

One point therefore in favor of the use of these buildings for social centers is that it provides a way to obtain additional returns from an investment. Stated in business terms, the additional profit compared with the additional investment would be many thousand per cent.

This point has been considered by many school organizations and in order to obtain additional returns in many places vacation schools and

night schools have been established. When these are properly conducted instead of interfering with the day schools they contribute to the success of the entire school institution, and there is no reason why they should not be as properly conducted as the day schools.

A wide variety of other uses are now being made of school buildings. It is said that in New York city in one year lectures in the school buildings were presented on nearly two thousand different subjects to audiences that aggregated more than a million people. In many places an effort is made to provide in schools proper forms of amusement and instruction for children and young people who are out of school, such as stereopticon and moving picture entertainments, gymnastic training, debating and singing societies, moot courts, junior common councils, legislative bodies, etc. Game rooms have been provided for the evening use of young people, and branch libraries have been installed which serve as reading rooms for the public week-day evenings and Sunday afternoons during the winter season.

Then come the adult organizations "formed to promote civic friendliness and intelligent public spirit." This is the form of social center work that was started at South Bend two years ago. Other up-to-date towns have started a similar movement. This is the form urged in Marion now.

In a few years this will become a mighty movement. The first step, of course, must be a short one. The first thing to be done is for the people to begin "turning it over" in their minds. This stage is bound to come in Marion. It has already begun to manifest itself and the time will come some of these days when there will be one of these organizations set on foot. It may be in a few weeks, or it may be months or it may be years. There is no reason why it should not be in a few weeks, except that most people in Marion have not been thinking about the matter one way or another. When they get to thinking about it, they will see possibilities in it and the more thinking they do on the subject the more these possibilities will roll up. The truth is they are almost boundless, but it will require years to demonstrate this.

Some of the people here are already turning this over in their minds. Let them talk it. Let others begin thinking on the subject. There is no better subject. It is too soon to begin any specific movement. The first thing is the chewing process—let the mind chew upon it. Then the rest will follow in due time.

Writing on the subject, "Schools as Social Centers," Mrs. Cora Bennett Stephenson produces the following argument:

In the *Globe* for January 28, 1912, Dr. Frank Crane wrote: "The root trouble with our entire educational system, including the public schools and universities, is that they are not democratic. Being an institution, the school is cramped by the dead hand of the monarchic, caste-invested past. The school ought to prepare the child for work. It should prepare him to be a useful citizen. The school should study the child and develop his natural gifts. It should seek to make him conform to some theoretical standard."

We will assume that the need to keep our young people off the streets and out of the alleys and vulgar and vicious places of amusement is worth the best energies of the best blood in Marion. We may not by preaching formal moral precepts or by threat of punishment save our young; this method has been stubbornly weighed in the balance and found wanting. Nature abhors a vacuum in no place so consistently as in the emotions of a developing human. We must feed the famishing affection of our young or they will eat filth. The moral needs of the child cannot be separated from his intellectual or physical ones; the individual is hap-

pily a synthesis. The school must face the problem of competition with the streets and alleys that are always open and are always inviting with their prospect of freedom of motion. The time has come when the parents of Marion as one body must insist that the public school throw off its incubus of educational nonsense and adapt itself to the actual human needs of our children. Our schools lack effect because the teachers have spent their vital forces trying to perform a miracle; they have tried to substitute their own will for the motivity of the child. This futile, cruel, extravagant struggle has gone on until the most conservative among us is inclined to intervene between the children and the outgrown tradition that cripples and degrades them.

That the process is futile may be indicated by the fact that parents that can afford to give their children other opportunities, do not, as a rule send their children to their home school. They send their children to other towns in search of means of education, at the same time they support an institution here that is, from the standpoint of the opportunity offered and the funds consumed, more expensive than the best school in the country.

The members of the school board are foremost among those that recognize and deplore this situation but they must be supported by intelligent public opinion before they can effect the reform that the conditions demand.

The futility of our present high school system is further indicated by the fact that when the janitor locks the doors of the building in the evening, the institution ceases to exist for Marion. The teachers and these young people ought by right of their high privilege be the center and heart of our civil and social life. The high school body sustains this vital relation to the townspeople in Gary, Indiana, and in innumerable small cities in other parts of Indiana.

The cruelty comes in the lack of clean pleasure in the lives of the young people, in their lack of opportunity for self-development and in the condition of impotence that the average young man and woman finds himself and herself in when each stands, diploma in hand, facing the bread-and-butter question.

Gary, Indiana, for instance, meets the social and hence the moral needs of her young people at less cost per capita than we spend on our young people. The study of the schools of Gary is a subject too big to enter into here. A postal card will bring a bundle of literature to anyone inquiring, in which facts are stated, photographs presented and figures given.

The cry may come that we cannot do as Gary does because we have not the Gary equipment. And for answer we say that equipment helps, it is true; and material equipment inevitably follows demonstration of need as light comes with the sun. But our trouble is ghosts. Our children want a common meeting place; a great democratic club house where they can do as they please. And they are told: Go home and enjoy yourselves. They want to meet and dance. Dancing is a wholesome natural form of recreation; all normal vertebrates dance. All social bodies in Marion dance. Yet our high school does not dance. Where could they dance? asks the skeptic. In the assembly room. Why should we sacrifice such a pleasant thing as dancing just for the tradition of rows of desks screwed to the floors. The boys in high school would gladly put the floor of the auditorium in condition for dancing and keep it so if they were allowed to dance there. Movable seats could be placed quickly each day by groups of students and personal property could be conserved in the lockers. In Gary no child owns a seat. The seat is the property of the school body and is practically always in use. One of the

leaks in our high school is due to the attempt to demonstrate individual ownership.

And this brings us to the idea of the high school as a social center.

Miss Addams told the writer that the hardest problem that had to be handled at Hull House was to keep the children of the well-to-do away. If only one-tenth of the young folks that would go nightly to Hull House in costly motors for democratic, simple recreation were admitted there would not be room for the poor whose needs the settlement house was founded to meet.

The numerous adult clubs and lodges in Marion are our strongest arguments for the need of some common, democratic soil on which our young folks may meet socially.

All the Masons that are about to dedicate their beautiful temple have comfortable and even some of them sumptuous homes. Yet they recognize the need of a common playground. The members of the various lodges and of the Golf and Country Clubs also have good homes, yet these bodies support their common meeting place without questioning their right to do so.

And with an even more imperious need the young people cry for a decent place to go to that is always open, where the responsibilities are shared equally, and where there can be no hurtful comparisons of the individual standards of living. The individual homes are too small to take care of an indefinite number of young people, and there are invalids, old persons and infants and any number of reasons why the homes are not always open to the young folks.

The high school is the legitimate social home of all the young people in Marion, whether they attend the day classes or not.

And what would these young people do if they were allowed to meet in the high school building for social recreation?

First of all they would develop a high school orchestra and have dances, probably every Friday and Saturday night. They would agree on some more economical manner of arranging the seating of students in order to have a living room. They would stack up some of the goods in the basement; they would utilize the attics to provide rooms with couches and gay cushions, phonographs and punching bags. They would form some sort of common council and decide on closing time for Friday night and for Saturday night. They would also thresh out the problem of whether smoking would be allowed in the building. Suppose since most of the boys help themselves to their fathers' tobacco supply they did decide to smoke in the building. Very soon the insurance authorities would wake up to the fact that the liability to fire was increased hugely by the possibility of cigarette stubs being thrown into a corner. Also the physiology teacher would bring a little guinea pig to class—a funny little pink and white animal that dearly loves life. The teacher would shave a little area on the stomach of the guinea pig and place on that bare spot a dab of nicotine taken from any high school boy's jimmy pipe. The little pig would curl up its toes and die there and then. She would take frog-spawn and kill the life of thousands of future greenbacks by dropping it into a mild solution of tobacco juice. After that—just as they did at Gary—the boys would enjoin themselves from smoking in the high school building without doubt.

Besides dancing there would be play-acting. The heroics of Dido building her funeral pyre in her atrium at Carthage would furnish the basis for a gorgeous drama. The class in classics would meet with the sewing and manual arts classes, and by studying the cuts of old statues and wall decorations would make costumes and stage settings as valuable historically as any that the great Irving ever brought out

of his workshop in London. The stimulation to original endeavor that even this relatively insignificant feature would effect is incalculable.

The cooking school would not only serve good refreshments at cost at these functions, but they would probably be stimulated into turning real housekeepers and attack the problem of simple noon luncheons for the dozens who would prefer to stay at the high school at noon if they were allowed to make it an hour of social recreation. On washing day and on cleaning day and when Miss Maria comes to sew and the day that mother entertains her club are not very pleasant days for the school boy to come home to lunch. Yet he must eat; and he would like to play also.

Some one may object that if we allowed dancing in the high school, might we not expect every form of the terpsichorean art from the tango to a certain African dance that we cannot spell? The answer is no.

There is no period in life when humanity is more refined, more intolerant of the ugly and more receptive of beauty than youth. If a high school girl were told she waddled when she walked, she would wear her muscles sore praticing before a mirror in order to take the suggestion of a duck from her carriage. No more would she dance like a bear, a rabbit or a barnyard fowl.

Waltzing and two-step are indeed monotonous, and that class of dancing known as square dancing is not popular because it is rare that the requisite number of good dancers are found in one "set" of six or eight. They lack the rhythm moreover that the round dances furnish. Rhythm is the essence of dancing, and we will have it.

There is a very simple way of avoiding monotony in dancing. We have already in Marion persons who would be only too happy to go to the high school and teach folk-dances that meet the emotional requirement of young people so wholesomely. This service would be given gladly free of charge. Also no doubt that some of the young men and women whose parents could afford it would go to the city and learn such beautiful dancing as Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, Gertrude Hoffman, Adelaide Genee and other dancers offer for instruction, and, coming back home, train others and thus develop a branch of art that has found legitimate encouragement since the world began.

How many traveling men with youngsters of their own at home would miss the opportunity when lounging about the hotels evenings to go up and enjoy the fun with the young folks in the school building on the hill? They might like to punch the bag and tell stories of when Heck was a pup to a crowd of eager-eyed boys in the room with the phonograph and the cushions. How many quiet, middle-aged women among us left companionless and with lonely evenings would not trudge up the hill just to look in on the young people?

We want the high school opened at least two evenings in the week as a social center, unrestricted except by the free contracts that the young people themselves decide to make.

While some of the foregoing may be prophesy rather than history, straws serve to tell the way the wind is blowing in the educational as in the physical world, and the historian was interested in the 1913 commencement productions of three Marion high school graduates who grappled the questions of the day, Fred Smith dealing with "Conservation of Human Life and Energy," but without localizing his treatise, and Paul Seiberling writing on the romantic side of business, showed careful thought, saying "business is the supplying of human wants." But because Earl Boxell has looked conditions so squarely in the face in his "Vocational or Liberal?" inquiry, his oration—he delivered it without manuscript—is reproduced as a strong plea for the continuation of the

present educational system. The high school fitted the young man for his undertaking, and he says:

Every year it is the habit according to the ancient custom in vogue at school commencements to import some speaker, whom we have never heard of before, to perform the annual task of unloading upon our youthful shoulders the responsibilities of life. It is indeed an enviable privilege to listen to people older and wiser. I have no fault to find with the system. But on such occasion youth always feigns an air of polite interest and reverence which is not genuine. Which goes to make an embarrassing situation.

The status of the speaker is more honorary than real. If it were a real class address he would be forced to turn his back upon the audience and talk to the graduates upon the platform, whereas the address is generally to the audience. In either case those behind the speaker naturally become restless. And so our commencement is a departure from the rule.

Asking your indulgence for the frailty and mistakes of youth, I will attempt not to solve some great question of state, or religion, but merely to present from a student point of view a question of current interest now very much before the public. The question regards the character and the work of our public schools. It arises from the fact that of recent years our schools have been the butt of violent criticism on the ground that they do not prepare the student for real life. There is a great clamor for change and the proponents of the change are putting forward vocational training as opposed to liberal arts. Such a change would mean a radical difference from the system as at present. The two alternatives are very different. The present system would cling to the studies as we now have them, while the vocational would turn our schools into shops. It would substitute laundry work, bricklaying, farming, etc., for such sudies as Latin, Greek and geometry.

The purpose of education is of course to prepare the student for complete life. Education is a never-ending process and no one ever becomes perfectly educated. Learning is not involved in our education. Learning is the enterprise of a lifetime. The question is simply this: Shall our schools be a place of mental discipline, and if they are, shall the training be a general training of the faculties and a general awakening to the issues and interests of the modern world, or a preliminary initiation into the drill of a particular vocation, which will best serve to prepare one for complete life?

As I said before this movement toward vocationalizing the schools is rather precipitate. It contemplates too great a change, too much of a good thing. I once read of a process for maturing wine. The inventor had figured that contact with the air was the chemical cause of the ripening of wine. This contact could occur only at the surface, consequently if any way could be found for multiplying the points of contact between the air and the surface of the liquid, the process must be thereby shortened. His device was to take the wine to the top of a tower and spray it downward through the air four hundred feet. In this way, raw, new port must become fine old wine in the space of five minutes. This scheme for the vocationalizing the schools appears to me to have some of the defects of the device. Our educational processes need the slow ripening of time.

Educational processes should bear a very intimate relation to the life of our day. There is a great challenge to effort in the modern world. Individuals are yoked together in modern enterprise because no enterprise stands alone or independent, but is related to every other and feels changes in all parts of the globe. The man who understands only some

single process, some single piece of work which he is set to do, will never do anything else, and is apt to be deprived at any time of the chance to do that because processes change, industry undergoes sudden revolutions. New inventions and alterations in processes throw accustomed methods and specially trained men out of date without pause or pity. The man specially trained may become an unskilled laborer over night. Then if he lacks a general education such as our liberal arts course provides, he lacks the power to adjust himself to changed conditions. His knowledge does not extend beyond a certain point. The particular thing he has been taught to do may become unnecessary or so changed that he can not adjust himself to the change.

The school is meant, I believe, to stimulate in as many students as possible the power to organize and guide. Below the higher ranks of generalship in affairs there is needed for the execution of the varied business of the world a very large number of men with the capacity and readiness to execute a whole series of faculties; faculties for planning as well as technical skill, the ability to handle men as well as tools, faculties of adaptation as well as precise execution. Education should give the power to acquire a working knowledge of many things, to grasp a given situation readily, quickly and intelligently. Quick comprehension and quick action are demanded by the modern world.

The question then seems to be, shall we go to school to learn one vocation, for the purpose of getting ready to be a servant merely or for the purpose of becoming a master adventurer in the field of modern opportunity. We must expect, of course, hewers of wood and drawers of water to come out of the schools in due proportion, but it seems to me that not one of them could have gone to school with the ambition to be nothing more.

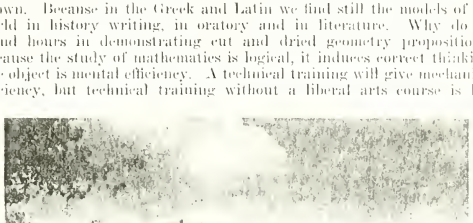
Part of this very question is the ambition with which we go to school. I venture to say that a majority of those students in the high schools today do not know what they are going to do when they graduate. Those in favor of vocational schools seize upon this fact as a great asset in their favor. They charge that the schools are purposeless, that they do not aim at any definite product. Instead of translating dead languages, dead Latin paradigms, proving geometry propositions that are of no practical value, searching into and reading the records of history, they would train the student to some particular vocation; they would turn out seamstresses, housekeepers (a thing which girls ought to learn at home—How say you, Signor Null—), shoemakers, carpenters, paper hangers, farmers, and what not. Certainly that is to be preferred to a scattered and aimless choice of studies. But it must be borne in mind that at this period of life the student's purposes and ideals are not clearly defined. He lives in a land between the practical things and his ideal. He does not see things in definite form. And so I do not believe that it is right to cause the student to take some special vocation before he has fully explored his powers and found himself. True, this is an age of specialization, but let the specialization come after a broad foundation has been laid. The studies of school and college sift men out for their right professions without their knowing how or when it happens.

The fellows who take to biology and are handy with the microscope will take to medicine as a matter of course. The fellows that get waked up in philosophy naturally go into the ministry. Those for whom physics and chemistry hold a fascination will become engineers and scientists and electricians. Those who take to history and politics are foreordained to law. A man's vocation thus becomes the expression of his ideal.

Our school system in order to be of any force must have a general

ideal. Our present ideal holds the school a place of general development wherein the student may build a broad foundation for the work of after life. The new education takes as its ideal the market value of an education.

It regards an education as of value only in dollars and cents. If there is one tendency in modern life that needs to be fought it is the tendency to put a market value upon everything we do. Education can not be measured in money value. That education which assures a man only so many dollars a year is not a true education. The student must be prepared for complete life. Why should so much time be spent on literature? Because literature is the expression of ideals of love, truth and beauty, the revelation of the soul. Why do we translate the dead languages? Because Latin and Greek for centuries carried the thought of the world. Because Latin is the most logical language the world has known. Because in the Greek and Latin we find still the models of the world in history writing, in oratory and in literature. Why do we spend hours in demonstrating cut and dried geometry propositions? Because the study of mathematics is logical, it induces correct thinking. The object is mental efficiency. A technical training will give mechanical efficiency, but technical training without a liberal arts course is like



Class in Horticulture—Marion Normal School.

an engine running with but a little fire under its boilers. Its capabilities are limited. The interests of the world are so intermingled that to do one thing well a person must have a working knowledge of many subjects. A person's life can be no larger than the foundation he has laid.

Technical schools and specialization are necessary. The men they train are indispensable. But first let us lay a strong broad foundation of liberal arts, of the studies that enrich and quicken the mind. We soon forget the things learned at school, but the habits, the training and tastes developed there remain. The object of the modern school is mental discipline, to produce the right attitude toward life. Technical training begun too soon will lessen and narrow the student's capabilities. Let the school remain a place where modes of life are taught and not mere mechanical skill. Let us remember that the wrong ideal inevitably

dwarfs the soul while the other in its own good time builds monuments of character.

While some object to the high school because only the favored few graduate from it, as long as its graduates produce such splendid orations the system is not wholly ineffectual, and his sarcastic criticism upon the average class speaker is a portrayal of fact as often witnessed in Grant county commencements. Now and then a speaker takes the graduating class into the account, but many times have the graduates grown restless under the spellbinder's efforts to hold the attention of those in front rather than of those seated behind him—the honor guests of the occasion—and school officials should take that circumstance into the account when casting about for class speakers. The 1913 graduating class of the Marion High School has set a pace for other graduates, and rather than take chances on being ignored by an imported orator, it produced its own oratory.

XLIV. HISTORY OF LITTLE RIDGE DISTRICT SCHOOL

By Ina Mary Ratliff

It is often said that the history of one family is practically the history of other families under similar environment, and the story of the Little Ridge school as presented by one of its pupils at her commencement in 1901 has value because of its originality, and because conditions in other neighborhoods are similar, barring the fact that Little Ridge is the only district in Liberty where two teachers have been universally employed prior to the time of this particular commencement. Miss Ratliff entered Fairmount Academy, completed the course of study, and then entered Earlham College, where she graduated eight years later. After two years as a Liberty township teacher she connected herself with the American Friends board of foreign missions, and in 1911 she went to Cuba as a missionary.

The young lady exhibited the initiative in her own character at her township commencement by delivering an original production, and the following sketch has merit as coming from a township graduate—some reaching that stage early: "The first school in Liberty township was taught by Martha Jane Morgan, now Martha Tumbleson, in a schoolhouse near where Charles Payne now lives. It was called the Joseph Morgan school because it was through his influence that it was organized. Just fifty years ago the Quakers started a subscription school in the old log meeting house at Little Ridge. Some of the teachers were Rachel Moore, George Pierce and my grandfather, Mahlon Harvey, who lived two or three hundred yards north of the schoolhouse. He sent his little girl to school when the woods were so thick that he had to cut away the bushes and blaze a path to the schoolhouse so she would not get lost.

The first district school in Liberty township was the Reeder school, on the corner north from the tile mill at Wright's station. Among the teachers were Lydia Harvey, Mary Jane Hadley and Lewis Jones, who is now president of the Michigan Normal School. [Editor's note. Mr. Jones was a Grant county boy who became superintendent of the Indianapolis city schools, and later held the same position in Cleveland, Ohio, before locating in Michigan.] They held elections and voted on the teachers, the candidates securing the greatest number

of votes being given the position. At that time the teacher did not write an examination for a license, but went to Marion, where a man, called the examiner, asked them questions for half an hour or more, and if they could answer some questions which he could not he granted them a license, as the supply was not great and some schools often had poor teachers.

When Jesse Wright became trustee he built a school house about a mile and a half west of Little Ridge on Mahlon Brewer's farm. It was low ground and the water often raised to a depth of two feet during spring rains, and one spring when George Pierce taught the water raised around the school house until there was not a dry spot near it. He rode a horse to school that morning. The water was so high he could not get to the wood pile on foot, so he rode out to it and loaded the wood on in front of him, carried it up to the door and threw it in the house. He built a fire, but no scholars came and there was no school until the water went down. About 1870 a school house was built at this place, and the first teacher was J. H. Gauntt, with Edward Caldwell as his assistant. Both teachers resigned on account of sickness and John and Eli Cox finished the term. The next teacher was Elwood Scott, who is now a minister, then T. J. Nixon taught three years with Mossilene MacFarland, Sallie Hollingsworth and Eliza Jane Howell as assistants.

Three or four years after the school was opened it became necessary to build another room. All the young folks in the neighborhood from little boys and girls of six or seven to grown men and women went to school. Where there were several children in one family they carried one big basket and all ate together. The next teacher was Thomas Hutchins, with Jennie Newby as his assistant; Evan H. Ferree followed, teaching three years; Anna Goodwin, Ella Exelby and Sarah Whitson each taught a term with him, and next came Enos Harvey, who taught two years, with Mollie Brandon and Sallie Price as assistants. Alexander Fink taught two terms with Ella Cammack and Ruth Harvey as his assistants. J. F. Carmichael and Jennie Roser taught the next year, followed by James Jones and Myrtle Kimes, who were afterward married, and Anna Chappell was his primary teacher. Joseph Latham and Anna Ellis taught the next year, and after them came Ancil E. Ratliff and Cora Doherty. James Eaton came next with Cora Doherty assisting again. William Young then taught one term without an assistant, and it was during this year the school house burned one night, all the scholars losing their books, and at the time the present brick school house was built, Mr. Young teaching the next year with Nettie McMasters as primary teacher.

[Editor's Note. Because Little Ridge was an unusually thickly populated district, there was a "leanto" built on the old frame school house, and the primary teachers there always taught in the "Kitchen." The new building has two rooms and when there is only one teacher the other room affords a play room for basket ball.]

Homer Dickey and Flo Wells were the next teachers, followed by Dempsy Ceball, with Flo Wells and Lillie Hungerford as assistants. Flo Wells began the next term, and Frank McCabe, who is now trustee of our township, finished it. Clayton Johnson then taught two terms with Louise Hutchins and Josephine Knight assisting him. Frank McCabe taught the next year with Edna Ballenger assisting him. Oliver J. Hockett then taught two terms with Stella Davis and Edna Ballenger assisting him. W. W. Ware and Miss Ballenger taught the next term and this completes the list up to our present teachers, who are Mr. Ware and Dora Bogue. Little Ridge school has had more teachers, a greater number of pupils, a longer list of graduates and bigger dinners

than any other school in Liberty township. Many of our pupils have pushed forward, and are now filling positions of honor and credit to themselves and to the country. May the high standard which our former teachers have left us not be lowered, and we believe the pupils of Little Ridge will continue to reach high ideals as in the past.

XLV. THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM—HIGH SCHOOLS

Who will gainsay the statement that education increases one's opportunities for success—paves the way for influence and usefulness in the community? Primitive educational conditions have been fully described by other Centennial history writers, and there is wholesome pride in the status of Grant as compared with other counties in Indiana, accredited to have the best educational system in the United States in any nation in the world.

In his autobiography, Allen Jay, who always called Grant county his home, says that during the reconstruction period following the Civil war he heard an eminent German educator deliver a lecture in Washington City, entitled: "Educational Laws of the World," and he used maps and charts in illustrating his lecture. He had maps of all nations. It was while Mr. Jay was a solicitor for Earlham College, and he always kept in close touch with such things. When the German professor dealt with the laws of the United States he showed individual maps, and the one indicating the best system was of Indiana. Mr. Jay quotes from the lecture: "According to the map of Indiana, ladies and gentlemen, there is a state that has the best educational system in the Union—yes, the best there is in the world, and the Quakers are to blame for it," and "Looking Backward," it appears that Barnabas C. Hobbs, who was the educated Quaker of his day, was state superintendent of public instruction during this reconstruction period in Indiana, and all through the United States.

No doubt B. C. Hobbs had more to do with educational affairs in Indiana at this critical time than any other man—head of the school system at this formative period. Many people speak of the seventies as eventful years in local history. War had "waged its wide desolation," and the institutions of antebellum days were dissipated. (See chapter Marion Academy and College of Indiana), were scattered to the four winds, and perhaps he was the opportune man to do something for the schools of Indiana. Mr. Jay says further that Mr. Hobbs was not appreciated at the time by the state nor by his own church, but a generation later full credit was given to him. Mr. Hobbs one time visited Grant County Friends' churches, conflicting with the celebrated John Henry Douglass, who had the second round with a wornout audience, and he had occasion to criticise him, saying he was a tedious, doctrinal sermonizer, preaching above the heads of those who listened, but today he is honored as the man who gave to Indiana its educational prestige. There was an Indiana school exhibit at the Centennial exposition in Philadelphia in 1876 that attracted the nations of the world on account of its excellence, focused attention, and since then Indiana has been in the ascendancy, and some local enthusiasts say Grant is a front line county in educational efficiency and interest.

In his own biographical sketch, C. A. Osborn relates that the one thing in which he feels most pride is his relation to the graded school system in Grant county, and it was while he was county superintendent of schools that the first class was graduated from the common schools.

Including the 1913 graduates, 4,691 diplomas have been issued—and why not the common school the hope of the country? Township and county commencements have long attracted the best families because so many firesides have been touched by them. No county bordering Grant has ever had such demonstrations, and the interest created in the townships always culminates in a big county commencement—the thirteen township winners in oratory always being honor graduates, and contesting again for county laurels. While all the towns have their grade and high school commencements, only the townships meet a second time and contest for county honors. The cream of the community always comes out to see the common school graduates receive their diplomas.

Farm dinner bells ring early on township commencement day. It used to be the young horse was hitched to the carriage, but for several years there has been an automobile show in each township when the ribbons fluttered from the bosoms of the graduates. Often there have been four generations present, the uncles, aunts and cousins of the graduates all doing them honor on commencement day. The Indiana theater was never large enough for the county meeting, and in 1913 it was demonstrated that the new civic hall was smaller than the numbers who came to the commencement—every foot of room occupied, and many unable to see and hear the graduates. How to take care of a county commencement audience has always been the problem of the county board of education, and the Lyon tabernacle, although only a temporary structure, would just about meet the requirements.

The fathers and mothers are interested in these diplomas, saying they understand how their children obtain them, and the writer remembers two homes where the parents claim them and regard them as the finest ornaments on their walls—say the children may have them later. The late Henry D. Carter and Mrs. H. C. Creviston had similar ideas—those diplomas were not bought with money. An alumni of 4,691 members is a splendid showing for a little more than one generation in common school history. When these diplomas are given the common school graduates, they are always told about the nine high schools and the private educational institutions in the county inviting their patronage, and there are few who stop with their first commencement day. It is said that about fifty per cent of those who enter the freshmen year in high school graduate with the seniors later.

Intellectually speaking, grade means measure of intelligence regulated, perhaps, by years, and while some are strong and some are weak, individual attention is the purpose of the system. "Feed my sheep and feed my lambs," applies to the teacher as well as the minister. Of course there are changed methods in vogue since Grant county common schools turned out their first graduates. What has become of the slate and pencil of other days? While the slate and "slate rag" may have been unsanitary—who did not spit on his slate to clean it—and while pencils would sometimes scratch and disturb the teacher's nerves, the slate and pencil were part of the system less than a generation ago. A school tablet industry has sprung up in Grant county now—an educator of other days who knew how much the slate was used simply took advantage of the situation, and the slate has been relegated to the curio exhibit.

"Don't care whether school keeps or not just so the big girls come," is a time honored saying antedated since the boys and girls are graduated at twelve and fourteen—before the ardent passion seizes them, and the high school teacher must combat that inclination. The pupils graduate too young for courtship among themselves or to fall in love with the teacher. A present day Sunday school teacher who once taught in public school declares the graduates do not have an all around, gen-

eral education when they receive diplomas. When some of the fathers and mothers see their children leave home for high school or college, they sometimes wish they could turn back the clock and have them little again. A child learns many things from association at school that had not disturbed it before its "school days, golden rule days" had taken it away from them.

"Can't you keep more quiet, can't you mind the rule?
Bless me this is pleasant—teaching public school,"

certainly reflects universal conditions.

It is said there never can be any more rail-splitting presidents, no more statesmen from the common schools, as all pupils get into high school before the days of their physical activities. The county historian was a teacher from 1879 to 1891, and he enjoyed twelve winters immensely. While there were township graduates in that time the popularity of the commencement came later. When aestheticism began to assert itself—those who attended the Roseburg school the winter of 1886-7 for witnesses, the first window draperies were installed—cheese cloth and red oil calico, and while the pupils enjoyed the touch of refinement, those curtains did attract a great deal of attention. There were some pictures on the wall and the curtains, and it all made the place homelike, and since then such decorations are the universal custom. Roseburg was the first district school in Grant county to have window hangings at all. H. M. Shugart was trustee of Franklin township. He allowed the bill at a dry goods store, and Mrs. Clarkson Willcuts made the curtains. Rolinda closed his last school at "the brick" in Monroe, March 21, 1891, and there were wall and window decorations there. Twenty-two and one-half years later, September 20, 1913, he went again to the teacher's examination, making an average of 90.5, and again he is eligible to teach in the common schools of Grant county. You can't lose some folks.

It has been said that property in ancient Sodom was not worth its face value after Lot—the one righteous man, moved out of town, and the school house removed from the community would have the same depressing effect. Remove the three educational institutions, the school, the church and the printing press, and what would hold the community together? Some twentieth century school boards require a teacher to live in a community for the sake of her influence. Literature is not silent, and both "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" and "Rolinda," deal with the common school question. While "Lickin and Larnin" used to be inseparable, and "pettycoat administration" was an unknown quantity in the early history of Grant county schools, a new era has dawned and County Superintendent C. H. Terrell, who furnished considerable data for this chapter makes the prophesy that in the course of time "mere men" will be clamoring for their rights in the school room. There is evolution in everything, and the "weaker vessels" seem to be in the ascendancy. In the study of English a generation ago the rule was to give masculine form to pronouns in common gender, but the twentieth century Sunday school and educational literature all designate the teacher as "she," and the 1913 register shows 104 men and 208 women employed in Grant county schools. The ratio changes a little in the high schools, where there are twenty-eight men and twenty-two women, and it is as an educator that woman comes into her own—no discrimination against her sex as in many vocations.

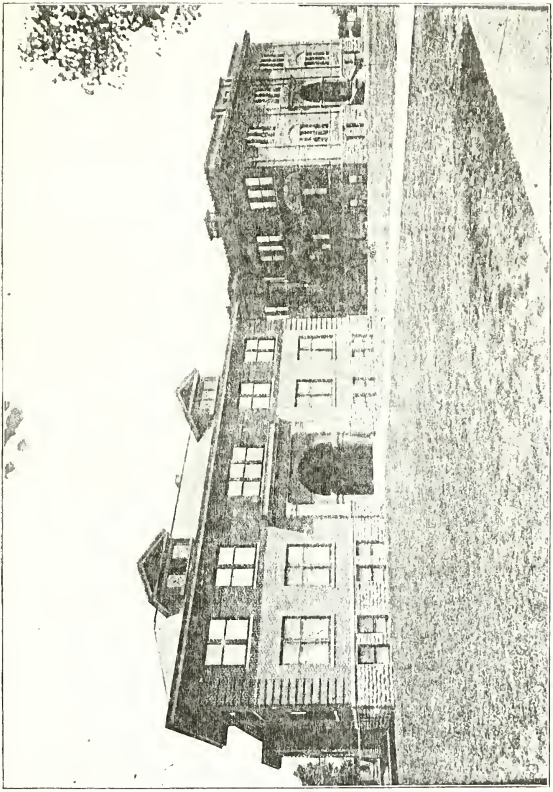
Statistics show that in the first one hundred years in the history of education in the United States, that of ten thousand men who have risen to prominence not more than thirty were self-taught, although the self-made man and his tailor, and the self-made woman and her druggist,

are prominent in literature. A boy with only a grammar school education has a slim chance of promotion—the open doors are for the educated young man, and the ladder of fame is hard to ascend unless one has the credentials. No one tells in public in the twentieth century about acquiring an education after attaining his majority—that he learned his "a, b, abs" after he was a voter. The fathers and mothers of today still hear the echo of such speeches in public places. Some of the best educators used to tell it from school house rostrums and other platforms. Along in the days of Barnabas C. Hobbs there were men and women who could "do sums" in their heads who could not "figger to the Rule o' Three" in a text book at all.

What would the grandfathers and grandmothers have accomplished had a liberal education been vouchsafed to them? They lived in a day when brawn was necessary in transforming the wilderness, while their posterity requires brain to cope with the methods of advance civilization. The people who could "do sums" in their heads were the material from which statesmen were made, but now the boy with a high school or college training has better opportunities before him. The best thing one can do for a young man is to urge him to obtain a liberal education. The trained business girl is independent—can support herself. She need not listen to the love story of the young man without character as his capital. The self denial practiced by fathers and mothers in educating their children is an old, old story in Grant county.

In its broadest sense, education includes all of the experiences in the life of the individual that in any way modify his nature. There are various definitions and interpretations, and it is well to look into what philosophers—educators, ancient, modern and contemporary say about it. No course of study is a fixed thing, and no teacher is a fixture unless he demonstrates his ability. It used to be said that every one ate a peck of dirt in his life time, but sanitary conditions have been revolutionized, and there is no more noticeable change than in methods of pedagogy. There has always been sentiment in favor of the district school, and hallowed associations cluster around it. When the district school was the social center there were no nearby colleges and universities luring the young men and women away from the community. The graded lesson system was certainly the beginning of the end, and the boys in knee pants and the girls in short skirts now study in the higher institutions of learning. Only children attend the common school today, and the graduating class is boys and girls rather than young men and women. There are abandoned school houses, deserted play grounds, and the children are transported to other communities.

While centralization has never been necessary in Grant county on account of the distribution of high school centers, and the splendid electric transportation service, combined with the good roads in every township, consolidation has prevailed for several years and sometimes a closed school house is opened again—the required number of children in the community. When B. F. Shields was trustee of Franklin in the nineties, he brought a storm of protest upon himself when he practiced consolidation methods at least a decade before public sentiment had been educated up to it. The West Branch school house was considered unsafe, and he hauled part of the district to Roseburg and part of it to the Shugart school, and when there were not enough scholars at the Mills school, he hauled them to the Babb school over protest of many tax payers, and yet he foresaw what was inevitable and paid the customary penalty of being in advance of the times—had the censure of many who later indorsed his methods. He did it as a matter of township economy, and at the same time he instituted a high school course at Roseburg, the



HORACE MANN INDUSTRIAL AND MARTIN BOOTS HIGH SCHOOL

"centralization" point if popular sentiment had indorsed it. There is still some opposition to consolidation, more or less well founded prejudice against the "kid wagon," but centralization is in vogue, each high school drawing patronage from miles around, and the course of study is being worked out in every community.

Education is comprehensive, and consequently the course of study leading to a liberal education should be extensive, one writer saying: "The main purpose of education is to permit the individual to participate in the conscious knowledge of the race," and another: "The realization of all the possibilities of human growth and development is education." It is an incontrovertible statement that the common school is the hope of the country, the bulwark of the nation, and with nine high schools and several private educational institutions all doing work in conformity with the requirements of the Indiana board of education, Grant county is certainly the land of educational opportunity. The commissioned high school must meet the requirements of the state board of education, admitting its graduates to other schools in Indiana. High school students who plan to enter certain higher institutions of learning may map out their course of study in conformity. The certified high school may give part of the required course of study, and credits will be accepted from it.

Conditions have changed since the reconstruction period following the Civil war, but the fathers and mothers remember the eventful days in the seventies. The twentieth century graduate does not know what is meant by a school meeting, when the patrons voted for the teacher, and children then were never sent from home for an education. The molding of character—the making of citizenship, is the prime object of the public school, and while the teachers of the past may have had stronger personalities, and there were fine old characters among them, the fact remains that the school was then the social center and the other two recognized educational agencies, the pulpit and the press, did not then contest the ground so closely—did not divide the honors so evenly. Now the metropolitan paper comes into the home, and the family goes to town to hear a sermon or a lecture, and the school teacher is only an incident in the life of the community. What has the school, the church and the newspaper done for the community? Amalgamation has changed the forefront of civilization, and unison is the key note of advancement.

The educator must teach more than the facts set forth in books. Education is a safeguard to civilization when it is rightly used, and the Bible in the public schools is the concern of some Christians. Are there any immoral teachers? Like saloon keepers, teachers must possess moral characters. Some one has said it is better to be an ignoramus than an educator whose influence is a blight to character. While the chief of police or the county sheriff may not always be estimated morally by the company he keeps, such measure is placed on the teacher, and moral character is part of his stock in trade. The teacher must exhibit the necessary qualifications. It is said that when Joab Wright was county school examiner in an early day, Robert G. Patterson was installed as a teacher in a district school, began teaching without credentials, although he was "extraordinarily good in the three R's," and when Mr. Wright visited the school he asked Mr. Patterson if London was the largest city in the world, and, answered in the affirmative, a teacher's certificate was issued to him. Nowadays the teacher must have knowledge of many things, must be efficient, and amalgamation has rendered it an impossibility to detect from the manner of speech or the style of apparel whether "she" hails from town or country.

While the county board of education is composed of the thirteen township trustees and the president of each town school corporation board, public sentiment is behind all educational movements, and there were many well-to-do families in the early history of Marion who did not approve of the public school at all. After there were public schools there was a well defined tendency toward private teachers, and the governors and the minister as a tutor were part of early family history. While the public school is the great equalizing agency, the private school remained in favor many years. While there are fifty high school teachers in the county, twenty-four of them are now in Marion, although the first high school course in Grant county was instituted in Jonesboro. While higher educational work in Marion began with private schools having the Princeton university course of study, as elsewhere described, it is true that their excellency delayed the improved methods in public schools. Public sentiment was divided—public or private schools, and until the coming of Professor Alva Graves with Professor Hamilton S. McRae and Mrs. Emma Mont McRae to Marion in 1883, there had never been any thought given to increased attendance and the need of more and better school accommodations. The old Seminary buildings (see p. 305) had answered every requirement.

While the private schools flourished in Marion, there were excellent teachers in the public schools at Jonesboro. Cornelius Shugart, Clarkson Davis, Asa T. Baldwin, William Owens, and Joseph Morrow had all been doing excellent work, and in 1865 W. A. Moore, assisted by A. T. Morrow, with Ellis Kirk and Luvenia Jones in the primary department, launched a high school course in the new schoolhouse standing near the present Big Four railway station. While Mr. Moore taught all the common branches, he also taught high school subjects, and he was followed by Lewis Jones, who afterward distinguished himself in Indianapolis and Cleveland as an educator—and thus the Quakers precipitated high school in Grant county, W. A. Moore and Lewis Jones both being Friends. While assembling data for this article, the writer talked with Mrs. Luvenia Jones-Harris and a number of students in that original Grant county high school, although commission was then an unknown term in the annals of the community. J. O. Spurgeon (historian of Pleasant) lived west of Sweetser, but he went to the Jonesboro high school in 1865, because a better course of study was offered there than anywhere else in Grant county.

John Ratliff used the first blackboard in the county in a Jonesboro school, and the Quaker community there recovered sooner from the blight of the Civil war than some localities. Among his curios Mr. Spurgeon still holds a receipt for six dollars tuition paid to Samuel Jay, Mill township trustee, because of his attendance at this original county high school. Miss Hannah Bond, who lived outside of the town, remembers that when she studied philosophy and algebra, she paid $4½ tuition. Among the schoolmates of Mr. Spurgeon and Miss Bond were: Harvey J. Hutchins, David Jay, M. L. Barnard, Ann Eliza Johnson, Robert Craw, Mary Smith, B. C. Harris, Thomas Harris, Elizabeth Harris, Sallie Harris, C. L. Shugart, Abel Knight, Robert, Rebekah and Elizabeth Carreins, Jennie Roberts, Alma M. Thompson, Ann Eliza Whitman, Aaron Winslow, Rebekah and Rachel Oren, Mary Harris, H. M. Shugart, Sarah Coggeshall, William Baldwin, Lucy Baldwin, Mantie Ruley, Robert Jay—"and when his train whistled," Mr. Spurgeon said he could name at least a hundred of them.

They used to sing geography in the public schools, but after "Billy" Moore came to Jonesboro the method of teaching changed. Quakers did not sing, but long before there was a commissioned high school in Jones-

boro there were more teachers went out from there than from any other place in Grant county. The first graded schools in Marion followed soon after the Jonesboro attempt at high school: A. H. Harritt, T. D. Tharp, William Russell, Mrs. Sabina Russell, W. C. McCord, Miss Frone A. Case, Professor Wood, Miss Nannie Mooney, I. W. Legg, W. R. McIntire, G. A. Osborn, but in 1879 Mr. Osborn dropped out to become county superintendent of schools; I. W. Barnhart, Frank R. Osborn, Phariba White, Mary Lomax. With the coming of A. H. Hastings from Michigan in 1882, Marion adopted a prescribed course of study and one class of seven young women was graduated in June, 1883, before Professor Graves, who entered the school in September as its one assistant high school teacher became identified with the Marion school, and after a full generation he is its principal with twenty-three assistant high school teachers—some indication of the growth of the community in thirty years. Until Miss Lomax, now Mrs. J. M. Ballard, was added to the Marion high school faculty, one assistant had served the purpose. Mr. Graves was that one assistant, and thirty years is a record for any teacher in any given community.

When A. H. Hastings came from Michigan in 1882 he brought Michigan teachers with him, and while he is father of the Marion high school, having complied with the requirements of the state board of education, one year was the length of his service. Mr. Hastings was succeeded as superintendent of the Marion schools by Prof. H. S. McRae, who died while holding the position, and with him was his wife, Mrs. Emma Mont McRae, who was one of the strongest educators ever in Indiana. After five years she went to Purdue University, at the head of the department of English, where she remained twenty-five years and was pensioned by the institution. No high school principal ever exerted a greater influence in Marion than Mrs. McRae. Aside from seven graduates before he came, Professor Graves has remained to see about nine hundred graduates go out from the Marion high school, and he has always engendered a splendid high school spirit in the community. Like Tennyson's Babbling Brook, his relation with the high school seems to go on forever. He has always encouraged the athletic spirit, and there are foot ball and basket ball contests frequently.

In the main, what is true of one high school is true of another, and there has always been local sentiment against it because so few take advantage of it. Recently, however, the per cent of freshmen who complete the high school course is much larger than a few years ago. A high school diploma admits its holder to college without the entrance examinations. A high school credit represents the completion of the work of one term of eighteen weeks in any study. Thirty-two regular credits are required for graduation. The regular work of a high school pupil is four daily recitations. Some of the high schools are giving commercial training, while manual training and domestic science is continued from the grades—complete industrial training. Marion high school freshmen must choose between Latin and German—between physical geography and manual arts. There are five times as many students who elect the German rather than the Latin course, a strong sentiment against Latin having been created by a Marion newspaper which opposed high school in a general way and Latin in a particular way because it did not benefit all—the high school for the few—but there is change of sentiment again about it. To a degree the honor system is used in high school government, and no complex system of rules is necessary. Truancy is an offense, and the cardinal virtues—honesty, industry, and respect for the rights and property of others—are part of the system. Gentlemanly and ladylike conduct is required

at all times, and violation of such principles is sufficient to exclude any pupil from the high school community.

The Marion high school has had a nomadic experience, and since its commission was received in August, 1882, its superintendents have been: Hasting, McRae, J. K. Waltz, W. D. Weaver, B. F. Moore, J. T. Giles and A. E. Highley. The first expansion in the Marion public schools came in 1882, when T. D. Tharp, J. H. Wigger and J. W. Miles constituted the school board, and the sum of $12,000 was placed at their disposal when the Washington and Columbian schools—north and south—were built, and the Horace Mann, Central, Morton, Sweetser, Lincoln, Franklin and Emerson schools, in addition to the "should be Martin Boots" high school, house the school population. The Marion high school has been in the old Presbyterian church, now a dye house, the Tharp, now Manitau block, Charles Block and its present location since leaving the old Seminary, for so many years an educational center.

In 1913 the public school population—the entire enumeration in Grant county was 14,682, with an actual enrollment of 11,000, and of that number the entire high school enrollment, not including those taking high school work in private institutions, was 1,300, pretty well distributed throughout the high schools of the county. The money paid as salaries to all public school teachers in 1913 amounted to $174,144.30, and $36,529.75 of that amount was paid to the fifty high school teachers in the county. The special high school equipment for 1913 cost $8,452.71, bringing the cost of the nine high schools up to $44,982.46, and yet the taxpayers are satisfied as long as results are secured from the investment. While some have a more accurate inventory of live-stock and business interests than educational affairs, none want to sacrifice the common school on the altar of greed.

The three township commissioned high schools are: Van Buren, Matthews and Sweetser, and there is a two years high school course at Mier, and high school work has been given at some other points. While high school work was given in Jonesboro in 1865, the commission was issued to the present high school there in 1897, a three years course, and in 1900 changed to the regulation four years required by the state board of education. The location of the Jonesboro school was changed in 1894, and the Hon. Will Cumback delivered a masterly address there at the dedication of the new building, but, like the Marion high school, it suffered from fire in 1903, and much praise is due the school board for piloting the financial affairs, rebuilding and continuing the high standard of the school. Dr. E. M. Whitson, Adam H. Cline and C. H. Rothinghouse constituted the board in its first building venture, but the duty of rebuilding after the fire devolved upon Mr. Rothinghouse, Frank M. King and Dr. J. C. Knight. The first class to graduate from the commissioned high school numbered Norman J. Coppock, Elroy Gilchrist, Mary James and Maude Adams. The Jonesboro alumni now numbers many young people of the town and surrounding country.

The initial movement to organize a high school in Gas City began in 1894, classes reciting in the annex to the Mississinewa Hotel. The present high school building was completed in 1895, and a commission for a three year course of study was granted in 1896, but in 1900 the course of study was adjusted to the four year requirements, and a new commission secured. Members of the first freshmen class were: Chad Carter, Howell D. Thompson, George Tribbey, Agnes Stine, May Ward, Grace Kearns, Pearl Leeklider, and Stella Smith. W. O. Warwick and Harriet Hilligoss were the teachers. The first high school commencement was held in 1897, with the following graduates: Miss Kearns, Mr. Thompson, Miss Ward, Miss Stine and Miss Smith of the original

class, and Percival J. Holbrook and Ina Hatcher. There has been a remarkable growth in the Gas City high school, and it maintains a course in all vocational subjects. The new Carnegie library in Gas City is due to the effort of the school board and Professor Isaac Cripes who opened the special correspondence about it. The article on libraries in another chapter was on file with the publisher before this Gas City library was in prospect, and it is mentioned in connection with the high school there. A bequest of $8,000 was at first promised, but later, when Mill township co-operated, the amount was increased to $12,500 and the library board composed of J. L. Thompson, president of the school board, George Hammore, trustee of Mill township and Prof. Cripes, arranged for an annuity of $1,250 for running expenses and stocking the library. It is a handsome brick structure located in the city park along Main street, and the nucleus of books from the high school library, with donations from private individuals and a "shower," were placed in temporary quarters with Miss Maude Fields acting as librarian. While all residents of Grant county outside of Marion may use the Marion Carnegie library by paying a membership fee of $1, this Gas City library is meant specially for Mill township families. It maintains a reading room and loan books from the temporary library building.

While the Fairmount high school was not commissioned until 1900, there was a class of nine members graduated then, R. W. Himelick having begun high school work there four years earlier, although C. H. Copeland, who came in 1897 and remained fourteen years, is spoken of in connection with the commission. The original high school was in the old academy building, but it now has a modern edifice and more than 200 graduates are to its credit. The 1913 high school enrollment was ninety-seven, and there is a splendid high school spirit in the town, the high school rivaling the Fairmount academy, and there are many rivalry contests between the two institutions. There is a good high school working library, and some attention is given to vocational subjects. While Mr. Himelick had agitated the question of high school organization, it came later and many regard him as the "father of the high school movement." The board of education when the high school was established was: John Flanagan, Dr. J. W. Patterson and N. W Edwards.

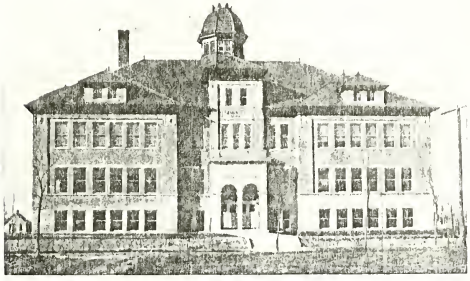
While A. R. Stout, A. B. Thompson and A. L. Clawson had all worked for a commission at Upland, and high school work was instituted there in 1897, the commission came in 1900, after the first class—Wade Teeter, Von Teeter, Horton Kline and Miss Alta Wilhelm, had completed the course of study required from a commissioned school. W. W. Holliday was at the head of the Upland public school when the commission was granted, and those who have succeeded him are: C. C. Whiteman, A. L. McCarty, Walter Painter, Miss Luna Dickerson, and "the Ella Flagg Young of Upland," the only woman school superintendent to date in Grant county. Although she went to the Philippine Islands as a teacher, Miss Dickerson was again tendered the position. Since Miss Dickerson came Walter Baker, C. W. Ross and E. E. Botts. There are eighteen pupils in the senior class, and there is excellent high school patronage from the surrounding country.

The Matthews high school commission was granted while Daniel Marine was at the head of Jefferson township school affairs and Morton Kline was the teacher. When New Cumberland became Matthews, Mr. Marine built one half of the present public school building, and in 1902 he doubled its capacity and the commission was secured then. Wilbur Jadden, E. J. Ashbaugh and Walter Brumfield have since been at the head of the township high school there, and W. P. Shaw and

L. L. Needler have served the township as trustees since Mr. Marine erected the high school building in Matthews. There are now four high school teachers and there is splendid laboratory equipment.

Although the Swayzee high school was organized in 1898, with eight freshmen and five sophomore students, it did not receive its commission until 1902, after Earl Eikenberry and Alpha Peters had been graduated from it. O. D. Clawson was superintendent and T. B. Loer, principal, when Swayzee became a commissioned high school. The school board was: Wells Watkins, U. S. G. Curless and D. P. Long. There is good school property in Swayzee, and the Sims township graduates nearly all enter Swayzee high school, the growth having been gradual, the 1913 enrollment being 116, and there is a splendid high school spirit. Like other schools Swayzee has the athletic spirit, owns its own gymnasium and carries the complete vocational course of study.

The Van Buren high school was commissioned in 1903, while S. W. Convoy was superintendent. J. M. Bloss, a member of the state board



Van Buren Township High School

of education, visited Van Buren and granted the commission. In 1910 the school corporation of Van Buren was vacated, and the school property was conveyed back to the township trustee, William Doyle. The town of Van Buren did not feel equal to the emergency—the style of high school building required, and while housed in rented property the high school still retained its commission. When a member of the state board of education again visited Van Buren, he assured Mr. Doyle there would be no trouble about holding a commission with the splendid equipment—one of the most commodious high schools in Grant county. The four high school teachers are all college graduates. School superintendents following Mr. Convoy have been ———— Blue, J. L. Henderson, and H. H. Scott. While all the grades are under the same roof, all eighth grade graduates from the town and township are eligible to high school privileges, and there is patronage from Washington and Monroe townships, and from Huntington and Wells counties. It is the nearest approach to centralization in the county, as the other township high schools are not so centrally located. No other school corporation has been vacated in order to secure a township high school building, Matthews and Sweetser not being incorporated towns.

High school work was first given the Sweetser school in 1892, when J. O. Spurgeon was the teacher. Mr. Spurgeon continued in that position twelve years, with Charles Grindle, James W. Anthony and A. F. Wharton as successive trustees of Pleasant township. In 1906 Sweetser became a certified high school and remained so until 1910, when it was commissioned with George E. Carter as superintendent, and Nelson L. Shockey in charge of township affairs. Miss Talitha Line was the first graduate from the Sweetser high school, receiving her diploma with the 1910 class from the township schools at Mount Olive, Mr. Carter then entering a vigorous plea to the township graduates that they support the high school in Sweetser. Many who had high school work under Mr. Spurgeon in Sweetser became teachers in the county. It seems that the commission was granted December 10, 1909, and that Miss Line graduated at the first opportunity. Mr. Spurgeon was followed by Otho Winger and Mr. Carter before the commission was granted and Harry O. Lanning has since been at the head of the Sweetser schools. N. L. Shockey regrets the publication of the Centennial History before the splendid new high school building promised Sweetser is a reality. The township patronage has been excellent, the 1913-14 senior class including: Lolita Baker, Edith Buroker, Paul Buroker, Charles Campbell, Joseph Guenin, Paul Lanning, Margaret McGran, Helen Neff, Joseph Neff, Lorabe Shinn, Jennie Smith, Jesse Winger, Lewis Winger and Sweetser graduates from Miss Line are: Sarah J. Lang, Clarence Mang, Zora Small, Mabel Stephens, Earl Aucil, Mabel Bragg, Lester Veach, Clifford Blackman, Frank T. Brown, Ora R. Goff, Charles Simmons, Ernest Simons, Donald Stephens, Edgar E. Stephens, Harvey Stevens, Virgil Stevens, Opal Smith, William Tinkle, Claud Aucil, Madge Bechtol, Oris Cary, Marie Cary, Marie Jester, Clay Kearns, Carl Masterson, Vella Masterson, Mary Malott, Dudley Small, Estelle Stevens, Rosella Stephens and Roger Winger.

There is no question about the loyalty of eighth grade graduates to the high school nearest them, and there is an educational army on the forward march in Grant county. Reformers like to gain the attention of the pupils in the public schools, since in only a few short years they will be the citizens, and as the twig is bent the tree is inclined, certainly holds good along educational lines, childhood impressions influencing the after life of most citizens. Since Grant county is at the head of the column in so many respects, it is a pleasure to chronicle the foregoing facts with reference to its public school system, and "The child is father to the man" when it comes to creating sentiment as lasting as time itself.

XLVI. GRANT COUNTY NEWSPAPERS—HOW THEY ARE PRODUCED

Among the factors of civilization—the forces that make for righteousness—the potency of the great American daily newspaper is recognized by thinking people everywhere, and it is true that the press controls the destiny of the Republic—has made presidents, senators and judges—has inaugurated national policies, solved problems of finance and international law, but narrowed down to local newspapers, there is reason for pride in them. Some one writing in the *Chronicle* in connection with its twenty-fifth anniversary as a daily says:

The origin of the *Chronicle* as a weekly dates back to Civil war times. The *Chronicle* is indeed the outgrowth of the war days. Its parent paper

was founded by a returned soldier who, though rendered unfit for service in the field, used his pen in promoting the cause of the union.

Jonathan Jones, as is recalled by J. W. (Betsey) Eward of Converse, enlisted in the army at the outbreak of the war, but because of ill health he was soon compelled to return home. Unable to longer serve as a soldier he established a newspaper, *The Grant County Union*, in order that he could continue the fight for the preservation of the union. After three months, however, he was compelled to surrender publication of the paper because of continued ill health. It was then that "Betsey" Eward was called upon to take up the fight that was being conducted through the use of printer's ink. The paper cost Mr. Eward $250. He made his first payment of $50 from his earnings as a school teacher. He gave his note for $200 to cover the remaining amount. As a boy in his 'teens Mr. Eward had learned to set type, so that he was able to serve both as editor and printer.

In those stirring days, Mr. Eward's life as a newspaper publisher was a most strenuous one. In promoting the cause of the Union he "stepped on the toes" of persons not in sympathy with the cause, and threats of destroying his press, which was a small affair in comparison with present day newspaper perfecting presses, were frequently uttered. Mr. Eward recalls that he slept in his print shop, with a gun at his side, several nights to prevent enemies from carrying out a threat to throw his press in the river. Editor Eward, with George Ammon, raised a company of soldiers in Marion in 1862, it being understood that Mr. Ammon was to be a captain and Mr. Eward a lieutenant. After they had gone into camp at Indianapolis, Mr. Eward appeared before Governor Morton to get his commission as a lieutenant. He then learned that Judge John M. Wallace had told the governor that he was, in joining the army, discontinuing the publication of a newspaper that had done much good in championing the cause of the Union.

"I believe you are needed at home more than in the army. We want that paper to continue its fight for us. I would rather have you return home and resume the publication of that paper than to issue you a commission as a lieutenant," said Governor Morton to Editor Eward.

So it was that Mr. Eward, over his own protest, was sent back home to take up his pen rather than the sword. Mr. Eward continued to publish the paper until the close of the war, and he also became an organizer for the Union League.

"The *Chronicle* was the outgrowth of the Grant County *Union*. I bought out the *Journal* and consolidated it with the *Union*. Then I sold the paper to John Sohn a year after the war closed and he sold it in later years to M. E. Tingley. Mr. Tingley sold it to E. L. Goldthwait," said Mr. Eward recently in recalling the early history of the *Chronicle*.

The development of the *Chronicle* as a newspaper speaks for itself. It is recognized not only as the leading paper of Marion, but as one of the leading and influential papers of the state.

The *Chronicle* is essentially a home newspaper—the wholesome home newspaper of Marion and Grant county in full touch and sympathy with home interest and ambitions to play its part in the development of Marion into a bigger and better city.

Few people appreciate the part taken by a newspaper in the development of a city or community, or that a newspaper is in itself an industry that contributes not a little to a community. The amount of money expended by Marion newspapers annually for labor alone is no small item, reaching as it does about $70,000. Employes of the *Chronicle*, exclusive of carriers, number more than twenty.

The *Chronicle* from its very beginning has stood for what it believed

to be best for the people, the home and the community at large. A reference to the files of the *Chronicle* shows that this paper had its part in the development and growth of the city and country in the early "boom" days, and that it has continued to do its full share of boosting.

Newspapers are always on the job of boosting. They boost when individuals often are devoting their time to "knocking." And the newspapers come in for their share of "knocks." It is not an uncommon thing to hear "knocks" on the local newspaper, the people who indulge in such practice failing to stop to reflect that when a public enterprise needs boosting it is the newspaper that is depended upon to do most of the boosting and that it never fails to do its full share. A newspaper's stock in trade is its space, yet it devotes thousands of inches to the promotion and boosting of public enterprises and various matters by which the public benefits without receiving or expecting compensation.

Although the newspaper, delivered at your home at ten cents per week, without question represents the best value for the money known to modern times, and although it is the most common of any commodity in which the people deal, it is perhaps true that there is nothing entering into the life of the present day generation of which the individual knows so little as pertains to the process by which it is made. How many people have any idea of how the white paper on which the newspaper is printed, is made? Not one, perhaps, in a thousand. How many do you think realize the item of expense such represents? The low cost of newspaper to the public cheapens it in the estimation of the subscriber and it will come as a great surprise perhaps to many to learn that the white paper alone which went into the *Chronicle* during the last year, exclusive of waste paper, cost between $7,000 and $8,000.

The working organization of a newspaper naturally separates itself into five general divisions. First comes the business office allied with which is the advertising department. Then comes the editorial department, which is by far the most important element entering into the making of the paper—it is the paper. Then comes the composing-room, where the type is set. Then the press room, and, lastly, the circulation department, which means prompt delivery and proper mailing.

The primary function of the editorial department is to gather news. The reporter gets the facts—"The Story" as it is universally known in newspaper parlance—and writes it. It is the editor's duty to censor these stories, for, after all, it is the editor who is responsible for what gets into the paper. Right here let it be known the success of any newspaper hinges more on the ability of its reporters than on anything else. Good editors may be made. Good reporters are born, not made. In the first place, the reporter must have what is called, "a nose for news." That is to say, his faculties must be so trained that he will "scent" a story when any other man would pass the circumstance unnoticed. He must be trustworthy as to his facts. He must have a broad and liberal comprehension of affairs in general. He must have courage, and last, but not least, he must in this day and age of newspaper making, be able to thump a typewriter at the rate of forty words a minute or better if he measures up to the demands of his position.

The editor, to be successful, should have served an apprenticeship as a reporter. He must be better in his judgment than the average reporter. He must know men and affairs thoroughly. He must be inventive and resourceful and have an abundance of executive ability and confidence to say right off the reel what shall be done in emergencies. The atmosphere of the editorial departments of all newspapers is heavy with emergencies, and the man in charge who hesitates is often lost.

Above all the editor must have a clear grasp of men and affairs. He

must intuitively be able to detect the truth and separate such from non-essentials. It is he who dictates the policy of the paper. It is he who directs the drift of the public mind. If incompetent, radical and careless, the paper suffers; if careful, painstaking, honest, courageous and conscientious in his work, the paper will profit in the increased prestige which such qualifications bring.

J. Sterling Morton, the only newspaper man whom the late President Cleveland ever recognized officially, being a member of his cabinet, once made a speech at a banquet. In his speech he gave utterance to the fundamental truth underlying the success of all newspaper men. He said that the friends of a newspaper man were his greatest liability. That his enemies were always his best assets.

This means that the very nature of a newspaper man's work isolates him in a great measure and bars him from many of the pleasures which men in other vocations may legitimately enjoy. He dares have no close associates. He can have no chums, for how does he know how soon it will be before he will be called upon to prepare for publication a story which will of necessity be unfriendly to the interests of these friends. A good newspaper man is by virtue of his vocation unpopular. He can not day after day recount the things which go to make up a newsy paper without treading upon many toes. "To err is human." Therefore the majority of the doings of humanity do not look well in print. Fights, theft, divorces, arrests for all violations of law, gobbling of franchises, in fact innumerable transactions which go to make up the burden of the real newsy news, offend those whose interests are at stake. To print means unpopularity for the writer of the story. Therefore it appears that Morton's famous utterance is truth untarnished and that the real reporter—he who has the interests of his paper really at heart—must go way, satisfied solely with the very joy of his work and content to be deprived of many of the pleasures which legitimately come to others. But few men indeed possess the peculiar temperament which fits them for effective work in the reportorial department of a newspaper, and, as a consequence, real reporters are rare.

A daily newspaper is different from the average manufactured product in the particular that such is made outright in virtually eight hours while under no circumstances can the time be extended over 24 hours. Therefore every department works at high tension and the interior of the editorial department, with from four to six typewriters clicking away at the rate of 30 to 40 words per minute, turning out the narratives which are to interest the public next day, is well worth seeing.

But it would do no good to secure the advertising copy and the news stories unless such were set up in type, and this brings us to what is known as the composing room. Just why it is called "composing room" nobody knows. The ordinary individual would better understand what goes on in this department if such were called "typesetting room," but nevertheless this article dealing as it does with printer's products, will call it composing room.

It is in this department that equipment has made great strides during the past fifteen years. Fifteen years ago there were no linotype machines in printing offices in Marion. Today there are eight. Each machine is capable, with one operator, of doing the work of five type-setters working at the old-style case. Every person in Grant county should avail himself of the opportunity to see a linotype in operation. Especially should school children have this opportunity, and the *Chronicle* extends herewith an invitation to all to come in at any time and learn how modern type is set. These machines are almost human in their capabilities. One operator, if he be an expert, may easily set 40 words per minute

the day through. The type is molded as needed from metal insuring a perfectly clean, sharp face and there is no after distribution—an operation which originally took up much valuable time.

Then there is the "Ad. Alley" where advertisements are arranged, after a portion of the type for such has been set on the machines. The large black type appearing in advertisements, is yet set by hand, and, with all the advantages of the type-setting machine, many printers must still be employed on the ads.

Not one reader of a newspaper in a thousand understands what is meant by the term "stereotyping." Yet every line of type appearing in the local papers has undergone this process. Briefly, stereotyping means taking an impression of the type as set on the machines and by hand, after such has been made into the page, or form, on soft paper, hardening, or drying this paper after the impression has been made by heat, and then remolding from this matrix (as the hardened paper is then called) either in flat casts or curved plates. No up-to-date daily newspaper is now printed from type direct. On the contrary the actual type is used solely as a means of impression on paper after which the cast forms the printing surface. Many tons of metal are used yearly in the *Chronicle* office to this end. The stereotyping machinery constitutes a material portion of the equipment, and the efficiency of the stereotyper means much to the appearance of the paper.

Now the plates, sizzling hot from the hands of the stereotyper, go to the pressman and the final mechanical operation begins. Years ago, newspapers in Marion used flat-bed presses, which printed from actual type and which ran at a speed of 1,500 per hour, if the feeder was on the job. Now the *Chronicle* uses a perfecting press which will produce 8, 10, 12 and 16 pages at a speed of 10,000 per hour. These papers are printed from one continuous roll of paper and come complete, pasted and folded—even counted—ready for delivery.

Simply because the circulation department happens to be mentioned last does not signify that it is of least importance, for were it not for proper systematization here you would not get your paper after it is printed. The *Chronicle* is delivered every evening to hundreds of single individuals in the city of Marion. To accomplish this it uses on an average twenty-five boys and to the eternal credit of these youthful paper merchants who brave the elements every evening, in heat or cold, in rain or shine, it may be said that complaints as registered often run less than one per thousand per day.

There is no place in the world where the word "Hurry" is so completely personified as in the mailing room of a newspaper. There are traction cars to catch at certain hours. There are certain steam trains which must be made on the minute or not at all that day. There are the rural routes, papers for which must be addressed to each subscriber on a mailing machine which is operated by hand but with marvelous dexterity. There are the carrier boys who must be gotten off, and all in all it is a very busy and a very important place about 4 p. m., when they are waiting for their papers.

The *Leader-Tribune* is issued in the morning, and all that has been said of the evening paper applies at the *Leader-Tribune* plant. Since the middle of March, 1912, there have been only two daily papers printed in the county, the *Daily Leader* having taken over the *News-Tribune* which had been in the morning field for several years. Marion business men and advertisers have long favored the idea of only two papers, although along in the early '90s there were four for a time—the *Chronicle*, *Leader*, *News* and *Bulletin*. The *Leader* was formerly the *Marion Democrat*, and "Democrat Row" was a series of frame buildings on the

west side of Adams street that disappeared when the boom struck the town, the *Democrat* being published there. While it was published in the Wallace family it attained a strong personality that always remained with it. As a weekly newspaper the *Democrat* was established in 1842, by Jeremiah Harvey and until its combination with the *News-Tribune* the *Leader* had a weekly edition. Samuel Sawyer was once connected with the *Democrat*—a Republican himself, educator and minister, and after the Wallace brothers came C. P. Kile, T. W. Overman and W. J. Houck before W. B. Westlake came into Marion journalism, the plant finally getting into litigation and going into the hands of E. H. Johnson, who still controls it.

The first morning paper in Grant county—*The Morning News*—was published November 11, 1894, issued by a stock company, and it underwent a number of changes, combined with *The Chronicle*, *The Tribune* and the present *Leader-Tribune* is the result. These papers are remembered by most citizens, but reference to the 1877 Atlas develops the fact that the following newspapers have had their part in molding public opinion in Grant county: *The Marion Democrat-Herald; Grant County Democrat; Marion Telegraph; Rough and Ready; The Western Union; The Whig Thermometer; Marion Journal-Democrat; The Winfield Scott; The Marion Journal; Grant County Republican; The Mississinewa Gazette; The Marion Record; The Republican* (The *Marion Journal* seems to have been a popular name for early day newspapers as several different publishers used it. There are newspaper readers still living who talk about Howard Coe, an early publisher in Marion—took such and such a paper from Howard Coe's; *The Grant County Republican; The Grant County Union; Marion Chronicle; Journal and Monitor; Marion Democrat; Marion Register*, and *Marion Star*. There has always been a *Herald* in Jonesboro, and Fairmount has had two papers—*The News and Journal*—only *The News* being permanent; *Gas City Journal; Upland Monitor; Van Buren News-Eagle; Matthews Messenger; Swayzee Press*, and recently *The Economic Intelligencer* and *The Observer* have entered the weekly newspaper field in Grant county. Years ago *The Child's Golden Voice* was published in the county, and there was a *Galatia Messenger* when that town was in existence.

There was a time when *The Marion Chronicle* was issued weekly and twice a week, that no solicitors were needed—everybody read *The Chronicle,* but by and by competition became stronger, and everybody knows the effort made nowadays by Grant county newspapers to maintain their circulation. While metropolitan papers are sold in the county, there is splendid loyalty to home periodicals. The advertisers want to reach the reading public, and in order to increase their circulation great effort is made to cover all the departments of news—north, east, west, south, and with the advent of rural free delivery—August 15, 1902—when farmers had an opportunity of daily papers, the "plow editor" came along—a veritable "Farm Agent" one full decade in advance of the 1913 Indiana legislation provision, although like other pioneer adventurers, he had rough sailing and was often stranded by the "wayside." The occupation of farming is as old as the world itself, and there are those to whom the brindle cow is of as much interest while she lives as after she becomes a fossil. While all of the papers announce prospective marriages, tell of births and of funerals, and almost every man and woman in town is mentioned in the course of the year, how about the rural happenings? Why not say something about the fat hogs that are sold, and the amount of corn or wheat that is shipped from the local market? Why not mention the brindle cow as well as the rest of society? Man made the town while God made the country,

and yet all effort toward news from the farm fails from want of interest in it.

There are farmers who do not read the sporting page because it does not interest them, and of course, there are many who would not read the "Countryside and Wayside" column just as others pass by the society or religious features. While some do not care to read about the brindle cow, they have access to other columns the same as farmers skip the parts that do not interest them—and yet circulation managers say that premiums offered increase the rural circulation faster than news from the farms. However, it has been gratifying to know that some have turned to "Countryside and Wayside," during its ten years of more or less successful existence, and read about their neighbor's products with as much interest as others read about weddings and recitals. It is said to be the province of a newspaper to teach its readers to know themselves by giving them the news, and the patrons of a paper have a right to select their literary menu. An editor once said: "We are running a literary restaurant, and those who want soup may have it," in defense of some of the drivel finding place in it. There is no question about the newspaper readers being responsible for its attitude, as their support is what enables it to advocate anything at all. Discerning publishers study the features that attract most readers and cater to the wants of the majority in such things.

A newspaper is the history of yesterday, and the modern newspaper is becoming nearer and nearer word of mouth—as a story that is told. The editor dictates and his words are converted into type almost before the reverberation of his voice dies away, and since paper, ink and printing have become so cheap the circulation of the newspaper has reached almost every home in Grant county, and every day the events of all the word are heralded to the different hearthstones through the agency of the press associations. There is no other agency when properly conducted to be compared with the newspaper in the spread of good influences in a community. It is a blessed trinity—book, platform and pulpit, all in one and those who read it have it in their power to control its utterances by the sort of moral sentiment with which they surround it. If the church going and moral people of the community—farmers as well as city folks—would lock arms as complacently and as frequently with the newswriters and sometimes tell them of it when some sentiment has been expressed of which they approve, it would be the best possible censor, and they might then reasonably expect as much space in the columns of the daily papers as do sport loving people who so frequently walk and talk with them, and give to them the impressions which in turn they spread upon the pages of the journal they send into the homes of the community.

The press is truly a great institution, and next to the Bible is the newspaper—swift winged and everywhere present, flying over the fence from the hand of some belated newsboy, tossed into the counting room or store on his hurried rounds, shoved under the door of your suburban home, laid on the work bench in the busy shop, delivered by rural carriers to country patrons and read wherever sold—the newspaper adds character and lustre—shapes the family history. Let the reader take the witness stand for a moment. Now make an honest mental examination of yourself. You open the newspaper and there are three columns of splendidly written editorial matter recommending some moral sentiment, or evolving some scientific theory, while the next column deals with a miserable, contemptible divorce case—and pausing to weigh the matter, which item do you read first? When newspaper publishers know which you most cheerfully pay your money for, they will supply it.

Supply and demand is a law in the world. The newspaper is such an integral factor in community life, and people have become so dependent upon it that a delayed paper demoralizes the whole household and every family knows the impatient feeling while waiting for the arrival of the newsboy.

If you do not understand the strong hold the press has on the community, just answer a few of the telephone inquiries in the business office when some carrier has missed a subscriber or has been late in reaching him, and you will have some slight conception—and you were not alone in making inquiry. Sometimes a mail pouch has been carried by—a little oversight on the part of the clerk, but a big misfortune to those who miss the paper that day. After all, human life is but a book with the passing years for its chapters, and the gliding months are its paragraphs as we hurriedly read them. The days are as the sentences, but the punctuation and the proof—usually those around us attend to that—while to carry out the idea, our doubts are the interrogations and imitation of others the quotation marks, and any attempt at display is a dash—the final period being death, and from the cradle to the grave the greatest influence is the printed page. The newspaper is the most potent agency of education—the advance guard of civilization, and yet every day men say: "If I were running your paper," forgetting that "We, the People" are shaping its policy—responsible for it, even though absolutely silent about it.

XLVII. THE BENCH AND BAR IN GRANT COUNTY

The history of the bench and bar of Grant county is almost contemporary with the history of the county itself, so closely are their interests interwoven, and the terms indicate in a figurative way the judge and the practicing members of the legal fraternity. Bench is a time honored term, English in its origin and the judge himself is a public officer invested with authority to hear and determine causes—civil or criminal—and to administer justice according to the law and evidence in the case. While there are unwritten laws in society and lynch laws in some communities, that do not require legal advice in their execution, jurisprudence is a systematic knowledge of the laws, customs and rights of man in a state or community necessary to secure the due administration of justice. A jurist is one who professes the science of law or one who writes on law, and under the latter designation there is a jurist—G. A. Henry—in the Grant county bar, Mr. Henry having added to the legal publications in Indiana.

Laws are the necessary relations resulting from the nature of things, and many matters are settled in court every year about which there has been no dispute—litigation without the element of contest, simply as a matter of amicable adjustment. Judicial proceedings do not necessarily mean controversy, and there are office lawyers who seldom appear in court. There are estates to be settled and titles to be cleared, and the mimic dictionary definition of the word lawyer: "The man who rescues your property from the adversary and keeps it himself," perhaps describes the situation to some who have had experience in court. While there is no roll call in court, there are about seventy-five members of the Grant county bar, but if there were the same stringent requirements in the practice of law as in medicine, the roster—so said a local attorney—would be smaller and the efficiency would be greater. If there were entrance examinations the membership would be regulated by a

standard of efficiency, but under the Indiana constitutional provision of 1851 the necessary qualification is moral character and a friend at the bar who will stand before the judge and say: "I vouch for him," and the judge orders the clerk of the court to administer the oath wherein the applicant agrees to support the constitution of the state and nation, and he is a full fledged lawyer.

Some of the reputable lawyers at the Grant county bar deplore the system and agree with Ex-Governor Thomas R. Marshall that revision of the constitution of Indiana is necessary. Notwithstanding the laxity of the requirements in Indiana jurisprudence, there are eminent men engaged in the practice—men of character and standing in the state and nation, and Grant county has its relative share of talented legal lights. There are men at the Grant county bar who are known in the halls of state. It is said that Indiana people know each other and that jealousies are subordinated. There is an unusual fraternal spirit in the Grant county legal profession, and the bench has had merited recognition beyond the bounds of the county, legal acumen being appreciated in the courts of the commonwealth. At the present writing there are two members of the local bar, John R. Browne and Gus S. Condo, who are members of the supreme court of the United States, eligible to practice in any state or federal court, and there always have been strong legal combinations engaged in general practice in Grant county.

It is said that the attorney who defined arson as "pizen," was not a member of the Grant county bar, although no one enjoys a mirthful aspersion upon his own profession more than the lawyer. From the senior member, Judge R. T. St. John down, there are many who tell good stories, and there is not one among them but what would offer $2 worth more counsel when asked to take a $3 fee out of a $5 bill, were such an emergency forced upon them, and it is universally conceded that the average lawyer will take care of himself in the matter of charges. Lawyers no longer depend upon eloquence to carry them through, the newspapers having "stolen their ammunition" by spreading the story in advance, and only the facts in the law and evidence are now summed up by them. While not much is required in the way of entrance qualifications, the successful lawyer well understands that his knowledge is his capital—and that cold blooded facts without garniture are the convincing things—the bread and butter end of the story. Most lawyers are students, and when oratory prevailed, decisions were often reached under stress of emotion produced by fiery eloquence.

Time was in Grant county when prisoners and counter clients were afraid of certain "spellbinders" who could influence juries by their eloquence, but under the searchlight of more widespread general intelligence the advocate must be in sympathy with his cause if eloquence comes to his rescue at all. There are still causes that stir the heart, and the orator must feel the burden of his words or they fall without impress upon the jury—the public beyond the jury box—and unless the lawyer has a distinctive message—why "fan the air?" why exert himself to the point of frenzy? Just as the fife and drum stir a crowd on a gala day, some men are able to sweep things with their personality. There is inspiration in numbers and oratory always attracts the crowd. There are men at the local bar who are eloquent in or out of court, but the trouble is—the newspapers have already told the story, and the business-like lawyer comes to the point in the fewest possible words. Thomas A. Hendricks and Oliver P. Morton were Indiana characters who, like the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," were known beyond the boundaries of the state, but they lived under different environment or their reputations might have been different. This is the age of calm

reason rather than disturbed emotion, and the legal fraternity has adapted itself to the changed conditions.

Litigations arise from various sources, and business of the bench and the bar alike depend upon them. From the nature of the case lawyers enjoy trials and tribulations—their source of revenue, and questions of title—but friendly litigation often claim their attention. A flaw may have occurred in the spelling of a name or a signature may be in doubt—many technicalities and legal entanglements are straightened out in court. Interpreters of the law quite frequently become lawmakers, legislators and in some instances they are well adapted to the requirements. Quite often the political bee buzzes in the legal headgear—the lawyer's bonnet—and at the Grant county bar is a creditable array of jurists and statesmen. When politics becomes morals applied to government, the Decalogue and the Golden Rule will assist men greatly in framing the necessary laws, and patriotism—always commendable—will be as pure as the sunlight and not tainted with the influence of the almighty dollar. When partisanism is buried in patriotism and every heart throbs with one common purpose, the purification of politics, now an iridescent dream, may be accomplished in the world.

The battle for supremacy is as old as Nature herself, and in it there are no humanities—there is no sentiment—and yet the senior member of the Grant county bar denominates it as a good, average body—men of character—men as corrupt as thunder—and then Judge St. John solemnly affirmed that there is dignity, a high sense of right and justice in the average Grant county lawyer. Perhaps the above picture is a little strong, but a glance through the records of the court shows the following entry in the April session of 1846: "On motion of John Brownlee it is ordered to be certified that Robert T. St. John will be twenty-one years of age on the twenty-seventh day of October next," and A. D. 1913 he is still in active practice, and the county historian has frequently consulted him as to the relative importance of different questions considered in this Centennial history. As senior member of the Grant county bar Judge St. John has been signally honored by his colleagues, and in his old age his portrait hangs on the wall of the circuit court room—a distinction not hitherto accorded any other man.

The pen of a St. John was needed in developing the history of the bench from its first existence. He is a forty-niner and a capital story teller as well as the exemplification of honor in the almost three score and ten years of local practice. From Judge H. J. Paulus, who now occupies the bench, to the latest addition to the bar they all want to see such history in print, although they have forgotten many contemporary events. The majority of attorneys at the local bar are residents of Marion, although several other towns are represented in the county roster. Like people in other vocations, their physical and financial interests are closely allied, and some of them have known the meaning of threadbare clothing while waiting for delayed patronage, and when "run down physically they soon run down financially," and do not dare to think of such misfortune. Most lawyers know the full import of "feast or famine," although they do not claim any exclusive privileges and most of them extract a living from those who must adjust differences among themselves. Arbitration has always been strong argument in Grant county, and estates and differences have often been settled out of court, and no record ever made of such transactions.

The first session of circuit court in Grant county was held on Thursday, April 26, 1832, at the home of David Branson, a Hicksite Quaker strongly in favor of arbitration. On October 25th of the same year the first well organized court began its session at the Branson homestead,

near the Branson monument, along the Cemetery Boulevard, but adjourned to the home of Riley Marshall to remain until a court house was in readiness for it. The story of court being held under the elm tree, as detailed in another chapter, is easily reconciled since this famous tree was in the Marshall door yard, and with limited space in his primitive home it would be the natural thing to hold the sessions in the open—in God's first temples—when the weather was favorable for it. The first court in the first court house opened May 5, 1834, and Jesse Vermilyea, who had been formally chosen clerk, having resigned, Riley Marshall was really the first incumbent, and after more than sixty years a grandson of this pioneer attempted to write a new constitution for Indiana. In an early day the judges who served the county were all non-resident, coming from older settlements, and although Charles H. Test, who lived in Wayne county, was accounted the first judge, there were sessions of court held in his absence. Samuel Bigger of Rush county, was the second judge, and in turn he was succeeded by David Kilgore, of Delaware county, Jeremiah Smith, of Randolph county, and Joseph Anthony, of Delaware. In 1853 the court was reorganized, the associate judges were discontinued, and the bounds of the court have several times been changed since then until the Grant circuit court is independent from other counties. These circuit judges were veritable circuit riders, and transportation had not then become such an easy matter.

The next judge after the court was reorganized and the associate judges were a thing of the past was John U. Pettitt, of Wabash, followed by John Brownlee, the first resident judge in the county. Walker Winslow, who drove the stage coach from Marion to Anderson from before the Civil war until the C. W. and M. (White Pigeon) Railroad was built in 1875, related that Judge Brownlee had frequently paid $1 passage and walked most of the way over the corduroy through the slashes. "Thirty miles from a railroad" was the handicap of the town of Marion for many years. Judge Brownlee was succeeded by another local man, John M. Wallace, and both have posterity today among the well known citizens of the community. Other foreign judges were Horace P. Biddle, of Logansport, whose name suggests the story of his "Island Home" in the Wabash, and following him came Joseph S. Buckles, of Delaware, the third Muncie judge to hold forth in Grant county. Joshua H. Mellett was of Henry county, and when James R. Slack, of Huntington, was on the bench, the present judge of the Grant circuit court, Henry Jefferson Paulus, began keeping track of such things with an eye on the same position. He has personal knowledge of Henry B. Saylors, of Huntington, W. H. Carroll, who was at the time he was elected a resident of Blackford county, and the dean of the Grant county bar, Judge St. John, followed by Judge Joseph L. Custer, who was a Marion citizen. Judge Paulus came to the bench November 16, 1898, and is serving his third term as circuit judge, and within his recollection Huntington and Blackford counties were in the same circuit with Grant, and later Blackford and Grant were together, but now Grant is alone and there is no dearth of legal business—court always coming around again in due season.

Those who served Grant county as associate judges were: Samuel McClure, Daniel James, William Massey, Benjamin F. Furnish, Caleb Smith and Henly James. In 1837 the office of probate judge was created, and James Trimble, B. C. Hogin, J. W. Goldthait, George F. Dunn, Frederick P. Lucas, Walter March, Henry S. Kelley, John Green and William Garver served in that capacity until 1873 when the office was abolished. When a superior court was established in Grant and Howard counties, in 1897, Hiram Brownlee occupied the bench by appointment until

he was duly elected in the Century year, serving until 1904, when B. F. Harness, of Kokomo, was elected and in 1908 he was succeeded by Patrick Henry Elliott. While Judge Elliott was on the bench the superior court relation with Grant was shifted from Howard to Delaware, and at the expiration of his time R. M. Van Atta was elected and will serve the two counties until 1916—the next general election.

Judge Paulus feels great pride in the law library maintained in the court house and consisting of about 5,000 volumes, the property of the Marion Law Institute, which he was instrumental in organizing. He regards it as the best monetary investment possible to a young lawyer who is limited in his book purchasing ability. The membership fee in the institute is $100 with necessary assessments, and the amount is payable in four annual installments when more convenient to the members. While many lawyers wish all the Indiana reports in their own private libraries, few of them feel that they can afford to have the reports of all other states, not often having occasion to refer to them, yet the institute has made it possible to have access to them without owning them. About 1,000 volumes were originally placed on the shelves, and the number has been increased from time to time as there was money and need of them. The reports are kept full and many reference books are added to the collection. Members of the Law Institute do not need large private working libraries. While the county commissioners donate a room in the court house for the library, it is a saving to Grant county, as the judge frequently finds volumes there he would otherwise ask them to buy for him. While no books are taken away and there is no librarian, all the members have keys and use the library, and the arrangement is proving eminently satisfactory. The bench and the bar are well taken care of by the county—the goddess on the court house always in favor of special privileges to those who deal out justice.

XLVIII. MEDICINE AND DOCTORS

By Dr. F. A. Priest

The History of Medicine in Grant county has been a study in evolution. Way back in the days of malaria, when the custodian of the court house rang the fire bell at regular intervals that the inhabitants might know when to take quinine for their chills and fever, up to the present time, the advance in medicine has been truly an evolution—as much so as has been the evolution in methods of locomotion between then and now.

During that early period, which but few of the doctors now living remember, the days when "yaller jaunders" was so prevalent, the good old doctor would throw his saddle-bags across his faithful horse and start out on his rounds which, would often take all day and night, and if the roads were bad maybe all the next day, and when the roads and cow-paths were too bad for the horse, which they often were, the physician would proceed upon foot.

Then came better drainage and with better drainage and with less stagnant water there were fewer mosquitoes and consequently less malaria and fevers. Also, when the water was drained from the surface to such an extent that land could be seen in Grant county, there was aroused a desire for better roads and you find the doctor riding around in better vehicles. And so as time passed and the county was so well drained that eventually it went "dry," so some of the old time diseases have al-

most become extinct, and as the highways have now become tarvia the doctors of today ride about in high powered machines and call upon their patients with high sounding diseases. Instead of giving the good old fashioned quinine and blue mass, they now inject a few million slaughtered bacteria into their system or hurry them to the hospital and relieve them of their appendix, if they are so unfortunate as to have retained it that long. It is a long jump from the time when the good old doctor set by the bed side, felt your pulse, looked at your tongue, put his ear over your chest and listened to your lungs and heart, and then wrapped up some of those mysterious looking powders in some squares of news-paper, and, while doing so admonished those in charge to not allow any drafts in the room, up to the present time, when the doctor pricks the lobe of your eye and gets a drop of blood, uses a phonendoscope over your lungs, a sphygmomanometer on your arm, then obtains a sample of your sputum and does a great many other things of diagnostic value or otherwise, then, after carefully weighing all the evidence, determines just what strain, culture or family of dead bugs shall be injected into the patient, and this bacterin and serum therapy of today is the "last word" at the present time in medicine. It appears to have opened up a field of which now we are only in the beginning, and the benefits so far are very evident to the profession and the laity as well.

But getting away from all apparent levity, Grant county owes much to the advance guard of the profession that has paved the way for better sanitary and hygenic conditions in our community. Probably few men of the profession today would care to meet the hardships of those that have gone before, and the profession as a whole can look back with a large measure of pride upon those that have labored in our field of endeavor for the good of their fellow-man. Perhaps no community ever had a better array of medical talent than was represented in Grant county in the early days by such men as the two Lomaxs, Constantine and William, Dr. James Shively, Dr. Lewis Williams, Dr. S. D. Ayres, Dr. E. P. Jones, the Drs. Abner and T. C. Kimball, Dr. William Flynn, the elder Dr. S. S. Horne and many others. These were men that dedicated their lives to their science and to each one individually and to all collectively Grant county owes a debt of gratitude that can never be paid except in loving memory. They were men that with but few of the modern conveniences of the profession met conditions and came out victorious. They were indeed great men—men that were an honored part of the people of the county. Few of these older men are now living—in fact in all of Grant county probably Dr. Daniels, of Sweetser, and Dr. Snodgrass, of Marion, are the only two that ever swung a pair of saddle-bags across a horse.

The profession in Grant county of today is in most part made up of younger men who are in the most active period of their life, and nowhere in our great state will there by found a cleaner, more energetic, or better qualified class of physicians than are to be found within the confines of old Grant county—each city and town is well represented by medical men that are an honor to their community. Individually, these men will need no introduction to you, for almost without exception they are the most affable bunch of "good-fellows" (women physicians included) you have ever met and you have met them often. To meet them in times of sickness and sorrow is a great consolation, and at other times it is a delightful pleasure. The sunshine they radiate is within itself a tonic that brightens the hours of the afflicted and drives away the shadows that hang like a pall over the sick room. They are here of all schools, isms, pathies and fanciful theories, and even the most fastidious layman will be able to find someone that will administer

to him according to his way of believing even though the belief is only temporary and oft changing. But be he of what school he may or the follower of what theory, either real or imaginary, if he is a true physician he is using his best endeavor in bringing about better sanitary and hygienic conditions that disease may be prevented and thereby decrease the greatest and most vital waste in the world—namely, the waste of human vitality and life when it might have been prevented. The profession is working to obliterate the preventable diseases, such as typhoid fever, malarial fever, tuberculosis, small pox, etc., and the time is not far distant when to have any of the above diseases in Grant county will be looked upon as a disgrace and classed along with some other unmentionable diseases that are not considered good form in our best society.

The history of medicine in Grant county would not be complete without some mention of The Grant County Medical Society, one of the oldest medical societies in the state. It is a power for good, promoting a higher standing in the profession and a closer bond of fellowship among the members, and neither would this be complete without including the Grant County Hospital Association and the Grant County Hospital. The association was organized early in 1911, with Mr. A. P. Butterworth as president, and they conducted the affairs of the old hospital in such a manner that it outgrew its quarter and in October, 1913, a campaign was put on and $50,000 was raised for a new hospital building and Normal Institute improvements, which will be on their way to completion when this publication is out. The hospital will be modern in every respect and every citizen of Grant county will be proud to have such an institution within the borders of the county, and equally proud to know that he contributed to its erection and equipment.

Such has been the advance of medicine in Grant county that from saddle-bags to hospitals has marked the progress of the last half century.

XLIX. DENTISTRY IN GRANT COUNTY

By Dr. N. W. Hiatt

The practice of Dentistry in Grant county dates back to the year 1860. At least that is as far back as we are able to trace it. At or near that time Dr. David Cubberley began the practice of dentistry in Marion. A few years later a Dr. Braffet located here, for a short time only, leaving the work for Dr. Cubberley, who practiced for a number of years before retiring from active practice. The methods of practice in those days was very crude as compared with the modern methods employed at the present time, but a great deal of credit is due the dentists of the early days for the good work done with so few instruments to work with. Dr. A. W. Tripp was one of the early dentists to locate in Marion. Dr. Tripp did most of his practice by traveling from house to house over the country, doing his work at the homes of his patients. Dr. Zook was another of the pioneer dentists of the county. There is no record to show how long he remained in practice here. Dr. James S. McClain located in Marion in the year 1878, and continued in active practice until a short time before his death in 1913. Dr. Wilford F. Kinley came to Marion in July of 1878, and has been in active practice up to the present time. Dr. Dan Jay practiced here for a number of years, afterward forming a partnership with a Dr. Birch, the firm name being Jay & Birch. Dr. Wilkinson came to Marion about the year 1883

and opened an advertising office, the first of the kind in the county. He sold his office to a Dr. Fitzgerald, who remained here a number of years and sold out to Dr. B. C. Brimacombe, who is still practicing in the same location. Dr. Benson was in practice here about 1881, only remaining a short time.

It was not an unusual thing for some one in the neighborhood to have a pair of forceps and extract teeth for his neighbors. This was usually done gratis, and only in cases of dire necessity.

Uncle Eli Hollingsworth, as he was generally known, had quite a reputation as a tooth extractor. He had only one pair of forceps, but used them to extract any tooth that came to him. The old time turn key was used in an early day, and I guess had anything beat as an instrument of torture that has ever been invented. Uncle Eli Thomas has one which he prizes highly, having used it frequently when he was a young man. It has often been said by those having had experience with the turn key that the only thing that kept them from dying was that the tooth "let go" just before death relieved them. Improvements in dentistry have kept pace with progress in other things.

William Winslow was another early dentist who relieved suffering humanity in Grant county, but he went west after a few years of dental practice in Marion. Dr. Newton W. Hiatt, the writer of this article on dentistry, located in Marion in 1889. He was in the office with Dr. Kinley for three years previous to graduating at the Kansas City Dental College in the spring of 1889.

As near as we are able to obtain definite information, there have been about sixty dentists who have practiced dentistry in Grant county up to the present time. The brief sketches given are of those that have been here from twenty to forty years. After the state had passed a dental law, requiring all dentists to register, we find the following names on the register: B. C. Brimacombe, J. W. Brimacombe, W. T. Brimacombe, J. C. Branham, John P. Brunton, Wm. K. Cunurine, Thurman Cole, Oswald Cartwright, Michael Casey, P. O. Dickey, Carey Doyle, Forest Freeman, John O. Fryer, O. M. Flinn, Thos. W. Forshee, Earl Gear, H. M. Gear, Harry Gregg, Elmer Grant, Newton W. Hiatt, N. F. Hazlett, Geo. L. Hill, Edwin S. Hulley, Wilfred F. Kinley, Edwin Kimball, Charles Keener, Raymond C. Leslie, J. A. Loughry, James S. McClain, J. H. McClain, E. McElhaney, Walter Mott, E. J. Martin, L. M. Platt, L. G. Platt, C. W. Platt, James A. Pearcy, Charles Priest, Earl Ross, W. N. Ratliff, Miles E. Ratliff, Leonard Strange, S. E. Stouffer, A. H. Unthank, Fred Thomas, Guy Thomas, Clarkson M. Wilson, Wm. E. Wagoner, J. C. Whitney, J. E. Whitney, Roy Villars and Frank Yule.

L. NATIONAL MILITARY HOME OF INDIANA

It was once that Congressman G. W. Steele, who spent sixteen years in Washington, really "stole a march" on his constituency, when by an act of congress approved July 23, 1888, entitled: "An Act to Authorize the location of a Branch Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers in Grant County, Indiana, and For Other Purposes," became a reality, and when the news reached Marion "There was a sound of revelry by night." Major Steele introduced the bill providing for it in the fiftieth session of congress, the measure coming up in December, and for seven months he watched the proceedings. While some Grant county citizens had watched developments, others had to have an explanation about the hilarity down town one summer night.

One of the conditions under which the institution was secured for the county and state was free fuel—natural gas was then abundant, and several advantageous sites in the vicinity of Marion were considered. To this attempt the city of Marion owes its beautiful Matter Park, the flowing well being developed at that time, although the natural gas was not found in sufficient quantity to warrant the United States government in locating the proposed institution there. The Elliott farm and some adjacent property amounting to 235.83 acres in a tract along the Mississinewa, was bought immediately at a cost of $26,435.30, it being a conditional purchase with an annual appropriation of $300 for leasing other land in order to perpetuate the gas supply, and since that time sufficient land has been added till there are 300 acres in the tract. Ground was soon broken, and March 18, 1890, the Home was open to members. Since that time it has been the mecca of many visitors. The first governor was General Arthur F. Devereaux, who was succeeded by General Justin

Main Entrance Soldiers' Home

H. Chapman, and at his death Major G. W. Steele, who had sustained direct official connection with the Marion Branch from its earliest inception, became governor December 11, 1901. Members and visitors alike agree that it is a well managed institution.

General Devereaux soon returned to Cincinnati, and after Governor Chapman was laid in the Silent Circle, Major J. Q. Adams, then treasurer, was acting governor until Major Steele was appointed and officially installed. There were 586 members when the Home opened, and since then the average has been around 2,000, the enrollment always increasing in winter when the veterans are less able to care for themselves. As the graves in the Silent Circle increase in number the membership is depleted, and in time some other use will be made of the domain now owned by Uncle Sam. There are fourteen barracks, not including the department buildings and official residences, and military life in the strictest sense obtains there. All points of the compass are represented in the membership, and many interesting life histories are wrapped up in the men now spending their days in the quiet retirement provided them by the United States government. While the general health in camp is good, there are many frailties incident to age, and year by year the member-

ship in all the Homes grows smaller—the boys of '61 to '65 answering the final reveille and crossing over to the Plains of Peace.

Since the age of the soldiers averaged but twenty-five years when the war closed, and it was an army of boys that rushed to the defense of the American flag again in the '90's, there will be recruits to the army of disabled volunteer soldiers for a long while in the future, and the Marion Branch is destined to many years of usefulness. It is a beauty spot whether seen in summer or winter, although more people see it in fair weather. "A little glimpse of camp life when all is wrapped in a covering of snow presents some different features from what the average summer time visitor carries away in his mind. The winter days seem long to the veterans who enjoy outdoor life and associations, and whose physical strength will not admit of rigorous winter time enjoyments. Instead of roses in bloom there were icicles on all of the bushes, and instead of groups of men on the lawn and in the shade, it was a rare thing to see a uniform, and when a soldier did cross the grounds he

Barracks Soldiers Home, Overlooking Jonesboro Road

did not stop until he reached his destination. While people flock there in summer, and the public is quite familiar with the life of the veterans who are spending the long afternoon of their lives there, very few tourists go there when the camp is wrapped in the embrace of winter, and yet there is somber beauty in storm fronts and other winter time reminders."

The Soldiers' Home is a city within itself, and is one of the best single assets of Grant county. More than half a million dollars are distributed annually in the maintenance of the institution and the pensions paid the members. It is estimated that more than $6,000,000 have been distributed in pensions and a like amount in the improvements and maintenance of the property. The salaries paid amount to more than $9,000 a month, to the employes, including thirteen commissioned officers, fifty non-commissioned officers, seventy-three men who are civilians, sixty-five women; and an average of 264 members who are on paid duty. The total property valuation is almost $1,000,000, and while all the revenue from the Marion Branch is not spent in Grant county, a considerable portion of it finds its way into local business channels. While bids are required in awarding contracts, local dealers

are favored and Grant county labor has always been employed in construction. Many Marion wholesale dealers now hold important business contracts. Marion has always received advertising from visitors to the institution, and it is the summer evening pleasure resort of the whole countryside.

There are several National Homes aside from the different State Homes, as the Central Branch, Dayton, Ohio; Northwestern Branch, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Eastern Branch, Togus, Maine; Southern Branch, Hampton, Virginia; Western Branch, Leavenworth, Kansas; Pacific Branch, Santa Monica, California; Danville Branch, Danville, Illinois; Mountain Branch, Johnson City, Tennessee; Battle Mountain Sanitarium, Hot Springs, South Dakota, and the Marion Branch, and the president of the United States and the Secretary of War are always members of the board of directors. The presence of a National Home is an object lesson in American patriotism—a standing denial of the theory that republics are ungrateful to those who in the hour of need defend them by laying all upon their country's altar. While Uncle Sam looks after all the physical needs of the boys in blue, and the economics there would afford an interesting study, he also provides for their spiritual life in both Protestant and Catholic chapels in which to worship, and all Grant county is glad of this National institution within its borders.

LI. THE NEGRO IN GRANT COUNTY

By Mrs. Asenath Peters Artis

It seemed providential that the secretary of the Historical Society should have urged Mrs. Asenath Peters Artis, known in colored social circles as Mrs. S. Dillard Artis, to write of her people, since on "Franklin township" day in the society, September 25, 1909, she came into the library in apparent health, accompanied by members of the Eurydice Club, and other friends and read the following excellent history. "Asenath Peters" was the first colored graduate from the Marion high school, and she was a leader among the colored population of Grant county. After completing her studies she was a teacher, and later she traveled all over Indiana as an organizer of lodges, and for several years she was colored society news writer for *The Marion Leader*, doing it as a missionary service in an effort to get matters pertaining to her race before the public in the best manner. She often said that while the negro was an imitator, it was "only folks of quality."

Asenath Peters was a protege and namesake of Mrs. Asenath Winslow-Whitson-Baldwin, step-mother of the writer of this prelude. After the death of her benefactor, she often asked friendly advice from the "secretary," and for a year or two she was collecting data, finally reading her paper in September and going soon after to a hospital in Indianapolis, from which she did not return. Now this bit of early negro history is a monument to her memory. Mrs. Mary Peters Blakey sang for the society, and although Franklin township was being considered, all the colored visitors remained for the entire program. The rural negro community of an early day was confined almost wholly to Liberty and Franklin, and early residents of Liberty will remember the Reserve as described by Mrs. Artis, whose death was a distinctive loss to the colored population of Grant county.

As proof of the fact that Mrs. Artis was a woman who had the courage of her conviction, and always stood on the question of privilege when

name as a protection from slave hunters. He and family were known, having through industry and economy purchased a forty-acre farm in Franklin township. At the intersection of the Strawtown and Jonesboro pikes is where they lived and enjoyed a prosperous life. They are all deceased. We love to speak of them, as the reader made her home with them for more than two years, and received advantages that were of value in after years.

In 1850 William Gulliford, the father of Green, Thomas and Jesse Gulliford, the former now an octogenarian at Weaver, came to the county. In 1852 came James Burden, Tommy Burden, Dangerfield White, Ben Skipworth and Cornelius Hill. In 1854, came Simon, Meakin and John Ward, the latter entering 300 acres of land at Weaver, a little north; Simon located on John Ratliff farm in Franklin township. Also in 1854 Betsy McMath with five children, Owen, Ahad, Elisha and Sarah, settled on the farm later owned by the late Jerry Shoecraft. Johnny Jones and family came from Starke county in 1862, and owned the farm part of which is now owned by John Prior. The remainder is in the possession of his son, Silas Jones. In 1862 Samuel Stewart and family and Constantine Stewart, Catherine Stewart Gulliford, Parthenia Stewart Bray, their mother, Virgina Stewart, who died at the age of 105, May 4, 1902, came from Ohio. They were originally free born Virginians.

Other families that lived in the settlement are too numerous to mention, but the following are familiar names: Sephas Gaskin and family, (the former died last June at Kokomo at the age of 93), the Shoecrafts, Hawkins, Hills, Wallace, Beeks, Hornadays, Blacks, Green, Patterson, Fraziers, West, Chavis, Jackson, Casey and Smiths. The predominating families were the Weavers, they being the greatest in number, then the Pettifords, Burdens and Smiths. They lived principally in Liberty township, mostly west and south of Weaver. A few families lived in Franklin, some in Mill and some in Fairmount township. In the latter was William Frazier, and his widow, Mary Burden Frazier, now lives in their old homestead on Main street in Fairmount; they raised a large family. The oldest son, Annanias, is well known for his fanatical religious belief and has traveled much with A. F. Norton during the past few years. Robert Patterson, known by everyone as "Uncle Bob," a Virginia slave freed when but a lad, migrated to Carthage, Indiana, then with his family settled in Fairmount township in 1865. He was known all over the county, having peddled for many years. He died at his late home in Marion at the age of 92 in 1903 or '04. Benjamin H. Peters, a slave in Tennessee, freed at the age of twenty-four at the death of his master, with his mother, brothers and sisters migrated to Ohio, where he married Mary J. Stewart, and in November, 1867, with their five children, they came to Grant county. They are the parents of the writer, who was born to them a few years later at their home on the Eli Hockett farm, three miles west of Jonesboro. About 1872 they moved to Liberty township, west of Weaver. He was in advance of the average colored man of his day, comparatively well read, and was known both in Ohio and Indiana as a vocal music teacher, having many classes that sang the old square notes. He also was agent for many book concerns and nurseries, and sold his goods all over the county.

In 1849 the A. M. E. church, known as Hills Chapel, was built a half mile east of Weaver, then called the "Crossroads," at the present site where Weaver now stands. The first pastor was Ben Hill, from Kentucky. Others were Davey Rush, from the Deer Creek church in the Rush settlement in Howard county, about eight miles northwest of Kokomo, Ben Skipworth, Rev. Endicut, Davey Wilson and Daniel Burden. The church was under the episcopal district of Bishop Paul Quinn, the pioneer

circuit rider that has done much for Methodism in the middle west and whose remains lie in the cemetery at Richmond, Indiana. Elisha Weaver, when a boy, was carted over the Ohio river under a load of goods by white friends to escape; came to Richmond, grew to manhood and was a noted preacher, and he often visited Hills Chapel and preached. The Baptist church, a log cabin, was built in 1854 or '55 by Tom Robinson, a Baptist preacher, and assisted by Billy Boswell, a leading Baptist, on a plot of ground on the David Matthew farm, where the old graveyard is now abandoned as a burying ground. Later on Uncle Johnny Jones, as he was called, gave the church a plot of ground at the crossing of the Roseburg and Jonesboro pikes, a mile north of Weaver, where a frame building was erected to be used for church purposes. When it ceased the ground should revert to the Jones farm, which it did, and is now owned by his son, Silas Jones, who at a small cost purchased the church building from the four remaining members, and converted it into a dwelling a few years ago.

Some time in the '70s the Wesleyan Methodist church was built a few rods west of the crossroads, the promoters being Beverley Pettiford, Benjamin Peters, Thomas Wilson and George Peterson. It was pastored by Isaac Meeks, Doctor Coats and Nathan Davis and others, all white. Several colored men were licensed from that church that afterward came to prominence in other denominations. They were Andrew Ferguson, Isom Hill and Charles Wallace. In 1869 John Ratliff, then a member of the legislature, succeeded in getting a portion of the school funds for the colored people to have their own school. No. 2 school of Liberty township was built a few rods west of the crossroads on the south side of the road, with two rooms, and two teachers were employed, principal and assistant. The first were white and among the earlier teachers were John Q. Thomas and Albert Smith. The colored teachers were George Shaffer and wife, John Mason and wife and John Evans. A few years later Mr. Ratliff succeeded in passing a bill to allow colored children to attend white schools throughout the state, which was an advantage greatly appreciated.

The county was comparatively a wilderness, low, swampy, unhealthy, winters long and severe, wolves and other wild animals were common and there was plenty of wild game. Chill and fever was a malady, but by hard work clearing and ditching the settlers succeeded in getting their farms in condition to raise fair crops. Orchards were planted and in a few years fruit was abundant. The roads were made of puncheons or cordroy and for rods in the wet season were impassable. It would take four horses to pull an ordinary load. The homes were simple log cabins, some few were hewn logs daubed with clay, one room, with a loft which was reached by a ladder, sometimes from the outside. Some had a ladder attached to the wall right straight up. A big fireplace that would burn almost a cord of wood at a fire was the means of heating. The chimneys were made of sticks and clay. It is said Osborn Nickle built the first brick chimney in the settlement and was first to own a sewing machine, "The Howe." The old-fashioned cord bedsteads were used with a trundle bed for the children, a table and cupboard, a few chairs with bark seats and stoves constituted the principal furniture of the ordinary home. The stables were miserable log huts. There were few outhouses and the years' provision was kept in the house, as well as all the tools, such as saws, augers, chisels, mauls, wedges, axes, etc. The housewife was compelled to bring a brood of chickens in the house to protect them from rain; spread her beans out under the bed to dry; pumpkins and other vegetables were often placed under the bed out of the way. The beds were high and filled with straw or shucks and feather bed weighing many

pounds. Beautiful quilts, the handwork of the housewife, were numerous. The whitewashed walls and well-scrubbed floors showed an air of comfort.

Everybody worked, the women helping in the clearings and assisting in planting the corn, which was done by the hand and hoe. Wheat was hand sown and reaped by cradles. Some of the best timber was cut down and made into rails to fence the farms. In the '70s the settlement was at its best, with a large population and prosperous. The second school was opened in an old log schoolhouse previously used by the white people which had been moved on the Hackleman road a mile west and a half mile south of the cross roads. The first teachers were Anna Harvey, white, and William Burden, colored. This building was abandoned a few years later and a new frame building was erected about a quarter of a mile north of it. Social life, with three churches and a Sunday school, and two day schools, education mentally and morally, was eagerly sought. The churches were seeking the salvation of souls and the ministers never failed to deliver hell-scaring sermons, especially during the revival meeting, which usually began on New Year's night and held many weeks, sometimes late in the spring, until none desired prayer. Everybody went to church, men, women and children. They parted at the door, the men going on the men's side, the women on the women's side and to do otherwise was an offense. The young man who desired to take the lady of his choice home would station himself near the door and wait her coming. Sometimes he would get sacked for some other fellow. People would come for miles around, plodding through water, mud, snow and over the ice, walking foot logs, and crossing fences. In every direction one could see lanterns, hickory bark lights and torches. They would worship until a late hour, praying with the mourners seeking religion, who rolled, cried and mourned for hours, which was necessary, for the sincerity of his profession or religion was judged by the time it took him to get it, and if one believed in a short time after seeking, or did not shout all over the church and run and hug his enemy, if he had one, it was not genuine; got it too quick to be sincere and would not last until baptising day, which was generally in May or June.

Notwithstanding these peculiarities, true religion was enjoyed by the forefathers, which was demonstrated on quarterly meeting occasions, at love feast and holy communion services. The annual camp meeting held in the Weaver woods, a half mile north of Hills Chapel church, was a drawing card, the white people for miles around would attend. It was looked forward to with great anticipation. It was the financial agent of the church. Aside from the religious service, which consisted of good preaching and singing, which was very pleasing to the vast crowds, there was every pleasure of a fair or carnival; ten cents was charged at the gate, guards were established to see that no one climbed over the fence and men with marshal powers patroled the grounds to keep order. Rights were sold for stands to sell goods, large cooking and eating tents were put up, and long tables were eagerly sought by hungry persons. They were laden with boiled ham, beef, roast pig, chicken and dumplings, chicken pot pie, cabbage, sweet potatoes, etc., pies, cakes with red and blue sugar icing, and redhot candies on it. There was the confectionery man with his peanuts and candy, ice cold lemonade stirred with a spade. It was here that many of the children got their first stick of warm candy or taffy. The watermelon man was there. Everyone enjoyed the occasion, but at its close returned to their daily vocations.

The Sunday school picnic was a great treat for the young people Each Sunday school had a banner bearing its name, with streamers held

by little girls dressed in white, with paper crowns and glazed muslin sashes, others marching and presenting a pretty sight. Andrew Jackson, a fifer, and his son John, the drummer boy, and others formed a drum corps that usually furnished music on all such occasions. On reaching the picnic grounds, after remarks by the Sunday school leaders and recitations and songs by the children, a bountiful, well prepared dinner was spread upon the ground for all present. The church festival and Christmas trees were great social events. The spelling match and the last days of school were great features, which were attended by the patrons, who brought baskets laden with good things to eat and after it was devoured a program of recitations and dialogues displayed the ability of the pupils, and wisdom of their teacher was rendered, followed by remarks by the school director and influential patrons who complimented or criticised the year's work. The teacher gave the scholars pretty picture cards as tokens of remembrance. The literary societies, with their debates, were attended with much interest. The wood choppings, when the best chopper got the cake, log rollings, quiltings, apple peelings, taffy pulling, the old play party, the square dance and sleigh riding furnished ample pleasure for the young people.

The Grangers and the Masons were the first secret beneficial societies the earlier settlers enjoyed. Farming was the principal occupation, many working as farm hands for the white people. Johnny Jones was the blacksmith for the neighborhood, Beverley Pettiford was the shoe cobbler, Jack White, the community fiddler. The earlier grocers were Wellington Barnett, Jesse Gulliford and Jack Venters, the congenial county vender. He alone could read his figures, although they were right without exception; their places of business were at the crossroads. Barnett's was in his home a little west on the south side of the road, as was Gulliford, but Venters was located a few rods north on the east side of the road. On rainy days the farmers would congregate in the groceries and argue scripture and discuss the topics of the day. Osborn Nickle, Franklin Weaver and Meredith Patterson, a cripple, both feet being amputated, and Elisha Wallace were the local preachers. There were many soldiers who had fought in the war of '61 for their country who lived in the community. Several hundred acres were under cultivation, clearing, ditching and fencing were continued and the settlement was widely known, but sickness carried many to the silent grave yard, which is located a few rods east of the cross roads, on the north side of the road. The ground was often so wet that the grave diggers would have to dip gallons of water out before the body could be lowered, but the water quickly ran back in. Many heads of families were called to the Great Beyond, which caused a division of their estates, the heirs not able to purchase the interests of the others, a sale was necessary of the lands and the buyers were often white people, until they were dotted here and there.

The easy manner of borrowing money, giving mortgages in good faith, but by some misfortune such as failure of crops, sickness, sometimes neglect, not understanding business, has robbed many of them of their titles to their land. With these conditions the exodus began in the '80s and continued with apparent notice in the '90s. The younger generation in marriage who started out in life, those who lost their possessions, many tiring of farm life, sought new locations and possessions in other parts. The inducement of quick money, the pleasures and seemingly easy town life, made many flock to Marion which already had a few colored families, Calvin Hood, Mr. Jennings, David Smith and Jefferson Sizemore, whose career is well known as a prosperous barber, a trade at that time wholly monopolized by the colored man. He purchased property in 1867 at the cost of $700, where the Colonial building now stands, besides

he owned the lot on the north side of the square owned by the late Harve Marks, and a large brick residence on South Boots street. Edmond White, the fifth family of Marion, came in 1866, purchased the property on South Adams street where Squire's livery barn stands. Eliza Stewart, owned property on Gallatin street, near the Pennsylvania railroad, and a few others employed came later and constituted the colored population in Marion. A Sunday school was organized in the old Wesleyan tabernacle on South Washington street where the Episcopal church stands. Rev. Daniel Burden organized a church later at the home of Calvin Hood. They held services in a log cabin on Nebraska and Ninth streets, near Boots creek, commonly called Possom Hollow. At one time they held meetings in the old courthouse. The church was a mission and a part of Hills chapel circuit. About 1881 they purchased the property on Fifth street, Bethel church, from the First Methodist Episcopal congregation. Rev. Robert McDaniels was pastor of both it and Hills chapel.

The population continued to decrease at the settlement and increase in Marion, aided by foreign families moving here also. The postoffice department by petition established an office at the cross roads and the name chosen was "Weaver," after the predominating family, by which name the place has ever since been known. Weaver was one of the star route places in the county to which mail was carried every day by contract. C. C. Stewart and S. T. Stewart carried the mail for several years. The postoffice was abandoned for the present system of rural free delivery. The exodus had a telling effect on the community and today only a remnant of the original people and possession remain. The mud roads are now pikes, the swamps ditched, producing fine crops, the rail fence has given place to the wire, and many of the log cabins have been replaced by frame dwellings, the bare floors carpeted, the reaper used instead of the cradle and the Wesleyan Methodist church is being used as a barn. The Baptist church does not exist. The Methodist church, Hills Chapel, that was built first, still remains and is in the best repair of its history. No. 2 schoolhouse has been replaced by a new modern brick building, built by a colored contractor, S. M. Plato, of Marion, a product of the Booker T. Washington Institute. No. 3 school is abandoned and the few children that live in the district are transported to No. 2, which is now taught by J. W. Burden. The school has been taught for thirty-five years, with a few exceptions, by teachers born and raised in the settlement. They are William Burden, Silas Becks, Willis Hawkins, Catherine Jones, Beverley Pettiford, Jr., Asenath Peters Artis, William White, Lafayette Casey, Clark Smith, John C. Smith, sons of Noah Smith, J. W. Burden, Vasa Casey and Samuel Stewart.

The school that once required a principal and an assistant and the other school that employed one teacher are now combined and are taught by one teacher. The groceries are all gone except one owned by John H. Weaver, who started with $5, in partnership with Jesse Gulliford and bought a $300 or $400 stock and building of 10x14 feet from John Turner, a white man on the southwest corner of the cross roads, June 6, 1880. In about ten months they dissolved partnership, Henry Pettiford buying out Gulliford's share in 1881. In 1883 Mr. Weaver bought out Pettiford, and the building they occupied in the meantime had been moved across the road from the original stand and there he has since remained. He enlarged his building three times (it is now 40x50 feet) and carries a merchandise stock to accommodate the entire community. He now owns forty-eight acres of well improved land and several residence properties in Marion and Fairmount. He is estimated to be worth about $10,000. Mr. Weaver was married December 27, 1883, to Miss Rebecca Mitchell, of

Richmond, a school teacher, who taught two terms as an assistant at No. 2 school. She died February 9, 1888, and he married the second time, October 25, 1888, Miss Laura White, daughter of Jack White, the celebrated fiddler. Mr. Weaver has been a successful business man and has a nice home a few rods east of the store at Weaver. Jesse Jones conducted a small grocery at his residence, one mile west and one mile north of Weaver, for several years before his death. Now the building is used by Verlie Gulliford, who conducts a small store. John Pettiford has a blacksmith shop at Weaver and commands the trade of the neighborhood. George Peterson, in his lifetime, was the first colored justice of the peace. Lafayette Casey, who holds the office now, is known as 'Squire Casey. Many of the men in time past have held the offices of school director, road supervisor and constable. The preachers of the county that have gone to other parts for labor, and the local service of the Methodists are Rev. Daniel Burden and two sons Johnson and Jonathan; the third son, Lewis, was a local preacher; all are deceased; Osborn Nickles, a local preacher, two sons itinerate, Solomon and Jeremiah, the latter the congenial barber of this city; Andrew Ferguson, Isom Hill and Joseph Gaskin. The locals are Franklin Weaver, David Weaver, Henry Patterson, Samuel Stewart, Elisha Wallace, Charles Wallace, Baptist; Jeremiah Shoecraft and Nathan Jones.

The beautiful residence of the late Washington Casey, a mile west of Weaver, now occupied by his widow, is a monument to the race. He owned more than 100 acres of the best improved lands and some town property which is now in the possession of his heirs. Noah Smith, at his death last year, left one hundred acres of land and several pieces of town property to his widow and children. The Robert Wallace heirs are still in possession of the sixty acre farm bought more than sixty years ago. The Jones, Beeks, Pettifords, Weavers, Wards, Evans, Stewarts, Burdens and many others are land owners, and several hundred acres of good land are still in the hands of colored people. Most all of the old original settlers have died. Green Gulliford and Edith Pettiford, of Weaver, Jack White, who died September 24, his mother-in-law, Matilda Weaver of near Michaelsville, Columbus Stewart and his sister, Mary Jane Peters Shoecraft, of this city, all octogenarians, are about all that are left. Many of the old residents went west and located in Kansas, Indian Territory and other states.

The people of Weaver now enjoy a good church society, many belong to the various secret organizations in this city. The ladies are interested in the Women's Federated Clubs, having two clubs and the first club organization in the rural district in the state. The colored population of Marion gradually increased until the gas and oil boom in Grant county, when the colored people flocked to Marion and Fairmount, finding plenty of employment in the factories, etc. The platting of new additions, the easy manner of securing homes by small payments, enabled many to purchase lots and construct houses from one room to comfortable cottages, until more than half the residents own or are paying for their homes. Some through economy own from one to six and seven pieces to rent. They are scattered all over the city in good locations on the principal streets to the by-way places in the suburbs. They are well kept, comfortably furnished, and with few exceptions, they are not known by the old-time mark of broken gates, dirty yards, broken windows filled with rags, but compare favorably with the community in which they are found. Bethel African Methodist Episcopal church on Fifth street was detached from the Hills Chapel mission about 1887 and has since been a station. It was remodeled, changing it from a front entrance to a side entrance and the addition of a tower and other changes in the

auditorium by Rev. T. E. Wilson, pastor, in 1899. It was the first church and has ever since held its place, having for its membership the majority of the leading families of the city. It is now presided over by Dr. George Shaffer, pastor, one of the best ministers in the connection. The Second Methodist church purchased the property formerly owned by the Protestant Methodist church at Washington and Thirty-fifth streets in 1901, Rev. J. H. Fisher, pastor. It has been a burden to the few members to meet the obligations, but by the assistance of the friends they have succeeded in paying more than half of the original debt besides making improvements and maintaining a preacher. They have also built a small parsonage on the lot. Rev. C. E. Moorman has been recently appointed pastor.

The Second Baptist church, a neat little edifice, built by S. M. Plato, contractor, about three years ago, is located on South Branson street, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets. Rev. Y. C. Terrell has been its pastor for the past eight years. In Fairmount a little Methodist church was built about seven years ago. Rev. J. M. Nickles organized the church and was its pastor for five years. Some are engaged in business enterprises and trades. Filmore Pettiford is engaged in the grocery business and enjoys a good trade on South Washington street. George S. Moss and Andrew J. Wallace have a blacksmith shop on West Second street. Edward Poindexter has a restaurant on South Adams street. J. M. Nickles, John Robinson, Amos T. Nickle, Oliver Bass, Alfred Smith and W. H. Anderson are in the barber business. S. M. Plato is an architect and building contractor. S. Dillard Artis is a street and cement contractor. Morrell and Bushon handle contractors' supplies and Julius Brothers do carpet cleaning. Spires & Mays are painters and decorators; Henry Burden does painting and many are engaged in minor enterprises. Aaron Barnett owns and has successfully run a heading factory for years at Fairmount, and Augustus, commonly called Buck, Weaver has a barber shop there. Professional men are J. W. Burden, teacher, who was a deputy in the county treasurer's office for several years, and Dr. W. T. Thomas, who enjoys a large practice. Dr. George Shaffer, D. D., a recent addition to Marion society, is a renowned preacher and a good practicing physician. Thaddeus Smith and Noah Burden are city mail carriers. Two colored men have been members of the metropolitan police force, William Pettiford and John Robinson. The custodians of the courthouse and postoffice are colored men, Charles Winslow and Melvin Ervin, respectively.

The Union Stock Company, an incorporation of stockholders, owns a lot and building at Washington and Fifteenth streets. It is occupied by Dr. W. T. Thomas. Mrs. Susie Morgan Burden is a well known cateress, serving all the first-class functions, and she has the patronage of the best people. Mrs. David Morrell and Miss Floda Williams are accomplished musicians; Mrs. Mary Lawrence Hill, a former resident of the city, was a genius at art and her beautiful pictures adorn the homes of many of her friends. A large number of children attend the public schools and complete the eighth grade work. Since 1888, when your humble servant was the first colored person in Grant county to graduate from the Marion High School, twelve girls and boys completed the course. At present eleven are in attendance and there are one hundred and fifty-two girls and seventy-eight boys in schools throughout the county.

In social life the secret societies are numerous. The Odd Fellows, Mississinewa lodge, No. 2104, is the largest and strongest, owning their hall, in which they meet, and several pieces of residence property and a good treasurer's account. The Free and Accepted Masons, Knights

of Pythias and Ancient York Masons are among the number; these with the ladies' auxiliaries, the Household of Ruth, the Eastern Star, two Courts of Calanthes, Ladies' Court, and Sisters of Charity, are doing much fraternally for the people. Women's clubs are numerous and through these the home life is reached and its influence on the future posterity is receiving attention through the efforts of Asenath P. Artis, present state organizer. There are about two thousand five hundred colored people in Grant county, five hundred voters, and they own property, the combined assessed value of which is $65,920, farm land $45,885, town property $20,035. Being a Hoosier born in Grant county and not having lived twelve months outside its borders in my entire life, I take great pleasure in searching for facts, although with the cares of a busy housewife I find it no easy task to secure data from an unwritten history of a people of wonderful achievements for more than sixty years. This fact has taught the younger generation to make records of all deeds that the future generation may know of our existence. However, we have presented as accurate an account as could be obtained from the memory of the older people, both colored and white, and from the old records at the courthouse and the personal observation of about thirty-five years of the doings and simple life of a good and great people to which we are proud we belong, and still trust and believe the words of the Good Book that Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hands.

LII. ARCHITECTURE—THE HOMES OF THE COUNTY

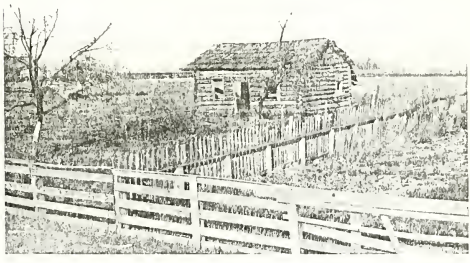
Charles Dickens, the great English novelist, says: "The ties that bind the wealthy and proud at home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the true metal and bear the stamp of Heaven. The man of high descent may love the trophies of his birth and power. The poor man's attachment to the tenement he holds, which strangers have held before and may tomorrow occupy again, has a worthier root struck deep into a purer soil," and the same holds true from an American standpoint. A little research reveals the fact that not only people of wealth live in their own homes, but that many mechanics and wage earners have put by their savings and sit beside their own hearthstones. Home is where the mother and other members of the family reside, and in very many instances the title to the property is vested in the name of the man who sits in the fire-light.

Another writer says: "A cottage will not hold the bulky and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion, but if God be there a cottage will hold as much happiness as will stock a palace," and Washington Irving adds: "If was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world," and with the Irving sentiment as a standard, Marion and all Grant county is entitled to consideration. This sentiment seems to have permeated many households, and many homemakers recognize the wisdom of having the children remember the home nest pleasantly in after years. People still express themselves as having been happiest in the primitive American dwelling, while others would not exchange their modern homes and comforts for the pioneer hovel. The last generation has witnessed great strides toward modern home improvements.

While in some measure the material side has been in advance of the aesthetic, and the rich people of the community have not as yet spent a great deal of money on their homes, there is an evolution in progress,

and like the leaven a woman placed in the meal there are homes in every community that are exerting their silent though potent influence. In the last decade there have been rapid strides, and county wide, toward better architecture, and while there may not be so many magnificent homes as in some localities—there are balanced conditions, fewer extremes in the other direction. It has been human nature to handle material interests first, just as the successful farmer builds his barn in order that he may save the money with which to build his house, and speaking comparatively of county wide conditions, there are few who live in the alleys as in contradistinction to the avenues, the majority of families being well supplied with food and raiment in addition to shelter.

"City beautiful," "Farm beautiful," and "All Grant County a Park," is a wholesome sentiment, and a money estimate cannot be placed on beauty until the property is placed on the market—then, beauty becomes collateral. In the story of the creation the sacred writer says: "And Jehovah God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to



Old House

dress it and keep it," and since that time Adam's example has been followed, although with the knowledge of good and evil men have attired themselves differently, and landscape artists and architects have been transforming the earth. While there are some farm houses in town—just plain, commodious structures, on the other hand there are country homes as artistic as any to be seen in town, and why not, since for a score of years the town or country citizen has not been distinguished by his apparel, and the same rule applies to his habitation.

It has been demonstrated that country mansions are not a good investment, since family fortunes so frequently change, and many a city farmer from an economic point of view, would move into a bungalow if only the big house could be rented to advantage. Many families leave architectural wonders—piles of mortar and stone—and need their capital in other ways. The mistake has often been made of investing too much money in the home where the finances of the family were limited, and embarrassment has sometimes been the result. When the wheel of fortune renders a division of property incumbent, the palatial home is not always the most fortunate investment. Oftentimes heirs cannot handle the property, and strangers live where the family had planned

a long period of enjoyment. With the palatial residence comes the increased expense account, and there are many things that enter into the consideration.

Older countries, however, and older cities have their aesthetic development, and it is coming with rapid strides to Marion and all Grant county. The beauty of any community lies in its variety of development, and people are beginning to look out for building sites where nature has already had part in the transformation. It is not alone a matter of dollars and cents involved, but something of far greater consequence—the building of character, the environment always being on a par with heredity. While many homes do not have pleasing features to relieve their barrenness, no one fails to admire attractive spots and even the practical man is not ready to sacrifice all elements of beauty—is not morally opposed to trees, flowers and shrubs. It is a lack of perspective, a narrowed vision, that allows any one to tolerate ugliness where beauty can be substituted with such little effort, and yet homes

East Main Street, Swayzee

that are positively ugly from lack of energy and the saving sense of aestheticism, here and there dot the community.

Perhaps in the history of the past the carpenter has been more in evidence than the architect, and yet many twentieth century abodes bespeak the advantages to be gained from architectural supervision and planning. In the last decade the bungalow, which is simply a modification of the cottage, popular for so long from an economical view point, has swept the country and it is found on farms as well as on corner lots in town, and in its elaboration, sleeping rooms above, although maintaining the one story appearance, it seems destined to continued popularity. Native building material has been used until the lumber supply was exhausted, and concrete has proven an excellent substitute. Attention is given to sanitation and hygiene, and there are both rural and urban homes calculated to attract favorable notice, and the general public is rapidly cultivating the habit of observation. The house is not the only consideration, and shade and shrubbery are finding certain recognition. A landscape artist seldom inquires whether or not a family owns its home, the atmosphere of the place answering that question for him.

The shrubbery on the lawn tells its own story, and the hopeful thing

is that people are beginning to note the surroundings. The courts and driveways about modern homes are in evidence in both town and country, and nothing adds so much to a commodious house as a spacious door yard and garden about it. While wealth is still centrally located, and very few business or professional men have caught the suburban fever, it will sooner or later assert itself in this direction, and while the era of princely palaces may only be dawning, many families spare no pains in surrounding themselves with books and music, and the artistic side of community life seems disposed to take care of itself. Of course many families have accumulated wealth after their children have left the home circle, and they feel little need of the modern mansion, only as the spirit of the times demands it of them. Those who, like Mrs. Means in Eggleston's story, "while getting got plenty," have usually had the rose bush growing by the door, and every precaution has been taken to add to the beauty of the surroundings.

One gentleman said: "Marion homes are substantial, but they are perhaps without the element of elegance," and another loyal citizen exclaimed: "Say what you will, but if the town goes back to only one inhabitant, I want to be that man." Then the truth dawned upon him that the material had outstripped the artistic in local development, and the following explanation—that Marion has been a busy center, and in the rush of things not so much attention has been given to detail as will be in future. "Know thyself" is not more important than "Know thy house," and the homes of the community are being built with comfort and utility in mind, the smaller towns and country places all keeping pace in the substantial nature of their improvements. In England houses last for centuries, and durability is being considered by builders of today. There have been artistic temperaments all along, and through the materialistic age, when only as much sentiment as could be cashed at the bank was encouraged, the civic spirit has only slumbered and at last it has awakened, and the future is before it.

LIII. THE STORIES THAT GRANDFATHER TELLS

By Mark Baldwin

O, wonderful tales can grandfather tell
Of the wonderful times and the things that befell
When he was a boy, and roamed the thick wood,
Enjoying his life as a boy only could
With vigor and health, with pioneer blood
Flowing strong in his veins.
He swam the swift flood, or hunted the sly little impudent beasts,
That peopled the forests and stole for their feasts,
The corn from the crib, or took from the soil
The grain, making useless the pioneer's toil.

And I think to myself, how grand it must be
To live in a hut in the forest so free
From the vain, pompous ways of the life of today,
From the swift pace we're living at present—but say,
When grandfather tells of the woodticks and lice,
Of the fleas and the chiggers, the rats and the mice,
The ague and fever, I don't think I'd lose
The freedom from these to have been in his shoes.

LIV. THE ORGANIZED FAMILY

While the human family dates back to Adam in the Garden of Eden, the organized family is really a twentieth century innovation in Grant county. It was an area of material prosperity and people were enjoying the comforts of life, their debts having been paid and they began to think of recreation and more intimate knowledge of each other. It was coming to be a reproach for a man to know more of livestock pedigrees than of his own genealogy, and the human herd book—family tree—became a reality in many households. While there are organized families everywhere, it is said that Grant county is in front rank, and more annual family gatherings are held in Matter Park than in any other Indiana pleasure resort—a statement frequently heard at family reunions.

While the annual reunion is a little hard on the old time custom of family visiting, relatives do meet each other once a year and the annual recurrence is a pleasant prospect in many households. Many families meet on anniversary occasions—the birthday of the senior relative, and meetings are held where it best suits the older members—sometimes at old family homesteads surrounded by all the family traditions, even though in some instances strangers live there. The organized family is a miniature historical society, the historian and correspondent discovering many "ties that bind," and every child has a right to know its lineal descent—to be well born. The importance of fortunate parentage and of right surroundings in the home are beyond exaggeration, and upon this institution have been concentrated the wisest and strongest efforts of the church and of all reformatory organizations. "The family as an actual institution is a social group consisting of a man, his wife (or wives) and their children, with an outer circle of kindred of uncertain extent. In some cases the conception is wider, including pious reference to former generations, and a consideration of generations yet to come," and greater than the family is society, the community, the state—the family the component part of all.

A pioneer would not trace his ancestry, saying he might be descended from a toad, and when his son first heard the theory of evolution he admitted: "You may be descended from an ape, but I am not," and thus people know too little of their own origin unless they meet together and thus discover "Who's who" for themselves. Macaulay says: "A people that takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants," and Emerson declares: "Biography is the only true history." It is and ought to be a reproach not to know one's family history, and one thing taught by the Revolutionary Sons and Daughters is pride in ancestry—many an unmarked grave having been discovered in an effort to enroll as a patriot.

Maybe some are unduly proud of their lineage—Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and one trouble with some people of good families is their constant fear that others will forget about it unless frequently reminded of it. They are not very secure in their family traditions. Why should a family be more concerned about its ancestry than its posterity? Why should the social structure be builded so high that the man of humble birth cannot mount it? Why should not all rise to the top of it? There are stratas of birth, privilege, prejudice and tradition, and family relation does not overcome all. This is the country of self made men, although some cannot carry their families with them in the ascent of the ladder of prosperity. Why should their families drag them to lower levels? Is there any call for one American being ashamed of another?

Human nature changes but little as the centuries go by, and some families boast while others are modest—both heredity and environment entering into the consideration.

History may be clothed in figure and the reader grasp the facts most readily, and while there may be skeletons in many closets there is no call for parading them. Things best not put into print happen in every community, and the family circle is a sacred precinct. While some families are as oil and water—will not mix, others are a unit in everything. Perhaps like other fads, family reunions will have their day—will run their course—but they have served an excellent purpose in that relatives know more about each other. They have picked up articles from the dinner table that have been returned the next year to the owners, and all have had good times together. When people were debt-ridden, and were still paying for their homes, they had little inclination socially, and did not meet often together. While anniversaries have always been family affairs, the social reunion has not been an element of community life only within the present century.

The county fair used to serve a similar purpose—was the social opportunity for all, when farmers would come in wagons and bring their dinners, and cared less for pumpkins always than for seeing each other. Transportation was an agency in the change, and people come together easily now. The fairs are different—not the social event of the past. For years there was no fair, and family reunions sprang into existence to fill the social need—loyalty to relationship. When there was nowhere else to go all went to the fairs and appreciated them. Since cursory study need not mean profane history, this delving into family origin becomes sacred research and while affinity does not always mean family, there is such a thing as felicity in the marriage relation. There are love marriages, and there are economic adjustments—marry for money and sentiment takes care of itself, and it is often easier to work for riches and keep the fortune in the family is the plan sometimes. The butcher, the baker and the candlestickmaker of the past who were such a composite family support have entered into the world combines—everything a trust, and through manipulation some of them have accumulated wealth, but the family remains an independent structure, although its "housban" may have passed from the realm of literature—who knows of the butcher, the baker and the candlestickmaker today?

While families were poor and in debt they did not plan many pleasures, but as their fortunes have been better they have inclined to sociability. Who said anything about old-fashioned hospitality? Is the old time happy family—father, mother and a dozen children—passing in panorama and leaving nothing in place of it? In the course of nature there is such a thing as a happy old age, and these annual family gatherings usually do honor to some patriarch in the family circle. On account of association reunions in old homesteads may mean more to old persons, but the public park offers inducements—is a public utility. Family customs change and families are different. Time was when a death occurred obituary notices in black borders were printed and left at every door, but the daily paper and telephone have rendered that custom obsolete, and the card of thanks is seldom published as it was a willing service always returned in due time in every community. The bell used to toll, and before it was done ringing people inquired who was passing from earth, but now that isolation has been overcome by the forward strides in civilization that doleful sound is seldom heard only as the cortege is arriving and leaving the church, and in time the toll of the bell will no longer be associated with that sad hour in every family history. The genealogy of the family should be known to all and family records are

not accidentally preserved—are the result of knowledge and careful forethought.

There is system in many families in preserving records and perpetuating family history. The Carey family, which lays claim to priority in park reunions in Grant county, met first August 25, 1902, on the birthday anniversary of its oldest member, Dr. Isaac Carey, who was born in 1812, and the James annual family gathering was in the same year and perhaps no other Grant county family has as complete a record and system of showing blood lines in the relationship. If the organized family is the very foundation of good government, then the Grant county hosts mean much in political economy. Carey, James, Overman, Bradford, Collins, Thomas, Doyle, Boller, Pulley, Farr, Hays, Renbarger, Bechtol, Stevens, Jay-Jones, Holloway, Nelson, Ferguson, Renmaker, Creviston, Williams, Boxell, Love, Pence, Richards, Leach, Havens, Nottingham, Palmer, Ray, Edgerton, Dooley, Ham, Woodmansee, Haines-Whiteneck, Starbuck, Duling, Winger.

While the organized family is a factor, the organized community is also to be reckoned with—influences reaching beyond immediate family circles. The Adams County Buckeyes hold annual reunions, people coming together in Matter Park who never knew each other among the Ohio hills, and the North Carolinians—they are as the promised seed of Abraham in Grant county. The Virginians frequently rally forces, and the Xenia Exiles are Marion families hailing from Converse who meet in annual reunion. The Big Four—Baldwin, Bogue, Hill, Wilson family is so interwoven with other well known families that it means a large company assembled in annual reunion, and considerable history has been the result of the family association. The Octogenarian Club and Golden Wedding Circle—Old Folks' day—is when all are attracted to the meetings, as there are no limitations, the old people having friends of all ages who enjoy seeing them together, and the Kiefer Class reunions, although meeting in the country, in the vicinity of its activities along in the seventies, when its members sang together, attracts a great many visitors. The organized family and the organized community have had their place in local affairs since the advent of the twentieth century and none forget the day of the annual meeting.

LV. ANTEBELLUM SOCIETY IN GRANT COUNTY

By Mrs. Lydia Frazier Scogar

Explanatory word. In the chapter: "The Farm and the House" in "Three Farms," John Matter's latest book, is the line: "The man who built this house and lived therein until he died has left something of his personality. He was a friendly man, I think, for the house has for me the face of a friend. Through a long acquaintance it has tranquilly preserved its friendliness. The years have come and gone and I with them, but the stamp of the builder to me still is present and unblurred. He wrought better than his times. Sixty years ago Indiana was not the pleasant garden of today. The log cabins and rail fences of the pioneer period are vanishing; the swamps are drained, the fields tilled, the encumbering timber cleared away—Alas! where are the walnut trees of yesterday? Along the pikes are telephone poles; within the barns stand improved tools of intricate parts and diverse functions; automobiles pass the rural delivery postman; cement and silos, alfalfa and the markets of Chicago are discussed. Throughout this change my

friend, the country house has remained unchanged," and because it was the birthplace of the woman whose name stands at the head of the chapter, it seems irresistible—why not use the quotation?

Nathan Way Frazier was a Grant county pioneer, and in 1813 he began building the brick house on the Frazier farm adjoining Matter Park. As he could afford it he added rooms during a period of thirty years until in 1873 it was completed as it now stands—a very unusual country house for the time. Mrs. Seegar was born in this house in 1841, when it had only one finished room, her mother, Martha Boots, being the second wife of Mr. Frazier, whose name will always live in connection with the house he built. In his book Mr. Matter says: "We have known each other for long years, this reticent house and I. As a boy I often sat on the stone steps and looked across the fields to the thickets bordering the Mississinewa," and because the old-fashioned house built to accommodate a large pioneer family has not all been used by tenants since the Frazier farm has been owned by Philip Matter, and the Frazier parlor has been the Matter granary, the following line from the book is opportune. "Upon the floor in the center bags of seed wheat and a trickle of kernels from a rent sack; upon the wrecked hearth, nothing. No andirons, no split wood; nothing save a film of gray ash. Once a parlor this room was now a granary. My heart ran more easily when I closed the door and hastened into the sun light. That room suffered, I was sure. It desired the guests of winter nights when apples were handed around, when cider pitchers went bottoms up many times, and the jokes that only the neighborhood was capable of understanding," and all this serves to introduce "Antebellum Society," as remembered by one born in this house now famous in story.

No longer young and not addicted to writing, Mrs. Seegar reflects the community life while she lived at this old farm as follows: Health, wealth and duty—this is life. In looking over the past and recounting its ups and downs, we realize the many advantages we have today. If we could only recall those days when we had so many good times, meeting at one another's houses and spending the day, how we would all enjoy it. We realize that there are many better ways of living than we knew in the past, and yet we enjoyed it.

Then were busy, strenuous days and ways. The one goal before the early settler was his home in the wilderness—the new country. People then helped one another to do as you would be done by, helped their neighbors and in doing so helped themselves, and honesty was always the best policy. There was more said about honesty that long ago. Our forefathers taught us the power of endurance. In the strenuous, laborious life they lived, they endured all kinds of privations. They taught their children the value of honesty, industry, virtue, love and sobriety.

Society in the country in the early fifties was very different from what it is to-day with the telephone, the electric cars, the free delivery of mail, automobiles as common as in the city with improvements generally. In those days the men and women enjoyed their clubs—they did not say clubs, but their entertainments, their teas, their parties, and their sewing societies, and they gained much pleasure from them.

The men's clubs—they clubbed together rolling logs in great heaps to clear the land and make it possible to farm it and make homes. Another frequent gathering was at a sick neighbor's or a widow woman's home with their teams and implements (this idea has been carried over to the present day in Grant county), to take care of the crop and provide wood that they might have provision and keep from freezing in the long winters. Another neighborhood diversion—the men would all meet and cut, hew and put up a log house for a newcomer and neighbor. How

many times I have seen that done in Grant county. There was such a fine neighborly spirit—such hospitality.

Another great event was the barn raising of heavy timbers requiring thirty or forty strong men to put them in place. No modern society gathering of to-day has a better time, more real pleasure or more good things to satisfy the inner man than were provided by the good wives and daughters who were always included in the invitation. If any one were left out, no society lady of to-day could feel it more keenly. The younger ones came in for the most interesting part in the evenings, when the tallow candles or the sperm oil lamps were lighted, and all gathered around the blazing log fire to enjoy one another's society.

Still another society event was the husking bee, and the one husking the most corn in a given time got the prize, consisting of hearing his praises sung, and consequently having his choice of the prettiest girl, to his thinking—choose her himself. Not many farmers had barns and the corn was husked under straw sheds, and the men knew when not to smoke—not so many smoked then. All had a good time together. The quilting bee was another society event. Two or more quilts were put into the big, square frames and every woman for miles around was invited to come on a certain day. Twenty-five or thirty women could get around these quilts, and the side ready to roll first got the prize—honor only.

One of the most important features of these gatherings was the group of picked cooks in the kitchen. It was always known who were the best cooks in the neighborhood, and they were sent to cook the dinner, a bountiful dinner for all, including children. While the children always had to wait, none waited hungry. It was nothing uncommon to have a joint of meat boiled with potatoes and cabbage with three or four kinds of pie for "trimmings," and there were no nervous women. While my mother always had a cook stove, many of her friends cooked before the fire, and prepared everything that way. The husbands all came for supper and spent the evenings, staying until bed time, relating their experiences, giving and taking wholesome advice and imparting a knowledge of their ancestry, then all vieing with each other as to what family should be permitted to have the next gathering.

The wool picking was another great event in society. Many fleeces fresh clipped from the sheep would occupy the center of the big living room—often the only room in the house—and every woman and child would vie with each other as to who could pile up the billowy wool in greatest quantity, picked and pulled with every particle of dirt taken out of it. The one getting the most in the best condition got the prize, hearing her praises sung, having the honored place at the bountiful dinner, or carving the largest cake—affording as much pleasure as a cut glass dish or a piece of hand-painted china in these days. When we were children mother used to bring in a sheet full of wool, and we had tasks to do—so much wool to be picked in a day. Many a time I have fallen asleep picking wool, and mother would send us out to play, then call us, as we must pick our amount that day. Children all had tasks.

The apple cuttings, when tubs and baskets of the best apples would be prepared, knives sharpened and the young people far and near be invited to come, peel and core the apples ready for drying for future use in winter. I have seen barrels and barrels of apples prepared in this way. Very much amusement was derived from these apple cuttings, counting the seeds, etc., and all in a hurry to get done. Then came the old-time party, when all kinds of innocent games were played, cake and cider were served and a general good time all round, affording as much pleasure and being as big an event as a Beta or Phi Delta Kappa dance at the Commercial or Country Club to-day. This always ended by the

fellows taking their best girls home—perhaps on horseback, the girl sitting behind and of course the fellow must hold her hand to keep her from slipping off.

People in the country were very busy during the week in those days. They made much of the material for their clothing, cut and made all of their apparel without the aid of sewing machines, and the hum of the spinning wheel was the music they enjoyed, as it was the sound of prosperity. They did most of their visiting on Sunday, when father, mother and all the younger children would go to church, traveling many miles in the big wagon over corduroy roads, and very seldom a family went home alone. They would exchange visits, three or four families going to one home or another and enjoying a plain but bountiful dinner together, gotten up by all helping and served from such wholesome productions as the farm afforded, never wanting in quality or quantity. The children were always included in the invitation, being under the watchful care and guidance of their fathers and mothers, but admonished always that older people came first for consideration, and obedience was one of the greatest virtues. In this one phase of life, probably one sees the most of change, as in many homes now the children are wont to dictate and decide what is etiquette for the parents.

The singing schools of those days were a great diversion among the young people. In these they gained much needed knowledge and a great deal of pleasure, besides throwing off the timidity of their quiet lives and the opportunity of mixing with others, and many times these were the culmination of the greatest of blessings true love.

[From the Coggeshall diary.] In line with this Antebellum Society chapter is the diary left by the late Nathan Coggeshall, who in his time was a well known citizen, and he had much to do with early day local affairs. His ancestry left England on account of persecution and came to Nantucket Island, where Quakers were allowed freedom to worship God, and while Mr. Coggeshall was a married man when he came to Grant county, his story of the rural school should have a place in history.

"In my early life school advantages were very poor. We generally had school about three months in a year. I was the oldest and did not get to go very much. We paid $1.50 a scholar for the term, and there would be from twenty-five to thirty subscribed. This amount made up the teacher's salary. He expected nothing more than what he received in that way, except that he boarded around with the scholars, which was to him the same as additional salary.

"If a teacher was well educated he stood high in the community, and commanded a better salary by being able to get a larger school. Our schoolhouses were log cabins. They were made with a fireplace in one end about six feet wide, so we could roll in a big log and fill in with smaller pieces, and how the fire would crackle. The seats consisted of benches made out of slabs, and when we got too cold we had to stand by the fire and warm one side a while and then the other. For windows we generally had a log cut out and oiled paper put in. We were limited in our books. I never saw a geography until I bought one for my own children. About the only subjects taught were arithmetic, spelling and reading, but spelling was the main study, and when any of the scholars got as high as the double rule of three in the arithmetic they were considered well advanced. Some few studied grammar.

"We would have spelling matches, where we would spell for head. Sometimes there would be two classes, the big class and the little class, and it was considered a great accomplishment to be able to stand at the head. We did not have any recess until noon, when we played town ball, which was about the same as base ball to-day. Sometimes the

scholars needed punishment, and as a general rule they were governed by the understanding that if they misbehaved the whip would be used, and it was used quite freely. When the country was new we lived in log cabins, usually of only one room with occasionally a log partition making two rooms. There was a fireplace at one end, and if it was a large house the opening was about eight feet wide, so that when the jambs were in it would accommodate about a six foot log. It was cook, eat, drink, smoke and sleep in the same room. Some houses had a loft and a ladder, with the beds in the loft.

"We had an abundance to eat, the best corn pone, butter, milk and hominy, and sometimes venison. We did not have fresh meat then like we have now, as we did not have any ice to keep it through the summer. About the New Year we killed our beef and hogs. We pickled about three hundred pounds of beef, and salted about six hundred or eight hundred pounds of pork and made bacon of it, which would have to last until the next hog killing time. Our rules at the table were to quietly and secretly return thanks for material blessings. The people were very hospitable and fed everybody that came along. It was a great deal better in this country seventy years ago than now about hospitality, but we never had tramps. We did not have a regular time for family worship, and the young people were not taught the Scriptures as now. Christ was very seldom mentioned, but the people went as far as they had light and tried to do His will. The feeling between parents and children was about the same as now. My mother was my teacher in all religious matters.

"Seventy-five or eighty years ago it was considered the right thing to have some liquor in the house to use as medicine, and every individual took it more or less without any conscientious scruples against it. We had liquor at our home, which my father would give us to drink. We thought it was all right, but mother said never to take any except what was just enough for medicine. Only once in a while would we see a drunk man, as the liquor was so much better—was not poison as it is now. Friends were very strict about their furniture. I have known them to get up in meeting and preach against unnecessary and expensive furniture, turned bed posts as an example, which were considered superfluous, and plain ones would do just as well. It was not thought advisable to have gaudy or flashy colors, such as striped carpets and clothing, or flowered and flashy tea ware. Neckties and buttons on the coat behind were very objectionable, and if a young man had a handkerchief around his neck he was talked about, and at some places if a boy wore a cap instead of a hat he was not allowed to go to school. I have known the preacher to go to church without any coat or vest and some friends to go to meeting bare-footed, while some of the young women, when they had quite a distance to walk to meeting, would carry their shoes and put them on when they got close to the meeting house. As a general rule we made our own clothing, and when a young woman could afford a calico dress instead of a home-made one to wear to meeting, it was considered quite a fine outfit and was well taken care of, but they had to wear plain bonnets or they were brought under censure.

"The shoemaker generally made our shoes in the fall, and one pair a year was all we had, and sometimes he would be behind with his work and it would be very cold before we would get our shoes. The young women generally spun and wove the cloth, and then it was taken to the fulling mill, fulled and colored and made into men's clothing. In each neighborhood there were women who made coats and my mother was a coatmaker. The weavers would sometimes be behind and each one would have to wait his turn. A good spinner would make twelve cuts

a day, but an expert would make twenty cuts, one cut being 120 rounds on the reel. Six cuts was a skein, and in doing a day's work spinning a woman would walk about five miles.

"We first sowed our flax and when it was ripe about common harvest time we would have flax pullings and let it dry, and bind it up in little sheaves and then pound off the seeds. After the seeds were off and the rains began to come, we spread it out to rot, and if it was a wet fall the flax would rot to the bottom without any assistance, but if not we would have to turn it over. Then when it was rotted sufficiently it was bound up and put in the dry. In the winter we would break it with the flax break, swindel it or dress it with a scutching knife until we knocked all the shoves out, and then it was taken into the house and the women took the hackle to it. The first hackling was coarse, and made tow linen, which was used for the men's pants. The second hackling made a finer grade, which, with cotton chain and flax filling, was made into sheets and bed linen, and the flax after the tow was all taken out made the women's dresses and the men's shirts, filled on cotton chain, which was carded and spun by the women. In the early days the women did all their own carding and spinning. Raw cotton was sold and sometimes it was bought by the bale and retailed out to customers in small lots. The seeds had to be taken out and the cotton washed and dried, then it was ready to be carded and spun, so that when a woman got the cloth for a nice dress she worked for it. They frequently colored the cotton and flax that they used for their own dresses, very often having them checked or striped both ways. Our sewing thread was made by spinning the flax very fine and doubling and twisting it."

Explanatory note. People who visit the Octogenarian Museum in Matter Park and ask so many questions about the flaxbrake and hackles would better understand them from reading the foregoing diary. Mr. Coggeshall left considerable record relative to early Friends, but another handles that chapter in history. His time of life was 1813 to 1902, and there were more than one hundred persons in his line of descent at the time of his death. He saw many changes in society. For forty years he was an elder in Friends church, and a trustee of Indiana Yearly Meeting until released at his own request, and for twenty-one years he was president of the board in control of White's Institute, but on account of advanced age he had requested to be relieved from all such responsibility. If all men would leave diaries covering the time in which they live, the future historian would have many advantages over the conditions of the present.

LVI. SOCIAL LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

Notwithstanding the popular belief that isolation is the drawback of country life, there are those who feel that with twentieth century conveniences and methods something of the pleasure of the past has been taken from them. Time was when country people had leisure, and could meditate on what they read or heard—could digest facts as they came to them, but the onward march of civilization has removed much of that quiet reflection from their lives, and many of them are as distinctively in the grind as their friends in the towns and cities. The telephone, rural mail, automobile and interurban car service have been enumerated so frequently as advantages of rural life that the words are stereotyped, and sometimes the friend on the wall, the postoffice on wheels and the cross country rapid transit have brought so much of the bluster of the

world into the household that the question of advantage is raised, some maintaining that social conditions are greatly changed, owing to twentieth century innovations.

Those who use party line telephones are convinced of the sociability of the neighborhood, especially when an urgent business call is delayed because some patron of the line did not know whether to take pickles or salad to the Sunday school picnic, or some other equally weighty question, and if there ever was an opportune time for women to discuss frivolities it was when some man had urgent business and was impatient about it. When women have discussed everything by 'phone there is little reason for the sunbonnet call, and thus the people of any given community are no longer sociable as in the olden time, but why not take the facts into consideration and not charge the lack of friendly interest? If there is distress or special need in the community, are there not angels of mercy as in the preceding generation, and do not the men and women of to-day respond to the demands upon them? If sickness is visited upon a family, do not neighboring families ease the burden by kindly ministrations the same as in "the good old times?" The women of to-day responds as readily as did her mother when there is demand upon her. The man of to-day writes his check to alleviate want just as willingly as his father measured out a sack of corn or vegetables to relieve the situation.

The daily paper now brings intelligence from all the world, and the farmer and his family certainly have a wider knowledge than fifty years ago, when they gleaned all their information from each other in those friendly fireside and bedtime visits. When they have talked to all their friends by 'phone, and have read about all their acquaintances in the daily papers—and that was in a measure true when "Countryside and Wayside" was a possibility—why not board the electric car that passes the door or through the neighborhood, and go to some lecture or place of amusement instead of the old-fashioned neighborhood call, where the daily gossip thrashed over again? Why not cease charging people with selfishness when the conditions surrounding rural life are so different from those of a generation ago? While there were "Rolinda" farm letters, many said they were like letters from friends, and yet lack of appreciation expressed at the proper place rendered them out of the question. It was not from want of appreciation so much as properly directed effort on the part of country people that this rural news feature in their social and business interests was omitted from the newspapers. Society in towns is better served, and it is because of loyal support.

In many rural communities research clubs and literary societies are already on a firm basis, and congenial people are thus brought together at intervals to discuss questions worth while—the topics of the day and petty gossip excluded, and certainly membership in such an organization affords one sufficient social outlet, unless he is of very unusual disposition. Men who have studied the situation are emphatic in their belief that organization of farmers, principally for social and educational purposes, is the thing now most needed in country life, and in some communities that need has been admirably met by clubs—yes, the word club is coming into favor, and some would like to apply it to all social organizations, although league is a word frequently substituted for it because there is less prejudice against it. There have been reading circles among teachers that have been enjoyed by their friends, and Sunday school lessons have been prepared in circles conducted much as research clubs, while in many localities Grant county women have enjoyed the W. C. T. U. meetings because they bring them together as well as for the reforms advocated, causing them temporarily to forget

their own dull routine by lifting them for a while out of themselves. If it were only organized, the store box contingent at the cross roads in every community might receive some benefits from coming together. Some of the best story tellers in the world might thus be enlisted, and the idle half hour be made a profitable meeting. There are few topics untouched in such neighborhood circles—dog fights or governmental problems, and there should be definite purpose in the study.

Recreation is necessary, all work and no play being detrimental to life's best interests, and magazines and books have their mission in every community. Recently there are societies being organized in rural communities having some end in view, and while the sociability of the past —neighborhood frolics in developing the country, as log-rolling, wool-pickings and carpet rag cuttings—may be gone forever, is not the present type of neighborhood intercourse of more benefit to mankind? When the reading and thinking portion of a community has met and discussed questions of interest, and each has carried home with him some new understanding of a subject, is not the social status of the highest order? The combined effort of the neighborhood was necessary in a physical way while the country was being developed, and the social opportunity was never overlooked by the pioneers. There were husking bees and apple cuttings—a woman said she went in good society when she was a girl—never missed an apple cutting, but an evening of that kind now would not appeal to the young at all.

Many proxy farmers in other places have organized farmers' clubs, and "when you come to take up the individual rich man as farmer, you see in most cases why he became rich—he applies to his farming the first principles of business, which are efficiency and organization," and with that thought in mind why should not farmers organize—better their conditions? The Salem Farmers Club of Washington county was organized in 1892, and it has long been a recognized force in farm circles of the state, both on the platform and through the press, and it is understood that the Salem Farmers Club had its inspiration from a similar organization, the Oxford Farmers Club, Oxford, Ohio, and in turn the Salem Farmers Club exerted an influence in Grant county that resulted in the organization of the Farm Culture Club, when Mrs. C. N. Lindley told of it before the Fairmount Farmers' Institute in 1908, at the February meeting. The county historian was then a farm newswriter, and knowing of the Salem Farmers' Club, of which Mrs. Lindley was a member, when she had finished an address, he asked her to tell in a cursory way of the social organization to which she belonged. It was seed sown on good soil, and the Farm Culture Club organized that March was the result.

The Farm Culture Club was patterned somewhat after the Salem Farmers Club, Mrs. Lindley supplying its members with a year book, which was readily adapted to the local need. The Constitution reads:

Article I. This association shall be known as the Farm Culture Club.

Article II. The object of this organization shall be the study of advanced agriculture and literature in so far as it entertains, instructs or elevates.

Article III. Only those who are engaged in agricultural pursuits may be members of the club.

Article IV. The officers shall be president, vice-president, secretary, corresponding secretary, treasurer, critic and parliamentarian and librarian, to be elected annually at the regular November meeting, and assume their duties in January.

Article V. Officers shall be elected by ballot, and their duties shall be such as usually appertain to these offices.

Article VI. The membership shall be limited to twelve families. When vacancies occur, new members may be admitted by unanimous vote.

Article VII. Constitution and By-Laws may be amended at any regular meeting by a two-thirds vote of all members of the club, amendments to be submitted in writing with author's name one meeting before being balloted upon.

The By-Laws are: Section I. The club shall meet at the residence of one of its members on the second Friday in each month at 10 A. M.

Section II. Invitations to all meetings shall be limited to the host's family.

Section III. Each member must perform the duty assigned to him or send a substitute.

Section IV. The annual membership fee per family shall be one dollar ($1.00). Any emergency fee may be raised by assessments. Any assessment may be levied by a two-thirds vote of all the members of the club.

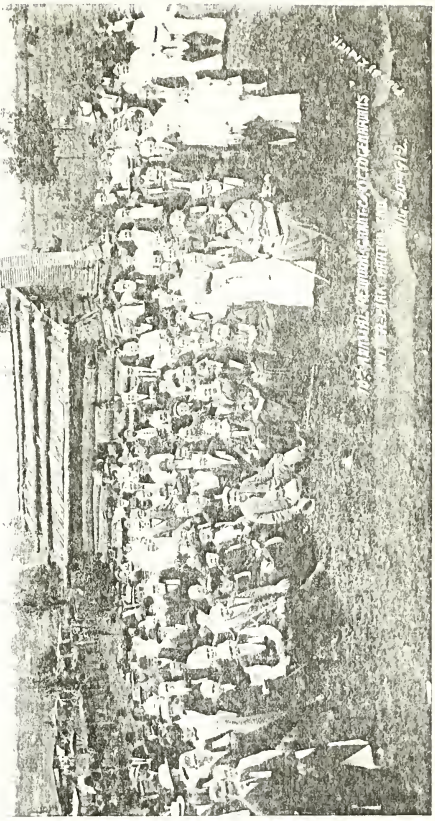
Section V. Partisan politics shall not be discussed in club meetings.

Section VI. Amendments by addition. The following shall constitute the order of the day: 1 roll call; 2 reading of minutes; 3 program; 4 report of committees; 5 unfinished business; 6 miscellaneous business; 7 adjournment. No officer shall succeed himself. Program duty shall not be required of host or hostess.

At the November meeting, 1912, the reorganization resulted as follows: W. R. Harvey, president; Henry Doherty, vice president; Mrs. Laura Chasey, recording secretary; Von Goodykoontz, treasurer; Mrs. Etta Doherty, corresponding secretary; A. B. Brewer, critic and parliamentarian and Mrs. Marie Scott, librarian. The roll of active members is: Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Brewer, of Rohite; Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Chasey, of Maple Flats; Mr. and Mrs. Von Goodykoontz, of Heimat; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Harvey, of Sunnyside; Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Jones, of Poplarium; Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Rush, of Brook Haven; Mr. and Mrs. John Scott, of Maplewood; Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Doherty; Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Edgerton, of Wastena; T. W. Shugart, of Willow Ledge. Because of removal and other reasons the honorary members are: Mr. and Mrs. Hude Dyson, of High Point; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Johnson, of Johnson Hill, removed to Whittier, California; Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Little; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith, removed to Florida, and Mrs. Mary Metcalf.

Some random topics from the year book show that the Farm Culture Club is delving with live questions, as: "How will the reciprocity treaty affect the farmers?" "Relation of the immigrant to the farmer" "What is the country church doing, and what are we doing for the country church?" "The farmer as a citizen," "The home training of the daughter," "History of Indiana," "Gen. Lew Wallace and his writings," "Conservation of energy." Debate, "Resolved that the evils of socialism outweigh its merits," "Lightning rods," "On the farm now and fifty years ago," "Our merchant marine," "The Farmer's new horizon," "Cooperative buying and breeding of livestock," "If I were not myself who would I rather be," "Food and its relation to health," and ad infinitum along the line of practical research. The Farm Culture Club is already a voice in the community.

The Bethel Farmers' Club was a neighborhood organization including all the families about Bethel and Oak Ridge who cared to join it. Mrs. Nora Mart Goodykoontz, of Good Cheer, having been instrumental in its organization. Meetings were held every month at the different homes in the evenings, and everything from Roosevelt's Country Life Commission to gravel roads, on which its members were taxed, was con-



TENTH ANNUAL REUNION GRANT COUNTY OCTOGENARIANS

sidered. "Pleasure and Profit" described them until loss by death caused discouragement and the meetings lapsed, although sometime they may again be resumed. I. S. Benbow, of Beechwood, was its president, and Mrs. Goodykoontz was secretary. There were neighborhood exhibits and annual picnic meetings while the club was in existence, and it was social diversion enjoyed by many. The Salem Farmers Club along the Salem pike is a similar organization of recent origin, holding its sessions in the evening.

Perhaps Grant county rural residents would not care to "Turn Backward, O Time in Your Flight," to the "come over and stay till bedtime" custom of the past, when the whole neighborhood comes in one evening and looks after the social features in wholesale manner. The people in the country used to be considered more sociable than now, but were they? The human heart still performs its office in about the same way, and human interest and need is unchanged. While environment has changed, is not that the extent of it? There are advocates for club organization as a substitute for the popular farmers' institute of recent years, and it is very well for progressive people to keep their cars to the ground since the Twentieth century has a watchword—forward.

LVII. THE GRANT COUNTY OCTOGENARIAN CLUB, GOLDEN WEDDING CIRCLE AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

While a resident of Columbus, Ohio, along about the time the Twentieth century was ushered in, the present Grant county historian was acquainted with the work of the Old Northwest Genealogical Society, and returning soon afterward to Indiana he determined to do something himself toward perpetuating past history. In the summer of 1903, after seeing the common school graduates in all of the townships in Grant county—June the month of roses, brides and graduates—he published the names of all four-score persons as they were obtainable, people saying at the time there were not fifty octogenarians in the county. The Octogenarian Club held its first meeting September 1, that year, but since that time the annual meetings have been held in August—the "eighty month."

Unique among the organizations of Indiana—perhaps the only club in the world so exclusive—thirty-five men and women who had celebrated their four-score birthdays responded to the call, twenty-seven of them remaining for a photographer to make the picture which had a wide sale, relatives everywhere wanting a picture of so many octogenarians—so many men and women in their second childhood, and only James D. Fort, Mrs. Gabrilla Havens, Mrs. Rachel Farr and Mrs. Catharine Clunk are in both the first and last pictures—pictures having been made of all the annual gatherings until the jubilee or tenth annual meeting, August 20, 1912, when the second group used in this article was made, F. L. Craven never failing the "Old Folks." The badges worn are Octogenarian and Golden insignia, highly prized by all entitled to them. A few who sat in the first picture lingered at home too feeble to attend the tenth annual meeting.

While there were octogenarians all over the county, some of the townships were not reported the first year, the enrollment being as follows: Mrs. Nancy Leas, Mrs. Catharine Hultz, Mrs. Mary E. Cauhlin, Samuel Pulley, Rev. Lot Green and Patrick Morarity in Van Buren, David Cretsinger, John B. McArthur, Frank Thompson and Mrs. Magdalena Baker in Washington; Charles Reubarger and Nathan Overman in Pleasant;

Elias Barns in Richland; None in Sims; John S. Harris in Franklin; Father G. P. Riley, Mrs. Sarah B. Riley, John Ratliff, Mrs. Matilda Murphy, Mrs. Margaret Maple, H. F. Chunk, Mrs. Catharine Chunk, Michael S. Pettit, Miss Rachel James, Samuel A. Campbell, Dr. Isaac Carey, Peter Eshelman, Mrs. Hannah Hulley, Mrs. Margaret St. John, Mrs. Lonisa Hiatt, Miss Elizabeth Maffett, Mrs. Eliza Clayton, Davidson Culbertson, Mrs. Julia M. Welsh, Lewis Kelley, Eli Hollingsworth, and Mrs. Miranda Ely of Center; George Strange, Mrs. Lydia Strange, and Mrs. Lucinda Meyers of Monroe; None from Jefferson; Mrs. Gabrilla Havens, Thomas Newby, Mrs. Sallie Newby, Ephraim Smith, Micajah Wilson, Bernard McDonell, Mrs. Houston, Mrs. Jane Winslow and Mrs. Mary Winslow of Fairmount; Eli Kimbrough, Mrs. Lydia Carey, Mrs. Elizabeth Andrew, Mrs. Melinda Kirk, Mrs. Nancy Daugherty, Mrs. Mary A. McKinney, Mrs. Rhody Conner and Mrs. Plessy Morris Houston of Liberty; Mrs. Mary Ann Wilson, John M. Smith, Mrs. Mary Lynas, Mrs. Maria Lane, Eleazor John, John Gossom, James Dickey, Mr. Eaton, Mrs. Eaton and Mrs. Knox of Green; Mrs. Elizabeth Zeek, Mrs. Jane Barnard, Noah Harris, James D. Fort, William Roush, Jacob Candy and Mrs. LeFever of Mill.

The mortuary list each year has averaged more than thirty, and yet from year to year the enrollment increased until in 1912—the time covered in this record of a century—the following were enrolled as octogenarians: Lewis DeVere, Lewis Landess, Mrs. Louisa Bollhoefer, Mrs. Sylvia Eversole, Enoch Camblin, Charles Shultz, R. Beatty Boxell, Mrs. Mary Young, Joseph W. Lee, William D. Cory, James Cloud, Mrs. Winifred Evarts and August Bollhoefer of Van Buren; Rev. G. P. Riley, Mrs. Sarah B. Riley, Samuel King, Samuel T. Pulley, Michael Coon, David Shuff, Mrs. Catharine Shuff, Thomas G. Kilander, Mrs. Chlotilda Veach, Martin Whiteneck, Henry J. Callentine, Mrs. Anna Boxell, William Pulley and Mrs. Olivia Pulley of Washington; Stephen Beach, William Morehead, William Stevens, Mrs. Elizabeth Remaker, Mrs. Mary E. Simons, Mrs. Susannah Beach, Mrs. Margaret Antrim, Mrs. Catharine Mason, Jonathan K. Pritchett, Mrs. Nancy Cain Stevens, Mrs. Mary Overman, John C. Gruwell, S. R. Fankboner, Mrs. Rhody Voris, Ross Prickett and Bansel Nichols of Pleasant; Mrs. Mary A. Brumfiel, Jacob Drook, Jeremiah Strieder, Nathan Taylor, Matthew Taylor, Mrs. Sally Carmichael, Mrs. Minerva Coan, Emanuel Pence, Mrs. Nancy A. McLane, Henry Snyder, Mrs. Sarah Highley, Alfred Druck and W. W. Wharton of Richland.

Across the next tier of townships the octogenarians were: Albert Messmore, Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, Joseph A. Smith, John A. Rust, Samuel Elliott, Mrs. Prudence McKee, John Pearson, Amos Thomas, Cyrus Baker, Mrs. Anna Patterson, Mrs. Mary Ann Elliott, Nathaniel Foltz, Meredith Maple, William Dearth and Mrs. Powell in Sims; G. H. Heironomus, Andrew Isenhoff, Mrs. Emerine Cox, William B. Stevens, Jackson Nance, John Shields, John B. Mills, Bethuel Middleton, W. H. Chappell, David Babb, Samuel Burrier, Henry Lithe, William Ford, Mrs. Mary Agnes Kiger, Nelson Thompson, Mrs. Jane Eutrell, W. T. Cook, Samuel Small, Mrs. Mary W. Vickery and John Neff in Franklin; Mrs. Caroline Andrew Spahr, E. M. Tyner, Samuel Campbell, Mrs. Rachel Farr, Mrs. Catharine Chunk, Mrs. Mary Ruggles, Mrs. Susan Barnes, Mordecai H. Unthank, John Butler, Mrs. Rebecca O'Neil, Mrs. Edith A. Pettiford (colored), Mrs. Lucy Moore, Mrs. Miriam Wallace, William Mattox, Thomas Kinneman, Alvey B. Dillon, Mrs. Margaret Van Vactor, John P. Andrew, Mrs. Martha A. Evans, Mrs. Ellen Daily, Mrs. Mary A. Gardner, Eli Thomas, William Sharon, Mrs. Mary Wade, Jason Willson, Rev. Almon Greenman, William P. Adams, William

Irwin, J. C. Everingham, G. W. Thorn, Mrs. Mary Jane Shoecraft (colored), Mrs. Harriet Russell, I. W. Brady, Nathan Jackson, Jacob H. Fishell, Mrs. Nancy Wiser, Rev. S. D. Fite, Mrs. Hannah Errickson, Thomas B. Williams, Jesse Cummins, Lewis Truesdale, Judge R. T. St. John, Oliver D. Morgan (colored), Rev. T. H. Allison, James Havens, Mrs. Nancy Bodwell, Mrs. Anna McDowell, Mrs. Mary B. Holman, Mrs. Mary Lucas, Charles Doyle, Alfred Weaver (colored), W. F. Redding, Henry Kepner, Mrs. Sarah E. Rutherford, Oliver Gaines, John B. Miller, Mrs. Angeline J. Fillebrown, Mrs. Rebecca Brownlee, Mrs. Mary Bonner, Mrs. Amanda Lecka, Mrs. Samantha O. Davis, Mansfield Felton, Mrs. Elvira Patterson, Mrs. Martha E. Goldthait, Mrs. Mary Watson, Mrs. Maria Elizabeth Turner, Jesse Bond, John Smaltz, Mrs. Margaret Shields, David S. Hogin, William Davis, J. T. Creekmore, Jacob S. Barley, David H. Horner, Mrs. Artie Baldwin, Mrs. Susan Bowers, Mrs. Maria Reece, Mrs. Elizabeth Hummell, Mrs. Martha Weaver and Mrs. Eliza Wallace (colored), of Center; James Bocock, Mrs. Hester Ann Bocock, Hiram Pearson, Smiley M. Farr, Mrs. Martha Wilson, Mrs. Mary C. Greenlees, Levi Lightle, D. Bynum Pierce and Mrs. Sarah Jones of Monroe.

The octogenarians in the south tier of townships were: Richard Deerin, Henry Reed, Mrs. Lucinda Warner, Lorenzo D. Watson, Mrs. Nancy Knight, Jesse Scott, Mrs. Eliza Ann Carter, David Odum, Hiram Thurman, John N. Hicks, John R. Kirkwood, Mrs. Elizabeth Wright, Hugh Deerin, Robert Sanborn, John Dickerson, Mrs. Nancy E. Pugh, Mrs. Elma Reeves, and Mrs. Eliza Mittank Dunlap of Jefferson; Mrs. Gabrilla Havens, Mrs. Sarah J. Stout, Mrs. Rebecca Moon, Henry D. Kepler, Mrs. Eunice Weaver, Mrs. Elizabeth Briles, Charles Ewick, William S. Wardwell, Mrs. Christina Beck, John Seale, Mrs. Emily Wardwell, Elias Hiatt, Mrs. Sarah Baldwin, Judiah B. Smithson, William F. Bell, Jacob Wright, Jonathan Marine, Mrs. Lydia Smithson, Mrs. Parmelia Jones and Mrs. Cynthia Jay Winslow of Fairmount; Mrs. Nancy Daugherty, John Bannister, Solomon Bright, John Harrold, Louisa Jane Smith (colored), Mrs. Elizabeth Howell, Asa Bond, Mrs. Clorinda Evans (colored), Hugh A. Dickey, Andrew Murray, Amos Thomas and Mrs. Mary Bannister of Liberty; Mrs. Mary Lynas, John Legg, Mrs. Elvisa Mitchell, James Hinton, Mrs. Mary Leer, John Foster, Mrs. Susan Miller, Mrs. Susan Miller again, Mrs. Lois Planck, and Robert Seeley of Green; James D. Fort, A. C. Forsythe, Christian A. Swafford, Noah Harris, James Deerin, Mrs. Anna Fike, Jesse Johnson, Patrick McGuire, Mrs. Nancy Harris, Henry Clapper, B. B. Coleman, Mrs. Elizabeth Ross, John Adams, Aaron Simms, Joseph W. Hill, Mrs. Mary N. Pearson, Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Burgoon, Mrs. Isredda Frame, George Phillips, Mrs. Nancy McKeever, Mrs. Eliza Irons, Daniel Wilson Hiatt, Rev. C. A. Fields, Thomas E. Rush, H. O. Rhoades and Jacob Daily of Mill.

When 1912 went into history the names of Mrs. Sylvia Eversole and Lewis Landess of Van Buren; Mrs. Sarah B. Riley of Washington; Mrs. Mary E. Simons of Pleasant; Jeremiah Stricker of Richland; John Pearson of Sims; G. H. Heironomus of Franklin; Mrs. Lucy Moores, A. B. Dillon, John P. Andrew, Mrs. Mary A. Gardner, and Mrs. Elvira Patterson of Center; David Odum of Jefferson; Asa Bond and Hugh A. Dickey of Liberty; Mrs. Mary Lynas of Green and Thomas B. Rush of Mill, had been stricken off the list, death having intervened and yet ten years earlier well informed citizens said there were not fifty octogenarians in the county. The intervening mortuary records contain many names of well known pioneers, and in the decade there must have been five hundred octogenarians enrolled in the county. Twenty-one octogenarians

of 1912 belonged to that inner circle of nonogenarians, and a number of others dated back to 1823, only lacking one year of ninety.

There have been a number of persons who passed the century milestone in the county, and the writer remembers frequently seeing Grandmother Chopson, of Liberty, who died at 110 years. One year before the octogenarian list was published William Cook, of Franklin, died December 31, 1902, when June 20 of the following year would have been his centenary birthday. The writer visited Mr. Cook just a short

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time before he died, and wrote of him at the time: "He is as white haired as the driven snow, his locks are long and silken, and as one looks into his faded face it surely may be said of him that he is in the sere and yellow leaf of his existence. . . . He remembers some of the older business houses about the public square. Looking into the face of the old patriarch, one is reminded: 'Once a man and twice a child,' although he still waits upon himself . . . shaves and dresses himself all of the time, and aside from having the food placed on his plate he helps himself at table. His hands are withered and thin, and contrasting them with a full, round palm, one sees what one hundred years will do for a man," and he was the oldest man with whom the writer ever engaged

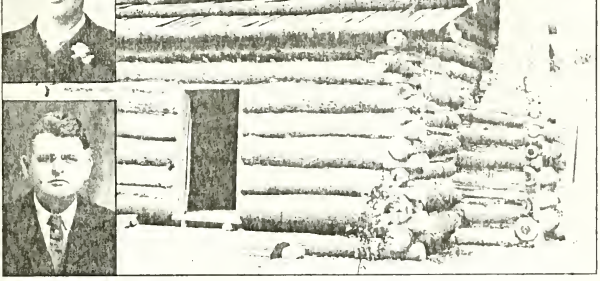
Octogenarians Who Came to the First Meeting, September 1, 1903

in conversation. He was the man who planted an orchard when he was fifty, saying that if he did not get the benefit others would, and he lived longer than the orchard.

In January, 1903, this item was written: "On December 31 the county's oldest citizen died in the person of the venerable William Cook, of the Maple Run neighborhood, in Franklin [illegible] earlier in the year occurred the death of David Wall, one of the pioneers in Monroe, who always had a fund of reminiscences of the days when the wolves were howling through the wilderness, and of the life in the cabin homes. One by one they are disappearing—" and there were many others who had crossed the century mark—had entered the Twentieth century, who died before the octogenarian list was published. The fifth annual meeting of the Octogenarian Club was held in 1907 at the Soldiers' Home, upon invitation of Governor G. W. Steele, all others being held in Matter Park, where at the sixth annual meeting the old people demonstrated to the largest crowd ever assembled at a raisin' in the county, that they had not forgotten their cunning and built the cabin, August 18, 1908, although it was two weeks later that it was "under lock and key," a number of persons coming again and working on the job. It was conceded by all to be the largest crowd ever assembled in Matter Park, the park cars that day carrying 10,393 passengers beside all who walked, came in carriages, automobiles, etc., and horses were hitched along the road a mile from the center of attraction.

While it is impossible to enumerate all who donated willing service "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee," there was a cabin fund nucleus carried over from a collection for incidental expenses at the fourth annual meeting when "Rolinda," who promoted the meetings, first suggested the building of the cabin, and two years later it was a reality. Money was collected at the Soldiers' Home meeting, and from that day on the writer would solicit from octogenarians and those descended from pioneer families, George Strange of Monroe, who with his wife were the oldest bridal pair, being the first man asked for a definite subscription, and younger persons were asked to subscribe in the names of pioneers. Thus many are commemorated who had passed from earth many years ago. The cabin fund contributors are: George and Lydia Strange, John and Arminta Shields, William Morehead (Mrs. Sarah Morehead), Samuel Campbell (Mrs. Sarah Campbell), Eli Thomas, John and Sarah Ratliff, Peter Eshelman, Mrs. C. F. Mather (George and Nancy M. White), Jason Willson, George Webster, Jr. (George W. and Maria J. Webster), Robert Seeley (Mrs. Angeline Seeley), Samuel and Mary Ann Elliott, Mrs. H. N. Parks (David and Sarah Shockey), Mrs. Mary Wade (Henry Wade), Daughters of (John Secrist), J. P. Campbell (Charles Campbell), Mrs. Martha Wilson (James M. Wilson), R. L. W. (Mrs. Sallie Whitson and Mrs. Sallie Jay), R. J. Spencer (Jacob and Eleanor Spencer), E. P. McClure (Samuel and Susannah McClure), Mrs. Hannah Marks, Sons of (David and Sarah Wall), Children (Joseph and Melinda Kirk), L. M. Whisler (Jacob and Welthy Ann Whisler), Hezekiah Miller and Mrs. Melinda Goodykoontz (Mrs. Elizabeth Chopson), Mrs. Philip Matter (Mrs. Catherine Harter), Mrs. I. M. Cox (Robert H. and Priscilla B. Lenfesty), G. A. H. Shideler (Aaron and Hannah Shideler and Elias and Jeannette Eviston), Mrs. Martha E. Goldthait (Cimon Goldthait), Mrs. Teresa Neal (William Neal), G. B. and Nora M. Goodykoontz (Abram and Margaret Goodykoontz and Joseph J. and Mary Mart), Mrs. W. C. Smith (Simon and Lucy Cary), Mrs. B. C. Dale (James and Ann Vermilyea Sweetser), Mrs. W. E. Willents (Theodrick and Elizabeth Johnson), Dr. M. T. Shively (Dr. James S. and Harriet M Shively), A. J. Feighner (Adam

and Sarah Feighner), Daughters of (Dr. Stephen D and Matilda Ayres), David S. Hogin (Mrs. Mary E. Hogin, Beroni C. and Nancy R. Hogin), J. L. Barley (Henry and Mary Barley), Joseph Atkinson, William P. and Anna M. Roush (Isaac and Mary Roush and Thomas and Mary Lucas), Children (Samuel R. and Martha M. Thompson), Judge Hiram Brownlee (Judge John and Mary I. Brownlee), L. C. and Lizzie Beshore (Peter and Mary Beshore and A. F. and Margaret St. John), S. G. Baldwin (Thomas and Lydia Baldwin), Rev. Stephen D. and Catherine Fite, J. M. Buchanan (Alexander and Julia Buchanan and Frederick and Catherine Eltzroth), James W. and Mary J. Anthony (William and Clarinda Anthony and Jefferson and Emmaranda Pugh), Woodson S. Marshall (Riley and Elizabeth Marshall), A. Y. Stout (John and Catherin Stout), Mrs. Mary R. Relfe and Mrs. Anna Payne (John and



Rolinda at the Quarter and Half Century Mark

Jane Buller), Mrs. Margaret VanVactor (Joseph VanVactor), William M. and Frances A. Ward (Jeremiah and Bethena Ward and Jeremiah B. and Catherine Stebbins), William Wooden, Nixon and Cynthia Winslow (Thomas and Martha Winslow and Denny and Polly Jay), John and Harriet M. Selby (Otho and Jane Selby and Joseph B. and Mary E. Allen), Walker and Martha Winslow, F. M. Wagoner (William Wagoner and Nancy Eobosley), Isaac and Anna Parks (Silas and Sarah Parks and Thomas and Elizabeth Hamilton), Mrs. Ursula Lemon (James and Sarah Clark), E. W. Creviston (Daniel and Sarah A. Creviston), Mrs. W. W. Reed (Samuel and Hannah Malcom), Mrs. H. D. Thomas (James and Minerva Thomas), Family (William and Sarah Niecum Hays), Smiley M. Farr, Mrs. Rae McMillan Morris (Alexander D. and Narcissa McMillan), Edgar M. Baldwin (Daniel and Christian Baldwin), Wilbur S. Yates (Mrs. Sarah Peebles), Eli Coggeshall (Nathan and Gulie Coggeshall), Joseph and Sarah Middlesworth, Michael Futrell (Michael and Mary Futrell), James Crow, Col. J. F. Stretch (James A. and Jane A. Stretch), M. L. Lewis, A. M. Cravens (Mrs. Leah Cravens), Philip

Matter, Mrs. Susannah Priest and Mrs. Mary Lenfesty (James and Priscilla Dunn), Mrs. Catharine Chunk (H. F. Chunk), Mrs. Mary Ann Weiner, Rev. and Mrs. T. C. Neal (Theo. J. and Elizabeth B. Neal and Joseph L. and Magdalena Pirckey), Christian Life (Mrs. Ruth Ann Life), Eli A. Arnett (Mrs. Hannah Andrew Arnett), William Stevens, Mrs. Nancy Wiser (S. F. Wiser), Mrs. Frame Love for William and Emily Wardwell and Mrs. Mary McCormick, Thomas Dean and Daisy Brushwiller Barr (Daniel and Sarah Jane Coffield, Dean and John and Martha Brushwiller and George and Lovica Douglass), Mrs. Martha Futrell (James H. and Mary E. Pierce), Dr. M. F. Baldwin (Lindsey and Mary A. Baldwin), Mrs. M. E. Swope (David E. and Sarah Horton), Mrs. N. J. Helm (Robert and Anna Ellis), Mrs. Lydia Ann Jones and Mrs. Carrie Jones Dunn (Dr. E. P. Jones, Obadiah and Ann Jones), Jacob H. Fishell, W. R. Collins, Mrs. Lydia Seegar (Nathan and Martha Frazier and Martin and Mary Boots), R. L. Lander (Mrs. Elizabeth Lander), Jehu Andrew (Mrs. Selina Andrew), James and Elmira Griffin, L. P. Cubberly (David and Jane Cubberly), Children (William and Jane Roush), E. L. Goldthait (Oliver and Ellen Goldthait), Mrs. Harriet L. Hays (William Hays), Mrs. Rachel Farr (Washington Farr and John K. and Lucy Hobaugh), O. L. Goldthait (Mrs. Dorcas Eward), I. M. Abbott (John M. and Viletta Abbott), William and Lucy Brandenburg, Rasty and Grace Wilson (James and Jane Coulter), Robert McGibbon (Hans and Sarah McGee), H. D. Carter (George and Mary Carter), Clinton LeFavour, W. E. Mason (Mrs. Anna Mason), Mark Hilsamer, R. B. Boxell, Mrs. Clarkson Willents (Jacob and Sarah Druckmiller), Mrs. Harriet Russell, Mrs. Martha A. Evans, Mrs. Eliza Clayton (Jonathan Clayton), Elihu J. Oren (Jesse and Elizabeth Oren), F. C. Fite (A. J. Fite), Mrs. Jennie VanVactor (Hezekiah and Rebekah Nelson), Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Marshall (Joshua and Tamar Marshall and Isaiah and Mary Vickery), Lewis and Susannah Hockett (Josiah and Mary Hockett and William and Phebe Peacock) John and Asenath Seale, Harrison C. McRae (Calvin and Sarah McRae), Rev. Almon Greenman, John C. and Catherine Mason, Mrs. Martin Hanmore (David and Dianah Adamson), Mrs. J. M. Ballard (Alfred Lomax), Rev. G. P. and Sarah B. Riley.

When this fund was started people were glad to give to it, some sending money in letters and others voluntarily making subscriptions. Thus the Octogenarian Museum in Matter Park is a monument to the civilization of the past. The promotor heard many stories of how all that was necessary was to "go into the woods and fell the trees," and then sudden recollection—conditions were different. The project was the subject of frequent street corner conversations among elderly men, Eleazor John, of Green, having made the public statement that there was not a man in the county who could build an old fashioned cabin, and Stephen D. Fite, then an octogenarian, although in his younger days a carpenter and circuit rider, volunteered and became "master cabin builder." It seemed that no one was cutting young timber that year, but finally a deal was made with James Griffin and logs were found along Lugar creek for the walls, and other smaller poles being donated by J. L. Barley, although the hauling from the Jones and Eakins woods in Green was paid for out of the cabin fund. Mr. Barley was cutting timber there, and many poles were hauled a distance of fifteen miles.

When the Griffin timber was selected James Griffin led the way and Mr. Fite selected the trees straight enough for cabin logs, trying always to find trees long enough for two lengths, and the "pencil pusher" from *The Leader* carried an ax and blazed them for the cutters furnished by Mr. Barley, who also hauled the logs to Matter Park. In this connection

ye scribe wishes to acknowledge the courtesy of W. B. Westlake, who then published *The Leader*, and who gave him full latitude, or the cabin in Matter Park would have been an impossibility. It afforded exclusive news for the paper, and the public was interested in the proposition. When the day came the people were on the ground early. Preliminary work had been done the previous day, the venerable John Rathiff locating the corners, and J. L. Barley notching the first logs, and the day of the "raisin'" all was in readiness. J. W. Hill, a Jonesboro octogenarian, was wielding an ax when the "boss" arrived, and there were a hundred people watching him—and it was early morning. Rolinda was there ahead of Mr. Fite, and when he began giving orders there were old men at all of the corners, although Levi Cravens—not yet four score—was the only man who finished his corner. Mr. Hill was relieved after the fourth log was in place, and there were willing hands that day. The spectators thronged so near, however, that the "master cabin builder" had more trouble protecting his men from the crowd than in getting service out of them. When this copy was in readiness five years later, none of the octogenarians who worked on the corners that day were living to tell the story.

It was an easier matter to find cabin logs than clapboard timber, and the white oak was cut on the Frank VanVactor farm. There were so few frows brought along that the boards were not all rived, and one week later there was a second frolic when the roof was finished and another week was required in daubing the cracks and hanging the door of the cabin. Every summer the Octogenarian Museum is filled with visitors whenever the door is open, the Goldthait store being host every Sunday during the 1912 park season, and Mrs. Philip Matter had previously caused the door to be open frequently. A custodian must remain in charge as there are curios there from many old homesteads, and children visit the cabin in numbers. Camp meetings were a feature of past history, and the annual gatherings of the octogenarians and their friends afford an opportunity of renewing old acquaintances. They are educational in a way, young people who listen to stories of life among the pioneers gaining a knowledge not found in books. Time was when the octogenarians lived in cabins, and they enjoy returning to the old hearthstone, visitors frequently saying their cabin life was their happy memory. In some communities sixty years is counted old, but in Grant county almost three hundred persons are "eighty years young."

Until seven annual meetings had passed George and Lydia Strange, married in 1840, were introduced as the oldest couple in the county, and when they were nonogenarians both died in the same winter. For three years then the honor fell to the Rileys, who were always present, and one year Mother Riley, who always came dressed in white, and who was designated as the "flower girl" because she always furnished a bouquet, uttered the following sentiment: "I am glad to be here and to meet with those who, like myself, have passed up and almost down the hill of life into the valley that leads into the 'Great Beyond.' At my age we are apt to feel lonely, to think that our friends have gone and left us here alone. But at these meetings we meet so many of the Dear Old Folks, and it is a great pleasure to us. And with this feeling of pleasure in every heart should come a feeling of gratitude towards the man who made it possible to bring us together. Very few men of the younger generation will do what Mr. Whitson has done for us. And his untiring and unselfish efforts in this direction deserve our gratitude and our love. I hope to meet you all again in this world, and some time, all of you in the better world beyond," and when she had finished the paper it floated across to the one she had mentioned in it. No wonder

Father Riley "stole his bride away" when Ulysses S. Grant, who was a young man in Clermont county, Ohio, at the same time, sought her company.

Mrs. Riley was of poetic mind, writing many stanzas of verse, and a poem of five verses written after she was an octogenarian ends as follows:

"I mourn not for the years that have vanished,
And the future is to me unknown;
I'm drawing near to the end of my journey,
And a happy welcome home.
They tell me I am old, and I wonder
If they really mean what they say—
Life to me doesn't seem a burden,
As I'm plodding along each day."

Mrs. Riley was past ninety when she died, and she always retained her interest in things about her. There are always pleasant associations connected with Old Folks' Day, and Rev. T. C. Neal has frequently added to the pleasure with songs written purposely, his 1912 contribution being entitled: "Be Gay," and the tune: "Marching through Georgia."

1 Let us sing a good old tune,
With words just made, to match;
Let us every one wake up,
The jolly spirit catch;
Make it ring and scare away
The gloomy old "Sam Patch";
Join in the soul-stirring chorus.

Chorus

Be gay, be gay! for this is Old Folks' Day;
Be gay, be gay! and chase dull care away;
Some folks growl, and whine, and fume;
Let's be the other way;
Hail to the soul-stirring chorus!

2 Why should you go frowning,
With a face a full yard long?
Why be sour and selfish?
Why not sing a cheery song?
Why torment your fellows
When you might help them along?
All join the soul-stirring chorus.—Cho.

3 Greet Rolinda with a smile,
It will not make him mad:
Much we owe to him, for he
Is this great gath'ring's "dad";
If you don't play happy
You will surely wish you had!
All join the soul-stirring chorus.—Cho.

In 1909 an effort was made to enroll all the couples in the county who had lived fifty years together and invite them to the Old Folks' Day meeting, and while the list is not so long as the octogenarian list, it is

a remarkable one. Two lives must be considered and mortality is greater among people at the age of seventy than eighty. When they once cross the dead line- three score and ten years—they take a new lease and live on many years. The 1912 list is sadly changed at the beginning of 1913, and several well known couples were enrolled in 1910 and 1911. At every meeting are well known men and women who enjoyed more than fifty years of sacred companionship with husband or wife, and who are saddened when they see the "Golden" badges, and there are well known octogenarians enrolled in both lists, the 1912 Golden Circle enrollment being: Gerald P. Riley and Sarah Blair; Samuel T. Pulley and Olivia Pulley; Noah Harris and Nancy Osborn; Hiram Thurman and Sarah Jane Robinson, the foregoing having been married prior to 1850—another decade follows.

From 1850 to 1860 the following were married: James Bocock and Hester Ann Shannon; John Bannister and Mary Treadwell; Samuel Elliott and Mary Ann Carmichael; Amos Thomas and Emily Presnall; Hugh A. Dickey and Harriet Powell; William Stevens and Mary Cain; William Wardwell and Emily Darter; Judiah Smithson and Lydia Neal; John Butler and Harriet Wigmore; Thomas E. Rush and Mary Harvey; Mansfield Felton and Matilda Thalls; Michael Coon and Margaret Love; Ivy Luther and Sarah Stuart; Bansel Nicholson and Nancy Jane Slover; George W. Beall and Amy R. Pearson; R. M. Hunter and Margaret L. Gill; John Martin and Sarah Ann Haines; Nelson Thompson and Martha Miller; Samuel Barrier and Mary Tharp; Elias Hiatt and Hannah Hunt; William B. Pulley and Mary Baker; Thomas J. Parry and Sarah J. Swango; Samuel Martin Grandy and Dianah Purvis; Aaron Lobdell and Catharine McDaniels; John Pearson and Melissa Moore; John Adams and Clarisa Heaston; Samuel Small and Ruth Marshall; Andrew J. Hays and Mary Ann Rock; Isaiah M. Cox and Elizabeth Lenfesty; James S. Renbarger and Amelia Ann Baird; John A. Cochran and Marena Overman; John M. Perry and Sarah King; Wilson Carter and Mary L. Baird; Nathan Hill and Emaline Phillips; J. C. Lake and Martha Jane Skinner; Thomas Benbow and Hannah E. Jenkins; Jacob Poulcss and Jane Matheny; W. J. Furnish and Alizina Brady; Jacob B. Leapley and Almeda Moore; Terah Baldwin and Belle Lucas; William Sniff and Eunice Chidester; George Phillips and Ann Allen; William Fansler and Sarah Jane Michaels; John Furnish and Martha J. Garrison.

Those married in 1860 and later are: Henry J. Davis and Margaret Burson; Jonathan W. Fowler and Jessie L. Norton; Lewis O. Lloyd and Mary M. Davis; William Bluffton Miller and Jeannette Karns; Sidney Harvey and Jane Thomas; Miles Morris and Maria Dudley; August Bollhoefer and Lonisa Wolfe; Jesse Goodwin and Alice A. Shields; Jason Willson and Sabrina Wolfe; Armstrong Scott and Julia A. Sheets; Sylvester R. Fankboner and Jane Small; James S. Seiberling and Elizabeth Baughman; Thomas B. Doyle and Margaret Kessinger; Harrison Beck and Eliza A. Wellman; Frank C. Cleeland and Martha Hussey; James H. Shrack and Nancy R. Wilson; James A. Whiteman and Elizabeth Ammons; Joseph Harreld and Susannah Bish; Gerard Muchmore and Phoebe Smith; Seth Thomas and Elizabeth Weesner; Joseph Ferguson and Elizabeth Holloway; S. J. Leeklider and Lavina Creager; B. G. Ackerman and Julia Landrey; David H. Horner and Julia Arn; Edward McNair and Rebekah Ann Weaver; Roland Smith and Mary Hasting; Armstrong Willoughby and Sarah E. Gillespie; Joseph Clouse and Marie Smith; Riley W. Crawford and Mary A. Bingham; James Boswell and Miranda Jones (colored); Andrew J. Baker and Mary Ann Tinkle; David Shuff and Catharine Bradford; J. C. Plamet and Ellen Rhodes; Rudolph Pulaski and Celia Crockett.

Like the octogenarian waiting list—there are many suspicious characters, and could publication be suspended many names would soon be enrolled, the number that have lived sixty odd years together being much fewer than those who are around the half century mark. Among those at first enrolled were: George Strange and Lydia Duckwall; W. H. Niecwanger and Eleanor Douglass; Christian Life and Ann Elliott; Charles Reubarger and Zenith Raypholtz; Peter Gottschall and Polly Druckemiller; Clarkson Willcuts and Hannah Druckemiller; James Long and Nancy Criswell; Thomas Myers and Mary E. Thompson; Matthew S. Friend and Eliza Shull; John M. Aumons and Maria E. Secrist; John Lythe and Anna E. Stair; John A. Stuckey and Harriet Baker; John Ratliff and Sarah Pearson; Walker Winslow and Martha Newsom, and mayhap others whose names do not recur at present.

The Octogenarian Club and Golden Wedding Circle are certainly honor rolls in the community, and the question arises—What shall be the record of the next century of local history? When octogenarians and men and women who have lived half a century together meet, it is retrospect with them—they talk of the past. One of the pleasant associations of the cabin in Matter Park so dear to the hearts of all old persons is the Memory Rows in the door yard there. Back of the cabin are three rows of shrubbery—roses in profusion—more roses than any one woman can care for—and all of them are from old homesteads and planted there in memory of pioneers. Mother's rose is there. At the head of Memory Row No. 1 is the Marshall rose, being in direct descent from a rose Mrs. Riley Marshall brought from Virginia with her in 1829—unmistakably the oldest cultivated rose in the county, and planted there by Mrs. W. S. Marshall, wife of the youngest and only remaining son in this pioneer family. When she brought that old fashioned, hundred leaved pink rose into the community, Mrs. Riley Marshall did not know she would ever have a descendant who would be president of the United States senate by virtue of his office as vice president of the United States—the presidential office a possibility to him—Thomas R. Marshall, who was governor of Indiana when the rose was planted.

The Marshall rose was planted in duplicate—if one died the other might survive, and both are thrifty as the story is told about them. Next comes the Riley Harmosa, a pink rose from the Clermont county, Ohio, door yard where the couple at the head of the golden wedding list resided before living in Indiana. A soldier friend brought it from the south and Mrs. Riley planted it there in 1863. When the Memory Row was started she sent for a start from it, saying she would rather have it planted in the cabin door yard where some one would care for it than to plant it at her own home, and every summer Rolinda cut roses from it and carried them to her—a mutual admiration society existing between them. Next to the Riley Harmosa is the Horton rose, planted there by Mrs. "Lib" Horton Swope, whose mother, Mrs. Sarah Horton, who came at first to the octogenarian meetings, had planted it in her door yard near the river on Spencer avenue sixty-five years earlier. The Eandsley rose is next, and at the lower end of the row is a bunch of rhubarb from the "Old Billy Howell," Jay, Whitson, Sutton, Stier family homestead on Deer creek in Liberty, planted there before her death in 1869 by the writer's mother, Mrs. Verlinda Jay Whitson.

Everything in the Memory Rows is sacred to some heart, and every summer loving hands attend to the needs of all the shrubbery planted there. While the response has been general, a coterie of women from Washington township have proprietary interests there, always responding on Arbor day with door yard contributions. There were several ceremonial plantings, Marion ministers always responding, and one year

the Rev. H. C. Colburn, after speaking at length of Arbor day significance, said: "But it is evident, my friends, that you have been brought to participate in this Arbor day celebration by no motive of material gain. You are here today through the promptings of a high and holy sentiment. Above and beyond the things of matter are the things of sentiment," and after describing a visit to an art gallery, the speaker continued: "My friends, this old time cabin by which we stand is even such a picture. It was inspired by sacred memories. The hands that reared it were nerved by the strength of other days. With its rough logs, its warping clapboards and its clay daubed chimney, it is a faithful picture of the homely family life of the pioneers of this country. Around many such a cabin clustered the sacred associations of home. Within many such a simple room was born and reared a family of noble sons and daughters to be the coming men and women of a new country. Around many such a rude fire place gathered the family circle, old and young, to be cheered by the blaze that roared up its chimney.

"Well, indeed, if here our deepest sentiments be stirred. Well, indeed, if many a child playing about this rude cabin should have made real to the imagination the days of olden time. Well, indeed, that older persons should here recall the days of youth. In making today our sentimental pilgrimage to this spot we are binding ourselves with golden threads to a beautiful past, and paying homage to the heroism and the virtues of those who have given to us a great and noble inheritance. Our planting today is not of trees, but of flowers. Here are rows of those old fashioned, sweet scented beauties with which our grandmothers were accustomed to deck their front door yards. Some of these plants are lineal descendants of those first reared in this county in the days of the long ago. They have been set in this spot in loving memory of dear ones departed. We fittingly call this plot 'Memory Rows.' Let us count this pleasant spot with its old time cabin and its old time flowers as a little bit of the old time days transplanted by the thought of loving hearts, and the care of loving hands to a later day, to be to us and to our children a perpetual reminder of the heroism and worth of our fathers, and a perpetual spring of holy affection and tender memories," and it was but a forecast of many heart experiences. The door yard and Octogenarian Museum are alike filled with sacred memories—old homesteads having given of their best to keep alive the associations of other days.

Grant County Historical Society: Since old people enjoy retrospect, and younger people get glimpses of the past from the stories they tell, and with the thought of sometime reducing some of this pioneer lore to the printed page thus preserving it to posterity, Rolinda first called the old people of the county together. While many have said there were never any better meetings than the first impromptu one, the old are the ones who know history and from word of mouth the young are the ones to preserve it. A local historical society was discussed at this first annual meeting, September 1, 1903, that being the primal object in calling together those who knew the past. At other times other persons had discussed the advisability of such society in Grant county, and in the spring of 1905 the Carnegie Liberty board, Dr. J. H. Forest, M. B. McFeely, Dr. W. A. Faulkboner, G. A. Henry and R. C. Houston, cooperated in the movement by naming F. M. Beard, Dr. A. A. Hamilton, Prof. G. C. Bush, Ellsworth Harvey and S. Frank Jones as a historical museum committee, and later when Mr. Bush left the city James F. Hood was named to the position.

A meeting was called in Library Hall, March 25, 1905, to perfect an organization, to which the general public was invited. Letters signed by

the historical-museum committee were sent out to representative citizens in all parts of the county, advising them of this meeting and inviting them to cooperate in organizing such society. While an effort was made to reach public spirited persons in every township, only the following responded to this call and listened to an address by W. E. Henry, librarian of state and, by virtue of his office, president of the Indiana Historical Society. Those hearing Mr. Henry were: Prof. L. L. Tyler, R. O. Smith, Mrs. Minnie Murdoff Kimball, Prof. J. T. Giles, Isaiah Wall, M. M. Powell, Snead Thomas, Prof. E. O. Maple, Rev. Alpheus Trueblood, I. M. Miller, Mrs. Nancy Prickett, Mrs. O. M. Thomas, Miss Frone A. Case, Mrs. Eli A. Milliken, James F. Hood, Mrs. Nora M. Goodykoontz, Rev. Enos Harvey, E. M. Baldwin, A. A. Burrier, Rev. Almon Greenman, B. O. Modlin, W. S. Glessner, J. B. Miller, B. B. Shively, Bethuel Smith, Rev. J. W. Clevenger, W. K. Frazier, R. L. Whitson, Mrs. R. L. Whitson, Ellsworth Harvey, S. F. Jones, G. C. Bush, F. M. Beard, Mrs. Ida Grinwell and E. L. Goldthait.

The library board has offered a home for the Historical Society in the Carnegie library, and had agreed to bear all incidental expenses of effecting an organization. State Librarian Henry had been invited to discuss the needs and benefits of such an organization. S. F. Jones, chairman of the historical museum committee, presided, stated the purpose of the meeting and introduced Mr. Henry, who told of the work in other places and encouraged such an organization. He urged the importance of preserving relics and publications, saying: "Had our ancestors been more careful in taking care of their every day implements we would have more light on their history. There is nothing too minute to be preserved if it has a bearing on the every day life of the present day people." Along that line has the society since been working, the Octogenarian Museum in Matter Park being an example.

The constitution and by-laws drafted by the Historical Museum committee were adopted as follows:

Article I. This society shall be called the Grant County Historical Society.

Article II. The object of this society shall be the promotion of historical study and investigation, more especially such as pertains to the state of Indiana and the county of Grant, through the discovery, collection, preservation, organization and if practicable the publication of historical facts pertaining to said state and county. And by the collection and preservation of books, pamphlets, papers, maps, genealogies, pictures, relics, manuscripts, letters, journals, field books, and any and all articles that will describe or illustrate the archeology, or the social, religious, political, industrial and educational progress of said county and state, or of the neighboring counties or states.

Article III. Any reputable citizen of Grant county who is over fifteen years of age may become a member of this society.

Article IV. It should be the duty of members of this society to participate willingly in the work thereof, to attend regularly state meetings, to prepare such papers as may be required by the committee, to be diligent in the collection and reporting of any historical documents or facts likely to be of value in the work of the society, and to pay promptly all fees and dues that may accrue or lawfully be assessed.

Article V. The officers of the society shall be: (1) A president, whose duties shall be those usually belonging to the presiding officer of deliberative body. He shall be punctual and efficient in the oversight of the society, and shall give to the affairs of the same such attention and interest as may reasonably be expected in the person holding the place of chief officer thereof. (2) One vice-president for each township of the county

to preside in the regular order as they appear on the tax duplicates of the county. It shall be their duties to preside over the meeting of the society in the event of the absence of the president or any senior vice-president. (3) A secretary, whose duties shall consist of keeping a complete record of all the proceedings, attend to all correspondence, and give notice of all meetings to be held by the society. (4) A treasurer, whose duties shall be to collect the annual fees and other moneys coming into the hands of the society, and shall receipt for same and pay out on the order of the president attested by the secretary. (5) An executive committee of seven members composed of the president, secretary and the five members of the Historical-Museum committee of the Carnegie public library.

Article VI. All papers read, and relics, books, souvenirs, paintings, pictures, etc., that may come into the possession of the society shall be under the care and in the custody of the executive committee.

Article VII. The meetings of the society shall be held semi-annually in the Carnegie library in the city of Marion on the last Saturday in March and September. At the meeting held in March the annual election of officers will take place.

Article VIII. The annual membership fee of this society shall be fifty cents, the same to become due the last Saturday in March of each year. Persons who have distinguished themselves in historical inquiry or those who by reason of advanced age are the source of much information on the history of Grant county may be chosen as honorary members of the society, and shall become such on recommendation of the executive committee.

It was moved that the chair appoint a nominating committee to name officers of the society, which resulted as follows: F. M. Beard, chairman; Prof. L. L. Tyler and E. M. Baldwin. The committee reported as follows: President, W. K. Frazier, Van Buren; secretary, R. L. Whitson, Center; treasurer, A. A. Barrier, Franklin.

The members are: M. M. Powell, F. M. Beard, E. M. Baldwin, E. L. Goldthwaite, Prof. L. L. Tyler, Mrs. Nora M. Goodykoontz, Miss Frone A. Case, Mrs. Minnie Murdoff Kimball, I. M. Miller, W. S. Glossner, W. K. Frazier, R. L. Whitson, S. F. Jones, A. A. Barrier, R. O. Smith, Tom Bar, Ellsworth Harvey, Mrs. Anna M. Curless, James F. Hood, A. Y. Stout, James H. Shively, Mrs. Philip Matter, Joshua Strange, Bethuel Smith, Mrs. Carrie Jones Dunn, Jesse H. Farr, Isaiah Wall, J. L. Thompson, Mrs. Margaret Newkirk and the late Robert Ridgway of Amboy, was a non-resident member, frequently attending the meetings. The honorary members are: Rev. Almon Greenman, John Ratliff, Jacob Bugher, William H. Nicewanger, Judge R. T. St. John and Mrs. Maud Howard Gaines.

One of the first purposes of the society was embodied in the following resolutions:

Resolved, That it is the sense of the Grant County Historical Society assembled in its first semi-annual session, to foster a movement looking toward the erection of a suitable memorial on the site of the Indian battle ground in this county.

Resolved, That the Grant County Historical Society petition the Hon. Frederick Landis, congressman from the Eleventh Indiana congressional district, to use his influence in securing an appropriation from the United States congress with which to erect a monument in Battle Ground Park to the memory of those who fought for their country there and whose life blood was spilled on Grant county soil.

Resolved, That this monument be inscribed with data concerning the men who lost their lives in battle with the Indians, and that complete

information with reference to the battle be made part of the inscription to be placed on it.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to investigate the historical facts in the case and instructed to report at the March meeting, or at any called meeting of the society.

Resolved, That this committee be known as the monument committee of the Grant County Historical Society.

S. F. Jones, A. Y. Stout and Joshua Strange were the members of the committee, but after the Mississinewa Battle Ground Association was organized the society discharged its committee, the Battle Ground Association being better able to handle the proposition. The matter of proper recognition of the Battle of the Mississinewa had been taken up at other times by the earlier citizens of the county, but the Historical Society had an undischarged committee until the centennial anniversary of the battle, when it was relieved of further duties, the society joining with the Mississinewa Battle Ground Association in the movement. At the second annual meeting I. M. Miller succeeded W. K. Frazier as president, and later Joshua Strange was chosen treasurer, and the organization has held meetings every year.

While the Historical Society has not accomplished all that its members would have liked, much of the material used in this Centennial History would not have been written only at its request, and while only its secretary was active in locating the cabin-museum in Matter Park, the collection of antiques may really be credited to the society. The Indiana Historical Society centering about the state library has done more in the way of publication than holding public meetings, and the Grant County Historical Society should not allow its interest to cease with the publication of the Centennial Grant County History. Its secretary attended the twenty-sixth annual session of the American Historical Association when it met in Indianapolis in 1910, and learned from others that in most societies there are but few who are alive to the importance of such things. It is not the mission of a historical society to look into the future so much as to review the past, and twentieth century rush does not leave much time for such things.

The county as a factor in national progress: Because he comes of pioneer lineage, and was in touch with past history in Grant county, the promoter of Old Folks Day meetings invited Verling Wilson Davis to enter a plea at the first annual gathering of the octogenarians in Matter Park for the future organization of a local historical society. Recognizing the merit of the address, James H. Shively, who was then publishing The Interstate Magazine in Marion, used the article herewith reproduced, Mr. Davis delivering it extempore, although having written it out at the time. The speaker said: "There is something magic in the words: 'Old Folks,' and we give heed to the counsel of the aged person whose life has been filled with struggles, hardships and frontier experiences. Guiding and inspiring words fall from their lips to impel us on in life, and if their lessons are wisely heeded we are led onward and upward to a life more complete, and to spheres of high thought and action. The Old Folks! We love them and honor them. Time was when we were dependent upon them for our needs. They gave us homes and raiment by their ceaseless work. And the very conditions of today are made possible by the hardships endured by our parents. But time changes all.

"It rolls its ceaseless course and the race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marveling boyhood legend's store,

Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight,
Time rolls his ceaseless course."

"We teach in our schools the history of ancient Greece; of the Dark Ages; of England; of the thirteen colonies; and of America in her struggles and triumphs. Our children learn of Aristotle, of King John; of Washington and Lincoln. They know of the good work done by Florence Nightingale, and the name of Clara Barton is on every tongue. And it is good that they should know these things. History should not be dispensed with. Every day should bring forth something better than yesterday. Every year, every decade, must be brighter with more things accomplished than its predecessor. History enables us to compare one with another. If our gain is meager we know it. And our efforts are all the more active from the comparison. There is an old Spanish proverb that no evil will endure one hundred years. Many instances could be named wherein the evils of yesterday are rectified today. Yesterday we had slavery in our midst, today it is banished. And here the comparative value of history is shown. We review it and say to ourselves, if the sentiment created by the abolitionists that slavery was wrong has been crystallized into law, and that law enforced as it is, we have many today which must strike the conscience of the people, and let a sentiment against them result into law. I am glad that in some of our states the citizens have been courageous enough to efface the law of capital punishment from their statute books. I am glad that in some of our states the citizens have taken a decided stand against the mob, the hot bed of anarchy where children are schooled in the belief that all rulers are tyrants, who are ready to apply the torch or hurl the bomb. I am glad, I say, that the public conscience is awake to these dangers. And the result will be that the evils of today will be wiped away tomorrow. This is the value of history.

"We have liberated the slave, and we can curb the mob. We have lessened the wholesale vote buying of the past, and today we can eliminate it altogether. We have settled many controversies in the past by arbitration, and tomorrow will bring forth that highest type of civilization when all controversies will be adjusted by arbitration. When men will lay down their implements of warfare and walk side by side, brothers in name, in fact and in spirit. These are national questions. We should know them and help to decide them. But what do we mean by nation? It is the whole made up of many parts. The states make the nation. The counties make the state. National questions affect the state and county. And every man is reminded that he is part of the great whole, the integral part. Each man, each county, can help to increase the number of good citizens whose efforts make for peace and prosperity. The county must be prosperous, else it detracts from the state. The county must have law-abiding citizens, else it reflects upon the state. If a lynching occurs in one of the counties it is referred to not as occurring in a certain county, but in the state of Indiana.

"It was Wendell Phillips who said that to be as great as our fathers we must be better. In order to accomplish this we must act. We must have purpose. The man of action produces good. His work is effective. He creates new and better conditions. So in our every county, it behooves the younger generation to act. To create conditions superior to those of

yesterday. We have the experience of our fathers; and that experience is history. Some of it is unrecorded, but handed down from father to son, from mother to daughter, from generation to generation. The question of the present is, how can we increase the value of county history? If history is of value in a comparative sense, how much good, indeed, would arise if we should learn more of our immediate surroundings? We have our public schools and colleges—monuments of human strength erected out of human need, marvelous in their growth and ever increasing in their influence. And if they are lacking in one thing, I should say it is the want of a more thorough instruction as to the county. Teach the children the growth of their neighborhood, and above all impress upon them that it was through the endurance of the early settlers that they today enjoy the blessings of advanced living—that out of the travail of the human soul sprang the food of life, and by this knowledge they will learn to live for the future; to advance and to recede; to build and not tear down.

"We have our churches and benevolent institutions. Today we are meeting on one common ground. No factions exist. No strife is apparent. We have one faith and one religion. Those who hear my voice have helped to build upon that solid foundation without which our progress would be slight and government unstable, ready to fall by a spark of selfishness. We have well established a high standard of morality, which gives to the weak the necessaries of life and to the friendless a home. A morality that points to one common goal, to one common status, and that is the unity of the human race; when strife will fade to mockery, and when selfishness will be eliminated from the breast of man. We have here established law and order. With all our progress in enterprise the building of a vast community has been orderly and upright. Plunder and unscrupulousness have not been countenanced, but equal rights and privileges have been extended to all citizens. The young person today can only realize the gigantic stride in all avenues of business by comparison. And this is history again.

"Why could we not have a collection of rare articles of each county made permanent? I believe it should be a fixed purpose in every county to organize an historical society and establish it in a permanent home. It seems to me that such an undertaking would be profitable in all phases of the question which I have considered. To meet and discuss historical questions, to apply our reasoning to questions of today, and added to this the influence of our aged parents on such occasions would be a most valuable undertaking. It would bring our people closer together. Bind us one to another to work for the common good. It would encourage the despondent to look forward, and increase the vital force of our splendid institutions. There is a sublimity in the life and character of the people of the frontier. Coming as many of them did from pleasant homes in distant lands to seek their fortunes in a new country, to face the dangers of undeveloped fields and to halt the savage, are they not worthy of our praise and honor? Let us perpetuate their names. The old folks are the home folks. They 'are the salt of the earth, but if the salt has lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out, and to be trodden under the foot of man.' We are thankful that the savour of old age is its wisdom. The aged may be unable to wield the ax or to harvest the grain. Yet, be it far from us to count their wisdom of experience for nothing, to be cast out and trodden under the foot of men."

Editor's Note. If the "gentle reader" will think of the principal points set forth above, and then consider the accumulated data in this Centennial History, he will admit that some good has come out of the

efforts of the Grant County Historical Society—that the foregoing outline has been rather accurately worked out, and that the efforts of many persons have rendered it a possibility.

LVIII. CLUBS AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE

By Mrs. Cora Bennett Stephenson

[Editor's Note. When the historian was thinking of the chapter on social life in the towns of Grant county, his mind turned to Mrs. Stephenson, whose club membership is in the Sans Souci, and when she took the matter under advisement she declared: "My ideas will not suit you. However, I will write of club significance—but I cannot name all the social clubs and tell when they came into existence." Then Mrs. Stephenson went to New York City, and just as the historian was wondering about the obligation and how to discharge it, her manuscript came through the mails, and it was a welcome adjunct to the material being collected. Perhaps she is wise in not making an effort to list all the social and literary clubs in Grant county, as new ones are of frequent occurrence, and mention of some and not of all would be disastrous. However, the club serves an excellent purpose in community life, and in the chapter on Antebellum Society in Grant County, it is shown to hold the pioneer women as much in its spell as it does the women of the twentieth century.]

Westward the course of empire takes its way. This old saying is christened anew when we compare the intellectual fatigue, the decadence of the average small town of the east with the appetite for things educational that obtains in Grant county. The bacillus intellectualis has forsaken its thin-blooded host east of the Alleghanies to breed riotiously among the red corpuscles of the folk of the Midland.

And the result is personalities, books and clubs.

Of personalities I may not speak, however great the temptation to call attention to the relatively large number of highly differentiated individuals that elbow us on the highways and under the roofs—individuals that, confronted by obstacles that would deter anything less than genius, persist in their effort to demonstrate something higher than commonplace, material values. Neither may we speak of the books that have come out of the Author's Belt of Indiana, of which Grant county is a part.

We have to do with clubs and their significance. And by that it is understood that we mean women's clubs in particular.

In 1883 a group of women, namely Mesdames Emma Mont McRae, Charles Humphrey, Wilbur Serviss, Abijah C. Jay, William Miles, Harriet Hulley, J. H. Forrest, Mary Buchanan, Myron Price, Jason Willson, also Misses Emily Greenman, Carrie Jones, Hattie Buchanan, Nan Maple, Candace Zoubro and Alice Davis were called together by Mrs. Carrie Arnold to form the first club in Grant county. They allied themselves with the Chautauqua movement and named their group the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Club." Later this organization became The Wednesday Afternoon Reading Circle, which still survives.

It would be very interesting if one could know why Mrs. Arnold instituted this first club in Grant county. If you asked her she might be able to give you a satisfactory answer. The probabilities are, however, that she would not. The motives of what are truly social activities lie too deep for quick discovery and before the apparently most insignificant of initiations of this order the thoughtful student stands very

humble. Superficially we might quote that clubs are for women who do not know how to study alone. But we are not content to be trivial. And we know that art is the least consideration in an art club no matter how conscientious the members may be in presenting their carefully worked-out program. Just as there is something bigger in a research club than research; and in a drama club than the reading of plays.

The most direct good that the club serves the greatest number of women is that it is an escape from isolation. And before this isolation we fall, and to placate it we take the trouble to dress, to walk through rain and sun, to endure antagonistic personalities and to "waste time," in the superficial sense. But do we waste time, really? I suspect that if we did, we would never go there again. But we do go again. At least once the week.

We suspect, moreover, that every persistent club woman is an unconscious but nevertheless sincere and successful student of human nature. Why do I cook and wash dishes three times the day? Why did I marry? Why did I bear children that have the same prospect before them, over which I am not wildly enthusiastic? Why do the old die with a rather certain feeling that life is good? How does Mrs. A manage to live with a man that seems to be erratic, irresponsible, insincere? These questions are as old as the cave-woman, but they plague us and so we meet every week, and between whiles of having to listen to a paper or a talk we work away at our problems, studying the living objects sitting about us for data and premise.

Doubtless some vague but determining sense of a need of a philosophy guided that first club woman of Indiana, and if so we have not changed very much in thirty years and more. The first woman's club in the United States was at the home of Mrs. Harmony in Posey county. We grumble when we have to put aside house-cleaning or preserving and dress for club, and yet we go. We sit there and compare values and weigh and consider and then, coming home, we prepare the supper with a feeling that somehow we have got as near the solution of things as the other woman. We are a little more tender to our kith and kin that evening, feeling somehow that advantages even up. And it is significant that in any club, whether it be an art club in Marion, a literary club in Jonesboro or Gas City, a research club in Van Buren or in Fairmount, or the Larkin Soap Club at Farrville, the successful member, the one that has honors thrust upon her, is the one that has developed means of demonstrating sympathy in the most directions. Every club finds itself more or less unconsciously critical of personal invasion, of unwonted aggressiveness. Naively an ideal of self-restraint is imposed on the individuals by the group. There is something tonic in this spontaneous morality. The club is thus a clumsy, wasteful means of self-culture but it is the best we know, in our imperfect grasp of the means of life. And this value is quite apart from the nature of the club.

There would seem to be more club-advantages for men than for women in the ordinary community. But this discrepancy is only apparent; not real. Groups of men associated for sport, lodges, labor unions, bands, "smoke houses" and also the saloon, for the unnamed element serves men as efficiently as the correct, conventional club assists women. By meeting and talk folks get a line on life, no matter if they do communicate in cipher and wear masks. They learn after many trials and failures how to discount, how to transcribe and how by approximation to discern values.

And perhaps women with their one afternoon of leisure the week in their rather more formal clubs are still at a disadvantage as regards the less centrally organized social life of the men. Sometimes it would

seem that men have gotten a more precious thing out of their rather more desultory association than women. And that precious thing is sex solidarity. Men have coined the phrases "a square deal" and "honor among thieves," to use where the simple term honesty will not serve. Somewhere in the history of their social development men got together, and there they stay. They understand each other. They stick together. Perhaps when women's clubs relate more nearly to their actual problems in life; perhaps when they are franker about their vital concerns; when true pride is fostered consciously and respect for selfhood takes the place of prudery, women's clubs will have taken on the dignity of propaganda where—as they remain now merely cultural forces. To which, of course, civic and suffrage clubs are the exception.

And that the complexion of the clubs in Grant county is changing is certain. Femininism is in the air. It materializes as some form of race-protection: suffrage, economic independence, child welfare. It is nebulous, but it is there and the new woman, wide-eyed and preparing to act, watches the storm center shift. She is preparing to meet the issue—preparing awkwardly and with many interruptions, but she is preparing. She, sooner than the man, is aware of the pervasive electricity of modernity. There will be heat and then light. And doubtless it is women that, snatching the man-made instruments from the hands of their factors, shall focus these otherwise paralelled and sometimes neutralizing beams. And wherever there is dross, there we shall find fire. And only purity can stand the test of flames. This will remain.

Motherhood doubtless cultivates the soul of women: Her relations with the opposite sex, guided only loosely by instinctive prohibitions, doubtless corrects her faults of will through the infliction of direct penalties; but it is surely through training in the organized association among her own sex that women shall gain use of the intellectual tools to master the problems that are their inevitable heritage for these latter days.

To sum up: There are not clubs and clubs. Clubs are clubs. Travel clubs and card clubs and sewing clubs are not merely preparatory. They are all bunglesome, it is quite true, when one compares the lumbersome means with the definite fineness of the point. But one club serves quite as well as another to escape from the sense of isolation, to demonstrate human solidarity to those that have the gift of sympathy. And finally to train women to act together when they shall be called upon to fulfil their historical mission—the bruising of the serpent's head. The club is the woman's university, her true alma mater.

LIX. BOOSTER CLUBS IN GRANT COUNTY

Every community has its coterie of loyal, public-spirited citizens, although there may not be ten righteous in Sodom, and these progressive spirits are the salvation of the commonwealth. The word commercial carries its own suggestion—trade interests—and while most Grant county towns have their "booster" organizations, the first bona fide organization of public-spirited citizens was the Marion Commercial Club, which served the community in active capacity for a score of years and lapsed into inactivity again, although not disbanded, and it still has money at its command if occasion required it.

The Marion Commercial Club, composed of representative citizens and business men, was organized April 26, 1892, although May 1 was established as the beginning of its fiscal year, and it immediately set

about providing permanent quarters. From the time of its organization the Commercial Club was an important factor in both the commercial and social life of the community until it lapsed into inactivity after twenty years of service. The capital stock of the organization was fixed at $54,000 and divided into three hundred shares of $180 each. As soon as these shares were on the market the stock was all taken, and in its days of greatest activity the club enlisted a great deal of foreign capital in building up local manufacturing and trade industries. Article No. I of its constitution and by laws reads: "The objects of this organization shall be the promotion of the commercial and manufacturing interests, and the general welfare of the city of Marion, Grant county, Indiana, and vicinity."

The precedent was established that one member should have one vote, and that none should hold more than five shares of stock, but as the years went by the stock was assembled until the Grant Trust & Savings Company finally came into possession of the property, although most stockholders had regarded it as a satisfactory investment. The club invested $13,751.25 in real estate on the east side of the public square and during the 1893 panic it employed labor continuously. It put $28,116.78 into the building, making it an investment of $41,868.03 and it regarded that property abutting the public square was not liable to decrease in value under any circumstances. The prosperity of the club was such that the assessments for street and alley improvements were never placed on the tax duplicate, the income from rentals being sufficient to meet all current obligations. While the annual tax amounted to $900, no assessments on the stockholders were ever levied, but the shares of stock sometimes changed ownership until the club is inactive, although it has never been disbanded. J. L. Barley is president and W. H. Wiley has been its continuous secretary except for a short time when he was absent, the term of its existence having been fixed at fifty years. The Commercial Club was organized in 1892, bought its building site in 1893 and January 1, 1894, occupied its property.

Since the Grant Trust & Savings Company acquired the property in 1911, it has modernized and changed the building, which will always stand as a monument to the progressive spirit of the citizens of the nineties. The simple fact that so many social functions were given at the Commercial Club led many to believe that it was a social organization —pleasure rather than business—but there was always revenue from the dance hall, and it was a popular resort for the amusement loving element of society. Many elaborate social affairs occurred there under the auspices of the club members and their immediate circle of friends, and the dance hall is still patronized by those of terpsichorean tendencies —not a few in the community. When the Marion Commercial Club was organized its official roster was: President, Major G. W. Steele; first vice president, James V. Sweetser; second vice president, J. Scott Ludlum; treasurer, George Sweetser; and W. H. Wiley is still secretary. The original board of directors was: G. W. Steele, J. V. Sweetser, J. S. Ludlum, George Sweetser, E. P. McClure, A. B. Morrison, James Charles, Robert J. Spencer, Phil Lyons, W. C. Webster, John H. Wigger, George Webster, Jr., W. M. Serviss, G. A. Southall and Dr. W. R. Francis. The mortuary list from this board would leave only a few of its members still living in the community. A quarter of a century changes the personnel of any municipality.

The Commercial Club had committees on finance, membership, arrangements, city interests, railroads, natural gas, manufactures, laws, labor and arbitration, and among the active members were men prominent in community affairs, men of enterprise and influence. The associa-

tion prospered under their watchful oversight, and through their efforts the city has been benefitted in a material and lasting way. Their memory will be kept green, although the club has discontinued its special activities. Their absence will long be felt around many Marion firesides and the marts of trade will not soon forget their smiling countenances, for among them were affable, pleasant gentlemen. While the activities of the Commercial Club were numerous its latest stupendous effort was the distribution of a $100,000 factory fund within the first decade of the Twentieth century, and with this money the capacity of some plants was increased and others were added and the pay rolls made up in the vicinity were all benefitted from it. All are agreed that the way to build up a city is by installing industries, and the way to procure factories is to offer substantial inducements to them—buy them if necessary—and the Commercial Club was always wideawake to community advancement. It was an open door through which outside capital and outside labor was invited, and while it was in active existence it was a public benefactor. Its inactivity is easily explained—the visitations from the Death Angel.

The Marion Chamber of Commerce was a second booster organization, less conservative, perhaps, than the Commercial Club, and while it flourished only a short time, its members still point with pride to its record—the nature of its acquirements. It was made up of the younger men of the community to whom the Commercial Club—a limited organization—offered no opportunity, and Dr. E. O. Harrold was its first president and business manager. The Western Motor, later known as the Rutenbar Motor Company and the United States Glove Factory are monuments to its activities. It was organized in 1909, and A. C. Barley became its second president. It is now classed as inactive, along with the Commercial Club, neither organization having been formally disbanded although each had its part in community advancement. When the Chamber of Commerce was no longer active there was still a booster spirit in the community, and the Marion Civic Assembly, organized early in 1911, of which Dr. W. A. Fankboner became first president, was the result, and the annual industrial exhibits were an outgrowth of the Civic Assembly's activities. Doria Tracey had charge of the initial exhibit, and when E. S. Kinnear became president the 1913 industrial exposition and automobile show, with Doctor Harrold as manager, was another unqualified success, the Marion Civic Hall or market house being formally opened to the public with this exhibit. While the Civic Assembly did not care so much for the market house proper, it was interested in a public hall of sufficient capacity to accommodate community needs and cooperated with the city council and the Trades Council in completing it. The good of the whole people is the motive of the Civic Assembly, and while it does not take itself seriously it is glad to bring conflicting interests together and unite them.

President Kinnear of the Civic Assembly recently gave utterance to the following bit of loyal sentiment:

"There never was more money in Marion and vicinity. There never were more acres under cultivation in the county. There never were more factories in full operation in Marion. I understand that a train load of goods are manufactured and sent out to the outside world daily from Marion. Most of the factories can use more men. Opportunity is smiling as never before on Marion. The thing that confronts us is to keep things in the high gear. After we lost our oil and gas we slipped into low gear. It took a long time to get moved up to intermediate gear. But now everything seems to be going forward in a strong and substantial way. The thing that confronts us as citizens of Marion is to

keep Marion moving. We must adopt some definite plan of procedure and all get behind it and boost.

"Nearly every one admits something is missing in Marion. What is it?

"Most business men say it is the lack of a commercial club; we have no organization prepared to transact business for Marion. Stop and think what this means. Is there any business in Marion that would run of its own accord? Certainly not.

"Someone has to give the needed supervision to make anything a success. Think of a city the size of Marion struggling along blindly in the dark with no organization directing her industrial growth. Then you will have some small conception of how good a town Marion is to go along and recover from such a loss as that of natural gas and oil without a commercial club.

"Now they tell us we are to have natural gas again, and no doubt there are many other good things that could be secured for Marion if we had a strong organization for the sole purpose of securing them. I hear on all sides that the old Commercial Club didn't do this and the Chamber of Commerce failed to do that, but the real facts in the matter are that they both did much good.

"The facts are we have a fine citizenship in Marion. The thing to do is to bring the good things to the surface where they can be seen. With that idea in mind the Civic Assembly was formed. The sole purpose of this assembly was to make a booster out of every man in Marion, and much good has been accomplished, so much so that men are talking on all sides of a commercial club of a new and different kind, and on all hands I hear men talking of such a movement.

"As a movement of this kind means much for Marion, every man in Marion should help boost it and help it blossom into a reality, with the best brains in Marion behind it."

The Civic Assembly is committed to any policy that will better the community, and while the three booster organizations have had their mission, there is a growing sentiment in favor of further combination of interests—an active organization enlisting all the forces—and it will have fulfilled its purpose when a larger association is effected. There is no war among existing organizations, but merged interests the end in view, Marion and all Grant county towns are engaged in both foreign and domestic or internal commerce. Grant county products are sold the world around, and there are booster citizens in all the centers. Fairmount, Jonesboro, Gas City, Matthews, Upland, Van Buren, Sweetser, Swayzee and the cross road trading points all have their loyal patrons, and loyalty to home enterprise is the secret. Mail order business is under the bans, and there was opposition to the parcels post because the people were afraid of its influence on local patronage—commercial centers. The interchange of merchandise and property is an established condition, and beside the splendid retail commercial houses there are a number of wholesale distributing agencies within the bounds of the county—small jobbers galore who are making a success of some particular line of business, and there will always be the middleman in Grant county. So much capital has been invested in improvements that Marion will always be a trade center. While catalogues of mail order houses are seen in some Grant county homes, there is a commendable spirit of business loyalty in the community.

These booster agencies have all had their part in shaping the public conception of the business proposition, and Grant county is composed of a united people. Some one possessed of "The Big Idea" lately gave expression to the following outburst of enthusiasm:

"Ever since old Noah built that little old ark, then looked it over and said, 'This is the finest old ark that ever was,' we have been talking in superlatives.

"The manufacturer says that his product excels that of all of his competitors. The merchant that his goods are of the finest quality. The farmer that he grows the best crops. The laborer that he is the most skilful in his particular line of endeavor. And so on ad infinitum.

"Live citizens speak of their town in the same way; they try to drive home the big idea with a punch; that their town excels all other towns, their industries are the greatest, their streets are paved the best, their homes are the most beautiful, their city is the best managed and governed. But 'Mr. Live Wire,' the town builder, the town developer, is confronted with the proposition that Missouri reaches out all over the country instead of being segregated within its own narrow borders, in short that in this superlative age everybody has to be shown, so 'Mr. Live Wire' must have facts to prove to the skeptical outside world where his town excels—he must show them. He is right up against the 'show me' barrier which has proved so disastrous to the dreams of so many ambitious cities.

"'Mr. Live Wire' realizes that this is too big a proposition for any one brain to handle, he must have help, so he forms his 'show 'em' or town building and developing organization, call it what you will, Commercial Club, Chamber of Commerce or Civic Assembly. He realizes that his town has to be organized. For a 'show 'em' movement without organization is like the great engine lying unassembled within the builder's shop, until it is assembled or organized if you please, it is helpless, just so many parts, but when it is assembled it conquers distance, time, removes mountains, conquers the sea, in fact successfully overcomes all of the ancient obstacles to travel.

"'Mr. Live Wire,' being far seeing, realizing this important truth, forms his organization, has the benefit of the combined ideas, energy and enthusiasm of the members and proceeds to 'show 'em.'

"Now Mr. Marionite, are you insulated or are you a 'Live Wire?' Do you believe in your town or do you not? If you believe in the town, you are far too wise a business man not to comprehend that energy spent without organization is just so much energy wasted.

"The 'civic assembly' is your 'show 'em' organization; get in line. Join the Civic Assembly and 'show 'em' that Marion does excell.

"'Do it Now.'"

The Marion *Press* has been an able second to the booster spirit, and Marion advertisers have been quick to recognize the drift of things—current events given an impetus along with their business ads, and W. H. Sanders, an editorial writer, recently summed it up as follows:

"The foundation of a city's growth is factories. This means towns situated as Marion is situated. The way to get factories is to go after them, but going after a factory means something besides a mere junket. It means something more than a visit to the institution. Going after a factory is not exactly what one would regard as a social call.

"Factories are established and kept going as a business proposition. Back of it is the so-called 'Almighty Dollar.' So long as the present system that recognizes rights in individual property continues this same so-called 'Almighty Dollar' will continue to be the inducement, and this is likely to mean a good while.

"The owner of one of these factories must be shown that by coming to Marion he may be able to acquire more of these dollars than he can hope to acquire by remaining where he is. This increase may be brought about in various ways. In the Marion case it will come chiefly by enabling the manufacturer to increase the size and therefore the output

of the plant, inasmuch as direct bonuses are no longer to be considered in most cases the inducement to move must appear on stock prescriptions.

"There are thousands of manufacturers throughout the country who have reached the limit of their present capacity, with orders and prospects ahead that demand an enlargement of the plant. In many of these instances the manufacturers lack the capital that the increase demands. The past history and present condition of the business may be such as to justify or even to demand the enlargement of the plant which would be impossible without this increased capital. There are instances in which sites also are not available. Anyhow, there are many factories —successful business institutions—that could be induced to come here, provided a certain amount of stock is taken by the people of Marion.

"If Marion had an organization prepared to take a certain mount of stock in enterprises of this kind, there would be little trouble in finding these enterprises—little trouble in locating establishments by the score. This of course would in no way conflict with the Civic Assembly and similar organizations. On the contrary it would be supplementary to such organizations and the one would cooperate with the others.

"This plan is at least worth considering. Once get such an organization and the factories—good factories, substantial factories, successful factories will come. Then with the factories come countless other things in addition to the increase in population—better school facilities, better church facilities, better public facilities of all sorts. This plan will certainly win if carried out, and it can be carried out if only there is sufficient interest in the subject."

One day later the same typewriter clicked off the following afterthought:

"The purpose in going after factories is overlooked even by many a successful business man. It is not merely to induce the manufacturers to become residents, although as a rule they are desirable citizens. It is the fact that every one of these manufacturers mean the addition of a score or a hundred or more others who come here to obtain employment. And it is not merely that these men come here, but that they make a market for commodities. If they were not employed, if they were mere idlers or loafers, the town would be better off without them, but these men must live, and in order to live they must buy the necessaries of life, and most of them buy not only necessaries but comforts and luxuries. The presence of these buyers makes business.

"This is the kernel of the whole matter. It sounds gross and coarse and materialistic, it is true, to say this, but it is the fact, nevertheless. These industries and the men they employ are wanted because they make a demand for everything that there is to be sold. They make a demand for the time and energy that other workingmen have to sell; they make a demand for building materials and for dry goods and for clothing and for groceries and for all the infinite variety of things that are in use in the households.

"If these manufacturers and their employes went to Indianapolis, or to Chicago or Kalamazoo for these things, no one would care to have them. They would not be classed as desirable citizens. Their chief value to the town is the home market that they help to build up. With this in mind it is well to consider the industries we have. Some of there are already crowded to the utmost to fill the orders they have. Some of them could do twice the business they do now if they had more room, or if they had a larger plant, and most of these things could be had if they had more capital.

"We know that there are at least some cases of this kind already in Marion, and it would not be amiss if these cases were thoroughly con-

sidered. This would mean the employment of many more persons, and this itself would make additions to the home market.

"But, says the superficial thinker, this is not getting factories. It is true that this is not going to Mishawaka or elsewhere and moving a factory, at great expense, but on the other hand it is adding to the number of persons that are given employment, and so far as building up the home market is concerned it is exactly the same as bringing in a new factory.

"Suppose one of the home industries is now employing fifty men. Suppose the business it is already doing would justify the employment of fifty more. Suppose additional stock would be raised to enable this concern to employ that additonal fifty. The result in the one essential sense is exactly the same as bringing in a new factory to employ fifty men. Some persons seem unable to understand this, simple as it seems to be, but it is true, nevertheless, and just now it suggests a chance for immediate investigation.

"A little more than twenty years ago Marion had barely four thousand people. Today it has twenty thousand or more. It has facilities also that compare in the same way with the facilities it enjoyed then. The cause of this difference is the home market. Anything that contributes to his home market contributes to the growth and general well-being of the city. Much of this has come from the additional growth of the factories already here. This should be encouraged in every way, and right here is a field for immediate action that might very profitably be investigated.

"At any rate, you can't build up an inland town without manufacturing industries. The way to get them is to go after them. The way to build up Marion is to get factories. One way to get them is to help build up the factories that are already here."

As the years go by the student of economics is apt to find the foregoing logic stands the test of time. All of the labor employed must be one of the secrets of municipal prosperity. When all the people are busy there are no demands upon charity.

Some one inclined to boost a little on his own account has recently given expression to "The Advantages Marion has to offer" by saying:

"Population of Marion 20,000. The shopping center of 100,000 people living within twenty minutes ride. The territory from which the merchants can draw trade is unlimited in extent and one of the richest in the state.

"The bank clearings for Marion in 1912 aggregated about $26,277,821.66. The city has three banks and two trust companies, with deposits of about $5,000,000.00.

"The Marion Normal College is one of the largest independent normals in the country. The buildings accommodate 1,500 students, who attend this institution from all parts of the United States. The Marion Business College, another institution, is devoted to the training of young men and women in actual commercial work. The Horace Mann and High School rank among the best in Indiana.

"Marion possesses its full quota of places of worship, meeting the needs of all the religious denominations found in this section.

"Marion has unsurpassed transportation facilities—four steam roads and three electric lines.

"Marion is in the heart of the manufacturing world, which makes it convenient to big markets. Has plenty of labor, exceptionally cheap fuel, low rents and good shipping facilities.

"Marion is known as the Electric City of Indiana. This is due to the progressiveness of the merchants and the excellent facilities offered

by the lighting company. Another thing that Marion enjoys is the cheap rate for electric power for factory purposes. Generally, the first people seen by prospective locators in a city are the power generators. Any demand can be taken care of and at a moment's notice. At night the streets are well illuminated by five-light ornamental electric posts throughout the business section."

The slogan of the recent industrial exposition and automobile show: "Business is good. Make Marion move," as furnished by the Marion Civic Assembly, was in harmony with the general spirit of the community—reflected the sentiment of all Grant county. There have been merchants' associations in the different towns, business men intensely loyal to their own communities whose families must do all their shopping at home, and yet they have offered special inducements to customers, paid the car fare of those coming a distance, and the retail stores of the entire county, Marion the center, are a source of pride to all. Among them are modern, well lighted buildings—gigantic monuments to local enterprise. The good store equipment is not all in Marion, and Swayzee balances Van Buren and holds its local patronage the same as Upland, Matthews—and then across the center of the county, Marion, Jonesboro, Gas City and Fairmount—cheap transportation brings all the people together, and yet all are loyal to home merchants—the county limitations—and business men do not enjoy reading in the society columns about the wives of other men "shopping" in the cities.

The material interests of the community are well taken care of, and business blocks are added and changed as required until there are but few landmarks in evidence, only a few places that are recognizable by prodigals who return after long sojourns in the "far country." Marion hotels are well equipped and wayfarers are glad of an over-Sunday stay in the town. Although prompted only by mercenary motives, the transportation facilities contribute to the weal of the community, and the churches offer friendly shelter to the "Stranger within the gates." When a city's advantages are heralded abroad—the Marion newspapers always second every motion that is for the upbuilding of the community—all roads lead to Grant county's social and business centers—Grant county first and then the rest of the world, and loyalty to home industry and advancement is the watchword—the slogan.

When the first census was taken in 1840 in Grant county the population was 4,875; in 1850 it was 11,092; 1860, 15,797; 1870, 18,847; 1880, 23,618; 1890, 31,493; 1900, 54,693, and in 1910, 51,426, showing that high tide in local population was about the Century year. In that year there were 17,767 voters, many men being attracted to the oil fields who had no families—floating population—and the failure of gas and oil caused the subsequent decrease in population. A stranger would be told by any citizen that the population of Grant county is greater than shown by the census reports, and since from the card index system in use at the Marion post office showing to whom mail is delivered there is a difference of more than 5,000, it would seem that the entire county population is underestimated in the census reports. The 1910 census gives Marion 19,359 while the post office record of mail delivered gives it 24,500, and local enthusiasts naturally quote the latter estimate. As an industrial center Grant is one of the most important counties in Indiana, and tall smoke stacks ceaselessly belch forth from blazing furnaces the visible evidence of the great activities going on in factories and workshops, and these "Booster" clubs have had their part in revolutionizing industrial conditions in Marion and in all the towns of the county.

On the basis of one hundred it is said that ninety-five per cent fail

in business, three pull through by strenuous effort and two have easy sailing, but that rule must apply in some other county—not in Grant. There are comparatively few business failures, although that word is in the Grant county dictionary. It is interesting to note the increase of population by decades from 1840, a gradual growth, until after the discovery of natural gas when it increased rapidly; look back over the figures, a gain of almost 25,000 in the last decade of the nineteenth century, but there is a limit to all things. While many industries were attracted to Grant county during the halycon days of natural gas, the location is so favorable—so near the markets—that they have remained and continued operations without interruption. Every agency encourages the factory. The banks accord liberal treatment to legitimate enterprise, and organized effort is continually alert to secure new institutions and to enlarge those already located—bonus meaning as much in increasing facilities as adding new industries.

While no statistics of manufactured products are at hand, all the plants are running, and there is little labor difficulty. There are perhaps 125 factories in Grant county that employ six or more operatives, with 6,000 people on pay rolls constantly. There is a wide range of manufactured articles: Stoves, ranges, grain drills, chairs, chains, tables, office desks, iron beds, bed springs, mattresses, brass and iron castings, glass molds, glass bottles, chimneys, lantern globes, glass tableware, glass novelties, mission furniture, writing tablets, paper, paper boxes, paper pie plates, shoes, automobile motors, blank books, kitchen cabinets, flour, catsup, chili sauce, brick, tile, piano benches, canvas gloves, boilers, steel tools, insulated wire and cables, rubber goods, carpet sweepers, wagons, grey iron products, ice, bread, clothing, hats, and so many things on smaller scale that it is easily understood why the pay roll should reach thousands of dollars every week in the entire county. The diversity of manufactured products render the community practically immune against the periodical depression in different lines of trade due to overproduction or stagnant business, and a temporary dull season in any particular line is not so noticeable as in some communities.

The products of Grant county factories are carried to every point of the compass, and thus the whole world contributes to local prosperity. Many live, energetic salesmen travel about the country heralding the virtues of Grant county products and spreading abroad the many advantages and resources of the entire county as a manufacturing and commercial center. The wholesale and jobbing houses are active and the aggregate volume of business is difficult to estimate. It is hard to find a citizen who is not a "Booster," and the "Stand up for Grant county" spirit is well implanted in the breasts of all. To write in detail of all Grant county's varied industries would require time and space, and this chapter is only a suggestion of the spirit of enterprise everywhere manifest.

LX. GEN. FRANCIS MARION CHAPTER D. A. R.

By Miss Frone A. Case

In the city of Marion, Grant county, Indiana, January 18, 1910, in the club room of the Marion library, a meeting of patriotic women was held preliminary to the organization of a chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

As a result of this meeting on February 22, 1910, at the residence

of Mrs. J. T. Giles, was perfected an organization to be known as the General Francis Marion Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, officered as follows: Regent, Mrs. Giles; vice-regent, Mrs. E. H. Wolcott; secretary, Mrs. James E. Sisson; treasurer, Mrs. Maud Howard Gaines; registrar, Miss Lou Charles, and historian, Miss Frone A. Case.

The objects of this society are: First, to foster a spirit of true patriotism; second, to emphasize our indebtedness to the men and women who during the Revolutionary struggle counted no sacrifice too great if it contributed to the attainment of Independence; third, by historical study, to deepen our reverence for the sagacity, wisdom and courage of the forefathers of the Republic; fourth, to diffuse a wider love of the principles for which they contended; fifth, to preserve to memory the lives of the women who did so much to inspire men to larger endeavor in the larger cause of Freedom.

Any woman may be eligible for membership who is of the age of eighteen years, and who is descended from a man or woman who with unfailing loyalty rendered material aid to the cause of Independence; from a recognized patriot or sailor, or civil officer in one of the several colonies or states, or of the United Colonies or States, provided that the applicant be acceptable to the society.

With the exception of the anniversary, February 22, the meetings of the General Francis Marion Chapter occur on the last Friday of each month from February to November, inclusive. The Chapter observes Flag day, June 14, with appropriate ceremonies.

To every daughter of the American Revolution is accorded an ancestor who aided in establishing American Independence, but to very few daughters is granted the honor of having not only a great-great-grandfather, but on September 30, 1910, when in response to roll call brief biographies of Revolutionary ancestors were given, Miss Minnie Patterson told of a great-great-grandmother who had shouldered her musket, and how on every 30th of May her grave is decorated the same as her husband's, where they lie buried side by side. At this meeting Mrs. Candace Zombro Goldthwaite gave a thrilling account of the murder by the Indians of her great-great-grandfather and of the capture of her great-great-grandmother and her children—of their escape, and return to their friends, and one of these captured children was the great-grandmother from whom she is lineally descended. No doubt others who have never enrolled as members could establish records equally interesting.

In 1912 enrollment of the General Francis Marion Chapter, D. A. R. is: Mrs. Clarinda Hazzard Sims Armstrong, Mrs. Lota May Batchelor, Miss Edith Carlile Baldwin, Miss Winnie Butler, Mrs. Gertrude Marshall Beard, Mrs. Elma M. Campbell, Miss Sophronia Amelia Case, Miss Ethel Harris Case, Miss Bessie Case, Miss Florence Case, Miss Lulu Charles, Mrs. Edith Esler Charles, Miss Merle Dean, Mrs. Lucy C. Esler, Miss Aline Esler, Mrs. Esther Strange Eckhart, Miss Donna Flinn, Miss Evangeline Flinn, Mrs. Louise Flinn Ford, Mrs. Maud Howard Gaines, Mrs. Georgetta Bowman Giles, Miss Alice Goldthwaite, Miss Emily Goldthwaite, Miss Mary Agnes Goldthwaite, Mrs. Candace Goldthwaite, Mrs. Adelia Gage, Mrs. Clara West Hayes, Mrs. Bessie Charles Higbee, Mrs. Georgiana Brickner Hawkins, Miss Regina Cooper Hawkins, Miss Mary Howard, Mrs. Addie Carter Johnston, Miss Mary Love, Mrs. Adelaide Smith Miller, Mrs. Adah West McGuffin, Mrs. Grace Cornell Miller, Mrs. Bernice Butler Newhouse, Miss Minnie K. Patterson, Mrs. Nettie B. Powell, Mrs. Martha J. B. Presnall, Mrs. Jeanette Torrence Price, Mrs.

Nettie E. Sims Sisson, Mrs. Mary L. Woods Sweetser, Mrs. Anna Burr Swezey, Mrs. Oliva Davis Thompson, Mrs. Katharine E. Ball Thomas.

One of the objects of the D. A. R. is to foster a spirit of true patriotism. With this object in view the chapter offers every year a two dollar and a half gold piece for the best essay on a patriotic subject written by an eighth grade pupil of the city schools. Since the organization of the General Francis Marion Chapter of the D. A. R. in 1910, the historian has been reverently seeking the graves of our Revolutionary soldiers known to be in Grant county. It is altogether fitting that we recognize our obligation to our heroes dead and to honor those who in the darkest days of the Revolution, days that tried men's souls, fought so willingly, so valiantly, for that freedom which is ours today—for the protection of that flag loved by every loyal heart, honored in every land and on every sea—Old Glory—of which every star has a tongue—every stripe is articulate. There is no language nor speech where their voice is not heard.

The D. A. R. of the General Francis Marion Chapter, inspired by patriotism and desiring to preserve in fitting form a testimonial of the living appreciation of the valorous deeds performed and to perpetuate the memory of the spirit of the hero who so bravely assisted in the achievement of American Independence, placed a marker over the grave of Barnabas Vandeventer, Revolutionary soldier, who lies buried in the abandoned Friends cemetery two miles east of the Soldiers' Home. By placing this marker, a visible evidence of heroic deeds and hard won victories before the present and the future citizens of the United States, the D. A. R. hopes to foster the desire to give their best to the service of their country, and the inspiration may come to strive for the highest patriotic ideals of American citizenship. "Lest we forget," Barnabas Vandeventer, aged 103 years, nine months and ten days, and his wife, Elizabeth, aged ninety-four years, eleven months and twenty days, lie buried side by side, and their daughter, Elizabeth, also lies buried there. These three graves have been enclosed with a wire fence and shall be decorated every 30th of May. Other Revolutionary soldiers known to be buried in the county are:

Isaac Suddeth, aged ninety-nine and buried in the Old Bethel cemetery above Jonesboro and John B. Campbell, aged ninety-six, and buried in Maple Grove cemetery north of Sweetser. In time the General Francis Marion Chapter hopes to secure markers for all of these graves. When the stone furnished by the government was placed at the Vandeventer grave on the Paxton farm there were many friends of the chapter in attendance, and it was an impressive ceremony.

The Chapter has made an exhaustive study of Colonial history which has been both pleasant and profitable. The last official roster is: Regent, Miss Emily Goldthwaite; vice regent, Mrs. Anna B. Swezey; secretary, Mrs. Clara W. Hays; treasurer, Mrs. Gertrude M. Beard; registrar, Mrs. Adelia Z. Gage; historian, Miss Frone A. Case. The General Francis Marion Chapter, though only three years old, is a strong, progressive, patriotic society with a membership of seventy. The members appreciate the honor of being part of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, with a membership of 100,000, in which are the descendents of the best and most honored names on the pages of our national history, while the names of thousands of humble heroes before unhonored and unsung have been brought to light and carefully filed with the application papers of their patriotic descendants. The National Society, D. A. R., has 1,000 chapters in the different states in the American Union, and is the strongest and most influential body of women in the world. The one impelling thought of the American

Revolution is that it gave to the American people a patriotic event that was the common property of the whole nation, around which all could together come into the glorious accord which exists today.

Addendum. By Miss Frone Case. On September 22, 1913, the General Francis Marion Chapter, D. A. R., conducted a memorial service in honor of James Campbell, already previously mentioned in this chapter —the Revolutionary soldier buried in Maple Grove cemetery two miles north of Sweetser.

About fifty patriotic citizens of the county attended the ceremony, and after the singing of America a fervent invocation was pronounced by the Rev. Rollin A. Bennett. Miss Emily Goldthwaite, regent of the chapter, in well chosen sentences conveyed the thought that the General Francis Marion Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution feels deeply the sense of its obligation in patriotic work. The flag is the symbol of our national salvation, and a people without traditions to inspire patriotism is unthinkable. After a brief biography of James Campbell by the chapter historian, the marker was placed by J. Walter Buchanan. John Otho Campbell, a great-great-grandson of this Revolutionary soldier, placed beautiful flowers on the grave.

Chaplain D. E. Myers, of the Soldiers' Home, spoke in behalf of the Grand Army of the Republic, and J. O. Batchellor, in the interests of the Sons of the American Revolution. The Loyal Legion was ably represented by Captain Woodson S. Marshall. County School Superintendent C. M. Terrell spoke in behalf of the schools, saying they are surely doing their part to kindle patriotism in the hearts of the American boys and girls. Judge Marshall Williams spoke inspiringly on American patriotism. The addresses all breathed patriotism, and the Daughters are truly grateful for such inspiration, believing that their obligations in patriotic work are more readily fulfilled by this interest of their friends.

To James Campbell, Revolutionary soldier: "The longer on this earth we live, the more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty of plain devotedness to duty, steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise, but finding ablest recompense for Life's ungarlanded expense in work done squarely and unwasted days." In giving this brief biography of James Campbell, Revolutionary soldier, the D. A. R. historian has no deeds of wondrous valor to recount, no mighty act of bravery, no illustrious achievement met single handed. I merely tell you of one who in the flush of his early manhood gave seven years, seven long, weary, discouraged years of his life, struggling heroically for that freedom which is ours today, bravely battling for the defense of that flag loved by every loyal heart. Since the organization in 1910 of the General Francis Marion Chapter, the historian has endeavored to verify the record of the Revolutionary hero who lies buried here in Maple Grove cemetery. The Revolutionary record in the war department at Washington contains the name James Campbell seven times, rendering the identification of our Revolutionary soldier somewhat difficult.

The United States government willingly furnished markers for unmarked graves of all of its soldiers where the verification is satisfactorily established. The Daughters of the American Revolution of the General Francis Marion Chapter, animated by patriotism, wishing to preserve in suitable form a testimonial of their appreciation for valiant deeds done, and to keep for all time the memory of the hero who so gallantly aided in the victory of American independence, do place this marker over the grave of James Campbell, Revolutionary soldier, who lies buried here. The name only is recorded on this marker. I shall give you briefly the record of the life and the service that this man

rendered to his country in the great contest, the result of which was the dawn of our Republic. James Campbell was born at Glasgow, afterwards called Blandford, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, April 16, 1763. In March, 1781, at the age of eighteen years, he enlisted in the Continental army with the rank of private, and under the following officers: Captain Job Wright and Colonel Marinus Willett, he rendered continuous service to his country for seven years.

We realize that this was strenuous service when we recall that he was with General Israel Putnam, one of Washington's most intrepid officers, and the name "Putnam" is handed down in the genealogy of this Revolutionary soldier's descent in Grant county—John Putnam Campbell's name appearing on the title page of the Centennial History. At the time of his enlistment, James Campbell lived at Noblestown, Luzerne county, New York. It is recorded that on July 30, 1832, he applied for a pension, at which time he lived at Richmond, Tioga county, Pennsylvania. His pension claim was allowed. In 1834 James Campbell was a resident of Green county, Ohio, but he died in Grant county in 1849, at the age of eighty-six years. "Life's fitful fever o'er," he rests in this open space where the winds sigh a requiem through the swaying boughs, the birds swirl and twitter in the free azure above, and the silent stars nightly watch over the lonely grave.

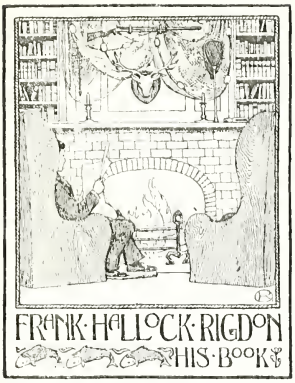
The local chapter, D. A. R., also fittingly observed the memorial of Mrs. Charles Warren Fairbanks (Cornelia Cole), past commander of the national society D. A. R., on Sunday, October 26, and General Francis Marion Chapter is always alert as occasion demands it.

LXI. LIBRARIES—PUBLIC AND PRIVATE

A library is a place set apart for the keeping and use of books, or the word may mean a collection of books. One selects books as he selects his friends—those that please him—and in books one communes with the best minds of all ages. It is said that the best university in these days is a collection of books, and in a book the writer involuntarily gives something from the best of his life—and thus books have personality. The Bible is an entire library—collection of the world's best books, so say enthusiasts about it, always something new to be found in it, and it always has been an inspiration to wider general reading. The room the carpenter called the "library" is now included in all house architecture.

There is no place where individuality may manifest itself more than in the library. There are chosen books and chosen friends, and the library is a sanctum sanctorum where none but chosen friends need enter. Some families fill up their shelves without improving their minds in the process, but others read the books as they add them. Book plates were the fashion along about the Century year, and many Grant county libraries are thus distinguished—the book plate of the owner becoming part of the volume before it is placed on the shelves. Miss Olive Rush, of Fairmount, made many plates to order at the time they were so popular, and "Rolinda" published a number of them at the time.

The private library is the pride of many citizens, there being deluxe editions of the best authors in many homes, and the magazines are finally bound and added to the shelves. There have been circulating libraries and magazine clubs in different communities, and in all the townships there have been book collections in care of the trustees, more or less wisely selected and in recent years small collections of books have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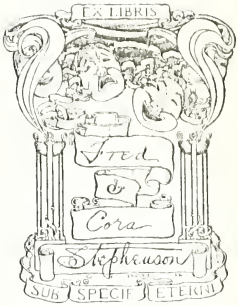
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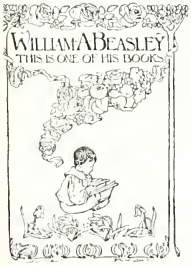
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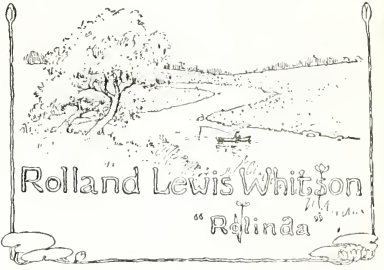
THIS IS ONE OF HIS BOOKS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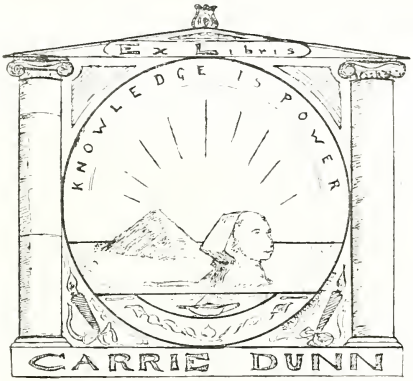
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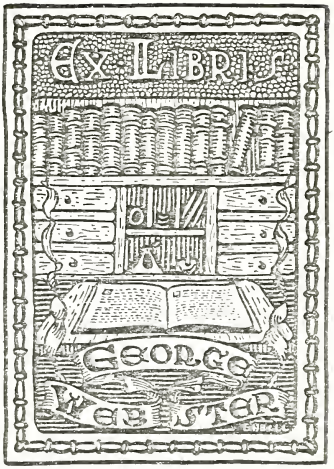
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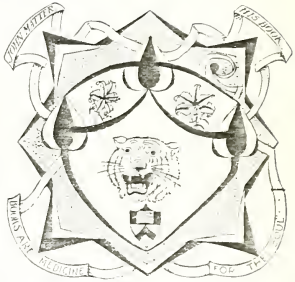


accumulated in many school houses through a system of box socials, class plays, etc., and an occasional loan of books has been secured from the state library by clubs, schools, etc., some one being designated as custodian and held responsible for the books. In 1880 there was a private library established by prominent Marion citizens who paid $5 annuity for its maintenance, the books stored in the old courthouse, and the library only open on Saturday to patrons. The law library is there today, only those who subscribe stock to it having the use of it—the library limited to legal documents.

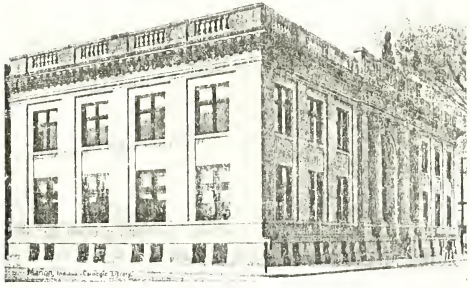
In 1884, and at the suggestion of Professor Hamilton S. McRae, then superintendent of the Marion public schools, R. W. Bailey, Elkanah Hulley and Elijah Kitch who were then trustees of the town of Marion, decided to establish a free public library in conjunction with the public schools, and on June 1 the following entry was made in the record: "On motion it was decided to levy a tax of 1 3 of a mill on the dollar of all taxable property in the school town of Marion for the purpose of establishing a free public library in connection with the common schools of the town of Marion," and that was the beginning of the present city library. While the amount of the levy has varied, it has always been maintained, and when the Carnegie library was built it was seven cents on each $100 of taxable property. While the first levy was made in 1884 the library was not opened until 1888, and in the meantime Professor McRae had died and Prof. J. K. Waltz came into the management of library affairs in connection with the public schools. He became librarian when it opened in 1888, being succeeded by Mrs. Ida R. Gruwell, who was librarian when the Carnegie library was opened, and since then Miss Lyle Harter and Miss Edith Carlyle Baldwin have served in that capacity.

The public library was quartered in turn in the Tharp block, Board of Trade building, Charles block, basement of the high school, Mather block, G. A. R. hall and finally in its present location. It is a matter of record that December 3, 1900, was when the first step was taken toward securing the present commodious structure. "The matter of location for a city library was taken up and it was finally decided that the Flinn lot, corner of Sixth and Washington streets, was the most desirable. A report showing the growth of the library, and the need of a permanent home was adopted, and the consent of the city council was asked to purchase the lot." It was the "happy thought" of Prof. B. F. Moore, then superintendent of the Marion city schools, to ask Andrew Carnegie for an appropriation. Letters were written and finally $50,000 was the sum given to Marion, the town providing the lot and promising to maintain the institution.

The purchase price of the lot was $6,600, Peter G. Flinn donating $600 toward it, and the contract price of the building was $48,121.27, with architect's fees amounting to $2,421.21 and furnished at a cost of $5,000. The total investment amounts to $62,445.48, and while the Marion monument to the generosity of Andrew Carnegie may not have quite the imposing exterior that some of the libraries in surrounding cities have, visitors to the Marion library all agree that the interior arrangement surpasses anything in the local Carnegie library neighborhood, being admirably adapted to so many practical needs. Its lack of imposing columns about the front is more than offset in the convenient inside arrangement, and the art loans so successfully conducted in it are an impossibility in some of the neighboring libraries. Somebody—architect, building committee or donor, is entitled to a vote of lasting obligations from the public that the library was built with utility rather than appearance in mind, and the Marion school board at the time was

A. C. Jay, J. H. Forrest and George Webster, Jr., although later a separate library board composed of five members was created, and the 1912 board was as follows: David Blumenthal, James F. Hood, H. C. Clayton, J. E. Johnson and A. N. Wimpy. While the library owes its existence to the Marion school board, the library board is now responsible for its perpetuity, and like the school board the library board is subject to frequent changes.

The Marion library opened with 1,000 volumes, and now has more than 22,500 volumes on its shelves. While the library was open only on Saturdays for several years, it is now the reading room of many citizens and a resting place for persons denied the privilege of being in their own homes—is a benefaction to the entire community of interests. There are reference books in all the schools, and although the Marion Normal Institute was only organized in 1912 it started out with an excellent working library—the congressional records from 1833, complete reports of the National Educational Association from 1873, and all the cyclo-



Carnegie Library, Marion

pedias, and 400 volumes of miscellaneous reference books. It has the Harvard collection of fifty best books, a complete history section and 500 volumes of standard fiction.

The nucleus of the Fairmount Academy library was a bequest of 2,000 volumes by Iradell B. Rush, of Columbia City, and many volumes have since been added until it is now an excellent working library. Taylor University at Upland has a library of more than 6,000 volumes along the lines of science and general education, with special reference works on theology. Taylor students are usually nonresident, and, with Fairmount Academy and Marion Normal Institute students, make the same use of the Marion library reading rooms as do the public school students of the county. Some Sunday schools maintain extensive libraries, but the city library is so general that not much money is now expended in Sunday school libraries. There are collectors of rare volumes and many private libraries are well selected, discriminating readers choosing their silent companions at leisure, and loan books—who has escaped loss from this source, volumes here and there, like ships at sea, that never return. Scrap books are no small feature in many private libraries, and some Grant county families have made an effort

to collect all books by local authors, and some have included Indiana authors in their local collection.

Dean Swift exclaims: "Books, the children of the brain;" while the sacred writer says: "Of making many books there is no end;" and Bulwer-Lytton adds: "There is no past so long as books shall live," and quoting the finale from an address by W. H. Sanders when the library was formally dedicated, the following thought is reproduced: "Here are riches, infinite riches. Here the ruby, the sapphire and the diamond lose their lustre in the 'white light of the intellect,' for here are the jewels of the mind, the jewels of thought and imagination, jewels in profusion, jewels for every one, not by the handful but the heartful and the headful, which is better, and the glory of it all is that what we take robs no one else, but enriches us the more only that we may enrich others the more. For these things, in behalf of all the Marion public, I want again to thank every one that has contributed to this movement; and for another thing—for the inspiration of this hour—for here tonight we rewind the coiled springs of determination: here tonight, every mind in this presence—I see it in these faces—plights unto itself this faith—that in the days that are to come, each days shall add a degree to the intellectual stature, and each day shall mark an advance toward the complete development of all that is God like in man."

LXII. ORIGINAL ART IN GRANT COUNTY

By Milton Matter

Although with slight exception Grant county has produced no artists of outstanding merit, nevertheless she shares in common with the rest of the state of Indiana's glory in her "Hoosier Group" of painters. Messrs. Steele, Forsythe, Adams and Stark are all graduates of the world's best schools of painting, and these men have justified their European training by winning recognition for Indiana's artistic claims in many an exhibition and art center at home and abroad. To this quartet should be added another name, a sort of fifth wheel to the wagon, as Mr. Bundy is sometimes called. Though he is largely self-instructed, Mr. Bundy's brush has been the means of conveying enjoyment to many an art lover both within and out of the state. The members of this school of painting number many friends in Grant county, and their work is properly admired in the homes which are so fortunate as to possess examples of their handicraft.

With such an array of active talent, there need be little fear for the cause of painting in Indiana. Moreover, a new generation of younger artists is rapidly pressing to the front; and no one can predict when a second William M. Chase or another George Grey Barnard may arise. It must be confessed to our shame, however, that these last two celebrities are examples of the ancient adage that "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

At the beginning of this modest chronicle a qualification was made to the statement that there had been little artistic achievement in Grant county. The notable exception to this charge is found in the person of Miss Olive Rush, formerly of Fairmount. Miss Rush has perhaps made her widest and most popular appeal through the medium of illustration. In this line her Christmas covers and special illustrations for a number of the leading magazines have received a general and a laudatory recog-

nition. When the opportunity was presented to Miss Rush a few years ago, she entered the studio of the late Howard Pyle, one of America's leading illustrators. It is interesting to record a recent revival of interest in this artist's work by reason of the attention that has lately been bestowed upon Woodrow Wilson's "History of the American People," the illustrations for which were largely drawn by Mr. Pyle.

After her noted instructor's death, Miss Rush continued to occupy his studio in Wilmington, Delaware. Since then she has also maintained an atelier in Boston, besides studying for a time in Europe. Miss Rush is now inclining more towards creative work in oil and in water-color, although devoting some attention still to illustration. Her paintings have been hung in the principle exhibitions in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Indianapolis and Pittsburgh, where they have received high praise. Within the last year Miss Rush has completed portraits for the Dupont family of Delaware and the Edmund Ball family of Muncie, Indiana. It is to be hoped that Grant county will some day avail itself of the opportunity for similar commissions. Although still a youthful artist, Miss Rush's work, in the writer's opinion, gives great promise for the future.

Another Grant county artist who has attained to no inconsiderable local fame is Lawrence Walter Green, of Greenhaven. His student days were spent at the National Academy of Design in New York. Since then he has devoted himself to the mediums of oil and of water-color, with an occasional black and white. His preference is for landscape subjects, although he sometimes produces an animal piece or a still life study. Quite recently two of his landscapes were the occasion for much commendation from Mr. Forsythe, who combines with his creative powers the gift of critic as well. The author would like to be able to mention further Grant county artists, but if such there are, he is unacquainted with any serious work of theirs. He prefers to believe, however, that this apparent limitation in numbers is due rather to the restriction of his own experience than to any lack of artistic talent in the county.

It is not the province of this article to determine that much debated question as to where creative art leaves off and photography begins. Suffice it to say that the artistic achievement of Mr. Larrimer in the photographic line has received a worthy recognition by his election to the Presidency of the Photographers' Association of America. The same association has placed its mark of approval upon the efficient work of another Marion photographer, Mr. Dexheimer, who is largely moved by a spirit of research and experimentation. Carlos Rigdon is one of the younger photographers whose camera has discovered much beauty in the country-side and way-side of Grant county.

In a history of the art of the community some mention of the collections of the county might properly be included. Unfortunately there is almost as lamentable a dearth of material in this case as in that of the native artists. The public library, however, has made a laudable beginning towards a collection. As this is the only collection accessible to the public, it is proper to speak of it first. The library displays some dozen paintings which have been either purchased by subscription or donated by generous patrons. Not the least fascinating of the group is the subdued color harmony by the Japanese artist, Nakagawa. It is interesting to recall that this artist studied for a time with Mr. Steele, the dean of the Hoosier Group; nor is it difficult to discover the influence of the Occident in the work of this artist from the Orient. Still another trace of Occidental influence is revealed on this canvas by Nakagawa's adaptation of James MacNeil Whistler's curious butterfly signature.

Strange that Whistler, who was more influenced by Japanese art than any other American artist, should in turn have proven a source of inspiration to an Oriental painter!

Turning next to the Indiana artists, J. Otis Adams is represented by a meritorious painting, entitled the "Mill Pond." To the writer the composition of this picture recalls those happy river effects of the famous Scandinavian, Fritz Thaulow. The collection also includes a stately beech interior by J. E. Bundy. With its rich impasto of browns and reds, the painting exhibits a somewhat bolder brushwork than is customary with the artist. The note of local association is struck in the canvas by H. G. Davison depicting a familiar scene along the Mississinewa. D. E. Berninghaus illustrates in oil an incident from the early frontier life of the western plains, after the manner of the late Frederick Remington. Other artists represented in the collection are: Morelli, Finisterre, English and Green. The remaining members of the Hoosier Group, Stark, Steele and Forsythe, are conspicuous by their absence. In the same hall with the pictures, a reduced plaster model of the "Winged Victory of Samothrace" fittingly occupies the post of honor at the head of the flight of marble stairs, as does the original in the Louvre at Paris. The writer understands that it is the worthy purpose of the Marion Art Club to augment both the collection of paintings and of sculpture.

The Art Club was organized in the year 1903, with a limited membership of twenty-five. It now meets fortnightly at the public library, and pursues each year a prescribed course of study. In this way many of its members have been prepared for European travel and study in the Continental museums. Its work, however, has not been confined entirely to study, as is evidenced by its purchase and gift to the library of the painting by Bundy. The club has also been of assistance to the librarian, Miss Baldwin, in promoting the success of the various loan exhibitions that are held from time to time in the library. The officers for the present year are: Miss Frone Case, president; Mrs. Frank Lenfesty, vice-president; and Miss Mary Hiatt, secretary.

Another organization which has generously patronized the library exhibits is the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. In the halls of this society has been gathered the nucleus for a collection of paintings, including an example of the well-known sheep and corn painter, A. Montgomery. The prevalence of these life-like corn pictures in Marion homes is unmistakable evidence of the artist's popularity.

Even to art students, it might well prove a source of considerable surprise to learn that in private collections in Marion are to be found examples of the seventeenth century school of painting in the Netherlands, and of the Italian school of the late Renaissance. The one, a canvas attributed to Rembrandt, is in the possession of Mrs. T. C. Hawkins; the other, a "Madonna and Child" by Sassoferrato, forms the clou for the collection of Mrs. Philip Matter. In the home of Mrs. Jason Willson are to be found examples of the work of J. Otis Adams, to whom Mrs. Willson is related. Other collections known to the writer are those of Mrs. James V. Sweetser and of Mrs. George Webster, Jr.

No history of art in Grant county would be complete without some mention of the instruction in the public schools. For the past decade Marion has been fortunate in having the services of Prof. J. L. Massena. The Germans have a saying to the effect that if you wish any national trait to appear in the character of a people, you must cultivate it in the schools. It would seem that Marion has been sowing good seed on soil that had formerly remained barren.

In concluding this brief survey, the author would like to quote from

the writings of Prof. Denman Ross, of Harvard University: "Appreciation and enjoyment [of art] are the rewards of hard thinking with hard work. In order to appreciate the masterpiece, we must have some knowledge of the terms which the artist has used and the principles which he has followed. We know the terms only when we have ourselves used them, and the principles when we have tried to follow them. The reason why the appreciation of excellence in speech and in writing is so widespread is due to the fact that we all speak and write, constantly, and try, so many of us, to speak and write well. The reason why there is so little appreciation of excellence in other forms of art is due to the fact that the terms are not in general use and the principles are not understood, as they should be, in the light of personal experience and effort."

LXIII. MUSIC—ITS RELATION TO THE COMMUNITY

By Mrs. Flora Morrow Baldwin

One day the postman brought me a little folder, or booklet. It looked much like an advertisement, and was such, in truth. It is a wonder I did not throw it away unopened. The little book was an announcement of leading musical artists who were fitted for concert work, and in the front page was this beautiful tribute to music: "Servant and master am I; servant of those dead and master of those living. I am the incense upon which prayers float to heaven. I am the smoke which palls over the fields where men lie dying with me on their lips. I am close to the marriage altar, and when the grave opens I stand nearby. One I serve as I serve all, and the king I make my slave as easily as I subject his slave. I speak through the birds of the air, the insects of the field, the crash of waters on rock-ribbed shores, the sighing of wind in the trees, and I am even heard by the soul that knows me in the clatter of wheels on city streets. I know no brother, yet all men are my brothers; I am the father of the best that is in them, and they are the fathers of the best that is in me; I am of them and they are of me. *I am Music!*" These words, a symphony within themselves, I send again into print, hoping they may be a pleasure and inspiration to others as they were to me.

It is a safe guess that over the hills and dales, and along the rivers and creeks of that part of Indiana called since 1831, Grant county, there has been plenty of activity in the musical line. The first stillness, the blending of Nature's sounds, is music with a mesmerism all its own. To catch the song of the meadow-lark or the note of the first robin of spring; to keep forever in the heart the thrill awakened,—if we only could, would lighten our hardest task. To me the call of the Jaybird is suggestive of cool days and gray skies. He is a restless bird, and it seems natural for him to be on the wing calling: "Jay! Jay!" The frog, the locust, the Katy-did and the cricket, each sounded their peculiar note—begging pardon of all the other "beasties" and insects that contributed to the first grand chorus, for I am only mentioning the "leading musicians." The Indians who inhabited this county before us made their own kind of music, and danced around their camp fires to weird strains. I see that a recent magazine is trying to revive more interest in old Indian music, and recall as much of it as possible, saying, also, that we should have encouraged the Indian more in his musical taste.

One old time music teacher to whom I talked, said: "Do not forget to mention, and put it forcibly, that the people of long ago who were not opposed to music were intensely interested in it and showed great appreciation." The situation years ago was this: prejudice, ignorance, intolerance on the one hand; and a hunger for music, an enthusiasm that stopped at no hardship on the other. Music has won the day and we are a musical nation, even if we are somewhat given to ragtime. But I stoutly maintain that there is good ragtime. This old-time teacher to whom I have referred said that a committee waited on her one day to see if she would bring her melodeon and furnish music for a Lincoln memorial to be held at one of the school houses. Of course she was to do this for the honor of the occasion—no mention was made of pay. They were greatly concerned to know if she could get the melodeon stopped at certain intervals, while some one lined the hymns from the one song book; and, they asked, "Can you start it again at the right time?" They evidently thought it as uncontrollable as a run-away horse. I think the melodeon had much to do in assisting musical development, for being lighter and smaller than the organ it could be transported from place to place over corduroy roads and through mud hub-deep. One man asked this teacher: "How many times can you teach Johnny for so much?" and one school trustee, being a lover of music, in his crude way wanted to introduce it into the school and church of his neighborhood, but was opposed by all the other trustees. Finally, he got a grudging consent to have a little music at a school exhibition; so, knowing this teacher and that she had a melodeon which on occasion she took about with her, he made a long trip to her home to see if she would come on this day of days. She consented and offered to bring with her a sister who sang sweetly, and an uncle who, also, was a singer. The man went home leaving them to arrange the program, but became so worried that he came back to suggest that they sing religious songs first, proposing: "The Lord is My Shepherd," as a kind of starter to produce a good impression upon the anti-musical audience. It is safe to say that if they had opened the program with "Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes," there would have been a scandalized protest, and the introduction of music in that community put back a step. As it was, when the girl in her white dress, with her yellow curls about her shoulders, began singing "The Lord is My Shepherd," assisted by her uncle, men with bowed heads, reluctant to give up their honest prejudice, raised their faces and murmured: "Surely it is good; it is an angel from heaven singing."

Primarily speaking, the musical development of Grant county has not been different from that of all other localities having like conditions. It is simply a part of the great forward movement of the world. We can easily imagine the small boy or girl on the Sahara desert blowing upon a blade of grass (if they could find one) or perhaps whittling out an elder whistle. The farmer of long ago who was so hungry for music that, to surprise and delight his children, stretched strands of horse hair across the window in a way to make sounds when the wind blew through them, loved music in its crudest form. Or, as another old man told me, "We used to arrange bottles of different sizes, so the wind played a tune as it blew into them." Children knew that a paper stretched over a comb was a formidable musical instrument, one which in these days would shock our ideas of sanitation. Music must have its pioneer days in all localities, but, while the musical life of Grant county is typical of many other places, I hope to show that favorable circumstances have conspired to give this county distinction. If this is not true, why the proud boast that if a student *will*, he may get a musical

education here scarcely second to that offered at Oberlin. A good musician told me this, and something has contributed to the statement, if it is true. Even in an early day Marion had a musical reputation. As a proof of this, a lady told me that Judge Horace P. Biddle, himself a splendid musician, living, I think, in Logansport, always tried to drop into Marion for over Sunday so as to be with our musical folks. His travels to different courts with the poor facilities for getting about in those days often kept him from home. In an early day there were an unusual number of musical families who drifted into the new county seat, many of whom come into this story later.

The good old Quakers of years ago loved music, I am sure, but according to their accepted idea of religion they forbade it because of its influence and power to give pleasure, for to them any pleasure not absolutely necessary was a sin. And yet, when the Song Sparrow Orchestra started up with Mr. Cardinal as chief soloist, and Mr. Bob White as conductor, I am sure the hoe moved more merrily down the long row of corn, the earth seemed fair and good and these stern old pioneers did not stop their ears. Their descendants today, who enjoy and accept all forms of good music, are no doubt glad that these early folks did not succeed in banishing it from the world.

It has always been that one could appreciate musical sounds, imitating the song of birds, the rush of waters, the patter of rain, all notes, in fact, that suggest sounds with which we are familiar. But the call of patriotic or martial music is perhaps the best early example representing the influence of music on the emotions. I mean by this, instrumental pieces that have not words to help convey the idea. We say, some pieces make us sad, some make us glad. Old masters felt this in their compositions, but often an audience would judge a piece by the standard of the sound alone, as to whether it was pleasing or unpleasing. As musical appreciation progresses we detect in the notes the likeness to soft moonlight or summer skies. Who can not see in fancy an Indian lodge when hearing McDowell's beautiful composition: "An Indian Lodge." In "To a Wild Rose," by the same composer, the name suggests, the music fulfills; you can almost smell the rose. Music produces many other effects purely imaginative and emotional, but true to an inner mood. Indeed, it is the most sincere compliment to a composer, and the supreme test of a performer's ability, to move the emotions. Put your soul into it; therein lies the magic, whether the player or singer be white, black or yellow,—the magic that reaches the heart, whether the performer be a finished musician or "just picking it out by ear." The singing of Aaron Swazee must have been of that magical kind. So many different people have referred to it since I have been inquiring into the old music of Marion. One lady said, "His voice was so powerful and musical that, with its peculiar carrying qualities, it could be heard almost a mile." Another said that, "He lived his religion as well as sung it." And still another, "I never will forget one day at the funeral of a young girl, when he stepped into the middle of the room, unasked, and sang: 'Scatter Seeds of Kindness,' with tears running down his face and answering tears in the eyes of his listeners." I felt that I was getting pretty close to the heart of things when more than one person said to me: "Oh, if I could only hear again Dave and John Shideler sing, 'Down by the Waters of Babylon.'" I am greatly indebted to Miss Harriet Buchanan for early recollections. She speaks of a Miss Quay who came from Richmond to Marion to teach music, and stayed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Webster, Sr., having the privilege of using their piano for her pupils. Her terms were ten dollars for a term of twenty-four lessons, an hour each in length, with the use of the piano

for an hour's practice every other day. "Truly," says she, "it was an unselfish spirit in the good kind friend and neighbor who would endure for the cause of education the loud counting and monotonous thrumming of those days." A Miss Anna Downey also had a music class in Marion subsequent to this time. Miss Buchanan tells of the coming of Judge Brownlee's piano. "Windy" Draper, who had brought it in a big farm wagon from Anderson, the nearest railway station, "hung around" after it was safely in its place to hear the "big music box," as he called it. A Miss Gleason, the music teacher of the Brownlee girls, was present and played some selections, much to his delight. He said: "Well, I wanted to see if you could reach both ends of the keys at once," and on leaving he showed his appreciation of Miss Gleason's music by saying: "Come out to see us, won't you? and bring the 'musicker' along."

Perhaps before this time Addie Turner Dodd, who was staying in the home of her brother, John Dodd, had a music class in Marion, being the first teacher of Eliza McClure Cook and others. When Arthur W. Sanford was elected to the legislature by the Whig party, he brought his little daughter "Nan" a melodeon on his return from Indianapolis. She, as Nan Sanford, was closely connected with the musical life of Grant county, living in Jonesboro and later in Marion as a student at the academy and college and afterward as a music teacher until her parents moved to Michigan, where she became the wife of George W. Barlow. Upon request, she has sent me many valuable notes and recollections. Mr. Sanford was a good flute player, had some knowledge of band music and taught singing schools. He taught his little daughter to play simple tunes and hymns on the new melodeon, and to accompany him as he played the flute. They were often asked to play at school exhibitions. "At one time," writes Mrs. Barlow, "Henry Shugart came with his two-horse carriage to take us to an exhibition of the school. The roads were so bad that Mr. Shugart and my father had to walk most of the way, while the melodeon and its small owner were carried in state with as much dignity as possible—the melodeon being wedged in tightly but its player tossed up and down like a ball." Robert Wilson, who had come in an early day from Maryland to Grant county, and purchased a grant of land from the government four miles south of Jonesboro, had a melodeon with one small set of reeds, but built into a large case, which gave it almost the dignity of a small piano. The wooden pedals were attached to the bellows by strips of saddle girth, which were awkward to use. But it did not trouble Mr. Wilson any to keep the bellows filled as he played and sang "Nelly Bly," "Nancy Till," "My Old Kentucky Home," and hymns such as "Sessions" and "Boylston." He built a tiny chapel in a field on his farm, close to the road, and organized a Sunday School, filling the place of superintendent, teacher and chorister. As he was also possessor of a bass viol, he doubtless led the music with the aid of the bass viol, and this may have been the first instrumental music in religious service in Grant county. About this time Mr. Sanford moved to Jonesboro, as did Mr. Wilson, also, who took charge of the Spence House, that famous hostelry, the first and, at that time, only brick building in the village. "So large and fine it was," says Mrs. Barlow, "that it looked to my childish eyes like a castle on the banks of the beautiful Mississinewa river. There were no clerk's desk and register, but in Mrs. Wilson's sitting room the melodeon was installed, and here her husband entertained the travelers, and his neighbors as well, with the best music he could render." He was one of the pioneers of music in Grant county, giving out the best he knew as well and as often as he could, and that was saying much for that day. "My little melodeon,"

says she, "did duty at the other end of that short business street connecting Water street with Main street and, I believe, now known as Fourth street, then as High street. It was literally the musical center of the community, for beside the two melodeons, half way in the block was Jake Bechts' harness shop which was looked after industriously during the day, but on summer evenings Mr. Bechts would play all sorts of fascinating tunes on his banjo. He was a master hand at it. Once when uncle Sammy Jay (father of David, Tom and Sam Jay) called at our house, I wondered that he did not ask me to play for him, as every one did. My mother told me to sing for him, and taking into account his extreme age and religious turn, I first sang a hymn. This being passed without notice, I tried singing a silly little song of words taken from Waverly's magazine, and set to music in my own childish way. He talked right along as though he did not hear, and my mother said, 'Uncle Sammy, don't you like music?' He replied, 'I don't care much about it,' in quite a curt tone. I was both surprised and mortified.

"There must have been some one who taught the children to sing in the Marion schools at this time," continues Mrs. Barlow, "for my cousin, who lived there, had learned at school such songs as, 'A Rosy Wreath we Twine for Thee.' The first pianos I remember playing upon were in the homes of Samuel McClure and Oliver H. P. Cary. I seem to remember hearing a band played in Marion when I was very small, at some Masonic demonstration, probably a funeral, for the music was solemn and majestic. I can see Mr. Eltzroth, Jimmy Buchanan's grandfather, in the procession wearing a black hat with a long plume. He must have been a Knight Templar. I associated him and his plumed hat with the solemn music and was thrilled with the awe of it. Some years after, in '55 or '56, when my Uncle Madison was buried with Masonic ceremonies in the old cemetery on White's Hill, the procession came down Adams street to the courthouse square, then went across Washington and Boots street and Boots creek, then wound up the hill to the graveyard, led by the band playing Pleyel's Hymn. As we came back, the setting sun blazoned the windows with fire and gold, and to this day I associate windows reflecting the setting sun with that solemn hymn and with death.

"The conventions and mass meetings of the summer of 1856 were grand affairs," says Mrs. Barlow, "and Marion and Jonesboro were centers of excitement. There were long processions of people in carriages and wagons and on horseback, and in long cars called log cabins, a kind of construction covered with red, white and blue muslin with a canopy of green boughs. Our Jonesboro log cabin was filled with singers, the 'Campaign Choir.'" Beside the driver was the melodeon and herself, its twelve year old player, ready to accompany the glee club in its rousing songs. "Our cabin jolted along, descending and ascending old Deer Creek hill at about the angle one assumes in climbing Pike's Peak by car in these days," says she. "Our destination was White's Woods, now West Marion, where the mass meeting was to be held. There were orations, interspersed by the best selections of the Marion and Jonesboro Glee Clubs. I still recall the closing song by the Marion singers: I can remember the tune but only the closing words, 'Yip, fal de rol, lah la lahdy.' Uncle Dave Shunk (later Col. Shunk) was a member of the choir, not because he could sing, but because he could yell 'Yip!' louder than all the rest. I remember how handsome Mollie McClure looked and her wonderful voice—how she seemed to animate the whole choir." Mrs. Barlow speaks in her notes of having the first piano in Jonesboro, a Chickering. This was about 1856. In the fall of that year a Mr. and Mrs. Hayford gave a concert in Jonesboro. They

had recently settled in Marion to teach music in the academy. Their work must have been of importance in that early day, and the little Nan Sanford became their pupil, so I will let her tell the story. "My own ambition," says she, "was to acquire the wisdom of books and play as well as Mrs. Hayford did. Mr. Hayford could read notes and play hymns and easy pieces on the piano. He played the bass viol rather well, and the guitar a little. He taught the academy students singing, such songs as 'Lightly Row' and the 'Young Rider.' Later we were advanced to the Young Folks' Glee Book, with such selections as, 'Johnny Sands,' and 'Roll on Silver Moon.' Mrs. Hayford's piano pupils learned to count aloud, to keep good time and to keep their hands on the keys, to learn the letters on, under and above the staff thoroughly. They gave us very little finger gymnastic or scales. We learned to play such as marches, polkas, and waltzes; later we were advanced to variations of the Charles Grobe type on familiar airs, as 'Home Sweet Home' and the 'Last Rose of Summer.' I had some pieces out of the ordinary that my father had selected for me, 'Monastery Bells' and Gottschalk's 'Cradle Song.' Whether we had voices or not, we were taught the current popular songs. These were, 'Lulu is our Darling Pride,' 'Kitty Clyde,' 'Darling Nellie Gray,' and 'Life is but a Strife.' This last song all the pupils learned and played till George Steele had it learned by force of repetition, and insisted on singing it in season and out of season. Maggie Brownlee, now Mrs. Gilbert Wilson, would have been voted our sweetest singer, she so charmed us with her singing of 'The Lone Rock By the Sea,' and 'Bingen on the Rhine.' It seems that some little trouble arose at the academy and Mr. and Mrs. Hayford transferred their services to the Indiana College then opened by Rev. Samuel Sawyer, and Miss Emily Ward, afterward the wife of R. T. St. John, became the teacher of music at the academy. Miss Ward came from Michigan City and was a beautiful and cultured young lady, a trained musician and a sweet singer. She was an acquisition to the community, and spent the rest of her life here.

"Finally the Hayford family left the college and a new teacher, a Miss Fanny Hulburd, was secured. She was a graduate of a music school in Connecticut. She was a fine pianist, played the harp and guitar, and was also the first teacher of voice in Marion so far as I can ascertain. With the pupils of the college, she gave the 'Flower Queen,' a cantata just then composed and published by George F. Root. This was a new thing in Marion. Each teacher introduced some new feature, and left the tide of music higher. The next teacher at the college was a Mr. Kelsey from the Oberlin Conservatory. He was, perhaps, the first teacher of harmony and thorough bass, was a fine pianist and taught also voice and guitar. The young ladies who were sent away to school, Glendale, College Hill and Yellow Springs, had the opportunity for good musical training. Among them I can remember Samuel McClure's four daughters, Eliza, Mollie, Rosetta and Louisa, Addie Vermilyea, Delight Sweetser, Euretta Webster, Marie Ayers, Terrie Shively, Louise Swayzee, Lucy Cary, Callie Hall and Jessie Vermilyea. Callie Hall (now Mrs. Will Webster) excelled in guitar playing, and Evaline Pierce made great advancement on the piano. Jessie Vermilyea, under the further training of Madame Rive, became a singer of great promise. Marion was not without other musicians, self-taught among whom was Judge J. M. Wallace, that man of fine feeling who could not abide a harsh tone. He drew a smooth bow and everyone loved to hear him play his violin. Dave Cook was another good violinist, then there was Judge St. John (Tom, we called him, then), who delighted all who heard his flute-playing. He could draw from a flute the sweetest tones,

and, best of all, he was perennial, playing for two or three generations. Mr. St. John himself has told me that he and Joseph B. Horton played their flutes together at all sorts of gatherings and exhibitions, and that Judge Wallace played with him often on the violin. "Yes," said he, "in those days we could serenade all the girls in town in one night. They used to lay apples on the window sills for us." He speaks of Captain John Ruess playing the guitar, Oliver H. P. Cary, the piccolo, and Alexander Buchanan, the drum. Mrs. Terrie Johnson, who was Terrie Shively, has told me that Tom St. John brought his flute along when he came to her wedding (in his pocket, I suppose), and being asked to play, requested her to accompany him. Her friends then begged her to sing, which she did. This, indeed, took courage of a bride of so short a time, and to me it displayed a charming simplicity which we lack in these days.

Knowing that the arrival of the first piano in Marion was a musical event, I asked several people about it. They all disagreed. I asked Judge St. John, and he said, "I positively know it was Samuel McClure's, but don't take my word for it." I then called up Mr. 'Jake' Jones, grandson of Samuel McClure, and found that in a room at his home the piano now stands, a cherished keepsake. The only name engraved upon it is "Adam Stoddart, New York." "Now," I said, "it will be easy to find out all I want to know." Not so; Mr. Jones kindly tried to help me and found by correspondence with his aunt, Eliza McClure Cook, that it was bought in 1813 in Cincinnati. It fortunately found a home in a conspicuous place on the southeast corner of the public square, where the old McClure house still stands. Mr. St. John says, "I well remember the people standing on the sidewalk to hear it played." There is a story handed down of its coming to Wabash from Cincinnati by the canal, but Mr. E. P. McClure thinks it a mistake, and that it was shipped to Anderson, whence it was brought here by wagon.

The history of the musical life of Grant county is not to be written in a day. To write a short chapter of so important a factor of our county's growth as its music is an impossibility, covering as it does the period of time since the organization of the county. There were no records to go to. It must be a work of memory, or be gleaned from scrap books and old programs yellowed with time, souvenirs of other days. These I have put together with puzzled brow and many headshakings, with a laugh here, a tear there—things told to me which seemed to the people relating them of such interest that as I watched their faces light up with memories tucked away for safe keeping and labeled "by gone times," I felt that these were the things to be recorded.

"Thinkin' back's a thing 'at grows
On a feller, I suppose;
Older 'at he gets, I jack,
More he keeps a' thinkin' back."

This little verse of Riley's was sent me by some one I had asked to "think back."

Something has said to to me, "Gather up the old time events while you may, for they are fast going beyond our reach." Whoever heard of a history without dates. It seems to me my old school histories were all dates. The few that I have collected for this chapter are my chief treasures. I have had much trouble in arranging in their respective places incidents and events that have been related to me like this: "Let me see, that was before I was married," or, "That was before the barn burned," or "before I went West." Perhaps it is because I did not begin with "once upon a time." However, I have been careful

that this chapter should not be a conglomeration of vague statements and unproven facts.

From several reliable sources I have gathered facts concerning the life of Ernst Guenin, who came to Marion some time near 1850. He was a fine musician and could play all sorts of orchestral instruments. He had been a member of the royal band of Prussia. He came first to Cincinnati, and a friend who was a member of an orchestra took him to a rehearsal. The first violin player being absent or tardy, the leader called for some one to take his place. Guenin's friend suggested that his visitor could take the place. He was invited to do so, and was handed an instrument and the score which he placed on the music rack up-side-down. He played the part correctly and with such expression that the leader was amazed and delighted, but soon understood it all when he learned that the stranger had been a member of the royal band. To the children of Marion he seemed a man of mystery, with his broken German speech, his shy ways, his odd clothes and his loved fiddle. I have talked to one who, when a little girl, was a neighbor and a friend of his daughter, Dora. She says that his own room in the low brick house at the corner of Eighth and Branson streets (long since torn down) was a curiosity—the walls being hung with fishing tackle and guns—and his bed a source of wonder to the children of the neighborhood, so slanting it was from head to foot that it looked like an old-fashioned cellar door. He taught music, almost all stringed instruments, and the flute, but the fiddle he loved best, and would play far into the night. He was a great hunter and fisher, and furnished their table with wild meat, this being about the only kind they ate. He kept his daughter Dora practicing on the little old piano, or accompanying him as he played his fiddle or flute while the other children raced barefoot up and down the street, calling for her to come out and play as she sat a captive, with tears running down her cheeks. I have talked to some of the old pupils of Ernst Guenin and am led to believe that curiosity as to the contents of his mysterious room may have had something to do with their musical zeal. He repaired guns and clocks in a little shop on the rear of his lot. Of his teaching in the academy I speak later. Henry Zellar lived about two and a half miles from Marion, on the Monroe pike. He was a German and owned a carding mill. He bought a piano at Dayton in about 1850, had it shipped to Anderson, bringing it from there over corduroy roads. His house was a meeting place for musicians. Ernst Guenin came there often to play his violin while Mr. Zellar accompanied him on the piano. They would play almost all night. Mr. Guenin at one time became so inspired that he improvised a beautiful piece and wrote it out at once. Morgan Zellar, a son of Henry Zellar, could play on several instruments, the fiddle, trombone, and guitar. Emma Zellar, a daughter, became a good piano player. Mrs. Lucinda Culbertson, of our city, is also a daughter of Henry Zellar and remembers when a little girl the young people of Marion coming out to her father's to be with her brother and sisters and enjoy the music. She held Mr. Guenin in childish awe on account of his wonderful playing. Both he and her father being German made a bond between them beside their love of music. She recalls one time her father going to town on an errand, wearing his old miller's clothes and Mr. Guenin prevailing upon him against his own better judgment, to stay and help out in the music of an entertainment to be given at the academy. Thus he mounted the platform in his working clothes and took part in the orchestra. Sam Bayless, Byron Harlan and George Sweetser played the violin for the entertainment of their friends, and Byron Jones had a gift for guitar-playing and sang with a sweet tenor voice such songs

as: "I've Something Sweet to tell you, the Story you must Keep," and "I'd offer you this Hand of Mine." He was well-nigh irresistible—at least Rosetta McClure found him so.

The old-fashioned singing school greatly advanced congregational singing of hymns. Dignified verse set to stately tunes taught entire communities saving and living grace. "At a singing school in Jonesboro first taught by my father," says Mrs. Barlow, "in the four part singing of those glorious hymns, I first realized what true harmony meant. In this school, the voices of John and Dave Shideler stand out above all others. The Methodist church in which they sang had no need of an organ or other instrument while their rich, sweet tones furnished the diapason and bourdon pipe tones. I have often imagined what their singing might have been with the opportunities for training that Campanini or the De Reszkes had." The old time singing school was a factor in developing and aiding some other things beside the congregational singing of hymns. In those days of bad roads and few entertainments, the young people were eager for any excuse that would bring them together socially in a way that father and mother would sanction, hence the popularity of the singing school. Here is a description given by a friend of mine: "Yes, we went miles to reach the appointed place,—in some schoolhouse, probably, and learned the buckwheat notes. We sang with all our strength and voice until we were tired and often overheated, then we had a recess, plunging out into the keen wintry air, some of us bareheaded, to play 'hindmost three.'" "Truly," said he, "the weather nor any foolish exposure had any effect upon the vocal chords in those days. For a long time, even after music had made much progress, taking vocal lessons meant only the learning of tunes, with perhaps the reading of notes and a peep into the rudiments of music, never the placing of the voice, that the Lord gave to you and there it was. He placed it for you, and upper and lower register bothered you not." For a vocal lesson in those days (price fifty cents) you sang until you were tired, and most of the time the teacher sang with you.

From a clipping furnished me by John O. Spurgeon, I find that in the autumn of 1871 G. R. Street, the pioneer singing teacher of that part of the county, sent forth the word that a gentleman from Singers' Glen, Virginia, proposed to conduct a normal singing school near Sweetser. This word was received with enthusiasm, and the school was opened at Emisler's schoolhouse, one mile south of town. The man was Aldine S. Keiffer. His students were divided into three classes, those studying thoroughbass and paying five dollars had the privilege of all sessions; those entitled to one-half the afternoon session and the night session paid two and a half dollars; those attending the night session alone, one dollar. Many of the students of the all day session took their lunch. Among them were old and young alike. "It is hard," said Mr. Spurgeon, "to remember all the names of those belonging, but here are a few: the Streets, the Dooleys, the Smiths, the Chaneys and the Heavelins. In the early '70s the Normalites easily won first honors wherever they went but after twenty-eight years the major part of that class of 1871 is here to greet us no more. Some have removed to a distance, and others have been called from time to eternity. Among the last we can name James Heavelin, Ella Stanley, Allie Brown, Levi Dooley, Homer McCann, Hester Ann Chaney, Lucinda Reynolds, Thomas Smith, David Dooley, Sarah Ann Street, and William Street. In 1910, on the occasion of a visit of one of the members of the old Heiffer class, there was held at the Christian church in Sweetser a reunion of the old singers still living. They sang the old songs out of the old books of thirty-nine years ago.

The church was crowded with eager listeners. A badge of lavender ribbon bears the inscription: "Sweetser Keiffer Normal Singing School, organized 1871. Do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-si-do. Sweetser, Indiana." The Mill's class was a later organization, and centered around the Mill's schoolhouse. I think there were a number of singing school teachers in Grant county about this time. Samuel Burrier was one of the old-time teachers. I find that Elijah Carter taught in and around Jonesboro. He was also for years the chorister of the Methodist church, his daughter, Jennie Carter, being the faithful organist. Henry Fields was a teacher conducting many old-time singing schools. David Kilgore also taught in and around Point Isabel.

In 1890 there was a musical organization in Jonesboro called the "Musical Assembly," which held together for a period of about four or five years, meeting at the Methodist church. Mrs. Flora Stuart McIntire, Mrs. Josie Wilson Knight, and Mrs. G. W. McKinney were organists during this time. I have the names of only a few of the singers: Mr. Will Young, Mr. and Mrs. Will McIntire, Mr. Solomon Carter, Miss Knight, Mrs. Elijah Carter and Mrs. McKinney. They studied a good class of music. Mr. Dean and John Shideler, loving music as they did and singing so much together, made a compact that when one of them should be called to join the heavenly choir, the other should sing "Some Sweet Day" at his grave. John died suddenly at Indianapolis, being stricken with death on his way from spending the evening at his brother's house. So, when the body was brought to the cemetery in Jonesboro for burial, Dave Shideler prepared to keep his promise, asking his son, G. A. H. (Holl) Shideler, to take up the song, if he could not carry it to the end. When partly through the song, he could go no farther, and Mr. Holl Shideler finished it as best he could, under the trying circumstances.

Aaron Shideler, father of Dave and John Shideler, would come to the Methodist church in Jonesboro in the old days when the weekly prayer meetings were not so regularly held, and at times finding the door locked, he would sit on the broad step of the old frame church and wait. After a length of time, if no one joined him, he would sing the hymns he loved, and bow his head over his clasped hands as he held his cane, no doubt in prayer, then with a clear conscience, went his way slowly home. Ananias Frazier (colored) is a singing evangelist. There is scarcely a hamlet in Grant county that has not heard him sing upon the streets. He visits Marion and sings upon the public square. He stands with the song book in one hand and the American flag in the other. His voice is strong and carries far. Personally I have a recollection of this man's singing. On several Sabbath mornings he would station himself on the Boots creek bridge at Fourteenth street, and sing old-time Gospel hymns. I remember it was uncanny, and yet impressive to hear his clear voice and plainly spoken words ring out at five o'clock in the morning.

From different sources I have gathered these recollections, and with them has come to my own heart a fuller sympathy and understanding of those sad times. Just prior to the war there had been the vigorous singing of national songs, for our country seemed to be on the eve of something. One of these songs was "Unfurl the Glorious Banner," another, "The Flag of Our Union," and a southern song also (boastfully sung) was "King Cotton," and a reply entitled, "Corn is King." I am told that George F. Root, Henry C. Work and others who caught the spirit of the times, wrote with inspired pens the war songs that did almost as much as the recruiting officer to promote enlistment, and also to arouse those left at home to deeds of sacrifice and courage. One of the first war songs was "Take Up Your Gun and Go, John." Both Mrs.

Barlow and Harriet Buchanan speak of Mollie McClure (afterward Mrs. Gordon) and the impression that her fervent singing of this song made. "The First Gun is Fired," Mrs. Barlow sent for and received, as she said, almost damp from the press. This was sung at a college entertainment. "Haste on the Battle," was another great song sung by Louise and Marietta Swayzee, with all their heart and soul put into it. The chorus,

> "After the battle shall man, now a chattel,
> Stand forth in the image of God,"

was appealing. Following the battle of Stone river came the greatest of all songs, composed by Dr. Root, "Who'll Save the Left?" "How these songs thrilled us at the time," writes Mrs. Barlow. When still another call came for more men, the answering song was: "We are Coming, Father Abraham, Six Hundred Thousand Strong," but it was not sung quite so bravely, for by this time it became apparent to the courageous singers and workers at home that of those who went forth with banners floating, so large a number never came back; and many who did come back were maimed for life, sick and worn. When the news was wafted back from camp and battlefield, the songs took up a sadder theme: "Just Before the Battle, Mother," and "Tenting To-night," so vividly real to sad hearts. "My Brave Lad, He Sleeps in His Faded Coat of Blue," was another. "O Wrap the Flag Around me, Boys," was sung by Miss Hattie Buchanan with a pathos that moved all. After the emancipation proclamation was sent out in 1863, a song was composed and sung by the Hutchinson family (concert singers) called "The Ghost of Uncle Tom." While the wonder and awe of the Emancipation was filling people's minds, Mr. Hanby wrote the song, "Wake, Nicodemus, To-day," prophetic and joyful. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," written about this time by Julia Ward Howe and set to the "Glory Hallelujah" tune, will never be forgotten. Mrs. Warren Stout tells me that she remembers well the concerts given to raise money for the sanitary work of the war. These then new songs were sung, and it seems to me no music of to-day could have so tragic a setting. "The Vacant Chair," sung by Maggie Brownlee, has been mentioned by several people. Times had become so sad and hearts at such a tension that the song, "The Little Major," could hardly be sung, and when it came to the song of the dead soldier; "Softly, Now Tenderly, Lift Him with Care," the singer could get no farther than the first verse. The war was now said to be over, and in the midst of the sad rejoicing came the news, "Lincoln is shot; he is dead." It was then the Hoosier poet, Irene Boynton, wrote Lincoln's Requiem, and a Hoosier, a Mr. Butterfield, set it to music. These are times, the memory of which, I am glad to help rescue from that nowhere of past and almost forgotten events. It makes one see Marion as a center of the county's intense patriotic life, and certainly the music as described was a large part of it, inspired and kept alive as it was by these young people who had, for that day, such musical advantages in the academy and college.

It sets one thinking, will we ever again pass through an experience that will awaken the deep feeling that this war aroused? In these days we cannot become divinely inspired to composition by the high cost of living. Even the suffragettes do not stir us to song. The world is bigger and better and very much wiser, but lacks incentive along emotional lines. We do not sing about the Panama canal, the greatest engineering feat and the fulfillment of the hopes of years. It has often been said that war and love are the themes of greatest inspiration, and in this day of commercializing every emotion, one cannot become wildly

enthusiastic over impassioned love songs. Let us cherish the memory of these touching songs of long ago, for popular music of today is indeed different. After Professor Kelsey left the college to go to the war and drill his band on southern soil, Nan Sanford fell heir to his pupils, and for six years taught music in Marion. To show more fully what class of music was being performed here in that early day, I will give these examples: In June of each year Miss Sanford's pupils gave two concerts, one a recital, to show their proficiency; one, a floral concert consisting of cantatas arranged and partly composed by herself. She says, "the last concert I gave in Marion, we sang three opera choruses, and one from an oratorio, the 'Phantom Chorus' from 'La Sonnambula,' 'Hail to Thee, Liberty,' a six-part chorus from 'Semiramide'; 'Crowned With the Tempest,' from Verdi's 'Ernani.' The bass obligato of this last selection was sung by the late Morris Blumenthal. The crowning number of the program was the 'Inflammatus' from Rossini's 'Stabat Mater.' In this the difficult high soprano obligato was beautifully sung by Lydia Love, a girl of only sixteen years. I also used in concerts duets by Stephen Glover, Horn's: 'I Know a Bank Whereon the Wild Thyme Blows,' duet from 'Norma' and songs from Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Schubert and others. I was very proud of Hattie Buchanan and Marietta Swayzee (Steele) as vocal students. Laura Brownlee, Mary Cary, Emma Zellar and Linnie Stretch were among the more advanced piano pupils." About this time Charles McCulloch, of Fort Wayne, visited in the family of James Sweetser, Sr., and played "Falling Leaves," and other pieces, showing that it was quite proper for a boy to play the piano. Miss Frances Wolfe, of Muncie, a sister of Mrs. Jason Willson, often visited here and delighted all who heard her playing. J. M. Wallace, of the Wallace Music Company, was Miss Sanford's first boy pupil taking piano lessons. She still has the plain gold ring given her in 1867, at the time of her last concert, bearing the inscription, "Nan, from her pupils." "The Marion Guards," a quickstep which she composed, was arranged by Ernst Guenin for his band. She has always kept up her interest in music, taking lessons after her marriage of William Sherwood. She has had charge of choirs, directed music in the schools of the different cities in which she has lived, and composed and arranged music for entertainments, never losing her enthusiasm.

A lady of musical culture said to me, "The curse of modern music is commercialism, especially affecting it as a means of sacred influence. The singing of a high-priced quartette in a large church is often eminently correct, but absolutely freezing." "Well, what is the remedy?" I said. "Madame Schumann-Heink and others sing for gold, and yet are big enough artists to forget the commercial side and sing feelingly for art's sake. Could that same spirit be put into the amateurs might it be that in selecting music for entertainments one could pass by those compositions showing range of voice and vocal contortions, and give the old ballads, sweet of tone, or those of modern composers of like simplicity, and true musical merit?" Old-time people are truer critics than we credit them with being. They object to a classical piece of music because they miss something in it. They perhaps blame the selection, when it is really the spontaneous touch that is lacking. People are talking and writing lately of a return to the best in old-time music. With the cry, "Back to the soil!" is an answering note which does not mean less culture, but, rather move along more simple and natural lines in all music and, especially, in vocal music. "Genius," Emerson says, "is to believe that what is true for you in your own heart, is true of all men." "Genius," says Coleridge, "is the power of carrying the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood." "Genius is the expres-

sion of a God-given trust by a consecrated soul," said Mrs. Inger Paulson to me one day, "and carries one far beyond the mechanical expression of music." First, there was the disapproval of singing in church services, then came congregational singing with the aid of a leader, some church member of special musical inclination, the owner of a tuning-fork. After singing schools became popular, those of the congregation more versed in music made a point of sitting together so as better to lead the hymns. So we see a church choir was evolved by slow degrees. The first choirs were composed of church members almost solely, deeply religious most preferred, for they said in days of long ago, "The music is a part of the worship, not simply an entertainment. One must feel religious to be able to express it in song." The congregation joined in without fear. However, with the disapproval of shouting came the idea of subduing one's feelings, and as a belief began to dawn upon our more advanced civilization that there was a bare possibility of our future state of punishment not being of a sulphurous nature, old songs of the brimstone order could not be sung with so much fervor as of old. Every one now began taking vocal lessons, not the do-re-mi kind, but the voice-placing kind and there was much talk about trained voices. This put the finishing touch to hearty congregational singing, for the rank and file knew that they sang through their noses and dragged a bit. There came a time finally when singers grew tired of attending choir practice and two or three services on Sunday, rain or shine, sick or well, as many a faithful singer and organist did in days past, all for nothing. The church now took up so many side-lines, all of them a great help, spiritually, and necessary in their way, that even the young people were completely occupied. Out of these changing conditions, you have the choir of today. Formerly, it was the minister and faithful choir leader who struggled with this question; now, a music committee and usually a competent conductor has the music in charge. The question is being widely discussed, what is to be the outcome of the church music problem? Changes are looked forward to and adjustments are to be made. In an earlier day a singer of any distinction flew straight as an arrow to some church choir, and the solos were easily disposed of. The trouble then often was, which one of two or three willing singers to give them to. A chorus choir of church members, who would go to meeting every time the bell rang, whether they sang in the choir or not, were not easily dislodged; and faithful service was the result. In this day of more music and better music from a cultivated standpoint, the chorus choir is a changing quantity and quality. Music has become a profession and singers can not afford to sacrifice so much time as of old. I am not speaking of our county or city especially, simply of conditions generally.

Beginning with an early time I will mention a few of the choir members and leaders in the Christian (now Congregational church). The late W. W. Moore was among the first, if not the first leader. Among his choir members were: Dr. Milton Jay, Eliza Ayres, Euretta Webster, Lucy Cary and Hattie Buchanan. In 1870 Mr. L. V. Wheeler came to Marion and taught piano, organ and voice. It is said of him that his music was of a high order. He believed in good music only being performed. For about twenty years he was one of the most popular teachers in Marion. He was also a composer; some of his hymns were well liked. "The Burning Bush," a sacred cantata of his composing, was produced for some benefit, the leading parts being taken by Mesdames Dodds, Keller, Tibbits, and Wheeler, and Messrs. Moore, Keller, George and Daniel Gunder and Ananias Arnold. He trained the Arion Glee Club, about the first male quartette in Marion, in which Mr. Daniel Gunder sang baritone; Elmer Wheeler, son of L. V. Wheeler,

first tenor; Mr. Wheeler, second tenor and George Gunder, bass. This Glee Club gave entertainments and was a musical feature of the town. Mr. Wheeler had charge of the Christian church choir after Mr. Moore resigned. In every church there are certain choir members who are important factors, although others may come and go. In this class were: Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Kellar, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Gunder, Mr. George Gunder and Mrs. Gunder (now deceased), Mrs. W. C. Webster, Mrs. Mary Humphries (now Mrs. W. B. Dodds), Mrs. Addie Tibbitts, Miss Emma Ayres, and, later, Mrs. Henry C. Clayton, Mrs. A. W. Carr and Miss Lettie Case. Mrs. Wheeler was also a choir member during their residence here, and it was she who taught Harry C. Moore, when a boy of ten years, to sing alto. He attended regularly, afterward singing tenor, and is still a member of the choir, now singing bass. During Mr. Wheeler's time the Choral Union was organized. Mr. Daniel Gunder was the manager and, it might be said, the promoter; L. V. Wheeler was the instructor. Almost all the singers in Marion belonged to this musical society. This was in 1875 or 1876. The meetings were held in the basement of the old Presbyterian church, where every Marion organization without other roof or shelter was in the habit of meeting. Mr. Daniel Gunder now became leader of the Christian choir and held the place for about fifteen years, many of the same people remaining as members. Mr. George Webster, Jr., was organist of this church for about seven years. Mrs. Emma Bobbs Strange, for a time, and Miss Candace Combs, now Mrs. E. L. Goldthwait, was also organist. Miss Nora Eshleman, now Mrs. F. G. Leas, was organist for about six years. After the pipe organ was installed among those filling the place of organist were: Professor Wheeler, Professor Drummond, Mrs. Harry Miller, (now deceased), Mr. Robert Lohmeyer, Mrs. J. W. Nesmith, Mr. Bert Ricketts, Hattie Carr, Elmira Case, and Mrs. George Brown. During the pastorate of Rev. William Rainey Bennett the music of the church was made a leading feature. He was himself a fine singer, and was an inspiration to the choir. Mrs. Nesmith was organist at this time and, later, Mr. Ricketts who, I am told, played often without notes, improvising beautifully. Mr. Wallace Lottridge is a bass singer, faithful in attendance. At this time, Mr. Fred Noble delighted the large audience that filled the church to the doors with his violin solos. At the present time Mrs. Hattie Carr Fahrney, is leader of the choir.

On March 19, 1889, the "Naiad Queen," an operetta, was given at Sweetser's Opera House for the purpose of adding to the fund being raised to procure a pipe organ for this church (now Congregational). A man from Cincinnati would come to Marion and drill home talent, if a certain sum of money could be guaranteed him. Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Keller took the risk and promised to stand responsible for the amount. The entertainment was a success and above expenses one hundred and sixty-five dollars was put away with the organ fund. A Mrs. Middleton, for a few years a resident of Marion, sang the principal part. Hiram Beshore headed the subscription list circulated for the purchase of this organ, and was so interested he finally solicited for subscriptions. Of this organ, Marion was very proud. I am told that Professor Wheeler was its first player, and as his experience had been with organs of a simpler make, he had some trouble in managing this one.

Mrs. Jennie Hulley recalls that when a little girl that the Methodist church people of musical turn would meet at her father's, the late Thomas J. Neal, and would gather around a table where John Hodge, brother of Mrs. Aaron Swayzee, would lead in singing, using the tuning fork and teaching the notes as they learned the hymns. This was before a choir was even thought of. They often met at other homes for these

little singing classes. The congregational singing of the Methodist church (when it was still housed in the old building on Fifth street) was led by Aaron Swayzee. After the organization of a choir, as nearly as I can learn, Charles E. Mather was first leader. His work for the church as chorister is still spoken of by old church members, and during that time many singers dropped in and out. I can find the names of only a few, and they are hard to place in their regular order: James Neal, Sarah Leufesty, Ed Leufesty and Laura Brownlee (Leufesty), later Mrs. S. Behymer, Mrs. Ed Harry, Miss Fannie Behymer and John Shideler who had come from Jonesboro to live here, afterward marrying Miss Behymer. Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Starrett had charge of this choir for a time, and in order to purchase singing books a concert was given in the old courthouse. I will describe it as nearly as I can as Mrs. Starrett has told me. Her piano, an Emerson of the old-fashioned square type, was taken to the courthouse for this concert. Mrs. Addie Tibbits (then Addie Lenox) played "Sebastopol" on the guitar. Among other members there was a comic selection sung by a quartette composed of Mr. and Mrs. Starrett and two others, entitled "The Tragical Tail of Poor Thomas Maltese," which made a hit. A fine bass singer, Mr. Charles Case, a brother of Isaac Case, a well-remembered resident of Marion, sang a solo and put so much force into it that he grew very red in the face. A lady in the audience whispered: "Give that man air, or he will burst!" The concert ended with a grand tableau, Addie Maple, Lennie McDowell and Addie Lenox as the "Three Graces." They went through this trying ordeal without fear and trembling, even when Mr. Starett threw on the red light. "This was about 1870, and the house was crowded," said Mrs. Starrett. "Admission, I think was ten cents and the books purchased with the proceeds were the Bradbury song books." Tom C. Neal was always interested in the music of the church, playing the organ when a young man as he said, before he could read notes on the staff. John W. Lacy who was a fine tenor singer, had charge of the Methodist choir for some years during his residence here. From an old picture of the choir preserved by Mrs. L. K. Price, I have taken a list of the members' names. Since these singers stayed together (with some changes) for as long a period of time as any group connected with the music of the church: Charles Coffin, Abbey Coffin, Will F. Brownlee, Charley Neal, Mrs. Secrist, Kate Neal, Ella Lyons Tibbits, Nora Hiatt, Maggie Charles, Mr. and Mrs. Price and Mrs. Jennie Watson, organist. Following Mr. Lacy the late L. K. Price was leader for twenty-two years. He was also a good bass singer and his long and faithful service can not be too highly appreciated. Mrs. Price was organist for a number of years. The same choir members, many of them, remained. Will McIntire was a member of the choir, as also was Laura Clothier Birely, and Mrs. Jennie Hulley must take the prize for devotion in musical service. She is still singing her sweet alto although not now a regular choir member. In this work, later, were Mrs. W. H. Bobbitt and Miss Louise Mather, taking solo parts as occasion demanded, and Mrs. Marietta Coffin Tukey of whom it can be said that she gave her voice gladly for the church. Mr. Charles Coffin was chorister for a time. Since the music has been in the charge of a salaried conductor, Mr. Reese Lewis and Mr. Owen Davies have each had charge of the music for a short time. Mr. Carlisle Tucker was conductor and also organist for some years. Miss Georgia Paulus was soloist for a time. David Baxter conducted for about one year. During this time a quartet composed of the following persons furnished the principal music: Mrs. Lois Osborn Spencer, Mrs. Baxter, Mr. Reese Lewis and Mr. Baxter. The present conductor is Mr. P.

Marinus Paulsen, who adds greatly to the enjoyment of the service by his violin solos given with dignity and reverence. I have heard this sentiment expressed by the older church members and consider it a high tribute to Mr. Paulsen's work. Mrs. Paulsen is the present organist. Others who have presided at this pipe organ are: Mrs. Grace Swadener Dinius, Mrs. J. W. Nesmith, Miss Gertrude Jones, and Miss Elsie McGregor. I asked Mrs. Paulsen with whom she had studied pipe organ. She said, "I am practically self-taught, but have studied with Eric Delamater and with Hans von Schiller." She is giving her best effort to the study of the pipe organ. The Methodist congregation brought to Marion the first church organ, it must have been near 1861 or 1862. Mrs. Terrie Johnson tells me of the music on the first Sunday after it arrived. It must have been a gala day for the church. Emma Ward (St. John), Louise Swayzee (Harrington), and Terrie Shively Johnson must all try the new organ, although Emma Ward, I think, was the regular organist. So they took turns, one playing in the morning, one in the afternoon (Sunday school) and one at the night service. This same little organ stands unused in one of the class rooms of the First Methodist church, if memory can be depended upon. Until some years ago it was used by Mrs. C. C. Hiatt in the primary music of the Sunday school. Mrs. Hiatt has been organist and led the music of the Primary department ever since she was fourteen years old. "Sunny Songs, No. 2," a song book composed by Tom C. and Charles E. Neal, is still used in this department.

The names of the church singers of the early days are very hard to procure. About the first choir, so far as I can learn, in the Presbyterian church was composed of few members. Among them Mrs. J. M. Wallace (wife of Judge J. M. Wallace), Miss Eliza McClure and John W. Dodd, a bass singer, for a time the only man in the choir. Mr. Hayford was chorister in this church, and Mrs. Hayford was organist, I was about to say, but she played upon a melodeon, kindly loaned by Mrs. Weeks, grandmother of J. M. Wallace, Sr. Before 1861, there was no instrument in any of the Marion churches except the melodeon above mentioned. Some time later the Methodist organ was bought. A little later Miss Nan Sanford secured by subscription and from the proceeds of a concert given by her music pupils a Mason and Hamlin organ, with three sets of reeds. This instrument, it is said, seemed almost equal to a pipe organ to those who were so proud of it. Professor Kelsey followed Mrs. Hayford as organist and Miss Sanford came after him, continuing as organist until she left Marion. At this time Maggie Brownlee was a sweet singer in the choir. Sometime after this, Mr. and Mrs. Starrett had charge of the choir. In later years their daughter, Josie, who afterward married Mr. Robert A. Spencer, Sr., was closely connected with the music of the church. George Webster, Jr., was organist at one time. It is impossible to trace the choir history consecutively for want of space as well as for lack of data. Mrs. Quint Sweetser will be remembered as church organist for quite a length of time. Miss Lottie Case also was organist. During the time of the building of the courthouse, from 1880 to 1882, the music of the Presbyterian church was especially good, speaking from the standpoint of chorus-choir work. At this time Mr. R. L. Squires was chorister, and some of the gentlemen engaged in the building of the courthouse, who had good voices, helped in the music of the church. The regular choir members were: Mrs. James V. Sweetser, Mrs. Nettie Bowman Eyestone, Miss Miriam Brownlee, Mrs. N. L. Higbee, Mrs. Hattie Hulley, Mr. Philip Dicls and Mr. Cary Lombro. Mrs. E. L. Goldthwaite was organist. So far as I can learn, the first paid choir in Marion and perhaps the first quartet choir,

was during the pastorate of Rev. John Thomas and extended into the pastorate of the Rev. Freely Rohrer. Its members were: Mrs. Robert J. Spencer, soprano; Mrs. John T. Strange, alto; Mr. Philip Diels, tenor; and Mr. Charles Cranmer, bass. After the retirement of Mrs. Strange, Mrs. Kent Wigger took her place; and after Philip Diels dropped out Mr. Len Hulley took his place. They received one dollar each per Sunday and the organist, Mrs. Raymond, one dollar and a half. Mrs. Strange in telling me of this quartet, said: "Yes, we certainly did earn that dollar and it seemed to go farther than any other dollar I ever spent. In getting up Sunday evening concerts, then so popular; in practicing for funerals; in helping with the nickel concerts and what not, we often practiced three and four nights a week. Well do I remember Mr. Jewell, our church janitor, who was somewhat crotchety. He had a certain time to turn out the lights. Nine o'clock was keeping late hours, and half past was the limit of endurance, so we often practiced in fear and trembling, expecting to hear him grumbling or actually beginning to close the church.

Some years ago, after her parents moved from Jonesboro to Marion, Miss Blanche McKinney, who had studied music in Detroit, took charge of the Presbyterian choir. This was after the occupancy of the new church. A quartet of well known singers, with the following members, furnished the music at one time. Miss Ethel Simons, Miss Ada Wright, Mr. Frank Johnson and Mr. George Roehm. Mr. Pearl Schofield was the tenor in this quartet for a time. The Misses Anna Louise and Bess Book Brownlee sung there together several years.

The splendid Esty pipe organ was a gift to this church, presented by Mr. and Mrs. James V. Sweetser in memory of their daughter. I will speak here of the great benefit and pleasure that has come from the fund set aside by the late James V. Sweetser for a continuous series of concerts to be arranged for by the music committee of the church. It brings to our city the best artists procurable, often of national prominence. At times it calls upon special home talent to give a recital or to assist in one. These concerts are a pleasure to our people free of cost. Grant county musicians who have taken part in these concerts are Mrs. Nellie Turpin Lohmeyer, Miss Elizabeth Hogan, Miss Ada Wright, Miss Elizabeth Lewis of Gas City, Prof. Owen Davies of Gas City, Miss Ethel Simons, Mr. Frank Johnson, Mr. Kent Gage, The Soldiers' Home Concert Quartet, Mr. P. Marinus Paulsen, Mr. Fred Noble, Mr. Edward Clarke, Mr. Marion Green, Mrs. Ida Hess, Mr. S. H. Nussbaum, Mr. P. L. Nussbaum, Miss Alice Goldthwaite, Miss Georgia Paulus, The Larrimer Mandolin Club, Mr. Carlisle Tucker, Mr. Percival Owen, Mrs. Albert Davis, Miss Alice McFarland, Mrs. J. R. Hadley, Mrs. Lois Osborn Spencer, Miss Mamie McRae, Miss Florence Case, Miss Carrie Kirchenbauer, Mr. George Steffens, Miss Madge Ward, Mr. George Roehm, Mr. Pearl Schofield, Mr. Len Tukey, Mrs. Minnie Murdoff Kimball, Miss Elsie McGregor, Mrs. May Hamilton Helm, and Mr. Donald Beach. The thirty-seventh free memorial concert on the Sweetser foundation was given by Miss Elsie McGregor (with assisting artists). Mr. Robert Lohmeyer was the first organist to hold a position in connection with the new pipe organ. Mrs. Lohmeyer was soprano soloist for a time. Others who have held the position of organist are: Miss Alice McFarland, Mrs. Paulson, Mr. Tucker as both conductor and organist, and Miss McGregor, the present organist. Miss Ada Wright is at present vocal soloist. The chime of bells presented to the Presbyterian church by Mr. A. Wood Wilson in September, 1910, is a gift to the whole city as well. They call all the people of Marion to the Sunday services, and take the place of the several church bells of past days,

which when our city was "little Marion" rang out from the respective belfries, and were easily distinguishable one from the other. As each congregation wended its separate way, it was with no little pride in the secret heart of the most devout to be able to recognize "our" bell as the loudest in sound, and "our sexton" as most prompt and long winded.

Hear the ringing of the bells—far distant
Clanging, blending, high and low—persistent,
Out upon the quiet air in olden times.
The bells from many steeples rang their chimes
And the tap-tap-tap of the tolling bell,
Wafted each soul a passing knell.

Each separate bell of the chime of bells bears an inscription. The first bell (tenor) beside the announcement of presentation and date has this little verse:

For the joy of the community,
For the uplift of mankind,
For the honor of religion.

This chime was manufactured by Meneely & Company, whose fame as builders of chimes is world-wide. Ernest Meneely, a grandson of the founder of the company, stayed in Marion for a few days, assisting in the concert given at the time of the installing of the bells which were a series of events lasting from Thursday evening until Sunday. He instructed Mr. George Doll, who was the first chimer in the handling of the bells. Mr. Doll instructed Mr. Earl Riley, the present chimer. Leslie Miller also learned of Mr. Doll to play the chimes and has substituted at times.

The old First Methodist church bell is still ringing. The last one connected with any of the centrally located churches to peal out an invitation and reminder of church time.

Through the kindness of Rev. Charles E. Hiatt, pastor of the First Friends church, I have in my possession an attractive little book giving a history of their choir. On the back of the book are these words: "A Quaker Choir." I will quote a few lines from an inside page. "In former times it was the belief of the Society of Friends that singing was an irreverent and intolerable thing, consequently the history of the Quaker choir is rather battered. Singing was first commenced by members of the church in various homes about twenty-six years ago." It seems that a few years later an organ was purchased for the use of the Sunday school only, and a few of the young people led the church service of song without an instrument. But later the organ was allowed to be used for special occasions, and finally its use became regular. Mr. W. H. Wright was first choir leader. In 1910, Miss Julia Kelsey assumed the direction of the choir and great praise is given her for what she accomplished. Anthems were sung each Sunday and the choir grew in numbers and efficiency. Mr. W. O. Carroll is the present leader. They have a strong organization and have given several special programs. Their slogan is "On to Richmond." The First Friends Bible school orchestra was organized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Harmon in 1907. Mr. Wilber Bond is a leading spirit, having composed and arranged seventy-nine pieces of music for the orchestra.

The choir of the United Brethren church has been under the leadership of J. Virgil Weismann for some years, until his recent removal from the city. Miss Eva Shannon has charge of the instrument, this church at present using a piano for their services. In addition to the

chorus choir (and as a part of it), there is a quartette of the following young ladies: Miss Orpha Haines, Miss Nina Elkins, Miss Jessie Shannon and Miss Pearl Dester. This quartet is a great source of pleasure to the church and Sunday school. They have sung for the W. C. T. U. Gold Medal Contests.

The First Baptist church will rebuild their pipe organ when it is installed in their beautiful new church. Their organist is Miss Bernice McNair; the director of the choir, Mr. Andrew Jackson. To go back to 1888, Mr. R. L. Squires was the leader of the choir. He being the first chorister I am told. After this Mrs. M. C. Mead had charge of the music. At this time the voices available for choir work were comparatively few, and Mr. Mead for some years assisted in leading, and as we might say added to the volume of harmony by the playing of his horn. His faithful service is remembered with pleasure, as also the tireless interest of Mrs. Mead in the welfare of the choir. The next chorister was Mr. J. W. Mock, followed by Mr. John Lawless. Mr. Andrew Jackson has served as leader for about twelve years. During the residence of Mrs. J. D. Brunner in our city, the music of the Baptist church was largely led by her influence. She was organist and a worker in other lines. For the benefit of some church fund, she drilled the singers in two sacred cantatas: "David, the Shepherd Boy" and "Queen Esther." These entertainments were given at the church and were very much of a success in every way.

Musically, the Episcopal church occupies a distinguished place. Compositions for their church service have contributed to the best music of the world. Gethsemane Episcopal church has lately installed a new organ. The music of the church is now directed by Miss Minnie May Hodges. Miss Ella Shrader, of Jonesboro, a pupil of Hanson, the blind organist of Indianapolis, is in charge of the organ. She has filled this position for about fourteen years. Members of the present choir are: Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Mossop, Miss Margaret Genung, Miss Louise Wiggier, Miss Alma Merkert, Mr. Hayle and Mr. Harris of Gas City. Both of these young men are Welsh singers. Lewis Cole is cross-bearer and a member of the choir, having taken up this duty when a boy of eight years. Selections such as Gounod's St. Cecelia, and Sacred Heart, masses by Ayers, Custance and Woodward are sung by this choir.

The chorus choir of the First Christian church is under the leadership of Mr. Cal Marvin. Mrs. Grace Swadener Dinnis is the pipe organist. It is said that this choir is of the good old-fashioned type in this respect, being composed almost altogether of church members, devoted and enthusiastic in their service of song; they are a real help to the congregation and pastor. The Sunday school orchestra is under the direction of Mr. Nussbaum.

The music of the First Church of Christ, Scientist is in the form of congregational singing, with also a special soloist and pianist. At present Mr. Arthur Curran is soloist, and Mrs. Frank Robbins, pianist. Others who have had charge of the piano are: Miss Lillian Geither, Mrs. Charles Morris, Mrs. Maude Diels Hackett, Mrs. Meta Steel Owen, Miss Nellie Feighner, Mrs. Ethel Case Wilson, Miss Lucile Friermood and Mrs. Kent Wigger. Filling the place of soloists in the past have been Mrs. J. W. Brimacombe, Mrs. Lois Osborn Spencer, Miss Elizabeth Hogin, Mr. Morgan Dillon and Miss Ada Wright.

The music of St. Paul's Catholic church is under the direction of Mr. George Orr. The present organist is Miss Agnes Bletzacker. Others playing the pipe organ for this church have been: Mrs. C. C. Gordon, Mrs. Ira Shildmyer and Mr. Harry Shildmyer. Besides the

singing of the service in Latin there is singing of hymns and special music. Mr. Harry Shildmyer takes solo parts. A children's chorus sings each week-day morning for eight o'clock mass, and also for the Sunday morning service. The Easter music in the Catholic church at the Soldiers' Home is especially beautiful said a lady who has attended many of these services. The chapel is decorated tastefully with flowers. High mass is sung, accompanied by an orchestra composed of members from the home band and other musicians. Mrs. John Pitt Stack presides at the organ, and Captain Stack is director of the music. The quartet singing for this service is composed of the following members: Mrs. Lois Osborn Spencer, Miss Carrie Kirchenbower, Mr. George Rochm and Mrs. Frank Grinstead.

The Soldiers' Home Concert Quartet has been an organization for about thirteen years. It is also known as the Philharmonic Quartet. When first organized the members were: Mrs. I. W. Brimacombe, Mrs. S. B. Beshore, Mr. Bert Gardner and Mr. Edward Genung. Some years ago there was a change of members as follows: Mrs. Ida Hess, soprano; Mrs. Beshore, contralto; Mr. George Roessler, tenor; and Mr. Charles Wuersten, bass. This quartet is well known, for in addition to their regular singing at the Protestant chapel at the Soldiers' Home, they assist in many musical events held in our city. The music of the Protestant church at the Home is under the supervision of Mr. Wuersten, and the pipe organist is Mr. V. B. Nulle of Anderson.

Some years ago the Jewish congregation of Marion held services in the auditorium of the old Presbyterian church, and at the time of their New Year's observance in September was the occasion for especially fine music. The quartet singing for these services was by the following persons: Mrs. Georgia Paulus Templin, Miss Carrie Kirchenbower, Mr. George Rochm and Mr. Wuersten.

Roy Marshall, captain of the Salvation Army, has kindly given me some items regarding their music. They may well be proud of the saying that the Salvation Army has sung itself around the world. They started out here in Marion with but few musicians in their ranks; perhaps only the drum and one other instrument. Captain Marshall said if we could have but one instrument it would be a drum, and the tambourine is also typical of their work. They now have about eight musicians in their band, and when they go into the barracks for indoor meetings, piano music is added to that of the other instruments. In England, the army manufactures its own instruments. But they do not get into this country, only their music (often popular airs adapted to sacred words) is published in New York city. A pipe organ has lately been installed in the Methodist Episcopal church of Upland. In the Fairmount Methodist church also, there is a pipe organ.

Although I could not gather all the information I should have liked about the music of the colored people, I have been able to obtain a few facts. The war time songs so intensely full of meaning were written under the inspiration of moments when for these people, and to make possible their future happiness, the rich and poor alike gave all they had to give of human sacrifice. We do not hear as much in these days of the typical negro music. By no means do we want them t stand still while we progress. But there is a music peculiarly suited to their voices and temperament, that has made them famous as singers. If this were not so, how could they in other days have so charmed everyone with their singing. Many times the old plantation songs were sung with those mellow voices absolutely devoid of training, and with feeling and power that re-echoed in the hearts of all who heard them. We regret the loss of the picturesque. We want to hear "Roll, Jordan

Roll'' or ''Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,'' perhaps a bit more correctly sung than in olden days, but naturally, nevertheless. Rev. Long, of the African M. E. church, was very kind in giving me information, and said in answer to a question: ''Yes, we are singing some of the old tunes in our revival now in progress. The Bethel choir is the senior choir of Bethel A. M. E. church on Fifth street. Mrs. Katherine Winslow is leader; Miss Mamie Long, director; and Miss Stodie Harris is organist. They have about eighteen members. They use in their service the song book ''Waters of Life,'' and the Venite anthems. They have both an organ and piano. The Junior choir, numbering about fifteen members, and led by Miss Leona Nickles, sings every other Sunday night. Mrs. Winslow and Miss Nickles take soprano solo parts. Mrs. Cora Julius Spires was considered a fine contralto singer, but she has moved from the city. Mr. Frank Weaver is conductor of their orchestra, having in it about five players. Mr. Horatio Chavis is a violin player taking lessons at the Marion Conservatory. Until lately the colored people had a band organization. Mr. Matt Knox was leader. It has now been given up.

It is noticeable that I have more fully described the music of the three oldest churches of our city. It is for this reason; they had to do with the beginning of church music, also that the names of singers of other days might be preserved. At best it is only a partial history, and I am aware of omitting the music of the churches of North, South and West Marion and of other towns, all having good music in keeping with the standard set by the central churches. During the Torrey meetings held in our city in 1911, the Torrey chorus was organized and led by Mr. William McEwan, the singer of the Torrey party. The pianist, Miss Anderson, was especially fine in this line of work. Mr. Pearl Schofield was made president of this organization, which became permanent. For a time Henry Fields was conductor. In January, 1912, Mr. E. F. Ferree became president and in May or June of that year, under the direction of Mr. Paulsen, a concert was given, when the cantata ''Emanuel'' was presented at the First Methodist church, and later repeated at the First Christian church. In September, 1912, the name was changed to the ''Marion Choral Club,'' with Mr. Paulsen still conducting. In September, 1913, at the First Friends' church, ''The Erl-King's Daughter,'' a cantata, was given. In August, 1913, when the Philharmonic orchestra, Mr. Paulsen's pupils and the Marion Choral Club united, forming the Marion Philharmonic Choral Society, the Marion Choral Club kept its own separate organization, which the officers say they intend to enlarge and make more permanent in the future.

I am supposed not to step over into 1914, but for fear it may be overlooked by the next historian, I must mention the chorus that sang for the Lyon meetings. It was composed of members of the Marion Choral Club and other singers, led by Mr. R. E. Mitchell of the Lyon party. The music throughout the meetings was enjoyed to the fullest. A good orchestra furnished an accompaniment in addition to the piano played by Mr. Robert Matthews. The singing of Mrs. Grace Powell of the Lyon party was much appreciated. E. O. Excell, the famous song writer and singer, visited Marion in June, 1906, at the time of the Indiana Sunday School Association. He directed a splendid chorus furnishing music for the occasion, which was held at the Presbyterian church. He visited Marion again at the time of the Lyon meetings and sang at the Sunday services.

Miss Leora Bogue, of Fairmount, studied music at Earlham College, afterward studying evangelistic singing at the Moody Bible Institute

in Chicago. She has been successfully assisting in revival music for some years. Some one has said that when sin entered the world the minor note crept into music. We have the minor note in nature everywhere—storms and leaden skies. Is sin responsible? We enjoy the change to minor strains. It was Mrs. James V. Sweetser who first introduced the nickel concerts to a Marion public. They were a source of revenue to the First Presbyterian church and a great pleasure to the young folks, especially. For who could not obtain by fair means or foul a five cent piece? They were given by the best of home talent, and consisted of a miscellaneous program, mostly musical, well rendered and well received. On April 5, 1887, an Old Folks Concert was given by the musicians of the Presbyterian church. Pictures of the performers in their old fashioned costumes are preserved. The programs said—"Ye door shall be open before carlie candle lighting." This is a well remembered event.

The musical life of Jonesboro for perhaps more than twenty years was closely associated with that of Mrs. Addie Weed Barnard, who came there in about 1872, and opened a private studio of music at her home, teaching several kinds of instruments and greatly interested in church music. It is said that if a singer was lacking, either soprano, alto, tenor or bass, she could fill in at a moment's notice. A pupil of hers, Miss Rose Johnson, became a successful teacher throughout the country and now has a music school in Fort Wayne. Miss Flo Feague at about this time was a well known music teacher of Jonesboro and vicinity. Way back in the old days a little girl living in New Cumberland was asked by her father which she would rather have, a Jews harp or a piano. She answered, "Oh, I would much rather have a Jews harp." In those days a piano was often called a pian. A country fellow named Leonidas Nipp came into the store of James Sweetser, Sr., one day, and picked up George Sweetser's violin, which was lying on the counter. He commenced playing one of those tunes without end, perhaps the Arkansas Traveler. George, then a young fellow full of fun, could stand his sawing no longer so he said, "My father and Mr. Doan are upstairs; they are both very fond of music; go up and play them a tune." George waited below for the explosion which soon came, and Leonidas appeared crestfallen, indeed.

Feeling sure that the sound of the first church bell was sweetest music to the ears of the residents of Marion I had a fancy to date its coming. I found without much trouble that it was the proud possession of the Presbyterian congregation and first secured the date of 1847 as the probable time of its appearance. Happening later to find a bit of Presbyterian church history, saying among other things that the first little frame church was not built until 1853, I saw that my dates conflicted. Old members had told me that the bell was not hung until some time after the erection of the church, so I began a new line of investigation, typical of many a hard fought battle for facts, and finally gave up in despair, getting no closer to a date than that some one recollected that some boys of Dr. Sawyer's school (the college) one night before the war, tied a sheep to the bell, which in its efforts to get loose kept up a jangling until Reverend Sawyer came to its rescue, muttering: "Those boys did this." He might have said "plaguey" boys but nothing worse. Of course they were hidden close by. Was it not a love of music that prompted Vina Cobb, colored, to take about with her in a basket her accordion as she went from place to place to do washings. She would play for the children of the family, what they thought to be charming tunes. Old residents have told me that James Brownlee's piano was taken to White's Hall on different musical occasions. Mr.

Brownlee was such a lover of music that he would make any sacrifice to help the cause along. We boast today of our musical energy, but think of those two flights of steep, narrow stairs, with no appliances for moving pianos except stout straps held by men at the top of the stairs. They must take off the legs of those big, old-fashioned pianos and then about all the available men and boys in town assisted. I wonder which was the hardest task, getting it up or down.

Around the academy and college centered the band music of Grant county for a time. Ernst Guenin was the teacher, and Edward Guenin his brother, the conductor of the Academy Band, so called because it was composed largely of students of the academy. It was more of an orchestra than a band, said one lady, being composed of stringed as well as wind instruments. Marion was proud of that band. Ernst Guenin allowed nothing but a good class of music to be played, composing and also arranging classical pieces to suit the players. Professor Kelsey, a music teacher of the college, also taught band music, and when the call came for troops, many young men from these two schools enlisted as musicians. And the motto on the wall above the academy platform, "We Are the Nation's Hope," fashioned out of evergreen branches, came to have a meaning far different from that first intended of merely inspiring the boys and girls to diligent study. From records left by the late J. Warren Stout, I find the names of Morgan Zellar, Edward Guenin, Ali Thornburg, Weaver Thornburg and Mr. Stout as belonging to the band of the Eighth Regiment. Later these men re-enlisted with others in the Thirty-Fourth Regiment, whose names are: Daniel Mowrer, Mr. Stout, Rufus Stout, Harve Mark, Ed. Harry, George McIlheny, Frank Hedrick, John Johnson, Charlie Jones, Ali Lenox, Joe Bark and Jim Work. Harve Mark, with the assistance of Charlie Jones, organized this Thirty-fourth Regiment Band. They came home from the war in 1865, and in August formed the Marion Silver Band, with, of course, additional members. Through the kindness of Mrs. Warren Stout I have learned much, she having preserved the old records of this band, which became quite famous locally. They had fine uniforms for that day, and were so extravagant as to have a band wagon built. Reuben Barley and Ephraim Zahn were the builders, and the bed extended over the wheels, the seats running long ways. Ali Lenox painted it yellow (as memory has it). This was in the good old days before the band wagon had become a subject of jest and any one with a right to a seat was much in evidence. Will Stout was president of the organization, and Harve Mark leader of the band. The names on the old record are: Warren Stout, Will Stout, Rufus Stout, Ali Lenox, Gib McIlheny, Frank Hedrick, John Johnson, Ed. Harry, George Webster, Jr., Simon Goldthait, Lester Norton, Watt Swayzee, Bert Mowrer, John Reuss, Fisher Blinn, and John Barley. They played in neighboring towns on all sorts of occasions, and kept up the organization until about 1876. A nearby town in those days often meant twenty or thirty miles, and one can guess the state of the roads at times.

One lady from recollections of her childhood tells of the New Cumberland band, organized by Mr. Jeff Dun, and perhaps first taught by a Mr. Updike. This band soon became the pride of the community, and filled many engagements. She remembered then preparing to come to Marion a distance of twenty miles on so cold a night that the townspeople predicted their violent illness or sudden death and helped to pack them into the bob-sled with heated bricks and comforts. They must have arrived in Marion able to perform their parts, for they came home at three or four next morning covered with glory. Mr. John O. Spurgeon has given me valuable data concerning the Banner Brass

Band of Sweetser. He has sent me clippings, press notices and old concert programs. I see that the *Peru Sentinel* says, with becoming modesty, that, except their own, there is no better band in the state. The *Marion Chronicle* thanks them for a splendid serenade. W. H. St. Clair was instructor of this band and Joe W. Spurgeon, business manager. It was organized in 1882. This band maintained a vocal quartet, whose members were: Professor St. Clair, Albert S. Spurgeon, John O. Spurgeon and Joseph W. Spurgeon. The first funeral this band played for was that of Captain John Reuss of Marion. Thad Butler hired them to tour the country to advertise the business of the Butler carriage factory. Mr. Henry Fields is an old band conductor. His work dates back many years. He organized and instructed a number of bands.

Following the Silver Band, which stayed together, as I have before said, until about 1876, was organized the Helicon Band, named from instruments of that make used by the players. I am indebted to Mr. Hiram Beshore for information and incidents describing this band. He has given me the names of the most permanent members, saying that it was impossible to give a complete list of all who played with them, as they dropped in and out. Blanch Hockett was the leader, and it was often referred to as Hockett's band. He played the E♭ cornet. Robert McKinney, E♭ alto. Robert Jones, E♭ alto. "Dick" Daniels, B♭ tenor. John Baldwin, B♭ tenor. Ali Thornburg, baritone. Hiram Beshore, tuba. George Marsh, snare drum and Scott Young, bass drum. Said Mr. Beshore: "What a difference in organizing a band in these days. Then there were perhaps a few who had a fair knowledge of music, men who had played in other bands, perhaps, but a large majority of the boys we took in almost without experience, and with a slight idea of any kind of music. Our band room was the old Tibbits Hall on the west side of the square, and every one knew when we practiced, as the discords at first were sometimes ear-splitting. The most of our music we had to copy by hand. We were given blank books for the purpose. And I remember copying pieces from the book that George Webster of the old Silver Band had used. Hand copied music is hard to use at best and added no little to our difficulties. Our leader had great trouble in getting the younger members to be punctual at practice. Some of them having 'girl on the brain,' and anxious to display their noble figures in the attractive uniforms, they would dress up in their finery and then slip out to make social calls, coming back tardy. The leader finally told them they must either give up the girls or the music."

Mr. Beshore related a laughable incident of their first public appearance. The least proficient of the players, after some practice, became so proud of their progress that they suggested a public street performance. Some of the older members (more wise) thought they were hardly ready yet, but finally consented. They went down on the street just below the practice hall and lined up in brave array, and commenced playing the "Mountain Maid," a very simple little polka. Before they were half through, one by one, and finally by twos and threes, the boys began disappearing; part of them took refuge in a nearby stairway leading to the basement of the building, and part of them to the stairway leading up to the band room. They were scared into a regular panic and before the last strains of the "Mountain Maid" there were remaining only Mr. Hockett, Mr. Beshore and Mr. Thornburg. Mr. Beshore said that after Dahl Elliott came to Marion about 1878, there was new life put into the Helicon Band. He was a master player on the E♭ cornet. Almost one in a thousand, so great was his musical ability, and skill in playing this most difficult instrument. He played

our lead and we now took up a higher class of music. We were an organization for about eight years. The Eb cornet is not in as general use as of old, the Bb becoming more popular and the clarinet also as a lead instrument, being easier to handle. The Point Isabel Band was a strong organization many years ago. J. V. John was at one time leader, as also was Lee Lightfoot. Mr. Ralph Bailey who has been connected with band music in and around Marion for some years, organized the Newsboys' Band about thirteen years ago. It has since "disbanded." The old Jonesboro Band of years ago was led by Mr. M. V. Whitson. Some of the members were: Robert Jay, Robert Horne, J. M. Barnard, M. L. Barnard, Sam Spence, Tom Nottingham, John Meek, George Zeek, Chris Hill and Ben Rothinghouse. This was in the early seventies. For over twenty-five years Edward Reasoner, a blacksmith of Upland, was conductor of the different band combinations of that vicinity. He taught all the boys of the country round who had musical aspirations and blew a horn, as he himself expressed it, until his teeth gave out. When asked if one should not call him "Professor" Reasoner, he said, "no, Blacksmith Reasoner." Four of his sons are musical, all of them attending the Boston Conservatory of Music. One is now teaching violin and the other three are yet studying. In 1908, the Second Regiment Band of Marion was organized by J. M. Reeves. It was then known as Reeves' Military Band. On April 23rd Colonel Smith and Captain Bixler were sent to Marion to muster the band into service. With the following officers appointed, J. M. Reeves, chief musician; J. W. Kelley, drum major; H. W. Baker, quarter master sergeant. Mr. Baker was also appointed manager of the band. It has twenty-eight members, and is called the Second Regiment Band of the Indiana National Guards. Their equipment is furnished by the government. They must attend camp once each year at Fort Benjamin Harrison near Indianapolis. There is no need to describe to Grant county people the excellence of this band. Too high a tribute cannot be paid to the Soldiers Home Band. It has afforded pleasure to thousands of people. Excursions come from a distance to see the home and hear the splendid music. Its first conductor was Captain John Pitt Stack, Sr., father of the present conductor, John Pitt Stack. One who has attended them cannot forget the evening concerts. The band stand with its red, white and blue lights, the well selected music, played by artists on their several instruments. A large crowd is nearly always in attendance. The afternoon and evening concerts alternate. In the winter they are held in Stimson Memorial Hall. Captain Stack has been a successful leader and the band an educational accession to Grant county. As in Germany, where such stress is laid upon the best class of music being put within the reach of rich and poor alike, this band and the Sweetser Memorial concerts give to all who will attend free of cost a feast of music.

On April 25, 1898, when Company A, One-hundred-and-sixtieth Regiment, left for Indianapolis to be mustered into the United States service to serve in the Spanish-American war, they took a special train on the Big Four railway at about one o'clock, p. m., the station at that time being where the freight office now stands. The Fourth Regiment Band then stationed at Warsaw was already on the train. Our street car officials had offered to the veterans of the Soldiers' Home free transportation to the public square. About eight hundred of these came down to see the boys off. This so crowded the street cars that the Soldiers' Home Band could not reach the square in time to march with the boys to the station. As a consequence one of them

has told me they had to count step all the way. The Home Band, however, came down later as far as the depot, and as the train pulled out played, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The G. A. R. was out with life and drum about the public square to see the boys off. Professor Mershon organized the Marion City Band in about 1900, also the Drum and Bugle Corps. A newspaper clipping of that time says: "The Drum and Bugle Corps is a new thing for Marion, and when the young men appeared in their stunning uniforms, with the new drums and trumpets, they created a good impression." Their leader was, perhaps, the most famous drummer in the United States, being known as "The drummer boy of Shiloh." There have been many other band organizations in Grant county, some of them in connection with fraternal orders. But in a short review I cannot name them. Sometime near 1880 there was perhaps the most complete band organization in the history of Jonesboro. The manager was Robert Jay, who played Eb cornet, instructor and leader, W. H. St. Clair (Billy St. Clair). Mr. Jeff Dunn, of New Cumberland, who was a fine musician, was a member of the Jonesboro band, acting as assistant leader and playing Eb cornet; Ode Roush, Bb; Dan Roush, Bb; Harmon L. Dailey, Bb; Arthur Hussey, first alto; Lew Elleman, second alto; Lee Long, second alto; Norman Wright, first trombone; George Brumley, second trombone; George Norton, baritone; George Lotteridge, tuba; Wallace Lotteridge, tuba; Sam Spence, snare drum; Wick Spence, snare drum; Ben Rothinghouse, bass drum; Ed Morgan, piccolo; Clark Moore, cornet; George Bryson, bass and "Billy" Jay, clarinet. Mr. Ben Scales, an English musician from Boston, was the instructor of this band for a time. "Uncle Mack," or in other words, Rev. J. S. McCarty, was a loved and honorary member of this band. The members with no intention of disrespect, called "Uncle Mack" their mascot. He came faithfully to hear them practice, and often marched in front on parade, willing always to carry overcoats or baggage of any kind that would accommodate the boys. Austin Jay was also an honorary member. This band divided a prize (consisting of a set of C. G. Conn's silver band instruments), with a German band of Fort Wayne, at a tournament at Rochester. They mounted the platform in their citizens clothes, having only band caps to distinguish them as musicians, among the many finely uniformed bands present. But when they began to play "Pop Corn" and the "Old Log Cabin Quickstep" all else was forgotten. Billy St. Clair, their leader, had two hobbies, one was harmony and the other strict discipline. It is said that without ever being unpleasant, he maintained the order of a school room, almost, during practice hours. This band kept up a quartet organization and gave many benefit concerts in the old town hall in the Dailey block. Madam Clara Louise Kellogg was brought to Jonesboro at one time to sing at one of these concerts. She was elaborately dressed and took no notice of any friendly courtesies extended by Mrs. St. Clair, who was there plainly dressed, being on the program for one vocal number. Mr. St. Clair was to accompany his wife on the cornet, and forgot to change the tuning slide to a lower key after playing the preceding piece. She handed her baby (whom she had been holding) to a friend and stepped out on the platform, all unconscious of the change of key and sang the song through, which in its right key had several high notes. Her voice was almost untrained. She herself said: "If I had known of the mistake I could not have done it." Madam Kellogg came to her afterward and said: "You certainly sing high notes beautifully." Mrs. St. Clair, mindful of the discourteous treatment of so short a time before, said: "Thank

you, Madam Kellogg, if you find a song too high for you, I will try and sing it."

"Billy" St. Clair was the organizer of the Indian Band, which was almost altogether composed of Indians originally, with from fourteen to sixteen members. It centered around the Indian village and was well known. Mr. St. Clair composed many pieces for his bands and arranged other compositions. It was in Converse, playing the bass drum in the band where he first became interested in music, learning there to play the cornet. In 1888, when very ill, he was taken to Converse to the home of his wife's people. About two weeks before his death the Converse band, many of them members of the same old company he had learned with, came in the evening to serenade him. He was carried on a cot into the yard. They had not played long until he raised his hand. Jim Dale stepped out of the ranks and went forward, leaning down to catch the whispered words: "You are out of harmony." "Why Billy," said Mr. Dale, "I played a cornet long before you did." "That may be," said Mr. St. Clair, "but you are out of harmony." He meant it in a general sense of course. This band followed him in a short time to the cemetery on the hill. Mr. St. Clair was descended from the early day Bronson family, from whom Bronson street takes its name.

Mrs. Ralph Warner has loaned me an old dance program that is a relic indeed. Only a few days ago she found it between the leaves of an old book, put there by no one knows whom or when. It looks like a sheet of fine note paper with an embossed or stamped border all around the edge of the front page, on which are these words:

Independence Ball
The company of yourself and lady is respectfully solicited at
Spencer Hall
in Marion, Ind.
on Friday Evening, July 3, 1863.

Committee

H. S. Mark — W. Mitchell
D. B. Sweetser — C. N. Barley

Floor Managers

C. S. Barley — J. W. Eward

Music
By Ernst Guenin
Tickets to Dance and Supper $2.00.

It may seem a bit tiresome to musicians to read at length about themselves, as they are already familiar with the facts and incidents narrated. Yet how can one give to the general public an idea of what we have done, are doing and about to do, musically, without telling what our professional and semi-professional people have accomplished. It was a courage born of ignorance as to the responsibility of the task that led an amateur historian to attempt even a synopsis of so complex a subject, especially that of the music of the present day. One thing was positively certain, either Grant county had gone to bed one night a nonentity, musically, and awakened the next morning famous, or its musical prominence was the result of the growth of well spent years, at least a part of which must be told. However, I am not writing for musicians but about them. Rather than that any musician should read this chapter, I should prefer that some toiler from field or factory may scan it through and say: "Well, well, I did not know Grant county was so full of music. I am sure it is a great place. There is no need to go far from home for musical advantages."

Mr. Kent Gage was born in Jonesboro. His parents moved to Indiana-

polis and afterward to Marion. When a young boy he took piano lessons, but his mother says he always wanted a harp, after hearing them in Indianapolis. Finally, when about twenty-three years old, he got his first harp from Lyon and Healy of Chicago. He bought harp instructions and was his own first teacher, having a good knowledge of piano music as a foundation. Afterward he took lessons of Erico Tremonti, the noted Italian teacher of Chicago. He now has his fourth harp built expressly for him by the Lyon-Healy Company. A good harp is a very expensive instrument, this one costing one thousand dollars. I was interested to hear about the mechanism of the harp, with its eight pedals which are worked by pressure of the feet. The pedals make the occidentals and half tones by being connected with wires in the big upright frame of the harp. These wires grip the strings, which on a harp are red and white instead of black and white as are the keys of a piano. In playing a difficult piece the pedals must move rapidly. I had always fancied it quite easy to just run the hands gracefully over the strings and bring forth "Annie Laurie" or "Yankee Doodle" at will, but not so. One must have trained feet as well as hands to play the harp. Mr. Gage is one of the comparatively few American harpists, most of them being Italian. He is one of the best, and a great addition to Marion, musically. He fills many concert engagements out of the city. He plays with the Soldiers' Home Band, and on Saturday for the sick soldiers in the Home Hospital. He is a composer of music, songs and piano selections, and is now arranging to publish some selections for the harp.

Wanamaker's pipe organist of New York City complimented Miss Mildred Dilling by saying that he knew of no young harpist of so much promise. She is now employed at one hundred dollars per month in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church of New York. Miss Charline Dilling is studying the violin. She first took lessons when living in Marion, being then so young that Mr. Nussbaum, her teacher, made three attempts before getting a violin small enough for her to handle. At the time of the concert given by these sisters in Marion in October last, there occurred the death of a very dear friend of their childhood, Mrs. John Butler. Miss Mildred and Miss Charline furnished beautiful music for the funeral services, with the harp and violin, Miss Mildred singing "Abide With Me," "Asleep in Jesus," and also the favorite song of Mrs. Butler "Nearer My God to Thee," accompanying her voice with the harp. As little neighbor girls they had played in and out of the Butler home, always calling Mr. Butler "Daddy." Their music was a touching tribute to early childish memories.

Mrs. Emma Hutchinson, superintendent of the Orphan's Home, has told me of the interest of the children in music. At the holiday time just passed the members of the Morning Musical Club asked Mrs. Hutchinson for the Christmas wishes of the children. She had them write out their requests and some of them were very amusing (if not too pathetic); billy goats and rabbits figuring in the list. But as the musical tastes of the children are encouraged by Mrs. Hutchinson, a large number of the girls of the Home asked for French harps in order that they might play with the piano and phonograph accompanying them. The phonograph is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Raymond, and is in perfect tune with the piano. Some of the boys already had harps and now the general ensemble is an orchestra to be proud of. In addition to this they enjoy chorus singing, sometimes, with all the instruments accompanying the voices of those not busy with the harps. At other times Mrs. Hutchinson plays the piano accompaniment and all sing. On Christmas morning the girls of the Home at day break marched through the halls singing carols. In the evening, Madeline Thompson, one of their sweetest sing-

ers, sang Christmas words to the air of Mendelssohn's beautiful Spring Song, the chorus of voices joining in. She was not well that evening and in a week had gone from the Orphans' earthly home to that heavenly home of orphans, we have no doubt. The nightly bed time song and chant of the Lord's prayer, sung with bowed heads, the piano accompanying and the repeating afterward of David's prayer, are a tender touch at the close of day.

There has been a constant exchange of courtesies among our musicians, different musical combinations being formed, sometimes with the assistance of players from nearby towns, who are pupils of Marion's musical institutions. In orchestra work this is especially true and because of the changing nature of this kind of music, I can but give a bare synopsis, a few examples at best. About 1891, Mr. Albert and Mr. Ben Larrimer organized a mandolin club, having from ten to twenty members, composed of mandolin and guitar players, all of them volunteer local talent. This was almost the introduction of mandolin music, which became very popular. These players were in great demand and as Mr. Ben Larrimer said: "Yes, we played for charity, always helping in the Nickel concerts so often given in that day."

About 1899 some of our very young folks (just learning to play you might say) formed an orchestra and played for the Christian church (now Congregation) Sunday school. There were Hubert, Frank and Guy Leas, mandolins; Marie Morris and Catherine Carr, violins; Carlos Rigdon, flute; Harry Moore, cello and Hattie Carr, pianist. This was one of the very early Sunday school orchestras. The Leas Mandolin Club was composed of the three Leas boys and one or two others. Mrs. F. G. Leas was accompanist. In 1902, or near that time, the Presbyterians organized perhaps the first paid orchestra connected with any Marion Sunday school. Delbert Laird, a clarinet player, was first leader and Merle Dee Elliott, pianist. This orchestra consisted of from five to eight pieces, and the expense of from two to four dollars per Sunday, was collected by special arrangement from the Sunday school. The first orchestra song books in use in Marion were purchased by this orchestra. Mr. Nussbaum had charge of the Sunday school orchestra in later years and the present orchestra is composed of men, and Mr. Earl Riley is director and pianist. About thirty years ago, when Elkanah Hulley was elected superintendent of the First Methodist Sunday school, an orchestra was formed. Arthur Winters and Ed Beck played cornets, Gertrude Smith, a granddaughter of Ernst Guenin, the violin, and Hartley St. John the bass viol. Mrs. Jennie Watson accompanied on the organ. This must have been the first Sunday school orchestra in Marion. Since then for a good part of the time there has been an orchestra maintained. In 1908 a paid orchestra was organized; the conductor is Mrs. Dolores Kersey Nussbaum. Some of the Sunday school orchestras of other churches have been mentioned in connection with church music. The Methodist church at Point Isabel has a Sunday school orchestra, first led by Delbert Johnson and at present by Ward Kilgore. One of the best remembered stringed quartets playing in public and for a length of time, was composed of the following members: Mr. Paulsen, violin; Miss Alma Patton, violin; George Steffens, viola; and Ben Larrimer, cello. Many other players have combined for a time, playing publicly. Mrs. Catherine Carr Moore and Miss Ida Dobson, violinists, Mr. Steffens, viola, and Mr. Moore, cello, played for entertainments. The Franklin and Polly orchestra has always played dance programs. Miss Dolly Spurr and Allen Spurr were managers of an orchestra some years ago, furnishing dance music. There have been other combinations playing this class of music.

The music at the Grand is exceptionally good and deserving of mention. The pianist is Merle Dee Elliott. I have learned some interesting facts about it. As one may notice who has attended the "movies," the music is continuous during each show of from three to five reels (which is not the case in all picture shows). This does not happen by chance. The music must be carefully arranged before hand to suit the subject of the picture, and change with different phases of each picture. "The Dead March in Saul," would hardly do for a wedding scene. Parts from twenty or more different musical selections are often woven into one continuous piece or medley to suit the changing reels. Two pianists, if not more, are always at hand, one to relieve the other. Miss Elliott must see the pictures on the canvas early in the afternoon in order to arrange the music. A pipe organ is being installed to use in the music of the Grand. Earl Riley is pianist at the Indiana theater, where there is an orchestra. He has a music class and is much interested in his work.

Mention is made of a concert given by the Indiana College of Music in 1908, with the assistance of the Marion Philharmonic Orchestra, the Marion Male Choir and the Indiana Stringed Quartet. The musicians of Marion are now so well prepared for any kind of public work that combinations can be made while you wait. Hence the impossibility of even brief mention of many excellent organizations, perhaps only kept together for a short time. Miss Golda Lamm, of Converse, often assists in Marion orchestras. She is a fine violinist who has studied at Oberlin and later with Mr. Paulsen. The Marion Conservatory Orchestra has about forty-five performers. It is a concert organization. Mr. Nussbaum is conductor. The Junior orchestra of the conservatory numbers twenty-five players, and is composed of younger students. The Symphony Orchestra is a concert organization and is conducted by Mr. Nussbaum. It is a combination of the Marion Conservatory Orchestra and outside local talent. During the winter of 1912 and 1913 this organization gave three concerts. At that time Mr. Paulsen was assisting and Mrs. Wigger was accompanist. These entertainments were very popular. Each event brought to the city some out of town artist. The winter of 1913 and 1914 the Symphony Orchestra gave a series of concerts. Mr. Nussbaum is conductor and Miss Hazel Lillard is pianist. The first event was in November, with Edward Clarke, of Chicago, vocal soloist, and Rachel Steinman Clarke, violin soloist who charmed by her personality and playing. The Philharmonic Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Emil Bouillet, gave a series of concerts during the winter of 1912 and 1913. The Marion Philharmonic Choral Society on the evening of December 1, 1913, gave the first of a series of concerts to be given throughout the winter. This society is a combination of Mr. Bouillet's Philharmonic Orchestra and the Marion Choral Club, with the addition of Mr. Paulsen's pupils. Mr. Paulsen is conductor; Myron Fisher, concert master and Mrs. Wigger, pianist. For the first concert the soloist was Miss Adelia Reynolds, cellist. The orchestra played First Symphony —second movement, composed by C. H. Overman, of Marion, and an arrangement of "The Rosary" by Mr. Paulsen with other selections by the orchestra and Choral Club.

Chamber music includes compositions which are written for limited groups of instruments, suitable for performance in small rooms only. It originated during the middle ages, when music was used as a means of entertainment to add to the pleasure of banqueters. As a demand for such performance grew, musicians realized there should be a special kind of music suitable to the size and nature of the instrumental collection. When the violin was made so prominent in all instrumental composi-

tions, chamber music, as we now know it, began to assume definite form. Today, under this head, are placed trios, quartets, quintets, sextets, septets, and octets, named according to the number of instruments used. The Forty-third Free Memorial Concert on the Sweetser foundation was given by the Bailhe Trio, December 9, 1913, at the Presbyterian church. This trio, composed of the following members: Mr. George Bailhe, pianist; Mr. Gaston Bailhe, violinist and Mr. Franz Wagner, celloist, has done much to popularize chamber music in our community. This was their second appearance in these memorial concerts, and they delighted all who heard them. George Bailhe was for a time a teacher of piano in Marion. I am greatly indebted to Mrs. Beshore, who is prominent as a singer in musical events and has saved old programs. These she has kindly loaned me and from them I am able to gather valuable data. In 1902 the Marion Oratorio Society was organized. I will repeat a few words from the introductory found on the first page of the program, announcing the presentation of the "Messiah." "The Marion Oratorio Society is organized for the purpose of producing the choral works of the best composers. Anyone whose voice is adequate to the demands of the work, who will devote an hour for one night of each week from October to May, is invited to become a member of the society." The organization was looking forward to the May Festival then in prospect. It was encouraged and helped by the Marion Conservatory. On Christmas night in 1902, at the First Methodist church, the sacred oratorio, the "Messiah," was given by this society with Mrs. Mabel Sharp Herdien as soprano soloist, and Miss Mabel Shorey, contralto soloist, both of Chicago. Mr. Tucker was conductor of the chorus. This was a musical event never to be forgotten by Marion people. That we may not become unduly proud of the musical importance of today I will call to our minds a little event of a good many yesterdays." In 1865, at the Methodist Episcopal church in Marion was held a musical convention by Professor Paige, a student of Doctor Baker of the Boston Music School, and P. R. Hanby, author of many of the popular war songs. Classes were held afternoon and evening for two weeks closing with a cantata.

In 1902, from June 24th to the 27th, the Jubilee meeting of the Indiana Music Teachers' Association was held at the First Methodist church. This event was an educational uplift, musically, to the people of Grant county. Oliver Willard Pierce, of Indianapolis, was the president of the association. On the evening of June 24th the musical clubs of Marion (then the Lyric, Morning Musical and Philharmonic) gave a concert, followed by a reception at the Commercial Club. I only wish I had the space to insert the program of this concert, as it has upon it names of musicians who have many of them since removed from our city. The address of welcome was given by the Honorable Hiram Brownlee; response by Oliver Willard Pierce. This was only the introductory entertainment of the series of musical events given at this time, and participated in by musicians from all parts of the state. The Indiana Music Teachers' Association was again held in our city in 1913 at the First Christian church. At this time Mr. Nussbaum was elected president of the association. As a result of the enthusiasm from holding the association here in 1902, steps were taken in February of 1903 toward holding a music festival here, and the Marion Music Festival Association was organized with the following officers: Mr. Nussbaum, president; Miss Alice Goldthwaite, vice-president; W. H. Mershon, secretary; and Ben Larrimer, treasurer. Through the work of this association and the helpful support of others, on June 9th, 10th and 11th, at the First Methodist church was held the Music Festival or May Festival, as it

was sometimes called, although a bit late. I have one or two of the old programs. On the evening of June 10th the oratorio, Elijah, was given. Mr. Tucker was conductor of the Marion Festival Chorus and Mrs. Meta Steele Owen was pianist; Dr. Louis Falk, of Chicago, was organist; Mrs. C. R. Lapinsky, of Louisville, soprano soloist; Mrs. Clara Turpin Grimes, of Dayton, contralto soloist; Alfred Shaw, of Chicago, tenor; and Frederick Martin, of Boston, basso. The Soldiers' Home Concert Quartet, the members at that time being Mrs. Brimacombe, Mrs. Beshore, Mr. Gardner and Mr. Genung, sang with the artists' quartet. Mrs. Brimacombe took the part of Youth in the oratorio "Elijah." On the afternoon of June 11th, an artists' concert was given. At the Indiana theater, November 17, 1903, the Marion Oratorio Society presented "Rebekah," a sacred idyll by Joseph Barnby; and also on the same evening: "A Hymn of Praise," a cantata. Mme. Genevieve Johnstone Bishop, of Chicago, was soprano soloist; Miss Rosalia Bushnell, of Marion, assistant soloist; Mr. Holmes Cowper, tenor; Mrs. Kimball, pianist; and Mr. Tucker, conductor. "The Crusaders," a cantata, was given by this society on February 12, 1904, with Mr. Shark, tenor; Miss Shorey, contralto; Mr. Garnett Hedge, bass, all of Chicago; Mrs. Kimball, pianist, and Mr. Tucker, conductor of the chorus; A. Ernestinoff and Captain Stack conducting the orchestra. On February 28, 1903, the Indiana State Eisteddfod was held at the Indiana theater. Chairman of the Eisteddfod committee was William Davies, of Elwood; vice-president, George Phillips; treasurer, William Walters; secretary, David C. Jones. These last named were Welsh citizens of Gas City. Daniel Prothero of Milwaukee was adjudicator of music during the Eisteddfod, and Professor Lewis Evans of Chicago, assistant adjudicator. Mr. William E. Powell, of Milwaukee, was conductor of the day and adjudicator of recitations. The Welsh people of Gas City have added greatly to the musical influence of Grant county. You may count on them as patrons of musical events, as well as upon their assistance on programs. A young lady of Gas City, Miss Sarah Hayle, is a Welsh singer who has filled choir positions in Marion, also Miss Elizabeth Lewis of Gas City. The Llanelly Royal Prize Choir of Wales, gave a concert in the Presbyterian church on January 18, 1910. This was a musical treat, indeed. Sometime after this the Welsh Chorus of Gas City gave a concert in this church. About two years ago there was a concert given by men, all of them laboring men of Wales, who delighted the audience with their beautiful singing. On August 10, 1906, a Choral Contest was given at Winona Lake. Many of our Marion singers attended, some of them qualifying to enter the contest. Mrs. Alma Tibbits Hadley, took a prize for singing a contralto solo; and Mr. Frank Johnson for bass solo.

On November 30, 1906, the Marion Philharmonic Society, which might be said followed or was a reorganization of the Marion Oratorio Society, gave a Choral Contest in the Coliseum. This contest was entered into by singers of Ohio and Indiana, and was a great musical event. In almost every respect it was like the Welsh Eisteddfod and called an Eisteddfod by some. I would like to more fully describe it as I hold in my hand an old program, but lack of space forbids. There were competitions arranged for solos, quartets, duets, chorus and church choir competitions, and in fact everything in the vocal musical line. Hans Richard was the out-of-town piano soloist; conductor of Marion Chorus, Mr. Tucker; Mrs. Meta Steel Poindexter, official pianist; conductor of the day, Hon. L. P. Williams, of New Castle, Pennsylvania; adjudicators, Wilson G. Smith, of Cleveland, and J. Powell Jones, of Painesville, Ohio. The officers of the Philharmonic Society were: President, Paul Poindexter; vice president, Miss Alice Goldthwaite; secre-

tary, Mrs. J. E. Johnson; corresponding secretary, Mr. Steffens; treasurer, George Webster, Jr. In this contest the Marion Chorus took a prize in the singing of the "Spinning Chorus," from "The Flying Dutchman"; also divided a church choir prize in the singing of the "Te Deum" by Dudley Buck. Miss Georgia Paulus, Miss Ethel Simons and Miss Maricetta Coffin qualified for solo work, and Miss Simons and Miss Paulus divided a prize on the soprano solo, "Nymphs and Fauns." Miss Coffin sang a mezzo soprano solo, "Farwell Ye Hills." The Dudley Buck Quartet, composed of the following members: Earl Newhamser, Lew Hulley, Harry Moore and Mr. Wuersten, took the prize in a male quartet competition, singing "Lead Kindly Light" by Dudley Buck. At a Welsh Eisteddfod in 1899, at Anderson, Mrs. Brimacombe captured a prize for singing a soprano solo: "Thou Art My Life." The Welsh Chorus of Gas City, conducted by Reese Lewis also took a prize at this time. At a singing contest held at Phlox, a quartet composed of the following persons: Angeline Kilgore, soprano; Ada Turner, alto; Wesley Kilgore, tenor; and J. V. John, bass, took the prize (a large feed basket) for singing the following song: "Come Where the Lilies Bloom." "After twenty years," said Mr. Kilgore, in telling one of this event, "the basket is still in my barn, not much the worse for wear." Mrs. Ida Brizendine sang alto with this quartet in place of Mrs. Turner at times. Later, her daughter, Miss Edna Brizendine, is the leading musician in the vicinity of Point Isabel.

On May 31 and June 1, 1909, a Music Festival was held in Marion at the Coliseum. It was then the hope of Marion musicians to make the festivals a yearly occurrence. At this time Mr. Marion Green was vocal instructor at the Marion Conservatory, and he was a promoter of the enterprise. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra, better known as the Theodore Thomas Orchestra with Frederick Stack as conductor, was brought here for this event. The chorus of Marion singers presented "King Olaf" by Elgar, Mr. Tucker conducting. The out-of-town soloists were: Daniel Beddoe, tenor; Miss Percival Allen and Miss Margaret Keyes; Mr. Green, bass. I have given where I could the names of out-of-town soloists of note, to show the educational advantage of their appearance among us. Those who must stay close at home have had the privilege of hearing these musicians during the Music Teachers' Conventions, the Music Festivals, the Eisteddfod and Choral Contest, also the entertainments of the Oratorio Society and Philharmonic Society.

There has been no admission charged and when these different musical events were first thought of and attempted, it was a risk to take. The activity and energy of our musical people, aided by the public spirit of our citizens, carried this work to completion. A Marion audience is unconsciously critical, having heard such good music. During the time of the recent Chautauqua, while some of the musical numbers were all that could be expected; others were not up to our standard. Some twenty years ago, Marion musicians were much interested in amateur theatricals and operettas. If money was to be raised for church or charity, this was the popular method. Mr. Larrimer dropped a remark that at the time he came to Marion, Hiram Beshore was about as good an all around and public spirited musician as anyone he knew. So I asked Mr. Beshore what other line of music he took an interest in beside band music. "Well," said he, "I directed the orchestra for some of the light operas given by home talent. One could secure any amount of timber for orchestra work now, and of the best, but then I sent away for my first violin, and also for a clarinet player."

"The Little Typhoon" was given twice, once in the interest of the Orphans' Home and once as a benefit for Harry Collins, who was a

good tenor singer, a Marion boy, and about to embark upon a musical career. When this operetta was given for the Orphans' Home benefit, one of the performers has since told me, the young men of the town acting as guarantors, "fell in the hole" (I believe that is the way to put it) nine dollars. It is to be hoped Mr. Collins fared better than the orphans. "The Pirates of Penzance" was also given by local talent. "Queen Esther" was given at White's hall near 1877, and must have been an imposing event. The part of Queen Esther was taken by Mrs. O. H. Keller; the part of King Ahasuerus by a gentleman from Cincinnati who came to Marion expressly to take this place. Mrs. M. C. Mead and Mrs. Kate Hess were the attendants of the queen; Mrs. Mary Humphries-Dodd, the wife of Haman; the part of Haman was taken by Mr. George Fravell; the part of Mordecai by Mr. O. H. Keller and Miss Lucy Humphries and Miss Anna Louise Brownlee were cup bearers. Near this time "The Gypsy Queen" was given at Sweetser's opera house. Our Marion girls, dressed as gypsies, each with tambourines, gave drills and tableaux around campfires; tableaux from "Helen of Troy"—"The Dream of Fair Women"—were interspersed. These two last named events, and the "Naiad Queen," mentioned in another place, were given as benefits for the Washington Street Christian church then under construction.

"The Mikado" was rehearsed, but for some reason, never given. "Princess Bonnie" was produced by home talent also, but no one remembers details. The opera "Pinafore" was given under the auspices of the Marion Conservatory in 1907, for a charitable benefit, Mr. and Mrs. Baxter having charge and singing the principal roles. Mrs. Lohmeyer, Miss Anna Louise Brownlee, Frank Grinstead and Frank Johnson took leading parts. The Elks Lodge began years ago giving minstrel shows. Mr. Larrimer was the moving spirit in putting on the first of these entertainments. Some time later they took the form of musical comedy, and people from out of town who made it a business were secured to manage these events. A Mr. Grubb at one time, I am told, and on two occasions Mr. and Mrs. Howe had charge. Miss Fanny Alexander was accompanist. Some of our people taking leading parts were the Misses Anna Louise and Bess Book Brownlee, Jessie Feighner, Lois Osborn, Mamie Kiley, Mrs. Lohmeyer, Mr. Tucker, Frank Johnson, Robert Lohmeyer and John O. Willson. At this time Mr. and Mrs. Howe complimented Marion musical talent by saying that in no city of its size (or even in larger cities) did they find such fine talent for light opera work. The Knights of Pythias for some years past have given minstrel entertainments. Mr. Wuersten has had charge. Mrs. Susannah Leas Campbell has been accompanist, and it is said holds the music together by her ability for correct time and accent. The Minstrel Quartet is a feature. It has the following members: Charles McGuire, first tenor; Ralph Roessler, second tenor; Carlos Rigdon, baritone; and Merrill McKee, bass. In the after part of the entertainment, drills and fancy dances, given by young ladies of the city have been much enjoyed.

There was a time in Marion's history when comic opera, often of first-class character, was produced at our theaters, even grand opera troupes often appearing. But for a few years past our show houses are given over entirely to vaudeville, which is much to be regretted. Friends and associates of the late "Heavy" Smith will remember his imitation of the calliope. Once at a charity concert given in the Sweetser opera house, he went to the trouble of fixing up a piano box with pipes of some kind, to look as much as possible like a calliope. At a certain time, when the curtain went up, there stood this "musical instrument." He walked out on the stage soberly, dressed for the occasion, and sat

down, imitating the playing with his hands and with his voice producing such sounds as to almost exactly reproduce the music of the calliope. It was needless to say that the audience was highly entertained.

The musical interest created in Grant county by the teachers of the Academy and College, left a musical atmosphere quite unusual for that day. In 1868, Mrs. Starrett tells me, when Mr. Starrett and she came to Marion, they were pleasantly surprised to find it so. It may have been since then, from natural and unavoidable circumstances, the musical tide has ebbed for a time, but only to rise again. Mr. and Mrs. Starrett were both musical. She a soprano singer and he with a fine tenor voice. Mrs. Starrett took up Nan Sanford's music class, teaching for only a short time, as her family demanded her care. She turned her class over to Emma Harter (now Mrs. James V. Sweetser). Memory lingers fondest and longest about "my old music teacher," or "my first teacher" whichever way we happen to express it. Before the advent of conservatories and studios of music, they represented the musical advantages of the county, many of them having large classes in neighboring towns. Well remembered are Miss Linny McDowell, Miss Fannie Behymer, Mrs. N. S. Higbee, Miss Candace Zombro, Miss Norah Eshelman, Miss Jennie Mourer and Miss Mary Williams, afterward Mrs. O. H. P. Cary; later Miss Maude Saylor and Miss Anna Landis; still later, Miss Ella Ammons, and no doubt others whom I have overlooked.

Mr. Ora Pearson came to Marion from Indianapolis on certain days and conducted a class, also organizing a choral class. I have been anxious that no personal touch should creep into this chapter, but perhaps it is not in bad taste to tell of a certain period, the incidents of which I remember as well as anyone else. In other parts of this article I have simply known to whom to go to for information, and the kindly helpfulness extended, will ever be to me a pleasant recollection. I remember Nettie Murphy coming back from Chicago where she had been taking both piano and voice lessons. She played "Silvery Leaves" and sang "Eyes So Blue" and Tosti's "Good Bye" very sweetly, and we stay-at-homes were secretly envious and openly admiring. At this time the "Racquet Galop" (a new ragtime production), was boldly played in defiance of classical tastes. "The Shepherd Boy" was dividing the honors with "The Maiden's Prayer," and "The Mocking Bird" had developed into variations. "When the Leaves Begin to Turn," was a song that made even April skies look like Indian summer. "Under the Daisies," was a great favorite. It rambled on something like this: "The beautiful, beautiful daisies—the snowy, snowy daisies." The joyous enthusiasm of youth was but pleasantly tempered by its sadly sentimental strains. Now, alas, since life has taught a few lessons we would rather sing of hope and joy. Then Marion was proud of her beautiful shade trees, which so over-lapped the streets that even on moonlight nights the shadows were deep, and the whispering leaves spoke to the young heart musically. The boys hung around the streets serenading on the slightest provocation. The one or two railroads made little noise, street cars did not clang by, paved streets clamor to be heard, the honk, honk of the speeding auto did not warn loiterers off the dusty streets to safety on the pebbly side walk. There were no picture shows, no fraternity houses, not many lodges or orders with inviting doors thrown open. Why not serenade or gather at the "Case home," or stop in at Lena Fry's for a bit of music, and maybe a wee bit of dancing, if some one was foolish enough to play the Nordica waltz? Your music was not made for you in those days; you had to make it yourself. About this time Miss Maggie St. John had returned

from Indianapolis, where she had been taking vocal lessons. Her voice was as smooth and clear as a flute. She gave me one vocal lesson with a delicious supper thrown in, which was about the extent of my vocal training—Miss Miriam Brownlee was singing an alto full of melody, and she and Miss St. John often sang together; their voices blending exceptionally well. They sometimes received invitations from out of town to help in musical events. Miss Norah Lenfesty was a high soprano singer whose tones were brilliant, and Mrs. Josie Starrett Spencer sang also a high soprano, sweet and bird-like. Mark Swayzee was manager of a quartet that sang for political meetings during George W. Steele's first congressional campaign with the following members: Frank Brownlee, Homer Allen, Harry Collins and John Ammons.

At this time Grant county in fancied activity lay only dreaming above that wealth of gas and oil that was to revolutionize her industries and change the town to the city of Marion. And along with other enterprises came new elements musically. Miss Louise Willets will be remembered as a music teacher at about this time. Mrs. Dolly Richards (now Mrs. Mark Swayzee) also came to Marion and soon had a fine music class. Miss Harriet Porter was for a time a music teacher in our city. Later Miss Minnie Murdoff came with her parents to Marion. Her influence, musically, was at once felt. About fifteen years ago Mrs. H. L. Cushwa had a large music class here. She is a graduate of the musical department of Coate's College, Terre Haute, afterward studying with William Sherwood, of Chicago. Mrs. Cushwa is a fine pianist and accompanist. Miss Alma Tibbits had a large music class in Marion, and is well remembered for her unusually deep contralto voice. Mrs. J. W. Nesmith was a teacher of piano and pipe organ. Her musical work in Marion was of importance. Mrs. A. M. Ervin is a musician who has been closely connected with the work of the conservatory. Miss Mame McRae is a teacher especially successful in interesting and starting aright those beginning musical study. Mr. George Doll has taught in Marion for six years past. He has a music room fitted up at his home, where he gives lessons. Mrs. Henry Pease has a class of about twenty-six pupils; she is a West Marion teacher. The Misses Julia and Nellie Kelsey have been for some years interested in Marion, musically, as teachers, although their home is just over the border in Converse, Miami county. Alexander Ernestinoff came to Marion first as a teacher of voice in 1894, from Indianapolis. On certain days he gave lessons at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Webster, being the teacher of Miss Jessie Webster, who has been connected with the music of the Congregational church. He had quite a large class for a time. Mrs. Webster has told me that he was a very cultured man. He came from St. Petersburg, Russia. His god-father was the composer, Liszt.

We are proud of our musical young folks said a Fairmount lady to me after a program given by one of Marion's musical clubs recently, in which four of Fairmount's young musicians took part. She said "Don't you think we do well for a Quaker community?" On this occasion Miss Helen Outland gave a brilliant piano solo. She had been studying in Indianapolis. Mr. Hadley Outland, who had been a pupil of Mr. Tucker, sang *a* and *b* numbers. Brahm Friedman, whom I have mentioned in another place, delighted his hearers with his violin playing. His sister, Miss Fannie Friedman, played his difficult accompaniments. This lady further told me that musically Fairmount owed much to Miss Leona Wright, who studied music at Earlham College and afterward in Indianapolis. She had such correct methods as a teacher, also taste and enthusiasm to inspire her pupils. She is now living in Indianapolis.

Miss Marguerite Packard and Mrs. Edna Mullen are piano teachers

of Swayzee. Miss Susie Brown is a soprano singer who takes a prominent part in musical events. A six-piece orchestra plays for entertainments in and around Swayzee. Mr. Jesse Retherford is the leader and Miss Brenda Hawkins is the pianist. A quartet, led by Mr. John Frantz, furnishes vocal music for different events. Miss Georgia Frantz is a success as a vocalist. The musicians of Van Buren have organized a Choral Club under the direction of Miss Bertha Wolk. Mrs. Clyde G. Gossett is their pianist. They will soon give the cantata, "Ruth." Miss Lois Eshelman, a Marion girl now living in Van Buren, is interested in the musical development of the town, she being a pianist. Mrs. Gossett is a piano teacher. Mrs. J. M. Toney and Mrs. Claude Kramer are soprano singers. A quartet of several years ago that was prominent in and around Van Buren was composed of the following members: Mr. Ed Howard, Mr. Charles Westfall, Mr. Chester Landess and Mr. Charles Frazee. Mr. Ned Conwell is a good musician and band conductor. The Boys' Band was organized by him and was a musical feature some years ago. Miss Katherine Cruse is a young pianist of whom Van Buren is proud. Miss Eulalia Connell, a former violinist of Van Buren, is now a resident of Marion and plays in the orchestra at the Grand.

There have been many enjoyable recitals given by our musical people. Some of them have been mentioned in a different connection. If I could offer a suggestion prompted by the difficulties I have encountered in securing accurate musical dates, it would be the dating of programs fully year, month, and day, and that a file be kept somewhere of all special musical events. If these programs are worth giving, they are worth remembering, making mention as they often do of names of musicians who once lived among us. A musical given by Wm. Wuersten, bass; Miss Blanche Strain Good, pianist; Lena Bently Jackson, violinist; Mrs. Beshore, contralto; and the Dudley Buck Male Quartette bears no date. "The Coming of the King," by Dudley Buck was presented at the Congregational Temple, January 9, 1907. Director, Mr. Green; soloist, Mr. Shaw, of Chicago; Mrs. Lohmeyer, soprano; Miss Elizabeth Hogin, alto; Rev. Wm. Rainey Bennett, tenor; Mr. Owen Davies, baritone; Mr. Frank Grinstead, basso; Mr. Wuersten, basso; Mrs. Kimball, pianist; Mr. Bert Summers, of Muncie, organist. February 12, 1908, at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium the Morning Musical Club gave a charity concert. The vocal soloists were: Mrs. Spencer, Miss Wright, Mrs. Lohmeyer, Mrs. Baxter and Mrs. Hess. A piano quartet number by Mesdames Johnson, Helm, Campbell and Miss McRae. Instrumental solos by Mrs. Kimball and Miss Olive Kilgore; violin number, Miss Kersey and Mrs. South; vocal quartet, Mesdames Brimacombe, Barley, Tucker and Hadley. During the past winter Mrs. Nellie Nixon Davis, soprano and reader and Miss Elsie McGregor, pianist and accompanist, have given recitals in surrounding towns with success, broadening the influence of Marion musically. A Goshen newspaper compliments the recital given by Mrs. Lois Osborn Spencer some time ago in that city. Miss Edith Carlisle Baldwin has frequently sung before the Musical Art Society and in recitals.

The Old Fiddlers Contest, given under the auspices of the T. P. A. at the Grand Opera House in 1898, was a great success in more than one way. A gentleman in describing it to me, said: "I had not laughed so hard in years, and the only trouble was the event was so lengthy, lasting until almost midnight." The association advertised for fiddlers of the old-fashioned kind, who played only by ear. They offered prizes of all descriptions, from a pound of coffee to an iron bed. Twenty-five or thirty players from far and near (speaking locally) entered the list. The pieces were specified before hand, such as "Old Black Joe,"

"Money Musk," "The Arkansas Traveler," "The Devil's Dream" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Judge Mock, of Bluffton, easily took the prize as the tallest fiddler, being near the seven foot mark. There were entries for the ugliest fiddler, the fattest fiddler and so on. A man and his wife and three children from near Upland, took the prize for a "family of fiddlers," and the wife as best "woman fiddler," one of the children as the "youngest fiddler," and said my informant, that family went away with a whole wagon load of prizes. The affair ended with a cake walk participated in by about ten couples of colored people, and led by Jim Boots. The prize for this being a cake weighing twenty-five pounds and "light as a feather."

The musical club life of Marion is a sustaining feature in musical development. After quite a bit of investigation I think I have unearthed the first musical club in our city. Perhaps it was not so well organized, nor did it have so many rules or by-laws as succeeding clubs but a club it was, and disputes with the Lyric Club, the proud boast of being the "very first" musical club. It organized in about 1890, with Miss Lucy Goldthwait as first president. The names of the members, as nearly as I could get them from memory alone were: Lucy and Alice Goldthwait, Ida Hulley, Beatrice Hall, Ada Harvey, Lotie and Lettie Case, Grace Gould, Edith Sweetser, Meta Steele, Anna Sweetser, Florence Reasoner and Delight Sweetser. You will understand that these were their girlhood names. They "think" they called their club the Matinee Musical, and explain the organization of the Amateur Musical Club in 1894 as a revival of this first little club. The Matinee Musical (if such was its name) met at the homes of the girls and the only trace of a program is that one of the members says she knows that she read a paper on Rubinstein at a meeting held in Mrs. Martha Goldthwait's home where they all sat toasting their toes around a bright grate fire. The Amateur Musical Club of 1894 met in the basement of the old Presbyterian church. Minnie Murdoff was the first president and from an old program I add these names to those of the Matinee Musical, which may not yet be a complete list: Mabel Heichert, Dace Murdoff, Miriam Wallace, Edith Keller, Lucy Humphries, Elizabeth Thomas, Gertrude Campbell, Anna Landis, Bertha St. John, Anna Brownlee, Jessie Webster and Lulu Myers. In 1899, the young ladies of musical tastes met at the home of Miss Edith Sweetser and with Miss Alice Goldthwait as chairman organized the Morning Musical Club. Miss Minnie Murdoff was first president, and Miss Edith Sweetser, secretary. Miss Murdoff was president until 1904, followed by Miss Alice Goldthwait, Mrs. Lucy Lindhardt was the next president and she was followed by Miss Alice Goldthwait, who again assumed the duties of president. For the past three years Miss Ada Wright has been president of this club. Mrs. J. E. Johnson served as secretary, coming in after Miss Sweetser and holding the office for a number of years, followed by Miss Hazel Lillard, the present secretary. This club first met on Monday morning in the basement of the old Presbyterian church. Later, but only for a time it met at the home of the members, since then at the conservatory, at the Y. M. C. A. auditorium, and at present at the Tucker studio. This club has a large membership consisting of both married and unmarried ladies, among them musicians from our neighboring towns. It is indeed a power in the musical life of our city. On Monday evening, December 8, 1913, the Morning Musical Club entertained the Lyric Club and Musical Art Society at the home of Miss Alice Goldthwait, where a fine program was given and the social feature greatly enjoyed. The evening recitals given by this club are a special feature.

One day Mrs. Miriam Gray now Mrs. C. M. Stuart and Mrs. Hiram

Brownlee took a carriage and called at the home of the musical ladies of Marion to interest them in the forming of a married ladies musical club. As a result, on the 14th day of October, 1892, the ladies met at the home of Mrs. Gray and organized an afternoon musical club, with Mrs. Gray as president and Mrs. Duncan Dithridge as secretary. At the next meeting, on October 27th, 1892, being the first real meeting of the society, it was named the Lyric Club. In Marion today there is no more permanent musical organization. Members come and go with the years, but many charter members still remain. Once a Lyric member, your interest never lessens. The names of the past presidents of the club, many of them serving for more than one term of office, are: Mrs. Miriam Gray-Stuart, Mrs. Hiram Brownlee, Mrs. L. B. Hutchinson, Mrs. J. P. Stack, Mrs. Celeste Starrett, Mrs. L. K. Price, Mrs. R. J. Spencer, Sr., Mrs. W. H. Charles, Mrs. G. P. Butterworth, Mrs H. L. Cushwa and Mrs. O. B. Campbell. Mrs. L. S. Mark is now president; Mrs. R. E. Egbert, vice president; Mrs. J. H. Deakin, secretary; Mrs. Charles Barley, treasurer. The chairman of the program committee, Mrs. Wm. Mitchell, of the membership committee, Mrs. Deakin, of the emergency committee, Mrs. Nettie Custer. The club colors are green and white; the club flowers, the lily, laurel and rose.

On October 11, 1911, the Musical Art Society was organized under the auspices of the Marion Conservatory of Music. The first president was Mr. Nussbaum. Its object, to be a benefit to the student life of the conservatory, and a pleasure as well to those who were privileged to hear the programs. This club is unique in the fact that the work is voluntary, and the time of meeting not on definitely arranged dates, although about two meetings are held in each month. Mrs. John Pitt Stack is now president of the society and Mrs. Frank Robbins vice president; Mrs. William Mitchell, secretary. The Marion Conservatory organized a musical club called the Philharmonic. Soon after it located here. An old program, bearing the date, 1901, shows an interesting event. I have been told of a Musical Literary Society, to which many of our musicians belonged, which met in a room of the Butler Music Company in about 1899 or 1900. This club was for the study of compositions from a literary as well as musical standpoint, and was conducted by some gentleman from out of town. Within the ranks of the club workers are the musicians whom it is impossible to mention because of their large and changing numbers. They give pleasure through many club years, not only is their musical ability to be complimented, but their loyalty to the work. It is to be taken for granted that a musical life of such importance as we represent, does not wholly exist with the people mentioned in this article. Many of our young people are making a study of music and are already splendid performers.

In 1894 Prof. W. H. Mershon and his wife came to Marion to conduct the department of music then in connection with the Marion Business College. This department was fitted up with pianos, organs, wind and stringed instruments. Later, Professor Mershon opened an independent school, known as the Mershon School of Music, this being the first exclusively musical school opened in Marion. His wife assisted him as teacher of voice and pipe organ. In looking over old programs of the graduating exercises of the school, I notice as pupils the names of so many of the young people of Marion and Grant county who are now our best musicians. In connection with the student life of the school, they gave many public recitals. Miss Monterey Mershon and Miss Bernice Mershon will be remembered as taking part in the musical life of Marion at that time. The Marion Conservatory of Music lends dignity and permanency to the musical life of our city and county

as well. It was founded in October 1898, by Percy L. and S. Hamilton Nussbaum. Both of these gentlemen had studied in America before going abroad to enter the Royal Conservatory of Music at Leipsic. Mr. Percy L. Nussbaum, as a violinist, later studying with Ettore Puselli in Rome, Italy and with Carl Halir, of Berlin. Mr. S. Hamilton Nussbaum studied piano with Leschetizky of Vienna, theory and history of music with other noted teachers. On their return these gentlemen selected Marion as the place to establish a conservatory. Later a building, especially designed to suit the needs of their growing patronage, became a necessity. It is a two-story structure of brick and stone, with an auditorium, office and ample practice rooms, a credit to our city, as in few towns of the size of Marion does one find a permanent conservatory building. It was occupied September 26, 1903. For want of space I can only name those of the faculty of the conservatory best known in the past, and those of our own musicians who have held positions there. Among the latter, Mrs. Nesmith, Mrs. Percival Owen, Mrs. Maude Diels Hacketh, Miss Blanche Shultz (now deceased), Miss Blanch Strain Good, Mrs. Mabel Patton McKay, Miss Margaret Rochm and Mrs. May Hamilton Helm. Others connected with this institution in the past whose influence has been felt musically are Mr. Tucker, Mr. Green, Aurel Borris, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Baillie, and Percy Holbrook. The names of the present faculty are as follows: Percy L. Nussbaum, head of the violin department, of whom it is said that, beside his proficiency as teacher of the violin, he has a wide musical culture. Mrs. Dolores Kersey Nussbaum is assistant in this department, as also are Miss Lucile Ervin and Miss Edna Zimmer. The vocal department is conducted by Mr. Edward Clark, who is connected with the American Conservatory of Chicago. Assistant teachers are: Mrs. Brimacombe and Mrs. Lois Osborn Spencer. Percival Owen, as head of the piano department, has taken the place of S. Hamilton Nussbaum, who has removed to Chicago. Assistants in this department are: Mrs. Kimball, Mrs. Stack, Mrs. Ervin and Mr. Edward T. Turechek. Captain Stack is teacher of clarinet and Antonio Lupo, teacher of flute. It was about 1905 that Mr. Tucker severed his connection with the Marion Conservatory and opened the Indiana College of Music in the Indiana Theater building, later moving to the Shively building, still later occupying commodious rooms known as the Tucker Studio in the Mark building. Among the faculty of this school were many who added much to the musical culture of Marion. As a partial list, I name Mr. Leo Liektonius, Miss Edna Ebbinghouse, Miss Hazel Coats and Carl Bentel, teachers of piano; Alexander Ernestinoff, teacher of voice; Mr. Paulsen, Mr. Boulett and Fred Noble, teacher of violin. Marion musicians who held positions with the school were: Miss Simons, voice; Miss McRae, piano and Mr. Wuersten, voice. The Indiana College of Music absorbed the Mershon School of Music when Mr. Mershon gave up his work in Marion to accept a position at Winona Lake. Mr. Tucker was a tireless worker and many people have said to me that I must not fail to pay a tribute to his influence musically. Interested in all public musical affairs, as organist and conductor, he organized choruses for our principal musical events, presented oratorios and cantatas and gave recitals in addition to his years as teacher of voice. He left Marion to resume his studies abroad.

It is said that violin music sways the heart to good or evil thoughts more than that of any other instrument, which perhaps accounts for its disfavor among serious people in olden days. The violin being easy to tuck under the arm and accompany its player to scenes of revelry, it became associated with this thought. In those days it was more often

called a fiddle, and later, to lend dignity to its finer uses, called a violin. Now that it has played its way into the hearts of all men, we are beginning to speak of it again as the "fiddle," with a new meaning fraught with all that is compelling and refined in music. The people of Marion and vicinity cannot fail to appreciate the fact of having as residents of our city Mr. and Mrs. Paulsen. Mr. Paulsen graduated from the Chicago Musical College in 1899, having studied under Bernhard Listeman. He received the degree of Bachelor of Music, and later studied under Anton Svendsen, of Copenhagen. His violin playing is an example of true musicianship, which means the natural gift for artistic playing, of fine feeling as well as correct technique. Mr. Paulsen has many concert engagements. He conducts a studio in the Iroquois building. As a composer I will speak of his work in another place. Mr. Fred Noble was for some time a resident of Marion. He was a violinist of unusual ability, setting a high standard for solo work. He led the Noble Philharmonic Orchestra, played for entertainments and taught music. Emil Bouillet is a teacher of violin, and conducts a studio at his residence. As a teacher he is said to be very thorough. Mr. Hugh McGibeny, a well known violin teacher of Indianapolis, complimented Mr. Bouillet's pupils as having a fine understanding of music. He is an orchestra conductor of ability. In addition to the violinists whom I have named as connected with our music schools or studios, I think it but fair to mention the violinists of the Lyric Club. Although the Lyric cannot claim them altogether, as they belong to other clubs and are connected with almost all orchestral work in the city. It is of this general service to music that I make mention. Mrs. Catherine Carr Moore studied violin at the Normal College, with Professor Brazelton, afterward at the Marion Conservatory with Mr. Nussbaum and later with Mr. Paulsen. She is a violinist who is a Marion product, both by birth and education, always interested in musical events. Mrs. Dolores Kersey Nussbaum is another Marion girl who received all her training at home. As Miss Dolores Kersey she studied with Mr. Nussbaum at the Marion Conservatory, afterward becoming his wife. She is a talented violinist, much in demand as a soloist. Mrs. Marie Morris South, who until recently, was a resident of Marion, is well remembered musically. She studied violin with Mr. Nussbaum and later with Mr. Paulsen. Mrs. Nellie Nixon Davis is also a violinist, and one of this company of players so often furnishing music for the Lyric Club. She studied in Indianapolis at the Metropolitan College of Music, both violin and voice and later, in Muncie, studied violin with Professor Dann, afterward with Mr. Nussbaum. Miss Ida Dobson has accomplished much with her violin. She first took up the study at the Marion Conservatory, later with Mr. Paulsen, also in Cincinnati with Emil Wiegand. She is a teacher of violin and assists in orchestra work. I can remember Miss Josephine Reuss Barnard being spoken of as a promising violinist, at a time, while not so long ago, yet before the violin had become so popular an instrument for girls. She was first a pupil of Mr. Mershon and often assisted in recitals. Afterward she was a pupil of Mr. Nussbaum, whose wife she became, keeping up her interest in music until her death some years ago. Miss Alma Patton has given her life to the study of the violin. For some years she was a student at the Marion Conservatory under Mr. Nussbaum. Miss Patton has been twice abroad, studying in Berlin under Arthur Hartman and later under Michael Press. A recital was given by the Morning Musical Club recently at the Tucker Studio. Miss Patton, who had just returned from abroad, gave the program, with the assistance of Mrs. Frank Robbins, who is an accomplished pianist of our city. Mrs. J. D. McKay was accompan-

ist. Mrs. Ervin had charge of the program. It was a delightful evening musically and socially as well. A violinist of unusual ability is Brahm Friedman, of Fairmount. He studied first with Miss Mabel Biedler, coming later to the Conservatory and Mr. Nussbaum became his teacher and advisor. He is considered a wonderful musician for his age. His solo playing charms everyone. Miss Jessie Mouteze Jay is a Grant county girl of Quaker stock and her grandmother said in answer to a joking remark made by a friend: "Does thee not know, Mary, that the devil is in the fiddle?" "Yes," said she, "it may be, but not when Jessie plays it." Miss Jay was a pupil of Professor Mershon, a graduate of his music school and afterward studied with Schlewin in Cincinnati. She later played in a New York church and married a prominent organist. Mr. Myron Fisher, of Marion, bids fair to become a violinist of note. He is a pupil of Mr. Bonillet. He has assisted in many concerts, receiving the greatest praise, being considered a phenomenal player for one so young. There are at least three persons who play the cello and assist in Marion's orchestral combinations. They are Mr. Larrimer, Mr. Moore and Mr. Herbert Meyer. The viola is an instrument resembling the violin, but a bit larger and deeper of tone, although not so deep as the cello. Mr. Steffens is always to be depended upon with his viola for orchestral work, and has done much for this department of music. Mr. Donald Beach when a resident of Marion was a celloist. Mr. Berthold Nussbaum was a violin player of natural ability and made a study of this instrument. Mr. Wuersten is a bass soloist, taking a prominent place in our musical life. He conducts choruses out of the city. Mr. Lew Tukey, a baritone soloist, always gives pleasure by his singing. He has vocal classes in near-by towns.

At Taylor University (Upland) both piano and voice are taught. Walter H. Hill at present has charge of the musical department. He is piano instructor and Miss Sadie Miller is assistant. Miss Edith Olmstead is teacher of voice. In addition to the students of the university pupils from the country around take advantage of the opportunity for musical culture. The Fairmount Academy has a musical department, where piano and voice are both taught. The work in the vocal department consists mostly of chorus work, with attention to the fundamental principles of music. Previous teachers of the academy musical department have been: Miss Wright, Miss Julia R. Kelsey, Miss Eva Cope and Miss Lora Hartley. Miss Cordelia Davis, the present director, has had charge for about four years. Professor Drummond, a Scotchman, opened a musical studio for a short time in Marion in the Charles block. This was a good many years ago.

Mrs. Emma Higbee was the first regular instructor of music in the Marion schools. Before this time of course, singing of opening songs, and musical exercises now and then had been given. Mr. Wheeler had charge of the public school music for a time. Miss Minnie May Hodges, the present music superior, is a busy person. The work has grown. There is much responsibility about the musical part of the yearly commencement exercises. Often a light opera is given. One of the younger grade teachers once said to me that the little fourth grade scholars amused and astonished her as they arose in their places and told the "Key Story," which consists of telling the signature where placed—the proper key—where to find "one" and the rhythm. Who can deny the benefit of such training. Miss Hodges interests the children, and makes their music a pleasure. The first and second grades sing by note. No technical terms are used until the third grade. In the advanced grades the music progresses and rapid sight reading is the result. Seasonable songs are always sung. The pitch pipe is used

instead of the old tuning fork. Miss Bertha Wolk is musical supervisor in different places throughout the county, teaching at Swayzee for seven years. At present she is supervisor in the schools of Vanlaurcn and Gas City. There has been a musical department at the Marion Normal since it was first established. Mr. Henry Fields was one of the earliest teachers. Prof. Edgar Brazelton taught piano and violin, and was head of the department. Miss Mary Sage was teacher of voice and afterward married Professor Brazelton. Professor Brokaw had the music in charge for a time. He was teacher of violin and his wife was teacher of piano. Professor Libke was teacher of piano and violin for a time, and Mr. McFall for about a year. Under the new management, Prof. W. H. Mershon has been called back to Marion to direct the music at the Normal Institute. Our home musicians who have held positions there are: Miss Alice Goldthwait, teacher of piano and voice; Miss Blanche McKinney for a time teacher of voice and Miss Ada Wright, teacher of voice who has for several years past held that position. An orchestra has been almost continuously kept up at the college. A man said to me: "If the Conservatory of Music had not come to Marion we would still have been thinking the 'Maiden's Prayer' a classic." Now there are scores of people to rise up and say, "That is putting it by far too strong." But on the other hand I offer as a kind of review of the situation musically (and I hope to strike a full major chord, no minor notes) the conservatory did emphasize and establish our classical tastes. There has been good music produced in this county since an early day, as I have tried to show. Our private teachers were of the best. Professor Mershon's school collected our forces and awakened our young people musically. The Marion Conservatory of Music followed, and financed and made permanent a musical life by bringing to our city teachers in all departments of music, whose influence will ever remain. Like the pebble thrown into the water, the circles ever grow wider. If Wabash, Kokomo, or Peru had either one been the town chosen instead of Marion for this school of music, we might not have had today as residents of our city fine musicians who are here indirectly because of this enterprise. The question is often asked: "Have we an unusual latent musical talent in our county?" Perhaps "Yes." It is at least a happy combination of talent, incentive and opportunity. Our many interurban lines give fine chances for students from all over the county to pursue their studies here. Since this question is being constantly asked, where did our musical people study, more especially when abroad, perhaps I can give this list for future reference. It is only complete in so far as names could be remembered and data secured. Blanche Strain Good, while not a Grant county girl, has been connected with our musical life, having studied at the Marion Conservatory and filled a position there later as teacher. She went abroad, taking piano lessons of Frank La Forge in Berlin, and later in Vienna with Madam Marguerite McVille, then with the famous teacher Leschetizky. She is now teaching piano at Smith College. Mrs. Meta Steele Owen, who has spent most of her life in Marion, is not only known as a musician but also as a promoter of musical interests. She studied abroad in Vienna with Madam Bree, and later with Leschetizky. Since her marriage to Mr. Percival Owen she resides in Indianapolis. Mrs. Minnie Murdoff Kimball was a piano pupil of Edgar Sherwood in Rochester, New York. After her family moved to Marion she studied with Wm. Sherwood, of Chicago. She is now abroad, studying first with Leonid Kreutzer in Berlin and later with Godowsky in Vienna. She is a cultured pianist. Mrs. Lois Osborn Spencer, after training first in voice at the Marion Conservatory, studied vocal music while at De Pauw, then going abroad to study with Madam Vittoria

Baldisern in Florence, Italy. Miss Alma Patton, who belongs to this list have I mentioned in another place. Miss Mamie McRae studied piano in Berlin with Howard G. Wells. Mrs. Mabel Patton McKay studied with Frank La Forge in Berlin, afterwards in Vienna with Marguerite Melville and with Leschetizky. Miss Lillian Baldwin studied voice in Berlin with Frank King Clark. She had before this studied in Cincinnati with D. F. Foley. She is now teacher of voice at "Harcourt Place," Gambier, Ohio. Miss Selma Nussbaum studied at a private school in Lusanne, Switzerland, both voice and piano, afterward in Paris with Sibrilgia. She is now at the Conservatory of Music in Boston. Miss Helen Nussbaum studied violin in Lusanne, Switzerland. Miss Mary Mozingo is now in Berlin studying with Miss Porter. Miss Blanche Shultz, who recently died, was a student of the Marion Conservatory, later in Cincinnati, then in Berlin, Germany, with Hermann. Miss Mildred Dilling studied the harp in Indianapolis with Louise Schellschmidt, later in New York with Charles Schultz, afterward going abroad. Miss Charline Dilling studied violin with Hugh McGibney in Indianapolis and in New York with Visanski. She is preparing to go abroad. Miss Dorothy Nussbaum is now abroad studying with Leonid Kreutzer in Berlin. She studied with her father, Mr. A. Hamilton Nussbaum, while they resided in Marion, pursuing her studies after moving to Chicago before going abroad. Those studying with teachers of our own country are: Miss Alice Goldthwaite, who studied voice in Cincinnati and in New York under Mr. Oscar Saenger. Miss Goldthwaite is well known as a moving spirit in all musical projects. Miss Ada Wright is also closely in touch with the musical life of Marion. Miss Wright and Miss Goldthwaite are both interested in advancing musical club life in our city. Miss Wright has studied voice in Cincinnati with D. F. Foley and at the New England Conservatory. Also later in Louisville, Kentucky. Mrs. Ida Hadley puts life and energy to the songs that she sings and into anything that she does for the betterment of Marion musically. She has studied with Alexander Ernestinoff and with Mrs. Fox of Chicago. Mrs. Ellen McGrew Bury is a pianist who was a student of Oberlin Conservatory. Miss Elsie McGregor is an enthusiastic musical student. She was a piano pupil of S. Hamilton Nussbaum, later taking pipe organ lessons of Wilhelm Middelschulte, of Chicago. Miss Florence Case studied voice with Mr. Tucker, and later in New York City with Madam De Vine, also studying piano with Mr. Salmon, a private teacher of that city. Mrs. Frank Robbins, a pianist who has lately become a resident of Marion, was a pupil for four years of Joseffy in New York City. She was afterward a teacher of music in Dennison University at Granville, Ohio. Mrs. J. W. Brimacombe, who is well known as a singer, studied voice with Mrs. O. L. Fox, of Chicago and with Edward Clark at the Marion Conservatory. Miss Olive Kilgore studied music while at De Pauw, and at the College of Music in Cincinnati for four years. She has had classes in Rigdon and Converse, also having taught music in Marion. Miss Elizabeth Hogan studied with Mattiole in the College of Cincinnati, and in Chicago with Frank Webster. Miss Lucile Frierwood studied piano at the Marion Conservatory and is now in Maryland College, near Baltimore, studying both piano and pipe organ. Mrs. Alice Koontz Deutler, Mrs. Maude Diels Hockett, Mrs. Bertha Buchanan Luttle and Mrs. Maude Bark Williams studied at the New England Conservatory in Boston. Mrs. Georgia Paulus Templin studied voice while at school in Cincinnati, later at St. Mary's school in South Bend, and with Mr. Tucker. Miss Louise Mather is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music in the vocal department, and closely connected with musical events as a singer. Mrs. Grace Dunn Matter began taking

violin lessons when a little girl seven years old, her home being then in Chicago. Later, while attending Vassar College, she had instruction from a New York professor; afterward studying at the American Conservatory in Chicago. She now has a class, teaching both piano and voice in Chicago.

The Dunning system for beginners in musical study is taught by Miss Gretchen Thomas in connection with the Marion Conservatory. It has something of the kindergarten idea about it, and is said to be a great success. The children are made familiar with composers and taught rythm, notation, hand training, and ear training. One young lady, Miss Johanna Jane Hully, "of near seven years of age," a student of the Dunning system, on hearing the older members of the family talking about the coming symphony concert, said, "Hum, I know what symphony means, guess I'll go." We older ones who are a bit rusty in our music will do well to go to Johanna Jane and small Roger Burg, and others for information. The work takes up sight reading and other lines with older children.

Glen O. Friermood was born at Sweetser, but after his family moved to Marion he studied music. Then he studied piano in Indianapolis; after this he went to Cincinnati, where he graduated in music, going afterward to Berlin and studying with Hugo Kahn. He now has a private studio in Indianapolis and charge of the choral [illegible] Earlham College. Converse is partly in Grant county, so we can claim a musician who was born there, Mr. Isaac Edward Norris, who spent most of his school days in Marion after his parents moved here. He made a study of music and finally went abroad, becoming a pupil of Leschetizky. On his return he was for some time head of the department of piano, pipe organ and theory at De Pauw. He then opened the Asbury Conservatory of Music at Green Castle.

Since so many Grant county musicians have studied with Leschetizky, it may be of interest to know more about him. Comparatively few people, out of the many who should have forged to the front in this (hustle or die) old world are well enough known that just speaking their last name only is sufficiently definite. Theodore Leschetizky is his full name, and before he consults to take you as a pupil at twelve dollars per half hour lesson, you must be prepared by teachers of his own choosing, who are connected with his studio. At his home there is a concert hall where he keeps two pianos, one for the students and one for his own use, and here he gives his lessons. Pupils of his staying in Vienna have the privilege of being present during lesson hours that they may get the benefit of his instructions to others. A kind of a musical clinic, I should call it. In this recital hall at his home he also gives entertainments. One day he was giving a young lady a lesson as a final preparation for her appearance at a recital. She did not play to suit him; he walked over to her piano, picked up her music and threw it on the floor. She at once arose, went across to his piano, took an expensive piece of music and tore it in two, also throwing it down. He was astonished and perhaps admired her display of temper as a reproof to his own, for with a profound bow, and a wave of the hand, he said: "Now we will proceed with our lesson." He is very strict, caring little what he says to spurr his pupils to greater effort. One time at a public recital, just after the Titanic was lost at sea, he became so exasperated at some mistakes being made that he exclaimed: "Oh I have only one regret, that when the Titanic went down, she was not filled with poor piano players." Leschetizky is now getting old and they say almost blind. It is a subject of comment in Berlin—the great friendship existing between Leonid Kreutzer and Ossip Gabrilowitsch,

who is the husband of one of Mark Twain's daughters. Both are pianists and conductors. They exchange work, giving in combination the most delightful concerts.

The old Brownlee home is a landmark musically. As the home of the late Judge John Brownlee, the young people of Marion gathered there in an early day to be with his older children. Later, during the girlhood of his daughter Miriam (Minnie), it was a place of musical activity. As the home of Miriam Brownlee Gray it saw the organization of the Lyric Club, and now, as the home of Mrs. Kent Wigger, it welcomes as of yore those who are interested in good music. Mrs. Wigger is an accompanist of ability, and helpful whenever she can be in the progress of Marion, musically. In Marion's early days I can remember hearing that Judge McDowell's home was such a meeting place for the young folks who sang and played and danced so much that the nap was soon worn off of a heavy Brussels carpet.

Mr. and Mrs. Lew Tukey conducted a private vocal studio in Greenfield, Ohio, about two years ago. Mr. Tukey has since had a class in Elwood. Mr. Paul R. Martin is a Marion boy who is now musical critic on the *Indianapolis Star*. Mr. Edward Walker, a tenor singer who was a pupil of Tucker, was singing in a Chicago church and also doing concert work after leaving Marion. Mr. Frank Johnson, well remembered as a bass singer, is making music a feature in Chicago, having a position as singer in the La Salle hotel. While in Marion he was a pupil of Mr. Tucker. Mr. Edward Genung left Marion to enter the field as a singer of light opera. Miss Hazel Robinson was the first Marion singer to take a position singing with local vaudeville shows. Miss Sadie Sherman is a Marion girl who always has a good position. Her specialty is singing and monologue selections, combined in entertainment features. Mrs. Grace Renbarger Stephens conducts novel and pleasant recitals, in the shape of all day events at Connors Mill and other places, with out-door programs. She is a teacher of music. Hugh Porter is so tireless a worker that he will surely succeed as a musician. Although young, he is playing the pipe organ for the First Presbyterian church of Hartford City. He studied with Miss Elsie McGregor and with Mr. Percival Owen at the Marion Conservatory, both piano and pipe organ. Mr. Will Gessler is a piano player whose specialty is the best of dance music. He has told me that he never took but a few lessons, and one wonders then where he gets his music. He certainly has a natural talent. Mr. Fred Trueblood also plays splendid dance music. While a student at Indianapolis University he coined considerable money as a pianist. These young men keep the music going at the fraternity house, and give much pleasure to the young people. Hugh Pope is devoting his attention to popular music and making a success.

Mrs. Harry Lazure of Jonesboro has used her voice where sorrow has invaded homes, and people all think of her—ask Mrs. Lazure to sing a special number at funerals. While she belongs to the Methodist church choir, she sings in all of the Jonesboro churches.

The Lines Trio of Washington township—Miss Helen Lines, violin; Miss Ruth Lines, piano, and Larkin Lines, flute—has appeared on many programs both in town and in the country. Miss Helen Lines frequently plays in Marion orchestras.

Marion music stores have caught the musical spirit of the county and kept pace with the times. The Wallace Music Company and the Butler Music Company do not interest themselves alone in the selling of instruments, but are in sympathy with the musical life of our city, often having given recitals in connection with different departments of

their work. You can step into no more pleasant places of business in Marion than these music stores. The Chute and Butler piano was originated by two Marion men. The Mitchell music store and Boyd music store are recollected by Marion people.

Miss Hazel Williams was a whistling girl who proved false the old adage concerning a "whistling girl and a crowing hen." A boy was ashamed to whistle "along side of her." So musically did she whistle that she was in great demand on concert programs. It was an odd and charming feature. She afterward became Mrs. Don Kleder. In speaking of Mrs. Susannah Leas Campbell, I said to her mother (Mrs. F. G. Leas): "I suppose of course having been a music teacher, you taught Susannah from the earliest moment to play the piano." "No, indeed," said she, "if I tried to show her she did not like it. She wanted to figure it out herself," and this she certainly did, for she is a fine accompanist. Miss Hazel Lillard also often plays accompaniments for different musical events. Miss Edith Filey accompanies the pupils of Mr. Bouillet in recitals.

There are many of our musicians who in connection with our club life play accompaniments skilfully. One must understand that not all splendid musicians have the "trick" of accompanying. Mr. William Mitchell plays accompaniments in club work.

Some of our musicians have been composers as well. The cantata: "Love Triumphant," composed by Mr. Paulsen, has been given and enjoyed by a large audience at the First Methodist church. He has composed a number of songs. "Die Verschmate" ("Rejected") is a favorite. "Piece De Salon" is a violin number among many. A series of Oriental sketches for orchestra is being produced at concerts and receiving much praise. Mr. C. H. Overman has already been spoken of as a composer of orchestra selections. Mr. S. Hamilton Nussbaum is a composer of songs and instrumental selections, among them "Te Deum," for voices and accompaniment; a group of songs including: "The Moon," "The Fir Tree," "Love's Request," "Mazurka," "Valse Arabesque," "Berceuse" for violin. The compositions of Mr. Kent Gage are mentioned elsewhere. Mr. Charles Schoefield composed songs and sang them at the theaters while a resident of Marion.

Alan Spurr, although handicapped by defective eyesight, is a musical genius. Some one said to me, "Alan Spurr can do anything, musically." Many of his compositions are published. One song just ready for publication is: "I Miss You." Among his instrumental compositions, "Contentment," is a favorite of the composer. "Eileen," a song, has brought him much praise. Jerry Ward Cammack, now living in St. Louis and making music a profession, is a Grant county boy. He is a composer of popular music. "Tom and Jerry" is an instrumental selection. "When I Graduate" and "I've Got an Airship Now," are songs. He and Mr. Thomas Pickerill traveled with different amusement companies for about two years, Mr. Cammack as a pianist and Mr. Pickerill as a trap drummer. "Eyes of Fortune" is a song of Mr. Cammack's, the words written by Mr. Pickerill.

Now that I am at the end of my chapter, I feel that those to whom I have paid least tribute, perhaps deserved most; many who never made music a profession or professed to be very musical—those who have sung for the departing, and who would not have refused to sing a song of rejoicing for a soul coming into this old world if asked to do so, through their kindness of heart, giving willing service. Choir members who lingered on while others would come and go. The old church organists who gave years of unpaid service. Their reward is of heaven's giving. They should be allowed to enjoy the music of the celestial

choir without once lifting a hand. Like picking a bouquet from a garden where the old and the new stood close together—the phlox, the marigold and sweet columbine—alongside the pansy and the lily of the valley has been this gathering of the memories of others. Old Grant county you have been weighed in the balance and not found wanting musically.

LXIV. GRANT COUNTY BOOKS AND WRITERS

The outside world has long since recognized Indiana as the author's belt of the United States, and while attention has thus been focused on the state as a whole, how about Grant county—what rank does it hold in the firmament of Indiana writers? Is it not a "bright particular star" in this literary constellation? Leaving merit out of the question, what other Indiana county has produced more books and writers? If Indiana is the author's belt of the United States—then Grant county must be the buckle—the necessary ornament. "Be sure you write, then go ahead," applies to Grant county as well as the rest of Indiana. Solomon said: "To the making of books there is no end," and he must have anticipated the deluge—the flood of local writers.

While some have contributed chapters who would blush to be called historians, the Centennial History and its contributors may now be classified under the caption: "Grant County Books and Writers," and all have rendered valuable service to the community and to posterity. Some have written extensively—have distinguished themselves—but since their contributions are signed, the reader is left to form his own conclusions relative to them. While these Centennial History writers would not call themselves historians, many of them have had excellent conception of the requirements. Kingman Brothers' Atlas of 1877 was the first Grant county publication, and among its contributors were: John Ratliff, William Neal, John F. Swan, Dr. William Lomax, T. D. Tharp and J. Q. Brownlee, and the Atlas is a highly prized publication. In 1886 came the William Neal History with signed articles by John Ratliff and E. L. Goldthwait, and it has served an excellent purpose in the community. In 1901 there was a volume: "Biographical Memoirs of Grant County, Indiana," published without local editorial representation.

In point of seniority—the age of the writer at least—"Winslow's Poems, or Poems for Everybody," by Milton Winslow, is given recognition—position of honor. The book made its appearance in 1891, and Mr. Winslow says: "At the seventieth year of my life I offer this little work with no apology except that in doing so I have followed the bent of my mind. Never until recently have I had opportunity to gratify my inclinations," and it seems that he had spent fifty years in maturing his thought in this book of verse. "The Girl in Her Calico Dress," stands out among other rhymes, and the lines: "If I had a daughter to train and adorn, What then would she wear, do you guess?" suggests the denouement, and the "Simple Life" is reflected in all of his writings. On the subject of war, Mr. Winslow says:

> "Had others done as Quakers did,
> The war had been averted.
> We saw the breakers on ahead,
> Where shoals of danger skirted."

On the subject of "Trials," Mr. Winslow writes:

"God vindicates some children here,
Some in the world to come;
But all who learn his name to fear,
Shall find a better home."

George Addison Henry, of the Grant County Bar, has distinguished himself in the way of practical literature, "Henry's Probate Law" having made its initial appearance in 1891, and it is now in the third edition, and has been enlarged into two volumes, the 1912 revision being considered complete. The publication has had fine sale in Indiana and in contiguous territory where outside lawyers need to understand Indiana statutes, while in the third edition the name remains unchanged, and Mr. Henry is receiving some revenue from the sale of it. Mr. Henry is a frequent contributor to law periodicals.

John A. Kersey's "Ethics of Literature," places him in the front rank as an essayist. The book was first published locally in 1895, and in 1904 it was brought out by a New York publisher, and his dedication stamps the book as slightly exclusive, for Mr. Kersey writes: "To the candid and energetic thinker." In his preface he says: "He who intelligently and conscientiously writes for the betterment of mankind deserves the abiding respect and gratitude of the race," and in the way of criticism, he adds: "If merit were a requisite then thousands of groaning shelves would be relieved of their burdens," but since present company is always excepted why not clear Grant county writers of this sweeping charge, novelists and historians alike, although it is evident that Mr. Kersey reads and thinks for himself. He spent seventeen years in preparation and four years in writing "Ethics of Literature," and it was love of the art rather than thought of remuneration that spurred him into activity. Since publishing his book, Mr. Kersey spends his leisure in writing blank verse, and he will sometime be heard from again.

Judge Marshall Williams admits that his "Civil Government of Indiana," published in 1905, is not exactly the result of a literary inclination, but it was written "by request." When Prof. A. Jones, editor of *The Teachers' Journal*, was casting about for a suitable premium to be given with his magazine as a special inducement to subscribers, he asked Judge Williams to write this treatise which is most valuable as a reference hand book and which should be in every household in Indiana on account of information found in it. Some of the lectures given by Judge Williams reflect the same scholarly attainment shown in his publication, and "Skylights and Baywindows" has been pronounced a classic, although not a published lecture.

"One Way Round the World," by Miss Delight Sweetser, illustrated with engravings from photographs, begins with a happy quotation: "East or west, home's best, so they say and so it is, and I find a little rust of regret on the fine edge of my enthusiasm to think that my path back to Hoosierdom lies over some forty thousand odd miles and around the globe," and one who becomes an "arm chair traveler" will be glad the author made the journey. "Letters from Over the Sea" is a small bound collection written by Mrs. Emma Harter Sweetser, who accompanied her family "One Way Round the World," issued in souvenir edition, and both volumes are excellent hand books of travel. "One Way Round South America" is a posthumous volume by Mrs. Delight Sweetser Prentiss, from manuscript, notes and letters, and it certainly supplements her previous book, although in it she calls herself a "honey mooner." From wide experience in travel, she writes: "There is probably no place in the world where people associate in quite the same relation as they do on shipboard." The J. V. Sweetser family traveled

extensively, and these travel books are their legacy to their friends. The Sweetser Memorial organ and parlor in the First Presbyterian church are in memory of this talented writer, whose body lies buried at Winona, Minnesota.

When John Matter wrote "Once," he raised the question: "What of those whose written words have been signposts on the way to recollection?" and he says: "We lived those days before yesterday on a plane of sense perception, as scientists have it," and "Once" is the way many stories are told. While some have tried fitting the stories to local characters, in winding up one of them the writer says: "Years later we learned that the enchantment was at least as real as the terror," and "Once" must be read to understand it. "Three Farms," characterized as an "adventure in contentment," by the same writer deals with an imaginary place in France, realistic experiences in Saskatchewan and finally the "home farm" in Pleasant township. Every young man who has a desire to establish himself in a new country should read Mr. Matter's story of life in the Canadian Northwest, and then the chances are he will content himself with a visit to the moving pictures. One is lonesome with him who reads about homesteading in Saskatchewan.

When "The New Harmony Movement," which is a study in sociology, was written by George Browning Lockwood he was a resident of Grant county, and in its preparation he spent much time in Posey county libraries. Its introduction is written by W. T. Harris, United States commissioner of education, and it was a local publication later brought out in New York city. The book received the indorsement of educators and was included in a list prepared for the Indiana Teachers' Reading Circle study. Mr. Lockwood adhered to original style in his special research, and "The New Harmony Movement" reflects credit on one whose literary genius otherwise manifests itself in political newspaper editorials.

"The Hand of God," by Mrs. Cora Bennett Stephenson, is dedicated "To every woman who has borne a child," and it is a life mystery story written around Bible characters. The writer says: "Among those who are studying the history of very ancient peoples, a theory is rapidly gaining ground that the principles of sex-worship underlie all modern religions." Mrs. Stephenson is a purist, knowing language derivatives thoroughly, and she is a miscellaneous writer whose contributions find their way into magazine and educational journals. She was a Latin teacher, and is a student of sociology. Miss Mary L. Stephenson has made excellent translations of both German and French literature, and her work is published in magazines as well as shown in drama.

Under the nom de plume of Forest Blake, Miss Helen Weston has written much in the way of Sunday school literature, and "St. Josephine," published in 1909, is a charming story dealing with love, morality and religion. "Forest Blake" is a trademark eagerly watched for by Miss Weston's friends, who enjoy her stories.

"Paradise, the City and Throne," by Rev. Elwood Scott, "historian for Seneca Sodi, the legendary Grecian Jew," is a sort of allegory, and in his introduction Mr. Scott writes: "For many months past I have had frequent visits from a very peculiar visitor," and the story opens: "It was the first day of June and the sun had set," and many have regarded the allegory as an excellent presentation of Bible narrative. The whole thing is very much like a sermon by the minister himself. "Successful Matrimony," and "Sacred Nuptials," are two later volumes from the same writer.

"Some Greater Marion Faces" is a book of caricatures by Moe Horne Baldwin, with writeups by M. B. Edmiston, and the galaxy of faces

shown are of men who do things in the community. It is a bit of history-biography reflecting the thought: "A little nonsense now and then, is relished by the best of men," and it is a souvenir publication much appreciated by all included in it. Since real photographs are combined with comic pen sketches, it is a panorama pleasing to all who see it and know the originals of the caricatures.

"Grant County and Who's Who," by Pierce Calton, is something after the style of "Some Greater Marion Faces," with a chronology feature covering the time from the discovery of natural gas until its publication in 1909, and there are a number of landscape views in the vicinity of Marion, with a section of biography for its patrons.

"Jeannette Browning" is said to be the life story of Mrs. Jenny Brown Doremus, who lived for several years in Grant county, and copies of her book are in many homes. When Mrs. Doremus became a Seventh Day Adventist she abandoned the sale of her book, saying there was some fiction woven into the romance, and she was conscientious about it. The story was written in spare moments when she was undergoing sore trials, and while it was much of her own life, she afterward changed her attitude toward the matter.

"The Autobiography of Allen Jay" was published as a serial in *The American Friend*, and was issued in book form immediately after the death of Mr. Jay at Richmond in 1910, where he had long been connected with Earlham College as its financial agent. While Isaac and Rhody Jay lived, Allen Jay always considered Grant county as his home, and he is up to date the only citizen to leave an autobiography. In the foreword to the publication, Mr. Jay writes: "Having now entered my seventy-ninth year," and he reviews some of the work accomplished by him in the interests of the Friends church and educational institutions of the entire country. Allen Jay was known wherever the Friends church was planted, and his autobiography is an excellent history of the church he served so well as minister and financial agent.

"Science of Arithmetic," and "Model Solutions in Arithmetic," by Prof. A. Jones, "for more than twenty years a teacher in the Marion Normal Institute," have given the author a wide acquaintance among students of mathematics. Since the Century year Mr. Jones has published *The Teachers' Journal*, issued monthly, and each number filled with excellent educational articles from his pen and from other writers. His most recent publication is a treatise on "The Participle and Infinitive," for teachers, students and schools, and it opens with the assertion: "No other grammatical constructions cause as much trouble as the infinitive and participle," and he proceeds to enlighten the reader about them.

"Symptoms, Treatments and Plain Home Remedies," by Dr. Brose S. Horne, is a study of diseases with remedies that have been used in three generations of Horne family Grant county doctors, the author, his uncle and grandfather. "It is urged that most family medicine books have been too voluminous, while this one is brief and to the point," and tested remedies are needed in every family.

Modesty forbids saying anything more about "Rolinda, A Tale of the Mississinewa," in this connection than that the book was published in 1899—"Oh, that mine enemy would write a book." To quote from the foreword, the longest single sentence in any Grant county production: "Rolinda is a story rather than a study, yet its finer thread is certainly part of the great skein of neighborhood life, considered from the standpoint of the district school, and as neighborhoods were about the beginning of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, even though many miles may intervene between the imaginary Crotzer, on the banks

of the beautiful Mississinewa, and the spot like unto the same around which the hallowed memories of the reader may cluster," and although an Ishmaelite in the world of books, some freinds have said kindly things about it. It is the one Grant county story illustrated by a Grant county artist—Miss Olive Rush."

While Robert E. Mansfield is a world character, and has several times represented the United States government in foreign consulates, he always votes in Marion, having lived here when he received his first consulate appointment. He is now consul-general in British Columbia, and his book: "Progressive Chile," written while a resident of South America has just made its appearance. One critic says: "In this volume, Robert E. Mansfield, American consul-general to Switzerland, presents some intimate views of and interesting sidelights on life in one of the most progressive of the South American republics." It is said the book contains a brief history of the country, covering the Indian occupation, the Inca invasion, the Spanish conquest, the formative period and the political progress of the republic down to the present time.

"Watch Your Step," by Alvin McCaslin, who styles himself the subway guard, made its appearance late in 1913, and while the author is not now a resident of Grant county, his early life was spent in Marion, and his mother, Mrs. Foster Davis, has always lived in town. Alvin McCaslin Higgins, for Higgins is his family name, is a son of the Rev. W. R. Higgins, who served the First Presbyterian church as minister, coming when the son was five years old and living here until after he entered college. As the wife of Foster Davis his mother returned to Marion, and thus Grant county is the home of another author. Mr. Higgins drops his family name in writing for periodicals and in this, his first bound volume, although "Watch Your Step" need not cause any one to blush for him at all. It is a dialect story.

Because Mrs. Elizabeth Williams Flinn is a resident of Marion is reason sufficient for enrolling her son, Wilbur Herschel Williams, in this honor roll—Grant county writers. Mr. Williams is listed in "Who's Who in America," as author of "Uncle Bob and Aunt Becky at the St. Louis Exposition," and there was a competitive arrangement about it—the Exposition Publisher offering a prize for the best character sketch, and under a changed name this story was used again in connection with a western exposition. It is said his publishers cleared half a million dollars on it. Other stories by Mr. Williams are: "Fairy Tales from Folklore," "My Advice Book," "My Chums in Caricature," and "Making Faces." This writer is given to travel, but spends much time with his mother in Grant county.

As George Stout belongs to Grant county, "home folks" have treasured his early poetic contributions to the local press and have had pride in reading his later political letters in Indianapolis newspapers.

It is as an editorial writer and all round newspaper man that W. H. Sanders is best known, and yet "Mind Life" has been through several private editions, each succeeding pamphlet enlarged, and it has attracted wide attention among students of mentality. Mr. Sanders is a sort of dean among local writers, and it is an enviable attainment when a writer has reached the point that his squibs are copied all over Indiana. In each campaign year he writes editorials for the Indiana Republican Press Bureau, and Sanders, Lockwood and Stout represent the political trio, although Mrs. Stephenson is known to be a student of sociology. Mr. Sanders has a great deal of manuscript and advances have been made to him from publishers, but he has not yet inclined to submit his matter for permanent, widespread publication.

There have been booklets and pamphlets galore by local writers, and

some have gained recogniton from the magazines, and their friends always keep tab on them. Mrs. Jessie St. John Swezey, Mrs. Ethel Bowman Ronald and Mr. Stout used to belong to *The Indianapolis Journal's* Indiana School of Poets, although none are at present residents of Grant county. It would be difficult for them to cover up their trail and say they do not belong to this galaxy of writers.

"Observations of a Station Agent," has placed J. E. Smith in the lime light, and since local coloring always marks his stories the Gas City passenger and freight station is known wherever *The Railway Magazine* is read, and its circulation is extensive. For several years Mr. Smith has been a regular contributor, and many Grant county people have enjoyed his stories.

"Within the Circle, A Story of Tomorrow," and "The Battle of Love," are two pamphlet volumes issued several years ago by Levi Ratliff while he was a resident of Grant county. The author deals with the social and religious problems of the day. Temperance enters into the consideration.

"Saved by the Blood," is really the life story of Claude Gunder, who published the story himself and managed the sale of it. He spent two years as a student in Taylor University and while a student he increased the Upland postmaster's salary each year by the volume of mail order business done with this publication. He sent it through the mails with the request that twenty-five cents be sent to aid in his education, and very few books were returned to him. Mr. Gunder is now a Methodist minister.

While few may have seen the volume, a paper bound edition of a story having to do with life along the Wabash, Sanford Love, who is remembered as a most unfortunate character, was "between lids" while a resident of Grant county. It is a story of boyhood adventure, but a copy was unavailable in writing about it. After killing his sweetheart, Mr. Love died by his own hand—Lucifer matches.

Miss Olive Rush, whose work as an artist has attracted much favorable comment, has sometimes written the story as well as made the illustrations for it, and she is an adept both in writing and illustrating children's stories. (See Chapter on Art.)

When Mrs. Ethel Bowman Ronald's story: "When Elizabeth Went Home," appeared in the Christmas number of *McClure's Magazine* a few years ago and was pronounced by the critics to be one of the very best Christmas stories ever written, all were glad she was a Grant county woman. The Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis read this story from his Brooklyn pulpit, commending it most highly, and many Grant county families laid away copies of the story. Mrs. Ronald has written many short poems, and "Prescience of Motherhood" stands out among them.

When Mrs. Marie D. Webster contributed patchwork quilt designs with written descriptions to *The Ladies' Home Journal* recently she did not anticipate the avalanche of inquiries that would result from it, and the women of the Emily E. Flinn Home have had employment with their needles executing many designs submitted by her to the journal. Mrs. Webster's magazine articles brought inquiries from all over the world, and orders have been sent her from foreign as well as American cities. Her patchwork quilts have created a revival of old fashioned needle craft, and the women of the "Old Ladies' Home" have profited from it, Mrs. Webster taking orders from inquiries through the mails and bringing the necessary stitching to them. Her patchwork quilts, as published in magazines, have given Mrs. Webster much prestige among those interested in needlecraft. Her quilts have been exhibited in many cities.

The late W. F. Jones, who contributed the Franklin Township chapter,

had frequent articles in *Forest and Stream*, and Albert E. Andrews sometimes contributes to out of door magazines. The agricultural press carries so many contributions from Grant county writers that it is unwise to attempt to enumerate them. Some would be overlooked in the long list, and so none are mentioned. Many local newswriters have metropolitan papers to which they send regular contributions, although always unsigned stories, and many who began their newspaper career in Grant county have attained unqualified success in other fields. Literature is not without its devotees, and this army of local writers is made up of fighters—good soldiers in the ranks. There have been high school and college publications, and there will be recruits to the army.

Rev. A. B. Strickland has written much for Baptist church periodicals, and is author of a number of tracts and pamphlets ranked high as missionary literature. His booklet: "The Tithe in the Modern Church," had wide circulation and elicited favorable criticism. He will soon issue a missionary story: "Benjamin Brabrook," which is written after an historical account of an early Baptist frontiersman. He has frequently lectured on art and travel, and his Biblical lecture: "The Trial and Triumph of Jesus Christ," is similar to a lecture delivered some years ago by G. W. Thompson, although Rev. Strickland never knew Mr. Thompson nor heard his lecture.

There is real heroism in the experience of Mrs. Jennie Bennett, whose recently published volume: "A Light in the Window," means so much to her. She sacrificed everything to insure its publication. It is the story of the wanderings and sufferings of a wayward boy—a life history known to Mrs. Bennett—and in order to raise the necessary funds for its publication she opened a second hand clothing store and earned the money herself.

Leroy Scott, who now lives away, has had some excellent matter published in magazines, and his friends are still expecting results from his literary effort. There is an inclination to claim Strickland W. Gillilan, the humorist, since for one winter he had his residence in Marion, and while fame came to Joaquin Miller long afterward, all are proud to claim the boyhood days of "The Poet of the Sierras," known to have been passed in Grant county. If there are other eligibles, the whole community will regret that they are not listed in this honor roll of literati, although starvation does seem to face those with such aspirations.

Mayor James Otterbein Batchelor, who is a student of history, is accumulating manuscript of that nature with view of early publication. "First Steps in the History of Europe," is planned as a text, while "The Regulators," as yet an unfinished story, deals with the North Carolina Quakers and the Scotch Irish who were among the early settlers of the Northwest Territory.

Riley Poem Written in Marion

There are always stories told about the signs painted in Grant county by James Whitcomb Riley before he was known as the Hoosier poet, but all effort to locate one of them proves futile. Yet when the poet was resurrecting his scattered verse for final publication, as he wished to leave himself on record, it developed that his "Rainy Morning" number was written November 22, 1877, when he was stopping in Marion, and it was just at the time his work began to attract attention. While Grant county makes no claim to Riley, it does have pride in the following lines suggested by local conditions:

A Rainy Morning

The dawn of the day was dreary,
And the lowering clouds o'er head
Wept in a silent sorrow
Where the sweet sunshine lay dead;
And a wind came out of the eastward
Like an endless sigh of pain,
And the leaves fell down the pathway
And writhed in the falling rain.

I had tried in a vain endeavor
To chord my heart with the sun,
But the strings would slacken ever,
And the task was a weary one;
And so, like a child impatient,
And sick of a discontent,
I bowed in a shower of teardrops
And mourned with the instrument.

And low as I bowed the splendor
Of the sun bent over me,
With a touch as warm and tender
As a father's hand might be;
And, even as I felt its presence,
My clouded soul grew bright,
And tears, like the rain of morning,
Melted in the mists of night.

On the Great Divide

[An original poem, written and read by William J. Houck, at the Octogenarian Celebration in 1904 at Matter Park.]

Wal, we've traveled one long distance
In these more'n eighty year.
We've seen our sheer o' sorrow
Also mighty things, an' queer.

We have seen the forests totter
And fall before the axe,
And if we told all we've seen
You'd doubt it bein' facts.

But we've seen th' biggest era
In the ole world's long career;
An' if what we say sounds 'tishy,'
Just remember you wern't here.

Since the Savior walked the waters
On ole storm-tossed Galilee,
We've seen about one-twentieth
Of all there's been to see.

If we've not seen all 'at's happened
In our fourscore years, 'n' more,
It's cause our view was narrow
And our chance was rather pore.

As boys 'n' girls we prattled
When this century was young
An' we most could smell the smoke
From the battle of Ole 'Bull Run.'

W'y, th' name of ole Cornwallis,
Lee, Adams, 'n' his son,
Seemed almost as familiar
As that of Washington.

When it comes to 'Hickory Jackson,'
Clay, Van Buren 'r Calhoun,—
W'y, it takes us back to childhood
'At left us all too soon.

We helped to do the plantin'
An' we've seen our country grow
From seven million freemen
Up to ninety-one or so.

An' we saw the start and finish
Of that struggle here at home,
When freedom's foe, was free men,
An' such valor ne'er was known.

To save, 'r bust the Union,
Was the chance for which they drew,—
Whether 'mong the constellations
As one star we'd shine, 'r two.

From the firin' on Fort Sumpter
To the Appomattox show
The gore of human slaughter
Seem'd t' fill the world with woe.

Talk about ole Caesar,
An' the Rubicon he crossed,
Er th' Pass of ole Thermopylae,
When Spartans fought an' lost.

Or Alexander's mighty doin's,—
His conquerin' the world by wars,
Then settin' down and cryin'
'Cause he couldn't cross to Mars!—

Say, one charge by Stonewall Jackson,
Such as Hooker had to take
An' Alec would have wilted,
An' said, 'Stony, here, let's shake.'

Yes, we've seen a lot, we Octo's,
An' we've had to travel some,—
In our ox-carts, not in Auto's,
An' no 'lectric cars was run.

But we blazed the way, an' cleared it,
An' did what must be done
For your present day inventions,—
Oh, its a glorious race we've run!

And as we stand at twilight,—
Face a westward setting sun,—
Know probation here is ending,
That our race is nearly run.

We are standing on a summit,
That marks the 'Great Divide,'
An' we see the heights of glory
Upon the other side.

You think this seems like twilight?
Well it don't; that may seem odd,
But it's lighter here a whole lot
Than back the road we've trod.

The slanting rays of earth-light
From her westward sinking sun,
Are swallowed up in new light
Of an external rising one.

What! Do we feel some skittish?
Well, yes; but not for fear,
It's cause it shows the dark spots
In our eighty year career.

It might affect us dif'rent
If we had 'em all alone,
But as we look about us,
We see that each has some.

Then another thing we notice
From our vantage ground up here,—
That eastern sun-light cleanses,
An' the spots just disappear.

So, take our hand in greeting,
And likewise, in adieu,
The glory of our station,
Will be reserved for you.

And, as on a little farther
They wave us palms of cheer,
So we, will greet your coming,
When you meet the charioteer.

To All Grant County Exiles

Although rather "Rileyesque," and one thinks of "Griggsby's Station where we were so happy and so poor," who reads the original, by Ezra B. Newcomb, of "Homesick," which is adapted to the Centennial History situation, one who has been interested in the denouement suggested it, making some necessary substitutions, and when there are any

returned prodigals, their friends will please ask them to read it, saying it is a welcome to them. While some who have wandered away have bettered their circumstances in life, others have sometimes wished themselves back in Grant county. Loyalty to one's birth place is always commendable, and the adaptation reads:

I was born in old Grant county—an' I'm pinin' to get back
From these prairie wind 't howl 'nd snarl, an' moan around my shack;
From this empty, endless wideness, stretchin' fur as eye can see,
An' my heart's a purtnigh breakin' fur the sight o' just one tree.

I was raised in old Grant county—an' I'm wishin' I was back
Where the shiftin,' shinin' 'Sinewa cuts its twistin', trailin' track,
Plowin' through the rustlin' corn fields, loafin' under hangin' boughs,
Where there's pools to hide the fishes, and there's shade to cool the cows.

My old home's in Grant county—an' I'm heartsick to git back!
Them creeks and woods's got a tongue, these lonesome prairies lack!
For there's nothin' here but silence, 'cept the never endin' cry
O' the winds 'at moan and mourn until ye think ye'll surely die.

An' ye haint no wish for livin', an' the dearest thing ye crave
Is to die, an' have it over if they'll only make your grave
Back there in old Grant county, where the 'Sinewa twists and turns,
Where the sun has trees to shine on, an' the autumn color burns.

Where the sycamore's crooked branches shows the way the river goes,
An' across the yallerin' corn fields, ye can hear the cry o' the crows;
Where the leaves 're drappin' softly—Nature's tears for days 't's dead,
An' 'mongst the hick'ry's trimblin' boughs, the squirrel perks his head.

Where the oak an' maple colors make the woods a kind o' hint
O' the land yer lookin' fer at last, an' seem to ketch a glint
O' the glory streamin' down'ards, through a break in Heaven's wall,
An' in the whisperin' silence, ye hear the angels call!

Old Grant county's purtnigh Heaven! an' I'm wishin' I was home.
If there's them who're thinkin' different, they've got license fer to roam.
But Heaven an' old Grant county 're just the two things I lack,
An' I'm a good ways off from both—an' prayin' to git back!

LXV. STORIES OF THE LONG AGO—THE OMNIBUS CHAPTER

Lorenzo Dow Watson, of Jefferson, who pays taxes in three counties—an octogenarian who remembers all about the Black Horse tavern and the McCormick house along the state road that were landmarks in early history—related that a neighbor, John Jones, went one morning to bring in the horses from the range, and finding one of the cows with a young calf at her side he brought her along, although the cow fretted all the way and tried repeatedly to break away from him. The calf was at her side and he did not understand her anxiety. While confined in the lot she did not cease to bawl most piteously, and eight days later, when again in search of the horses, Mr. Jones discovered a thin, half starved calf lying by a log in the clearing that was an exact dupli-

cate of the one in the lot with the cow. It was barely able to walk, and had not wandered far from where the cow with its twin had been separated from it. Until that morning it had not been known there were twin calves, and the cow was immediately turned into the woods and she went for the lost calf for which she had grieved for eight long days. The little family was soon reunited, and who will say there is not mother love in the brute creation? The cow had not forgotten her offspring and brought it home at her earliest opportunity. How the calf managed to exist so long without food is one of the unsolved mysteries, but it may not have taken nourishment at all and its digestive processes may not have been established. Six months and a year later Mr. Watson saw the calf, and it was stunted—never reached the size attained by the other calf that was brought up with its mother when first discovered in the woods. Mrs. Watson matched the story by saying that her father, Michael Doyle, of Van Buren, had a cow killed in a storm when she was a child. Pastures were not enclosed at the time, and nine days after the storm the carcass of the cow was discovered where she had been pinioned to earth by a falling tree, and there was a calf at her side. It was barely alive and entirely too weak to walk home, and her father carried it in his arms. If it had taken nourishment in nine days, it had been from the udders of a lifeless cow—an improbability. While it had been nine days since the storm the age of the calf was unknown, as the cow was in the woods and had not been seen for a few days before that time. It was before the days of pedigree cattle, and no breeding records were kept by Grant county farmers. The motherless calf was given to Mr. Doyle's eleven year old daughter, and at the time of the first marriage of Mrs. Jane Doyle Gillespie Watson she owned a cow descended from it.

The twentieth century child will never understand how it was ever possible for any one to be lost in the woods all night anywhere in Grant county. When he was eight years past the four score mark Eli Thomas related that his mother, Mrs. Hannah Thomas, wife of Jesse Thomas, who was a pioneer settler living north of the Mississinewa river along what is now North Washington street, spent an entire night in the woods, although not far from the settler's cabin where five children were crying for their mother. As a pioneer setting to the "lost in the woods picture," Jesse Thomas was the man who sold an ox team for $40 and gave the proceeds as a bonus toward locating the county seat on the Boots and Branson tract, showing that the night his wife was lost in the woods in 1829 was two years before the county was organized, and as Mr. Thomas related the experience of his mother it required a stretch of imagination to understand all about it.

It was a late summer night and his father was late. Leaving her five children at the cabin door, Mrs. Thomas went into the woods for the cows. The few Grant county settlers then put bells on all outside stock, and thinking she heard her own cow bell Mrs. Thomas started out at night fall only to find that she was mistaken—that she had been attracted by the bells on some horses, their own among them, and thinking she would mount one and it would bring her home, for she then realized that she was lost and there was no light in the cabin where she had left her children, she tried in vain to catch the family "nag," finally getting hold of "Uncle John Pearson's bell horse." With her hand on the bell collar, she spent the night with the horses in the woods. The fear was not so dreadful as the thought of her five children, and her imagination run wild that night. When the belated husband arrived he found the children excited, and with the few settlers he could muster a searching party was organized. While Mrs. Thomas could hear their

loud halloos reverberating through the woods, she was unable to make herself heard, and when they found her next morning she was along Massey creek only about half a mile from home, and it had been a terrible night with her. She had clung to the horse for protection from wild animals, and her thoughts had been sufficient company. Neither the cows nor the mother came home at eventide, and children then were much like the timid children of the twentieth century—afraid in the dark, and children of today want their mothers in the evening.

While the settlers' sense of sight and sound were alert, the woman in the clearing now a part of North Marion, had been mistaken in the tinkle of the bell, and one who remembers when there were outside woods pastures can understand something of the solitude of that night with the horses in the woods. While there were farm boundaries none could definitely locate them. There were no line fences—no "devil's lanes" in the county then, and the sound of the bell and instinct were the only guides to the footsteps of a midnight wanderer in the woods. While Mr. Thomas, whose memory was undimmed, told of his mother, Mrs. Thomas recalled the time when Rachel and Eva Wyant, who lived along Deer creek, on what is now the Sand pike, went after the cows one summer evening many years later and were lost in the woods, wandering several miles and coming out at the river north of Jonesboro. Her sister, Mrs. Sidney Harvey, who happened to be at the home of Jesse Hiatt, heard their cry and knew their voices, and made up a party to go with them and met their father in the woods with a dinner horn trying to locate them. There were heroes and heroines in the early history of Grant county, and a lost child always stirred the hearts of the settlers. It was a common cause and many a searching party has spent the night in the woods in quest of one that had missed his way. The sound of the sheep bell is still sometimes heard in the pasture, but no other domestic animals are thus kept together, but "before the war" all stock gained a livelihood browsing outside, and there was horsebalm as well as catnip growing wild. Wild peas and horsebalm were as common in the woods pastures as catnip is in the twentieth century door yards, and with the nuts and moss in the woods time was when stock could survive the winter in the Grant county forest.

No doubt there are many other heart rending stories of people who were lost in the woods, but they have not been told the county historian. In the 1877 Atlas the story is told of Mrs. Penina Winslow, wife of Joseph Winslow, who settled in the Back Creek neighborhood, being lost in the woods, and it serves to show the density of the virgin forest in what is now blue grass country without intimation of timber at all. They were North Carolina immigrants living at Nature-Lea, now the home of Ancil Winslow, and that pioneer had anticipated Mrs. Means in The Hoosier Schoolmaster by "getting plenty," having preempted land for himself and for four sons and three daughters along Back creek. Their farms are still pointed out as having belonged to one family. Mrs. Winslow could hear the sound of the ax and hammer where a cabin was being built for her daughter, Mrs. Exum Newby, on what has long been known as the L. L. Fankboner farm half a mile farther up the creek, but returning home there were no sounds to guide her footsteps and she lost her way in the woods. Although not far from her own cabin, and every effort was put forth to find her, she spent the night in the woods in the neighborhood of the old Back Creek cemetery, although it was not yet a burying ground. The depths of the solitude were broken by the dismal howling of the wolves, and she was found next morning completely exhausted from fear and her lonely wandering through the night. While the environment of the pioneer was different

from that surrounding his posterity, present day conditions would be just as mystifying to him. The people who were at home in the forest would be lost in the modern city and the changed rural district.

The late Dr. Lewis Williams one time related the following snake story to the "snake reporter," who is now county historian, and while he was sitting in the darkness of total blindness as he related it, he seemed to see the reptiles crawling before him. He said that when he was a boy he and a brother contracted with Tense F. Massey, who was then opening a farm in the Indian land on the Mississinewa near the Meshingomesia Indian village. At that time the Indians in the Reserve were more numerous than white people. Pleasant township women still tell of the squaws coming to their doors with papooses strapped on their backs, and Indians were frequently encountered along the trail from one trading post to another, when the doctor declared they had traversed the banks of the Mississinewa, coming to Marion so frequently that they had worn great paths into the ground. When Mr. Massey settled in the Reserve the Williams boys cleared his first field for him. They cleared the land at $3.50 an acre, cutting out all timber that measured under eighteen inches in diameter at a point knee high to them on the stump—the height stumps were left if the tree was cut—and while it seems like profligate waste it was necessary in order that the wilderness might be reclaimed. The timber was mostly black walnut, and the undergrowth indicated the rich quality of the soil.

The Indians had hitherto inhabited the Reserve exclusively, and as they had a deepseated superstition about human spirits being reincarnated in snakes they never killed them. Every crack and crevice in the rocks were alive with them. One day, when the boys were hard at work in the clearing, Mrs. Massey was returning from some neighbor's house over the hills by a foot path through the woods when a spectacle met her eyes that greatly frightened her. It exceeded anything that had happened in her wilderness experience. The time was March, when the sun and showers presaged April weather, and the settler was always seized with that feeling of lassitude known as spring fever. The nearest Indian settlement was Waupacit Village, and as Mrs. Massey reached the river the sun shone brightly upon the biggest pile of rattlesnakes she had ever seen together. Her circulation was quickened at the sight more than if she had been attacked by the swamp ague of that period, and she came in breathless haste to where the boys were chopping in the clearing and told them of her discovery. A small army was mustered and the forces made an attack upon the strong fortress of the rattlesnakes still in semitorpid condition and entirely too sluggish and inactive for self defense. Their period of hibernation was past and they had crawled over the ledges of the rocks to sun themselves and return to normal condition.

Armed with clubs the Williams boys made the attack, and it was a day never forgotten by the doctor, although many events had been crowded into his later life, and he told it without thought of its being a "snake story" at all. Some of the snakes were six feet long and as big around as a stove pipe, and they counted three hundred victims when they quit the slaughter. Some were large and some were small. When a man wished to procure the rattles from a snake he had killed it was customary to place one foot on the tail and pull on the body, thus dislodging them. A man named Oakley, who had joined the snake killing party, thought to provide himself with a trophy—the rattles off of one of the biggest reptiles—but his snakeship reached for his tormentor, although his head had been battered until they thought him dead—and the tormentor thought he was in snake heaven. No

snake dies till sundown was the old saying when snakes were numerous along all the streams, and while his head was mangled, the reptile had not "sand die," and he was simply acting in his own interests as an American citizen when he attempted to sting the man who was robbing him of his crowning attraction—his rattles.

The killing process was occasionally resumed for three or four weeks, as more reptiles would crawl out in the sun, and there was a stench that reached up to heaven, but heroic measures were necessary in ridding the hills of such terrors. The turkey buzzards circled about until all were finally consumed, and in time the rendezvous was broken up where for time out of mind the snakes had taken up their winter quarters. It was the mouth of a cavern, and when the sun shone the settlers paid frequent visits there until all the reptiles were dispatched, although on cool days snakes seldom made their appearance at the mouth of the cave. Although blind when he told the story, the doctor exclaimed graphically, swinging his cane and imitating the peristaltic action of a snake gliding along: "Think of a monster more than six feet long in the path and crawling toward you—you hear his rattles," notwithstanding snakes were naturally timid unless driven by hunger or forced to defend themselves. While they were as much afraid as the boys in the clearing, they would fight when necessary in defending themselves. It was along about 1880, when the Indians were placed on the Grant county tax duplicate, a story was told of a snake crossing the road that was so long that when its head was through the fence on one side its tail was not yet through on the other side, but a searching party was unable to locate it, and perhaps that was a "snake story."

It was soon after Matter Park was opened that some boys playing there captured a black water moccasin snake, and dragged it with a string about its head to their home at Tenth and Washington streets, the site now occupied by a brick building. When their mother, who was a washerwoman, saw it she was distressed about it and had the boys bury it in the door yard. Next morning she awakened them early, upbraiding them because they had not obeyed her. When she looked out there was a snake in the door yard as large as the one they had dragged there and the boys soon killed it and buried it with its mate, for which it was seeking, having followed the trail almost three miles and stopped where its mate was buried, the haunts of men having no terror for it in its desolation. The mother was only convinced when the boys dug up the one buried the previous day, and when she saw the two snakes buried together she knew there was constancy in reptiles whatever the human shortcomings, and it seemed almost sin to break up such an association: "What God has joined together let no man put asunder." The truth of the foregoing may be verified in some of the Washington street households today.

One Old Folks' day in Matter Park Mrs. Lydia Strange of Monroe told of a snake she killed on election day in 1842, while her husband, the late George Strange, was gone to the polls to vote. She was making soap in the yard when the pup stirred up a snake in the weeds near where her two children, Joshua and Margaret, were playing on the other side of the cabin from her, and she distinctly heard the rattle—a sound the settler knew when he heard it. When the pup frightened the snake, she saw it glide under the puncheons and she could not take her children inside with such danger lurking under the cabin floor. With a handspike in her hand Mrs. Strange lifted a puncheon in the corner, and although the snake was coiled and ready to dart at her, she saved the day with a well directed blow. When her husband and other men came along from the election they saw a four-foot snake lying

across a log not far from the cabin, and many enjoyed hearing such a story in a public gathering from one who had lived under different conditions in Grant county.

When Miss Rachel James, of the Octogenarian Club, bachelor maid and last of a prominent Grant county family, heard the Strange snake story, she said that when she was a girl on Lugar creek the wolves were as numerous as dogs were later, but she was not afraid of them and wandered about the hills in search of berries at pleasure, although she always shuddered at sight of a snake. There was once a rattlesnake den over on Walnut creek near the site of the county infirmary, and with the approach of warm weather each year all the snakes would leave the den and return to it when winter came on. The rendezvous was only broken up when settlers began watching the place with guns and picked off the reptiles as they were basking in the sunshine in the early spring and regaining their usual activities. There were monster rattlers among them, and time was when the farm boy knew the difference between a rattlesnake, water snake or blue racer, but drainage and the presence of humanity has changed the conditions under which reptiles thrived and only an occasional garter snake has its head jerked off in the hands of an intrepid youth who would flee at sight of a rattler.

Years ago the story was told that a catamount had been seen in Monroe. Hiram Brownlee, who has lived all his life on the same town lot in Marion, was among others who went out with dogs and guns to dispatch it, and next day they were telling about it in Sweetser's store. While Mr. Brownlee knew the Sweetsers he did not know all who were in the sound of his voice as he related the experience, and George Sweetser—Mr. Brownlee called him "Pug"—had great pleasure in drawing out the details of the chase, how they went through farms and pushed down several panels of fences at a time keeping on from the Strange-Thompson farms to the Grant-Blackford line. While Mr. Brownlee knew George Strange he did not then know Samuel R. Thompson, who was in the company gathered to hear the story in Sweetser's store, Mr. Sweetser remarked casually: "You ought not to have destroyed Mr. Thompson's fence." Mr. Brownlee answered: "Old Sammy Thompson has nothing to do but build it up again," and, although he had noticed a man whose eyes were so black they sparkled, Mr. Brownlee was unprepared for a formal introduction to Mr. Thompson and he "almost fainted," although the destruction of property had been in the narrative and not in reality. When Mr. Thompson grasped his hand, he remarked: "Your mistake, Mr. Brownlee, was in not coming to the house for your dinner," and as he related the incident Mr. Brownlee regretted the passing of that brand of old-fashioned hospitality from the annals of the county. While wild animals only exist in story now, a generation ago Grant county farmers were disturbed by the ravages of foxes and some were seen in Monroe. In the spring of 1891 the historian joined a township fox drive which centered in a field on the Thompson farm, now owned by Mrs. Mary Thompson Buchanan, and when the lines advanced there was just one terrified little fox, which was soon captured, although others had escaped before the lines had converged, and it was great sport—perhaps the last fox drive in Grant county. Foxes have been since that time in the vicinity of the Rock Dam, and farmers suffered loss of poultry and young pigs from them. There is a story in the Atlas about a wolf pen in Franklin in which Henry Shugart caught seven wolves, always removing the captive as soon as discovered in order not to arouse suspicion and frighten away other wolves. There was a bounty on skins and Mr. Shugart would shoot them before opening the trap. Occasionally

a wolf would come to life again, when he would be lifting it through the trap, that had feigned dead when he shot it. The wild life of the forest disappeared before the advance of the settler, and domesticated animals are all the Twentieth century child has ever seen in the wood lands of Grant county.

While most citizens understand that the third temple of justice has graced the public square in Marion since the laying of its cornerstone in 1881, not all understand that the prehistoric race of Moundbuilders had visited the site in an early day, but there was a mound of some consequence in the court house square—saying nothing of its origin. There were several smaller ones near it, but today there is no trace of any of them. The first courthouse, a wooden structure spoken of by pioneers as the "ramshackle," was built on this mound, and the second edifice—remembered by many men and women not yet old—was built with brick made from the mound that graced the spot. When the third courthouse was built the lawn was only slightly elevated above the surrounding street, and now that the civic spirit has taken hold on the community many regret that the "fathers" saw fit to consume the natural elevation in making the brick later used in a house on Boots street between First and Second streets. This mound was historic. The story goes that at its highest point it was about sixty feet in diameter and ten feet high, and the settlers said it was building material placed on the ground by nature when they utilized it in making brick, but to their surprise skeletons of human beings were removed that seemed to have been buried in a sitting posture. When exposed to light and air the bones of these seven foot giants crumbled and soon disintegrated, and there was nothing left to be given modern burial—and it will never be known until the Resurrection morn who was buried there.

Many years ago it is related that mastodon bones were unearthed on the Bloom farm now owned by Philip Matter in Pleasant, and scientific research demonstrated the fact that the animal from which they had been taken had weighed at least nine tons. It was in 1904 that the Smith Brothers, who were tenants on the Gift farm, known as the Lake Galatia or Beck farm earlier, were cleaning out Barren creek when they discovered mammoth bones and succeeded in exhuming so many of them that they were able to dispose of them for $1,000 to the Smithsonian Institute in Washington City. The discovery created so much excitement that the farm was visited by many curious people, but the bones were not there long enough for a public exhibit, a representative of the Smithsonian Institute closing a bargain with C. D. and S. R. Smith immediately, and the transaction resulted in a law suit, the owner of the land claiming the bones because of the fact they were dug up on the land. The jury gave half the money to Jesse Gift, who owned the Barren creek farm where the bones were exhumed. Grant county citizens who view the Barren creek mastodon will have to visit the Smithsonian Institute.

In the first Centennial year of American Independence, D. S. Hogin, who was a pioneer citizen of Grant county and is now an octogenarian and an active man, filled a wooden box and sealed it with the following instructions carved into it: "Not to be opened until July 4, 1976. Deposited by D. S. Hogin, July 4, 1876." Carved on the bottom is the following: "After opening, deliver to his posterity," and the carving is as enduring as the wood from which the box is made, evidently done with a pocket knife and by one skilled in making letters. When the vault in the county treasurer's office was ready for use about five years later, Mr. Hogin brought the box there for safekeeping, and each succeeding treasurer guards it with zealous care, and for almost two score

years it has been in perfect condition. Perhaps the story told in the Centennial History of Grant county will serve to keep alive its history, and the question arises: To whom will the custodian of the treasury deliver this box when American Independence celebrates its second centennial? The daily papers and a resume of the local history to date were included in the contents, but when a century has drifted by the chances are there will be no Hogin posterity living in Grant county. There are two sons and one granddaughter in the immediate Hogin family, and but few more distant relatives of the man who planned an event of the second centennial of American Independence. There was special dispensation when Abraham lived, but the present generation will not know much about the ceremony attending the opening of this box more than sixty years hence.

It is often said the water is never missed until the well is dry, and A. R. Smith, local civil engineer, relates that he did not know what a large place his father, the late Ephraim Smith, who made the first survey now on file in Grant county, had filled in his life until he had gone beyond and he could no longer ask questions of him. Ephraim Smith became county surveyor in 1846, but in 1843, when he was a road supervisor, he built the first cordiroy road on Washington street. In 1893, when his son, A. R. Smith, was engineer for the Marion Street Railway Company and was laying double track along South Washington street, in making the necessary excavations he removed many pieces of timber, that were decayed but little, that his father had placed there just half a century earlier. Just forty years from the time Ephraim Smith located a corner in Jefferson township, another son, C. D. Smith, who is also a civil engineer, removed the wooden stake driven by his father, and scraping the outer surface a little he was able to preserve the solid piece of timber after it had been forty years in the ground at the corner of a homestead. It is now an heirloom, and both sons felt that they were undoing the work of their father that had stood the test, although modern conditions required the use of different materials. Ephraim Smith lived to be a nonogenarian, and the day before he died he reminded A. R. Smith that in an early day he had shot a deer and hung it on a limb on the same town lot now occupied by the son as a home on Fifth street in Marion, and it was unusual that their lives should flow in so nearly the same channels, and under such changed environment.

When Mrs. Thurza Arnett Howell was a young woman school teacher at Oak Ridge in Liberty she was known as a sleep walker—a somnambulist—and her friends were always anxious about her and kept close watch on her lest she injure herself in some of her midnight escapades. But one night she escaped their vigilance and walked two miles and crossed Deer creek on a foot log, returning in safety. It was before Deer creek had been spanned with a bridge, and there were Indians roaming about the country that long ago. It was Friday night and the young woman had forgotten a knife and Bible that she always carried home with her over Sunday and left them in the schoolhouse. Next morning they were in her home and she had not wakened while making the trip or she would have been badly frightened passing along a lonely trail in quest of them. The practical joker who used to saw the underside of a foot log half off and watch for pedestrians did not know she was walking or perhaps the cold waters of Deer creek would have aroused her. Foot logs are as scarce today as somnambulists, and boys who used to play pranks on pedestrians by weakening the log from the under side are bending their energies toward other kinds of mischief. Time was when there were foot logs instead of bridges across the ditches as well

as the creeks, but the twentieth century child has no such heritage in his storehouse of recollections.

The story of the writer's childhood of an old brood sow that learned to crawl through the hollow log that led from the woods pasture into the corn field seems incredible, and yet it is written down as a truism—an oft-repeated story. This old chipeeler was tired of a beechnuts diet and she wanted something different—brood sows always like a variety. Day after day this old mother swine was turned from the corn field into the woods until her secret was discovered, and the hollow log was removed from the fence, and then paterfamilia watched her tactics until she found she had been outwitted and gave up the effort. She crawled through the log two or three times and found herself on the same side of the fence, and went off to root up something more appetizing in the woods. When she found out that her pilgrimage through the tunnel in the shape of the hollow log did not take her where she wanted to go, she accepted the situation with more or less philosophy, and who will say the brood sow did not reason—that she only had intuition? When the neighbors were in for a frolic this hollow log found its way into the heap, and fire was the agency that removed it. One day James Scott and Robert Howell were among others who handled the spike in carrying logs, and the writer's father, D. M. V. Whitson, was carrying against one of them and the log was all they could walk with. It was planned that Mr. Scott rest his end of the handspike on a stump and get out of the way so that the log could be thrown on the fire. When asked the distance, he answered: "About a feet." Because he used the plural instead of the singular form of the word the risibles of all the men were stirred, and the result was they dropped the log just when they were ready to deposit it in the flames. There was no jug in the clearing, but the men had been drinking from the mouth of a wooden ditch that day, and hilarity was rampant among them. After Robert Howell, always a homespun philosopher, had explained how all of them escaped injury from the falling log, saying the eye had seen the danger and telegraphed the brain and in turn a message had been transmitted to the feet and the nerves and muscles had performed their offices satisfactorily, they again lifted the log and placed it on the fire. Later, when one youngster studied the nervous system in a common school physiology he remembered Robert Howell's explanation of the reflex action, and better understood the whole proposition. While Mr. Howell never studied in a university he had been an apt pupil in nature's school, and it was a timely lesson to others.

It was in 1873 that Irvin Whitson, who was then a five year old child on Deer creek in Liberty, wanted to be helpful, and he was sent with the jug to take water to the men in the field. There was a long lane leading from the barn and at that time there was no gate into this particular field, the fence always being let down for the horses. At this climbing over place was where the child met with misfortune. He was happy in his errand of bringing liquid coolness, and with tongue out of his mouth refused the proffered help of an older brother, but in putting his leg over the top rail he lost his equilibrium and striking the jug against a rail, it broke, leaving the corn cob stopper in the mouth, and the handle suspended by a string in the child's hand, but nothing daunted he went on and explained that the jug broke all but the hole, which he exhibited, and it was always a companion story to the one told about Lawrence Jay, when his mother first dried apples whole, with the cores removed, and he asked for "hole with apple all around it." Innocent childhood always furnishes amusing incidents.

The difficulties of an immigrant who does not understand the lan-

guage is well illustrated in the case of Christopher Fisherbuck, who came from Germany the year after the Pennsylvania Railway was built into Grant county. He was expected by his brother, Frederick Fisherbuck, and his sister, Mrs. Amelia Ballenger, and they had watched the arrival of all trains at Upland to welcome him, but he had made the mistake of leaving the train at Hartford City, with eleven miles between him and the homes of his relatives in Grant county. While he could not speak a word of English, he found out his mistake and walked along the track, and at nightfall, having despaired of reaching his friends, he crawled under Jefferson church and spent the hours of darkness rather than make further inquiry of strangers. Jefferson church had been built on land owned by his brother, while his sister lived near, and he had seen the light from the tallow dip left burning in the window. When the half starved immigrant emerged from his hiding next morning, Frederick Fisherbuck was astir and the brothers were soon together. While all the neighbors had been instructed that if they saw a German along the road where they were to send him, the shelter of a church was not a very warm reception, but years afterward it was a family romance told with pleasure after all the hardship had been forgotten. The man frequently worshiped in the church that first sheltered him, and for many years regular German preaching service was conducted there, and funeral services in German still occur there.

Mrs. Mary Wade, of the Octogenarian Club, recalls that when her husband, Henry Wade, was a Marion druggist and she lived above the drugstore on the north side of the public square, he used Philadelphia paving brick in front of his store and cobblestone for the gutter. A sidewalk was an innovation in the early fifties—they had located there in 1849—and like Mrs. Samuel McClure, who always lived on the public square and liked it because it was so "businessy," Mrs. Wade enjoyed down town living and it was a distinction to have the first pavement in the town. There always has been and always will be opposition to progress, and when it rained John M. Tinney, who was a Marion tailor and a business neighbor to Mr. Wade across the alley east from him, hired an Irishman to throw the cobblestones in front of the Wade drugstore into the street because water stood in front of his place as a result. A great crowd was attracted, but instead of restraining him by violence, Mr. Wade visited the law office of Thompson and Steele determined to enter suit for damages, and to compel the tailor to replace his gutter. It was a new idea in the village and people must get used to changed conditions gradually. Aron Swayzee, Eugene Norton and James Sweetser, who were Mr. Wade's business contemporaries, were in sympathy with him and yet they visited the law office and prevailed upon him not to enter suit, but to quietly rebuild the gutter and they would see to it that it was not again destroyed. Mr. Wade returned to his home, donned straw hat, overalls and buckskin mittens and with his own hands replaced the cobblestones, and with even a larger crowd watching him than had seen his neighbor destroy it. About the same time, feeling the need of fire protection, Mr. Wade circulated a subscription paper among Marion business men and secured enough money to buy the first hook and ladder outfit ever used in the town, and to build a fire house on the rear of the lot now occupied by the Goldthait store.

There was no bank in Marion until in the sixties, and there was little need of one, as the settlers had little money, even paying their taxes with skins of wild animals, for which a bounty was offered by the government, and as late as A. D. 1913 County Auditor E. H. Kimball paid bounty money in the Grant county court house—a lad claiming reward and receiving ten cents in payment as bounty money, although no such

account was reopened with the county. It is said that David Connor, who was an Indian trader in trading post days, always had money deposited with the county treasurer, and instructed him to buy skins from settlers in lieu of taxes and charge the amount to his account, and when a settler did have a balance on hand he always left it with some Marion business man, never receiving the scratch of a pen to show he had such a deposit. Eli Thomas relates that he once sold a bunch of hogs and, not having immediate use for the money, he wrapped it in a paper and left it with Samuel McClure, and three weeks later Mr. McClure returned the package intact—his safe having been Mr. Thomas' safety deposit vault, without a line to show that he had left money there. George Needler, of Jefferson, relates that his father, James Needler, had escaped taxation for ten years, and when taxes were finally levied against him, the son visited the treasurer with two coon skins and $2 in currency, and although one of the skins was smaller than the other he was credited with a dollar apiece for them, Conner's money being on deposit at the time. There is a different system in the court house now.

When Mrs. Philadelphia A. Hall first lived on Josina creek in the Indian land she was afraid the Miamis would steal her black-eyed son, Frank H. Hall, and her little daughter, now Mrs. W. C. Webster, and she removed to Logansport, where J. J. Hall was born. After several years, when she felt less fear of the Indians, she returned to Josina creek, and the children went to the Indian village school along with the young Miamis. When her children were small, Mrs. Hall always had bright colored beads and pieces of cloth to give to the Indians in an effort to please them so they would not steal her children from her, but she was always uneasy about them. When they were children they were familiar with Meshingomesia, sitting in front of his cabin with two squaws and always a number of dogs around him. They went fishing with the young Indians later, and the country was not so wild as when their mother was afraid for them. After J. J. Hall was a married man he was driving one Sunday with his wife, when he remarked that they were meeting three squaws. She asked how he knew they were Indians, and he said they walked Indian fashion—one behind another—and when they were face to face he recognized one and spoke to her in the Miami tongue, which he had learned in childhood. The squaw he addressed was of the Winters family, and while he knew the years had changed his own face, he had not seen the woman since they were children, and he thought he was speaking to the mother, when it proved to be the daughter—the girl he had known. While he had greeted her in the Indian tongue, not expecting a reply in English, she exclaimed: "Gee whiz! That you?" and thus were the tongues reversed when they recognized each other.

While people still cheat in their dealings one with another, the methods have changed—perhaps scientific trickery now, and customers still beat business men, while the twentieth century business man finds it to his advantage to be alert. The writer's paternal grandmother one time went into a store with a pillowslip full of feathers packed so tight that the dealer suspected heavier substance than feathers. When he offered to buy the feathers only at a quoted price, she required him to empty the pillow case in her presence, and he admitted he thought she was selling him a stone at the price of feathers. The following is a recent Marion newspaper clipping:

"A certain man in this town tells a story of his experiences when a grocer a quarter of a century ago. Being in the business of course he bought produce of various sorts, including butter of as many different

brands and conditions as there were butter-makers. He found butter with too much or not enough salt in it, butter with too many hairs in it, butter with too many insects in it, butter with too much of various things in it, and he had come to expect almost anything in the way of a variation from the standard he had in mind. One day when he attempted to divide for a customer a quantity that he had just bought the knife struck an obstacle. There was a lump of butter a little bit the toughest that he had ever come in contact with. He investigated and found a stone weighing just half a pound. How that stone got into that butter of course he could not know, but there it was. When the woman from whom he bought that butter came into the store to make a purchase some time afterwards he put that same stone in the scales before her eyes, weighed it in with the purchase, charged for it—and got his pay without a word. This was an exceptional case, of course, and there are transactions that in principle are not far removed from it, but they are not so numerous as they once were."

Grant county farmers in institute assembled have frequently been regaled with stories of unscrupulous stock dealers who manage to water the animals before weighing them, and the knowing glances always indicate that persons in the audience know parallel stories. When the historian was a child they used to talk about the mud accumulating on a hog's tail when it was driven to the scales—that long ago people did not haul fat hogs to market. The writer has seen boys practice making such mud balls because the mud was weighed with the hog, and it was all a joke at the time. A man who prided himself on never buying "watered" stock helped drive a bunch of calves from the pasture, thinking he was safe in paying the price, as it was a bright morning and they had not been given water. Unfortunately he did not know the location of a cement water tank filled from a wind pump, and when the farmer invited him to note the adjustment of the farm scales the calves were behind the barn consuming several gallons of water. At so much a pound as they were driven immediately on the scales, and later he saw how much the water line was lowered in the tank. A little salt scattered the day before farm animals are to be marketed usually brings a better price in the end than the farmer paid for it by the barrel. While the calves in question may have been salted, the buyer knew they had been watered, and that he had water cheaper at home than he paid for it.

Edwin Caldwell, the well known public accountant, tells of the capture of a wolf in Liberty in November, 1858, at a point in the woods now marked by the Wells school house. While he was only a child he remembers that his father and other farmers were greatly annoyed by the wolves taking their poultry, pigs, lambs and sometimes a calf would be killed by them. Train Caldwell, Joshua Freeman and R. J. Gaunt were neighboring settlers, and at the instance of Mr. Freeman, who had been a great trapper always, they made up a purse and sent to Fort Wayne for a wolf trap Mr. Freeman knew about, thinking they would rid the community of wolves and save their domestic animals from them. As a sidelight to this story by Mr. Caldwell, the historian remembers another of almost the same locality as related by Mrs. Catharine Fite at the time her husband, Stephen D. Fite, was superintending the building of The Octogenarian—the log cabin in Matter Park. Their first Indian abode was at Independence, not far from the site of this wolf hunt in 1858, and moving into the cabin before it was daubed, Mrs. Fite would not lie next to the cracks in the logs where the wolves would come up and look in at them, but she slept in front on the rude bed he had constructed on the wall, a facsimile of which he later constructed in

The Octogenarian. At the time all the settlers were annoyed by the hungry wolves in packs in the woods. A wolf was vicious when driven by hunger, and the settlers made constant war on them.

When the wolf trap finally came it had a long chain with several hooks on the end, similar to the Griffin wolf trap now on exhibit at the Octogenarian Museum, and the hooks were designed to entangle the wolf when attempting to escape with the trap fastened to it. Understanding the requirements in order to trap a wolf, Mr. Freeman placed the monster trap by the carcass of a sheep the wolves had already killed, knowing they would come again. That night all the settlers who knew about it were alert for any noise in the woods. Mr. Caldwell remembers sleeping in the trundle bed, and asking his father to awaken him when there was a wolf, but two or there nights went by before the pack returned—wolves were always cautious. The settlers had scoured the woods with torches, guns and dogs in an effort to frighten them and sometimes they would not be seen for several days at a time. One night his father heard the howl of a wolf—thought it must be the leader of the pack from the noisy demonstration—and the neighbors soon joined him in the woods, where about the largest wolf they had ever seen was struggling with the trap that had caught by a hook to a sapling. It was a strong trap, with teeth in the jaws, and thinking the wolf would not regain his freedom, they all went home to breakfast. While the telephone bell was not heard in that community until forty years later, the news of the wolf in a trap spread with surprising rapidity, and that day the settlers from far and near visited the wild animal in captivity.

The wolf was large and such a vicious fellow there was no chance of caging him, and removing the trap, which was securely fastened to one of his legs, and thinking he might gnaw off his foot, they were afraid to leave him another night, and Mr. Caldwell remembers the steady aim of his father who had carried a gun to the woods, and the bullet ended the life of the captive. Its howling all day long had completely frightened the pack out of the community, and wolves were never seen there again. While he was only a child, Mr. Caldwell remembers the incident as if it had been but yesterday, but the Twentieth century child will think of it as an impossibility in this civilized community. Wild animals in town—why, T. W. Overman remembers the story as told by his father, David Overman, that one time he had accompanied his father, John A. Overman, to town, and there was a wolf in a trap back of George White's store, where the Larrimer photograph gallery is located, on Fourth street. The wolf trap was built of rails, drawn in at the top, and the carcass of a sheep had been used to entice the wolf to the spot so near human haunts. The boy saw the hunter pinion the animal's head in such a way that he reached in with a knife and cut its throat—a savage beast at his mercy.

Asher J. Bond, of Marion, recalls that when he was a little boy and before the Civil war, he was on a visit at the home of his grandfather, Moses Bond, in Washington, and that his grandmother was afraid the Indians would steal him. While there his father, Joseph Bond, R. T. St. John and William Brandon were getting ready to go turkey hunting in the woods, and after their bullets were molded and all was in readiness, his grandmother reminded Mr. Brandon, whose pipe was in his mouth, that he had better light it from the hearth coals—everybody had undying embers on the cabin hearth that long ago. He, however, struck a match, saying he was no longer dependent upon live coals on the hearth, and it was something novel to the curious boy. The man had a cluster of matches not split quite across, and there was brimstone on

one end of them. When he lighted one to show them, it did not flash like the modern brimstone match, but it was better than a coal of fire or than striking two flints together to secure a light. There was a six foot fire place, and there were splinters on the mantel, but Mr. Brandon was proof against them—he had matches. That long ago it was a case of borrow fire if the embers died out on the hearth, and today matches are in frequent requisition—could not get along without them.

While writing reminiscences recently, H. I. Story—why reveal a man's secret who writes under a *nom de plume*—went back to the time when the Pan Handle Railroad was built to Jonesboro in 1868, and after recalling that Hiatt Brothers and Gideon Eviston used to drive the omnibus to all trains, he adds:

"It was always an interesting story to tell about the coming of this first railroad. Cyrus Pemberton, living on what is now West Fifth street, had a particularly interesting story to tell, which ran something like as follows:

"The railroad had been constructed to the town, the rails had been laid and spiked, but as yet no engine had ventured upon them. That day a show—a menagerie—had visited the town and the people turned out to see the elephants and lions and tigers, etc. After the show was over all turned into bed and the town was wrapped in slumber. Suddenly all were roused by unearthy shrieks and sounds. Pemberton sprang from bed, donned his clothes, and by that time had formed a clear judgment from circumstantial evidence that lions and tigers had broken loose from the menagerie. He grabbed his gun and went forth as a brave man, which he was, to bring down the wild game of the jungle. Before he had treed game the terrible sounds again broke forth and the roar was different from what he supposed those beasts could produce. He pressed his way toward the source of the noise and heard them snorting and hissing and even lighting the dark clouds with lurid flame. Undaunted, he still pushed forward till he came to a monster, and behold, it was the first engine that had come over the new railroad in the dead of night, and given its shrill whistle to announce to the citizens that the iron horse had arrived.

"When Walker Winslow, of stage coach fame, used to get $4 from each passenger from Marion to Anderson—it was before the advent of the railroad train, price was never the question—it was whether or not the passenger could be accommodated. He had three rockaway pattern coaches, and he made three round trips a week, receiving $300 a year from the government for carrying the mail. The writer remembers seeing the stage go through Jonesboro, four horses in a brisk trot and it was communication with the world beyond—brought tidings from afar. Mr. Winslow operated the stage under heavy expenses—required sixteen head of horses, stage teams—and when he needed funds for operating he borrowed $500 from Jason Willson, with Adam Wolfe as his security, Mr. Wolfe being interested in quick communication with the outside world and having business interests in Marion, then thirty miles from a railroad. Some of Walker Winslow's old patrons by stage from Marion to Anderson were spared until Noah Clodfelter's dreams were realized—interurban electric transportation—and among his frequent passengers were Mrs. Mary Cary Dodds and Mrs. Queen Butler Spencer, who would ride beside him and sing while crossing the country. Judge John Brownlee frequently engaged passage with him, then walked where the roads were worst with never a word of complaint about it, and what seems one of the eternal mysteries—early road builders made plank roads right over gravel banks—had not yet learned to utilize gravel as road material, and while plank roads were not wide enough for teams to pass

on them—the stage did not often have to give part of the road—no one else was traveling 'in them days.'"

Quoting again from H. I. Story:

"A backward look over four decades gives a view of the rapid changes of time. Forty-two years ago the writer came to Jonesboro—a lad fourteen years old. The town of that day is very unlike the town of the present. That generation is gone. Occasionally an old resident can be found, but the number of strangers outnumbers them.

"John R. Kirkwood was postmaster forty years ago, having succeeded Elias Coleman. The postoffice was not far from its present location, though it has occupied various places since. Mail was delivered by omnibus from the Panhandle railroad at Harrisburg—now Gas City—and by stage from Muncie and from Anderson. The last named was delivered by H. Walker Winslow, of Fairmount, from before the Civil war till the building of the C. W. & M. Railroad. Residents of both town and country knew well the time mails were due to arrive and gathered at the postoffice to be present when the mail 'was opened.' The postmaster called aloud the name of the person addressed on each letter or paper, who, if he were in the crowd, would call out 'Here,' and the letter or paper would be passed in the direction of his voice, till it came into the hands of the person to whom it was addressed. Such mail as was not then delivered because of the absence of the addressee was placed on file in alphabetical order till called for. At one town of this time the writer distinctly remembers that the postmaster used the living room for himself and wife as the postoffice into which the public would come; the mail pouch was emptied upon the dining table and the mail handed to such as were present, and the remainder was laid upon the bed to await call. And as this was a town of about eight hundred population the little dwelling thus used as a postoffice was much crowded at mail time."

It is difficult to reconcile the present environment of Mrs. Martha E. Goldthait of North Washington street and the story she tells of her early housekeeping days in Marion—the wife of Cimon Goldthait, a pioneer Marion business man and founder of the present Goldthait Department Store. It was in 1850 that her husband one day told her not to use eggs for the table, as they were five cents a dozen and entirely too expensive for family diet. When they were two and three cents a dozen she used all she wanted of them. When Mrs. Goldthait leaves home today she rides in a Pullman car, but she has pleasure in recalling the fact that as a girl of fourteen, when her father was removing his family from Ohio to Indiana, she walked a great part of the distance—consideration for the horses drawing the wagon in which the household all was stored—and while surrounded by modern conveniences and comforts, she delights in reminiscenses of that character. It is another instance of "Truth Stranger than Fiction," when one listens to stories of that nature. While the woman who walked part of the way to Indiana does not ride out in an automobile—does not want it—her carriage has long been a familiar vehicle about Marion streets.

The late John Andrew explained the high cost of living so much discussed recently by saying there are now more middlemen to be paid for their service than when in the early history of Grant county all the families did everything for themselves. When the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker were the whole proposition, the profits were not divided among so many and the cost of production was correspondingly less, and it was a bit of sensible philosophy coming from one who knew the meaning of the word economy. Almost a nonogenarian, Mr. Andrew was in Marion at the time of the visit of President William Howard Taft, July 3, 1911, and went home late in the afternoon without any dinner—

had no money to buy it. Mr. Andrew was a well to do citizen, but the light fingered gentry "touched him." He did not know when or how his purse containing several dollars was taken. What he regretted most was the loss of his pocket piece, a $5 gold coin wrapped in a scrap of calico, and he would recognize the coin again if it were wrapped in the same bit of calico—a scrap from a dress worn by Mrs. Andrew several years earlier, he thought the thief had little consideration for "hoary locks—rob an old man in broad day light," and that was why he practiced economy that day—knew the "high cost" of carrying unnecessary funds with him in a crowd.

Mrs. Ann Jay related her experience in securing fruit when her children were little and she could not go into the woods for it. She had a pair of old fashioned ear pendants that were admired by a neighbor girl, and notwithstanding the fact that they would sometime be priceless heirlooms for her own children, she bargained with the girl to let her have them for a bushel of wild berries and made the mistake of paying her in advance for the berries. She "counted the chickens before they were hatched." When she heard of the girl selling berries elsewhere she inquired about it. Inconsistency was not then regarded as jewelry. The girl had lost one of the pendants and Mrs. Jay never did get the raspberries. When that same family afterward wanted to trade a lot in the cemetery for a cow she advised against any such transaction.

It seemed an unusual story when "Father" G. P. Ripley and his wife had a visit from their daughter, Mrs. Fanny Stratton, in 1910, at their last housekeeping stand adjoining the Riley Boys' Brigade church on West First street. It had been thirty years since they had given her up to the Northwest, and although along the Mississinewa "No news is always good news," they had never expected to see her again. One evening the two old people were sitting on their little porch when a cab stopped in front, and as their long lost daughter paid the fare the old people wondered who was coming to visit them. It had been a long time since a letter had reached them, although as they sat in the shadow they would see her before them, and sometimes they would resolve to cross the continent in search of her. Since man changes once in seven years the woman who greeted them had changed more than four times since they had seen her last, but "Mother" Riley was not "caught napping," and her intuition served her well as she looked the visitor over carefully, divining that it was the real "flesh and blood daughter" she had never expected to see again, while the father had no such presentiment. Whatever may have happened to the muscles and bones, the spirit was unchanged and the daughter said her parents had not needed her as much as she had needed them—just to sit again with them in the twilight.

It was A. J. Hays who said the way to have a short winter was to borrow money from a bank in the fall that would come due in the spring, and other pioneers agreed with him. When he was in active life Mr. Hays bought cattle all over Grant county, riding on horseback everywhere. Sometimes he had need of borrowed capital in carrying on his business, and the above bit of philosophy escaped his lips one time when making settlement in the Marion State Bank for money he had used through the winter. The telephone revolutionized the stock buying business in Grant county, dealers engaging stock without quitting their own firesides while they used to buy from long horseback tours of the whole country. With the daily papers everybody knows the markets, and the buyer relies somewhat upon the honesty of the man who offers stock upon the market as to condition, but notes in the bank are said to

mature just as rapidly as under the old methods of doing business. While a note due in the spring may cause the winter to seem short, it never has lessened the fuel bills in Grant county.

When the fathers and mothers of today were children one of the best known childhood rhymes was:

"Baby bye, here's a fly.

* * * * * * * * *

Here he goes, on his toes,
Tickling baby's nose."

but nowadays the microscopist and bacteriologist have taught them that the fly is not at all a suitable playmate for the baby. "Swat the fly," became a watchword about the time the war of extermination on the housefly began, and society no longer muses in that fashion. Indeed, wise families have long objected to association with the fly at table, and peach tree limbs were always in demand until long about the Centennial year, when the screen door first made its appearance in Grant county hardware stores. The national Christian Endeavor watchword is, the whole United States of America dry in 1920—a moral economic—and this sanitary economic—the war on the house fly—is being waged quite as industriously. Where domestic animals are kept it requires eternal vigilance to control the fly nuisance, but people not yet old remember when the family was more annoyed by this pest than at present. Concerted action is the method of exterminating flies. Filthy stables are the best fly incubators, and people are able to combat the evil nowadays by cleanliness, and sanitation is revolutionizing conditions. While some careful housewives feel that "Mister Fly" has made his last stand, A. D. 1913, he is apt to be like the poor—always with you.

When Adam Wolfe of Muncie, who was among the leading capitalists of Indiana, was casting about for a bank location, he was induced to locate his son-in-law, Jason Willson, in Marion because of the strong Quaker population in Grant county. Before his death, A. D. 1913, Mr. Willson had long been recognized as the oldest Indiana banker, and it required a "long look ahead" to see the future in a county so often under water as Grant, and a county town thirty miles from a railroad as was Marion at the time—only the stage coach to Anderson connecting it with steam traffic. When the Willsons located in Marion Mr. Wolfe assured them that all the advantage of civilization would come later, and it was from the cold blooded standpoint of a simple business proposition that he was influenced, reasoning that the Quakers were unerring in their judgment of the character of land, and the family never regretted its decision—its future home in the metropolis of Grant county. Other county towns were then without banks, but Mr. Wolfe sought investment among an honest, prosperous people, and thus the reputation of the Quakers of the sixties was collateral in a way that perhaps none of them knew about at the time. Thus the first bank was located in Marion because the Quakers were known to have money, and to discharge both their moral and financial obligations.

Everybody in business sought Quaker patronage, and a Quaker could always open an account in a store. Byron H. Jones, clerk of the circuit court and father of O. S. and S. F. Jones, was the first depositor in the Willson bank, opening his account with an $800 deposit, and Mr. Jones had been a Quaker until he took the oath of office, which disqualified him, and "they read him out of the meeting." Until this bank was opened, there was no public depository and citizens used to leave their surplus funds with business men of the town. Eli Thomas, who is one

of the most venerable Friends now living relates that once when he had sold his hogs he did not care to have the money on his person—suspicious characters had seen him receive it—and he rolled it up in paper and left the package with Samuel McClure—not a word as to its contents—and three weeks later, when he asked for it, Mr. McClure returned it intact, although Mr. Thomas did not have "the scratch of a pen" to show for it. While Mr. McClure was not a Quaker himself, he always said that would be his church were he to join any, and he would not tolerate disparaging remarks about them. Yet he welcomed the Willson bank into the community because it relieved him of a great deal of responsibility incident to the times in business affairs.

While the Quaker had credit in all business circles, was it to his personal advantage? Some argue that with debt hanging over them they exert themselves to pay it—that debt is a stimulus, and through some hook or crook the Quakers have accumulated property. The present generation of Grant county Quakers studies economics the same, and some of them may still be spurred on by debt, yet others have lived on "Easy Street" and its rural ramifications so long they have almost forgotten the goading influence, although economy is a disease hard to eradicate from the Quaker system. There were looms in the pioneer Quaker homes, and the women wove flannel, jeans, and they covered their floors with home made carpets, but quality was always a consideration. While in the past they did not spend all of their money on clothes, today no one would point out a Quaker because of the cut of his garments. The twentieth century Quaker still has his bank account, and his money is good anywhere—but other people now have the same recognition.

While Grant county Friends are law-abiding, some of them have been sport loving—given to innocent amusements. The "Hickory" Quakers have not necessarily been "undesirable citizens," and the following story illustrates a characteristic. It was along in the seventies that a party of coon hunters in the Oak Ridge and Bethel neighborhoods in Liberty were rambling about and treed a coon on the farm owned by the Rev. John Carey in the Back Creek neighborhood, and when R. N. Whitson and Albert Brandenburg—two of the younger members in the party—mustered courage to visit the Carey homestead in the middle of the night and ask the privilege of cutting the "coon tree," that pioneer Friend questioned them as if he had been a "Philadelphia lawyer," rather than a Friends minister. The following colloquy ensued: "Yes," Mr. Whitson admitted, "I am a member of Bethel Friends meeting," and by adroit questioning that shrewd Quaker minister and farmer learned the names of the entire hunting party then holding midnight vigil in his woods. When he found that several official members of Oak Ridge Monthly meeting were in the party, his mind was made up and he answered: "Tell 'em not to cut my tree," and as much of those Oak Ridge Friends enjoyed sport the timber was unmolested that night, but a year later some of them were again in the woods and located a coon in the same tree, but they pursued a different course—they enlisted the sympathy of one of the sons.

It was a red oak tree and in the meantime lightning had struck it. The son, Isaac Carey, said his father was gone to Yearly Meeting at Richmond, but that he would "fix it" with his mother. He told her "Father" wanted some timber cut for rails, and it would save him the trouble of chopping the tree, and he it said to his credit he did work up the timber into fence rails in order to ease his conscience from having had part in the sport himself. Because the official board of Oak Ridge Monthly Meeting of Friends was paying a midnight visit to the

Carey woods did not cause this pioneer Friend to look with favor upon such pastime, although his family was later accessory to it, and the incident did not interfere with any existing friendships—perhaps the hunters themselves under reversed conditions, would not have granted such privilege—put yourself in his place. There was no rural telephones then, but courageous youths visited the home and called the husband man, rather than take advantage of his absence and destroy his property. Riley Garner, Addison Scott and Rigdon Scott—well, that is telling names along with the tale, but these young Quakers standing guard in the woods were true to their early training—had definite conviction, and there was no wanton destruction of property. While there would have been little intrinsic loss—there was a little market or timber then—their own self respect would have been destroyed and Oak Ridge Quakers came through with their garments unsullied, and Mr. Carey was the sovereign of his own domain. Other Quakers had guns and dogs, and hunting was part of the every day life of the pioneers. The coons and coon trees are sacred memories—pastime of men and boys—and the older ones delight in recalling such incidents.

The automobile has come to stay! That seems to be the consensus of opinion about it. When the Marion Civic Assembly planned its automobile parade for April 18, 1913, in connection with the formal opening of the new market house and civic hall, two hundred invitations were mailed to Grant county farmers by Marion dealers who had lists of their customers, saying nothing about the machines owned by farmers who bought them elsewhere, and of those who owned machines of older patterns than had been made a matter of record. Ten years ago farmers were arrayed solidly against the advent of the automobile—were opposed to allowing it highway privileges—and in all their institutes resolutions were passed legislating it out of existence. Why, progressive farmers even visited other counties to get resolutions through the institutes, curtailing automobile privileges along the high ways, and one year at Swayzee, when the matter was before the institute, Alfred Comer suggested that if they must use the highways that couriers be sent through the country on horseback one day in advance to notify the people along the way that they might look out—and now the farmers are the best automobile customers. In ten years their viewpoint has changed "right about face," and the automobile is the necessary machinery in up-to-date farming. Public opinion is a creature of education. Farmers and their Twentieth century transportation are the envy of all their city "cousins," and friends. They go out in style—seven passenger cars and all the family along. In fact, no one now questions the fact that the automobile enthusiasts have brought around the "good roads" conditions.

Friends have always done personal religious work through the medium of visiting families, and along when night meetings first came into favor there were neighborhood cottage prayer meetings. Visiting missionary Friends usually took one or more companions along—more effective service the result—and Eli Thomas relates that along in the '60s, when evangelism began to spread—the religious leaven began to operate in the hearts of men—Mrs. Hannah Yearsom, a minister from New England Yearly Meeting, was visiting Friends in the limits of Mississinewa and Northern Quarterly meetings, calling on families and making personal appeals, about the first traveling Friend to conduct such a religious campaign in the county. Local Friends always stood ready to advance the Kingdom on Earth, and Isaac Jay took the missionary in his carriage while Jacob Davis went ahead on horseback, warning the people of her approach and calling the men from the fields in order to

economize on time, as the women went through the entire Mississinewa Friends community. When they reached the home of Mr. Thomas, who then lived in the country, Mr. Davis had the family in waiting and Mr Jay remained in the carriage while Mr. Davis again played the part of forerunner at the next house. As the much heralded visitor entered the Thomas dooryard amid the curious glances from the family —a novel experience to them—she exclaimed: "The law was given by Moses, but Grace and Truth by Jesus Christ," and she delivered her sermon without the formality of being seated, and half a century later it is being "handed down" again. Mrs. Pearson was accompanied by men of influence, who gave her prestige in the community, and the value of the story lies in the fact that it illustrates the changed evangelism in Grant county.

There is nothing that will better serve the purpose of showing old time economic conditions before the railways opened up communication between Grant county and the rest of the world than the following letter so carefully treasured by J. Walter Buchanan, the handwriting of his grandfather, Alexander Buchanan, and sent to "Mr. Davis Norton, Marion, Grant county, Indiana," from Louisville, Kentucky, May 10, 1841, and carried into Marion by stage from Andersontown. Mr. Buchanan says: "I take my pen in hand to inform you of my health. It is not very good at present, but it is better than it has been. I have been sick, but am getting along very well. I have got to work again. I write to let you know that I wont be there till some time in June, as I have a job commenced that will take me till the first of June to finish, and then I will go to Marion as soon as possible. I am as strong in the notion of going into business as ever. (He was a cabinet maker.) I will have some money, but not as much as I had expected. I have got a good many tools gathered up. Write to me as soon as you get this letter and direct it to Cincinnati, and let me know when there will be a team from Marion. If there will be a team there soon after the first of June, I will stay there to start my chest home, and if there wont be a team, tell me where they stop when they do come so that I can leave my chest where it will be sent the first opportunity, as I have a large chest and can't take it any other way. Nothing more at present," and with Twentieth century freight facilities between Marion and Cincinnati this letter of "three score and ten" years ago seems an impossibility.

Along in the last quarter of the nineteenth century Grant county citizens used to argue the Scriptures, and there were many good "Scriptorians," in "those days." Indeed, it was so popular to discuss "Scripture," that one pioneer Grant county woman declared they had made sorghum molasses "so khare she could read the Scriptures through it." T. D. Tharp relates that while visiting country schools in an official capacity he was once an invited "over night" guest at the home of Abram Goodykoontz, now called Heimat in Liberty, and that the Rev. Joseph Allen, who was the Jonesboro Presbyterian minister and a friend of the family, was there. Rev. Allen was a minister who earned his "livelihood" with saw mills years ago, and he knew the Bible in a way few others knew it. Mr. Goodykoonts and Mr. Allen talked far into the night, Mr. Goodykoontz being a Spiritualist in belief, and Mr. Allen feeling under obligations to convert him to Christianity. Later, Mr. Tharp listened to an argument in the Spencer House between Mr. Allen and a hotel guest, and when he had wound up the traveling salesman completely, the late Jacob Spencer, who was then landlord, commended the local minister with a vice like grip on his knee, exclaiming: "The Bible is true, gentlemen, the Bible is true." That long ago there

were no metropolitan newspapers to consume leisure hours, and people threshed out everything by way of argument. The Rev. Joseph Allen was one of the best informed men who ever lived in the county. He was a strict Sabbatarian, and his children dare not "slide down a straw stack" on Sunday. If his boys had not prepared the Monday morning kindling on Saturday night, they did it early Monday morning—never on Sunday. Some of Mr. Allen's daughters are still well known residents, although the sons have left the community.

The old eagle cage in the courthouse yard in the days of the second Grant county courthouse was built by Lewellyn J. Starrett, who was much given to artistic arrangement, and who used to decorate many halls and churches for festive occasions. The eagle cage was movable. In the old days of the brick courthouse, surrounded by a board fence and hitch rack, the town boys used to catch rats and carry them to the eagles, and for many years this cage and its occupants were an attraction to all visitors. When this old courthouse was standing the circuit court room was the social center for the entire county, and circuit riders often preached the gospel there, and theatrical troupes used it until White's hall supplanted it.

At the funeral of Mrs. Mary Gardner in 1912 the obituary recalled an incident in her life that was unusual to Grant county citizens. Alfred Gardner and family lived in North Carolina "at the breaking out of the war," and he was drafted into the Confederate army, although a Northern sympathizer—opposed to the institution of slavery. When he became a "prisoner of war" in the North Mrs. Gardner, with six small children, set out to make a home among relatives in Indiana, where he later joined her. He had assured her before leaving home that if he should be captured and brought North he would not return to North Carolina. Mrs. Gardner was one year en route, remaining six months at Newbern, North Carolina, where she baked biscuits for northern soldiers, and she was one week on the Atlantic going to New York city, where she secured passage to Andersontown, the nearest railroad point to Marion. One of her children died while making the journey. She came in 1863, and when the war was over Mr. Gardner came, and they lived neighbors to Rolinda's parents. As a little boy he was once placed on a horse behind Mrs. Gardner to take her home, and she said: "Now don't slide off over the horse's 'circumstance,'" and since that time "tail" and "circumstance" have been synonyms. Mrs. Luella Modlin and Mrs. Flora Cox are the daughters surviving Mrs. Gardner in her ninetieth year.

It was not because they were Quakers and would later perch themselves on the political "water wagon" that the early settlers located along the Mississinewa and its contributing streams, but because of the advantages to the pioneer of running water, the peach tree limb wizards not yet having discerned water veins in well digging, and that explains the Branson monument at the old Branson family homestead. David Branson, who donated thirty acres of land to the original Marion town plat, was a Hicksite Quaker, and the Branson homestead was a Hicksite center in the early history. The man was a moral and physical giant, stood six feet and six inches in his stockings, had six toes and red hair, and when Hicksite emigrants came to Indiana they always stopped at Branson's, and covered wagons were a familiar sight along the river. There was never a Hicksite church in Grant county, although there are still a number of Hicksite families. When the Washington township Bond family, headed by Benjamin Bond, arrived, they camped three weeks at Branson's, until they could preempt land at $1.25 an acre, and

locate in Washington, where they afterward affiliated with the Wesleyan Methodists, other Hicksite families going from Branson's to Wabash and Huntington counties, and south to Madison county, where they organized Hicksite meetings. Eli Kimbrough, who died in 1904, had a "tip and a-bit" pocket piece that had been given him by Elias Hicks when he was a child.

The strong Hicksite community north of Grant county explains the extensive patronage of Mrs. Hannah Branson, who was a "night rider," her territory reaching from the Mississinewa to the Salamonie, and she never refused her ministrations because of the poverty of the settlers. Mrs. Branson was a stalwart woman, and while she did not possess an electric self-starting automobile, when a call came to her from a remote settler, she would mount a bare back horse and go at all hours—day or night—and she welcomed the children in many primitive homes in early history. Equally famous as "night riders" or midwives among later Orthodox Quakers were Charity Benbow and Polly Harris, and those courageous women played well their parts in the development of Grant county. Dr. Nellie Moon was another midwife, although not of Quaker family, and while accouchers and other practitioners must have license today, none question the skill of those women who lived near to nature, and were governed by common sense in their ministrations to suffering humanity in the wilderness days of Grant county.

While casting about for certain old time pictures to be used in this Centennial History, it developed that J. H. Hartsook, who is the senior Marion photographer, had lost a fortune in the river when years ago the Hockett and Hartsook gallery had accumulated so many negatives that it was necessary to dispose of them. They were so many pieces of glass, and Dr. A. J. Bobbs, who owned the building in which the gallery was located, objected to them on account of their weight, saying they were damaging his property. Two dray loads of the accumulation were thrown into the Mississinewa to relieve the strain on the building, and now some of those old negatives would be immensely valuable if Mr. Hartsook had them. They were on the best grade of glass and nowadays all negatives are sold to mirror firms, who utilize them—an economy of waste—although when this collection was dumped into the river there was no market for them. They had a great collection of out of door negatives, and Mr. Hartsook would print from some of them again if he had them. Older Marion photographers were: Simon Cary, C. E. Neal, S. P. Eversole and J. C. Littler, and Fred Clark in Jonesboro, and Lorenzo Mendenhall in Fairmount. While some of those old time photographers made daguerreotypes, others only made tintypes, and sometimes patrons had to wait for them to bring a bucket of water from the town pump with which to developed them—something Larrimer, Dexheimer and other later day photographers only know about from history.

Many years ago when there was more timber in Grant county, there were more wild animals and it was nothing unusual to see signs: "Furs wanted," about the country-cross-roads places. When Jacob Newburger, who conducted a general store in New Cumberland, put out such a sign, some one shot a black squirrel, skinned it and sold the hide to him "minkum," the old man's broken English being familiar to all. Mr. Newburger paid fifty cents for the squirrel hide, tossed it under the counter, and a "practical joker" of the community purloined it and after a little while sold it to him again. The process went on among the jokers until he had bought the same skin several times, when he remarked that it was a good day for "minkum," and concluded to count

the skins, when he found out the trick, and the traffic in "munkum" was at an end. Mr. Newburger's rule of business was to make three cents off of each customer, and as he had many of them, he said they did not mind and it made him a rich man. There used to be more practical jokers around than nowadays, and such tricks were of frequent occurrence. The story used to be told of how the boys would take advantage of store keepers and slip out their watermelons do it right in front of them—but business is conducted differently now and there are more clerks to handle trade, and such things are seldom reported. With the advent of the daily newspaper, people did not have to invent so many pastime tricks. They had entertainment of a different nature.

When capital and labor learn to consider each other's best interests, then will the Scripture be fulfilled about the "lion and the lamb" lying down together. The fact that G. A. H. Shideler was called into the Green Bottle Blowers' Association convention to introduce the speaker, Dennis A. Hayes, at the Civic hall at its open meeting, August 10, 1913, was a good omen and it looked like an amicable relation existed between two necessarily opposing interests. Each was disposed to call the other honest, and the national secretary said that Marion factory men showed evidence of prosperity, that many owned their own homes, and Mr. Shideler stated from the platform that there had never been a strike in his factory. Mr. Hayes said one thing that should be remembered, that labor need not expect things from the church unless it allies itself with the institution—and Christianity should regulate the relations between capital and labor. It is the business of the labor union to regulate its hours and wages, but it should not dictate to the employer of labor farther than its own wage protection. The employer furnishes plants and tools, but men are not to be manipulated as machinery. Organized labor is skilled and profitable, and it is incumbent upon men to look out for themselves. While Mr. Shideler looks out for himself from the standpoint of an investment, he recognized that Mr. Hayes was equally interested—labor is the working man's capital, and he declared that brotherhood conditions are a possibility. Mr. Hayes said: "What we want is more than a bare living wage. We want healthful working conditions, the opportunity to educate our children and live up to our duty to society. In this civilized land of ours there is no working man who is willing to merely exist, and lay aside nothing for a time of adversity," and there was comment among the delegates about the unusual spectacle, both sides represented on the same platform in a convention, and the effect was at least wholesome.

The Grant County Fish and Game Association, organized in July, 1913, with W. A. Brown, president, M. G. Bish, secretary, and Ora Drischel, treasurer, had its inception when 2,000 barrels of beer in storage in vats in the Indiana Brewery were emptied into the Mississinewa, July 2, and caused wholesale destruction of fish from the brewery down the river to Battle Ground farm and Conner's mill, the fish becoming intoxicated within a few hours and even ducks at Conner's mill, nine miles below the brewery becoming so badly intoxicated that they could not walk straight when a grain of corn was before them. There was a most disagreeable stench arising from decomposing fish for several days, and the Grant County Fish and Game Protective Association proposes to create different sentiment in the community. When the Indiana brewery had no market for its product under existing temperance restrictions, it suffered its stock of beer to be emptied into the sewer connected with the river rather than pay the revenue duty upon it as the most economic way out of the difficulty. The faucet was opened at four o'clock in the afternoon and next morning the fish

in the river were intoxicated and easily captured by boys wading in the stream, although when placed immediately in fresh water they soon recovered from the effects of the beer—heavily charged with alcohol—or the fish would not have lost control of themselves. The beer was emptied into the brewery sewer through a hose in the presence of United States Revenue Collector C. R. Jones, simply in conformity with the law of Indiana and without thought of the wholesale destruction to the fish in the Mississinewa. The Grant County Fish and Game Protective Association proposes to establish a fish hatchery in Matter Park, utilizing the wading pool for children as a winter quarters for the fish, and the club has become popular and had many supporters in the community.

Along with livestock development a number of farmers have given attention to seed beds and seed specialties, and Frank Rybolt has developed Rybolt's Favorite Corn from parent stock secured from Burpee mastodon dent and crossed with a sixteen-inch corn obtained from James Hoggatt—and after several years of experiment he has a corn that yields well, one ear weighing three and one quarter pounds and shelling 1,860 grains, and it has weighed out more than one hundred bushels which is about three times the average Indiana yield as reported in farm bulletins. Mr. Rybolt exhibited his growing crop in the presence of County Agent Otis Crane and Professor A. Jones, and the historian is glad to enroll Rybolt's Favorite in the Centennial History.

While an invitation was given to all Secret Orders to furnish their own history not all responded, and since there are half a hundred of them one not admitted to their sessions would encounter difficulties in writing it. The membership of most of the lodges is large and all are in prosperous condition. Many women take an active part in lodge work and there are flourishing auxiliaries to most orders. While a number of lodges own their own homes, others occupy leased quarters and regular meetings are held, the order offering both social and benefit advantages. A number of lodges have insurance as an objective feature, and many place the lodge above the church in enumerating its advantages. All lodges were given the same opportunity to enroll in the Centennial History, and those enrolled furnished their own data—their own individual history.

While a Grant County Horsethief Protective Association flourished many years ago, the people active in promoting it were growing old and many died, and the association "went out of business" with considerable money in the treasury. The question arises as to the need of such an organization, and one who is given to retrospect has heard many stories about locking the stable door after the horse was stolen. While there are churches and schoolhouses as required, it has been nothing unusual for horses to change their residence and men who have suffered loss feel the need of protection against it. In 1907 the Grant County Horsethief Protective Association was again organized, the scattered members of the older association voting to turn over its fund on deposit and affiliate in a passive way with the younger men, and when asking the secretary-treasurer for information, Phill Harris said: "Ask E. T. McClure about it," and there are now about five hundred members of the association in Grant county. The original Horsethief Protective Association in Indiana dates back to April 13, 1867, and there is an association at Swayzee that has been in continuous existence much longer than the present county organization with which it affiliates in annual meetings. Tony George is president, and he has been an active member in the association. While many of the members come to the annual meetings in automobiles, they have valuable horses at their homes and by paying the annual membership fee of one dollar they are assured of

assistance in locating stolen property, and mutual protection, and indemnity causes many to affiliate with the county organization. When one suffers a loss all are alert to apprehend the stolen property, and to bring the culprit to justice.

There is a sun dial memorial to the late Alexander Buchanan in front of the mess hall at the Soldiers' Home, placed there with filial regard by his son, the late James Monroe Buchanan, and beside enumerating the fact that the senior Mr. Buchanan was captain of Company K, Twelfth Indiana Volunteers, the inscription reads:

"Let others tell of storms and showers—
I only mark the shining hours."

and it may well be made the life motto of all who see it there.

While people are familiar with the limekiln in Matter Park, once owned and operated by Nathan Frazier, only the older citizens remember another owned by Jacob Smith, just over the "forty foot pitch," when Mr. Smith owned the Smith-McKinney Fankboner farm along the Wabash pike northwest of town. The Smith limekiln was built just like the one in Matter Park, although there is now no trace of it. The top was on a level with the "forty foot pitch" above, while the furnace was below, and it was built by George Hendricks. While at work on the limekiln a stone was being raised into position by use of a rope and pulley, and just at the critical moment when it was being lowered into position the rope broke and the stone fell, and Mr. Smith, who was a Methodist, used language about it, not found in Sunday-school literature. He was a devout man, and when that day at dinner he invoked God's blessing, Mr. Hendricks was overcome and exclaimed: "It was a h—l of a heavy stone, wasn't it, Jacob," and the churchman admitted his weakness when the provocation was strong—that swearing did not help the matter at all. While Mr. Smith argued that the world did not turn over because none of the water ever fell out of his well, he was a man of character in the community. The limekiln disappeared and the "forty foot pitch" has been graded and thus the landmarks of the past are being forgotten. The "dug hill" across from Barley's mill is no longer traveled, and only a few remain who remember the Smith limekiln.

There was a pottery in Gas City along in boom days there, and there was loss of human life when it burned. Many remember it because of souvenir pieces of ware obtained from it, but it is said now to be an impossibility to procure any of the ware from the old Blinn pottery that once flourished in Marion in the vicinity of Washington and Second streets, where the "Forty-niners" assembled when they started for California. The Blinn pottery was later sold to Joseph Lenfesty, and the clay for operating it was procured between Boots creek and the mill race from the present site of the Baptist church south to the Panhandle Railway. There was a mill race from the Panhandle to Third street, where Ephraim Pilling and sons operated a woolen mill, and later sold it to Daniel Mowrer, who operated it there for years. It is said that one William Gregg was caught in the machinery of that old woolen mill and killed by the tumbling shaft, a man relating the incident who remembered it distinctly—better than he remembers later events. Race street now marks the site of the old Pilling-Mowrer mill race, and after the Blinn pottery had taken off all the soil and used it in the manufacture of ware, there was a mill pond covering most of that locality, and boys went swimming and fishing frequently in the vicinity of the Baptist church north to the Mississinewa. This mill pond extended from Boots creek to the hills on the west, and there used to be a wagon load of fish left in it whenever they drained it, and when the 1913 Easter flood covered that

locality older citizens were reminded of the mill pond they had known in their childhood days, but the Pilling-Mowrer woolen mill and the Blinn-Lenfesty pottery have not been duplicated quite so recently. W. L. Lenfesty said that if there is any pottery from that factory still in existence it is in the Blinn family, and he would purchase it at almost any price as a souvenir of the old time Marion industry—pottery made within the shadow of the Grant county courthouse by his father.

The Twentieth Century church problem is how to enlist attendance, saying nothing of denomination at all, and when Liberty, the first United Brethren church in Grant county, was built on what is now the William Painter land along the Sand pike near Deer creek, it was open to all. While it was a United Brethren church, the edifice built from logs and the door swinging outside, the Methodists sought the use of it and it was granted, with the one restriction—none were to be barred from the service. It was in the early 'forties, before the Wesleyan separation on account of the slavery question, and prominent among them were Alfred Tharp, Robert Beatty, Caleb Morris and William Jones. When Mrs. Marion Hall Perry of the United Brethren church arrived on a hot Sunday morning in summer, she found the door closed and forcibly opened it, walking in and taking her seat among the worshipers. When Mrs. Perry entered she left the door wide open, but no sooner was she seated than a Methodist closed it. She forthwith opened it, and when it was closed again she sat down with her foot in the door and sat there through the service—Liberty United Brethren church open to all. When her son, Rev. James M. Perry, visited the eleventh annual meeting of the Grant County Octogenarian Club the story was told again. The Perry, Thomas and Carter families were prominent among United Brethren in Christ in Liberty church, long since a thing of the past in Grant county.

O. G. Fankboner, who furnished a picture of the Old Back Creek Quaker meeting house, relates that the first time his father, L. L. Fankboner, ever visited the Quaker Quarterly Meeting held there, he was accompanied by "Old Uncle Johnny Fankboner," and they had been deer hunting at Lake Galatia. When the two hunters were passing the log church then marking the site each was carrying a quarter of venison on his shoulder, and some acquaintances invited them to sit in the church service. They had never been to Quaker meeting, and the younger man climbed a sapling, bending it to the ground, while his uncle fastened the venison to the limbs for safe keeping, and they attended Quaker quarterly meeting together. When the service ended he again climbed the sapling, bent down the limbs and the venison was undisturbed. That day L. L. Fankboner said to his uncle that he would like to own the farm along Back creek that now belongs to the Fankboner estate—the dreams of a youth realized, although the deer long since disappeared from Grant county. The Fankboner farm has long been a landmark about the country.

Henry Bradford of Maplehurst in Huntington remembers well when he came as a child with his father, Caspar Bradford, to Grant county in 1853, and that all the Bradford children were taken to visit the Mississinewa battle ground now so much discussed in local circles. The trees were still disfigured with bullets and tomahawks. Mr. Bradford remembers the bones and horseshoes left on the battle field so many years, and he accepts the truthfulness of stories told about horseshoes being plowed out years later in the vicinity. Mr. Bradford saw Meshingomesia at the time of this visit, and through Fleming Prickett, who acted as an interpreter, his father talked with the chieftain. He saw him frequently after he had grown to manhood, and learned to meet him without the fear that

had possessed him at the first encounter. Meshingomesia told them something of the battle.

The Greek Letter societies in Grant county seem to be confined to the student body of the high schools, the private schools having literary societies but no fraternities. While most active members had their initiation in high school days, since the societies are under restrictions by Indiana statutes and school boards, high school students no longer wear the insignia and many associate members who have passed their school days are active in Greek Letter fraternities. Most of them are wage earners and chapter houses are maintained by the Beta Phi Sigmas and Phi Delta Kappas, although the Theta Phi Lambda and P. E. I. now affiliated with the Psi Iota Xi sororities, do not maintain homes for their chapters. While there are Greeks there are also Barbarians, and those outside the Fraternities and Sororities seem to have sufficient social advantages. The local Beta Phi Sigma was the second organization in the country, and its members feel certain pride in that fact since its popularity is spreading. There are two Marion chapters of the Phi Delta Kappa and one in Fairmount. All Fraternity and Sorority members claim the same objective points, better citizenship and higher ideals of living, and the members come from excellent families. While the Mecca Club does not come under the same classification, it is a social organization and some of the bachelor members live in the house—the Jones homestead on Fourth street.

While a man once said in jest that he would plow up Jalapa and plant it to corn again, just that thing happened to some other town plats in Grant county. New Cumberland changed its name to Matthews along about the time Harrisburg became Gas City and Leachburg became Fowlerton, and Cleopas was once the designation of the now thriving village of Sims. While there is a Chaotic Corner in every community, Roseburg, Arcana, Jadden, Farrville, Hanfield, Dildaville and Slash or Normal have never been incorporated towns, but an old plat book carefully preserved in the office of the Marion Title and Loan Company shows Concord, Brownstown, New Lexington, Darling, Wrightstown, Galatia and Prospertown, and while lots were sold none of these ancient sites became "continuing cities." In recent years Marion abstractors have had to do with clearing up titles to property since reverted to farm land in some of these, and aside from the plats on file there is little evidence that they ever existed. This plat book is a duplicate of one in the courthouse. While there is not much data connected with the plats, it is known that New Lexington was at the Home Corner, and since it contained a public square and was laid out by John Lamb in 1832, no doubt he was ambitious to locate the county courthouse there. Mention is made of some of these towns in the different township chapters.

The 'seventies and 'eighties were eventful years, and while few families had carriages—automobiles had not yet entered into the minds of men—everybody for miles around went to Back Creek in June and to Weaver in August—Quaker Quarterly and "darkey camp meeting." Memories of Northern Quarterly Meeting at Back Creek will never be effaced from those who enjoyed it. Quaker Quarterly Meeting at Back Creek each June had assumed something of the nature of a big family reunion without thought of creed or nationality, and every year much the same crowd assembled at Hill's Chapel camp ground, and "Ward's Camp Meeting." Tickets are still in existence. The whole countryside simply made it a point to be at Back Creek, although many never listened to a sermon—just spent the day visiting together, the religious opportunity overshadowed by social intercourse. Livery rigs in all the nearby towns were engaged a year in advance and "Quaker Quarterly" was the

gala day for all Grant and adjoining counties until "older heads in the meeting—conscientious Friends," felt that it was not proper Sabbath observance, and Quakers certainly were the victims of circumstances in the matter. People walked from Marion to Back Creek—would not miss the annual gathering—and that long ago many quaint Quaker costumes were worn by Grant county Friends. When better church accommodations were necessary, Northern was swallowed up by Fairmount Quarterly Meeting.

Northern Quarterly Meeting of Friends at Back Creek in June came at a time when everybody wanted a little recreation—corn all planted and gardens all made and all had their new summer clothing, and on that day the first fried chicken of the season was packed in many family dinner baskets. Early vegetables were always used on that particular Sunday for the first time in the year, and while family reunions are a product of the Twentieth century, those annual basket dinners at Back Creek were an excellent substitute. When rural Grant county had stronger neighborhood center sentiment than now, when the tendency of the country family is to worship in the towns, Back Creek was a center known far and near, and what pleasant memories are still cherished of those old June Quarterly occasions! The men and women of today were children then, and had not assumed life's manifold responsibilities, and what splendid examples of citizenship were before them when the community was assembled at Back Creek! There used to be overflow meetings in the grove and preaching in both ends of the meeting house, and the children used to visit all of the meetings. When children were taken to church their tired mothers were not deprived of all social privileges, but it used to take a lot of cookies, home-made sugar and drinks of water to keep them quiet. Who would not live over their happy childhood days again?

The Twentieth century young man studies civil, mechanical or electrical engineering in the colleges about the country, but in the early history of Grant county John Secrist and Samuel Campbell performed a most necessary service to the community, and without a college degree to fit them for it. They were millwrights, and in the days of water mills along the Mississinewa they knew all about mill races, forebays and how to utilize the current—did what architects and engineers are doing today, and their services were in demand all over the country. The word millwright is not often heard, and engineers and machinists now perform the same important service—adjust milling machinery. Millwrights and cabinetmakers were necessary in the development of the country, but machinery has supplanted hand labor in many departments of human industry.

Martin Boots, son of William and grandson of the original Martin Boots, who was born the year the first landowner died, relates that when he was but a child he sat on one leg and Cyrus Bocock on the other and watched Shapendocia, a brother to Meshingomesia, crack walnuts in his teeth. The Indian would crack walnuts and big bull nut hickory nuts with seemingly no effort, and the two little boys envied him his great strength. Shapendocia was strong and had jaws like a mastodon, and all through life Mr. Boots has remembered the incident. He remembers the early talk of the Indians about the Battle of the Mississinewa, and the stalwart redskins used to use the trees for breastworks. A buck who was fighting in ambush from across the Mississinewa got a bullet lodged in his gun, and in an unguarded moment exposed his body from behind a tree and one of Colonel John B. Campbell's sharpshooters picked him off. Born thirty years after the battle, Mr. Boots knew many settlers who related stories handed down about it.

Speaking of his grandfather, Martin Boots of 1913 said that his time

of life had been from 1777 to 1842, when the mantle fell on him—at least the name was passed along when the senior Martin Boots had no further use for it, and from the year of his death there has still been a Martin Boots. When his father, William Boots, was a boy he had followed after the senior Martin Boots, who was accompanied by a stranger inclined to land speculation, and when they went over the "forty foot pitch," now known as the Wabash pike hill, the boy noticed something drop from the stranger's saddle bags. On picking it up he discovered that it was a wallet containing money, and he hurried along and gave it to his father. Mr. Boots unhesitatingly handed the wallet to the stranger as they rode along, and they learned that the boy had found a land speculator's purse containing $8,000. So delighted was he with the boy's honesty in restoring it that he took out a crisp $100 note and offered it to him, and when Mr. Boots would not allow that he offered the boy a five dollar note, but Martin Boots was actuated by a high moral purpose and would not allow his son to accept a reward for doing right. People who see the saddle bags once the property of John Dunn and of Joseph Bradford now in the Octogenarian museum all have stories to tell of the land buyers who came into the new country with money in one end balanced by other belongings in the other end of the saddle bags. Then they tell about the settlers who placed corn in one end of a bag and a stone in the other end to balance it, when going to the corn crackers scattered about the country in an early day. It is said that Martin Boots himself had a corn cracker near the mouth of Boots creek.

The settlers all had stories to tell of the bee trees that were once so numerous in the Grant county forests, and wild honey was a luxury found in many larders before apiaries were the correct form of bee culture in the country. At the home of Miss Margaret Boller (the William Boller homestead) in VanBuren, a swarm of bees settled above the front door in the summer of 1910, finding a small opening in the weather boarding and visitors to the homestead always noticed the number of bees giving them a welcome. In three successive seasons these bees have been robbed of fifty pounds of choice honey, and while they swarmed four times in the summer of 1912, there is still a strong colony at work there. The family cut a hole through the plastering in an upper chamber, and it is only necessary to blow in a little smoke and the pane of glass covering it is easily removed, although the bees always seal it tightly again before beginning to fill the space with honey. They submit to the robbing process gracefully enough, and do not abandon their hive—the thing the owner would like—and every year a great many passersby stop to inspect the human bee hive, saying there are no longer any bee trees in the woods for them to see, and they enjoy harking back to old times in Grant county.

There are men and women still living who remember the riot that occurred one night in Jonesboro when a party of southern sympathizers were passing through town after attending a demonstration in Marion in war times. There were some Jonesboro soldiers home on furloughs, and they would brook no offense from those not in sympathy with Lincoln and the war. It was a night of terror, women and children afraid to "stick their heads out of doors," and mothers anxious about their sons who were on the street that night. Whiskey was at the bottom of the trouble, and the Jonesboro soldiers would brook no insult to the flag or the country. One well known citizen carried a wound while he lived, and others narrowly escaped injury. The rebel sympathizers met a warm reception, and the Battle of Jonesboro was as real to some of the citizens as the Battle of the Mississinewa to the Indians. Nixon

Rush of Fairmount relates that when Fred Douglass was in Jonesboro in time of the war they "egged" him, and thus a variety of sentiment prevailed in the town.

The Boston Tea Party now famous in history was similar in sentiment to the spirit that prevailed in many Grant county homes in time of the Civil war, and there were families who would not use any article at all that was known to have been produced by slave labor. Jonathan Macy kept an antislavery stock of goods at his home later known as the Ward farm and now the Gillespie place north of the Soldiers' Home, and only free labor articles were carried in stock. Thomas and Lydia Baldwin, prominent Friends, objected to the use of indigo made by slave labor—would let the clothes go when they were clean without the desirable blue tint, rather than use blueing made by slave labor, and Mrs. Polly Harris, the famous "night rider of her day," only used seven yards in making her a calico dress, preferring a "skimpy" gown to liberal patronage of slave labor articles. Elias Coleman and John Harvey had an antislavery store in Jonesboro, and they had patronage from distant points from families who were in sympathy with the abolition methods. It was Lincoln's conviction that the slave on the block must go scot free—he had read books that caused him to witness for God in his life, and right training picked up from hard knocks in the world enabled him to witness for God and the right. The anti slavery store was a hard knock on the institution of slavery, and there were a number of them in Grant county.

While Charles Atkinson of Monroe is remembered best as an abolitionist on account of his underground railway activities, he is reputed to have "tried all the isms since God made the world," and one fad he adopted was the use of unbolted flour in bread making in his family—a grahamite. He used the whole wheat and no salt in anything. He was a Hicksite Quaker and later a Spiritualist, and when he received messages from the spirit world the communications were always found in an auger hole in the gate post. Mr. Atkinson was intellectual and would often read newspapers while going about the country on horseback. He was a free thinker, and it is said changed his politics before he died in order that he might vote for Lincoln. He was eccentric and before he died, he exclaimed: "My, oh, my, if we could right some of our wrongs," but he failed to specify what wrong had disturbed his mental equilibrium. The people who knew Charles Atkinson and others of his day and generation all seem to entertain the highest regard for them.

Men now living relate that there was a time when David Conner and Henry Renbarger were the only settlers below Marion, and that Mr. Conner, of trading post days in Grant county, used to tell the Indians that the needle maker was dead and charge them one dollar apiece for cambric needles while the supply lasted—there would never be any more needles. He was a shrewd frontiersman who knew how to play on the ignorance of the Indians, and yet he was in sympathy with the enslaved negro and would sometimes shelter him. He was never charged with Quakerism, and one time he was sheltering some refugees who were overtaken by Kentucky planters in search of them. While Mr. Conner advised the negroes to go with their captors, it is said that he immediately mounted a pony and made the circuit of the Indians in their wigwams, and before the planters had reached Jonesboro they were surrounded by the red skins—the warwhoop was heard in the wilderness, and the frightened negroes went back with the Indians. Not caring to lay himself liable by further harboring stolen property he hurried the refugees on toward Canada, that "cold and

dreary land," and while he "worsted" the Indians he "bested" the negroes who were fleeing from slavery.

Of course the Quakers laid themselves liable when harboring slaves, and yet it is said there were refugees in every Quaker community in war times. The Methodists were abolitionists, too, and fired under the agitation of Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison, there has always been a Methodist church, North, and a Methodist church, South, as a result of their activities. One man declared they preached and prayed until they precipitated the conflict, while the Quakers were always religiously opposed to bloodshed. It was a matter of conscience with them to help the negroes on to Canada. When war actually broke out between the north and south, there were fewer refugees passing through the country, owing to the difficulties encountered in escaping, and Eli Coggeshall was "right smart of a boy" when the last drove of negroes stopped at his father's house west of Jonesboro, and King David—a negro living near, was engaged to drive them to some northern station, always traveling at night and remaining in hiding through the day, their wagon beds filled with straw and covers to protect the negroes from the cold weather. While not all Quakers were active abolitionists, they were committed to the cause of freedom, and whenever a "batch of darkeys" came along with sore feet and unable to walk any further, they scattered out in the Deer Creek neighborhood and after hiding through the day they were "helped on" to the next station kept by Moses Bradford at Marion, or A. J. Leaverton at Mt. Aetna, in Huntington county. Mrs. Eli Thomas recalls that when she was a girl eight years old she was sent in the dusk of the evening with a man, woman and child her father had concealed through the day to the home of Hugh Allen, where a load was being made up to send to Mt. Aetna about twenty miles distant.

These refugees all had a song, and when Eli and Minerva Thomas had recalled some of the stanzas, E. L. Goldthwait was able to sing it, although it had been many years since he had heard it or thought about it. It is said that after the visit of Henry Clay to Indiana Yearly Meeting of Friends in 1842, when he was given a prominent seat, although a slave owner and in direct opposition to the policy of the Quakers, some who saw him became more than ever interested in the work of Levi Coffin in assisting slaves through Indiana. This spirit spread to Grant county. Samuel Knight, who saw Henry Clay—the man who had rather be right than be president—sitting in Friends Yearly Meeting, said he "had a peculiar noodle," and that he seemed nervous and uncomfortable under the close scrutiny from all sides. Nathan Coggeshall's dairy contains the information that the first antislavery meeting in Grant county was held at the Old Friends meeting house, which stood on the bank of the river near the entrance to Friends cemetery, but the opposition by old substantial Friends was such that the use of the house was denied for further meetings. Deer Creek meeting-house then became headquarters for antislavery meetings, and it is spoken of with pride today that the Deer Creek community ever afterward remained loyal to the principles of human liberty.

In the early days of slavery agitation, but few even of the Friends dared hold such advanced opinions as made them antislavery advocates, and it took more than a decade to bring this idea to a point where it was accepted by Quakers even as a principle of faith. Men who were outspoken at that time must face not only the criticism, abuse and sarcasm of the general public, but they were denied fellowship by the leaders of their own society. (See Chapter, Friends Church in Grant County.) It is said that in the interim following Henry Clay's visit

to Indiana Yearly Meeting until the firing on Fort Sumter that hundreds of fugitive slaves were rendered assistance by Grant county abolitionists, although others than Quakers had part in the service. The Quakers were sly about it, but nevertheless had their part in underground railroad affairs in Grant county.

The refugee slave song runs:

"I'm on my way to Canada, that cold and dreary land—
The dire effects of slavery, I can no longer stand.
I served my master all my days, without a dime's reward—
But now I'm forced to run away, to flee the lash abhorred.

Oh, righteous Father—wilt thou pity me,
And aid me on to Canada, where colored men are free.
I heard old massey pray last night—I heard him pray for me,
That God would come and in his might—from sin and satan set me free.

The hounds are baying on my track—the master's just behind,
Resolved that he will bring me back, before I cross the line—
Farewell, old massa, that's enough for me, I'm on my way to Canada,
Where colored men are free."

and while Mr. and Mrs. Thomas did not recall all the stanzas, the last one begins: "I'm landed safe in Canada, both soul and body free," and there is no denying the fact that the songs the people sing influence them in their methods of doing things.

In the chapter: "Public Utilities" is found the history of the telephone in Grant county, but later the historian came across definite information that John A. Anderson brought one of the first half dozen telephones ever distributed from Indianapolis to Marion—three 'phones on the circuit—and established the system in Marion in 1879—facts bearing out conclusions printed in another chapter.

Before the location of the Soldiers' Home there was an old landmark, the R. D. Beatty barn standing along the Jonesboro road the site now within the Home campus. At one time, when Van Amburgh's show was billed for Marion, the aggregation was caught in a storm while passing the Beatty farm, and before an elephant drawing one of the wagons would pull it into this barn, he leaned against the side of it and when he could not move it on its foundation, he felt reassured and pulled the wagon into it. As a child the writer heard the story, and always associated it with the place while the barn stood there. It was before the days of railroad transportation in Grant county.

While there have been few riots or strikes in the history of Grant county, there really have been a few walkouts, although with no serious results. Patrick H. Kiley, suggested that the first labor trouble was when his uncle, John Kiley, who bought the brick when the courthouse was torn away in preparation for rebuilding, offered thirty-five cents a thousand to have the mortar knocked off of them so he could sell them again. Among those employed were Jacob Sohn, James Day, Jesse Eversole, Charles Adams and Marion Willis, and they struck for fifty cents and carried the day with Mr. Kiley, later known as "Honest John" in Grant county politics. Phil Kiley, later come over from Ireland, was employed as a "kind of a boss" over the men, and it was before the days of organized labor in Grant county. This razing of the old courthouse occurred in 1880, and after the brick were cleaned Mr. Kiley sold them to the well known negro barber, "Jeff" Sizemore, who used them in building the Sizemore house on Boots

street. While this may have been the first strike originating in Grant county, there was a railroad strike in 1873 that caused two Panhandle engineers, Samuel Wiser and George Rowan to lose their situations. Mr. Wiser was the man who ran the first engine into Marion in 1868, a construction train while the road was under process of building, and although not aggressive in the railroad strike of 1873, it lost him his situation with the Pennsylvania Railway Company. There has been very little strike or boycott spirit in Grant county. Arbitration has usually saved the day, but in the courthouse strike, Mr. Kiley acceded to the demands of the boys and nothing serious came of it. He had only paid $300 for the wreckage, and there was still a chance to make money on it.

Although almost every family now has a commercial Grant county map, the newspapers having given them as premiums and the different business firms having distributed them as advertising mediums, there are now but few copies of the original map made in 1860 by William Neal and Anderson C. Overman, both early day surveyors. Mr. Neal is survived by one son still a resident of the county, Harry Neal and Mr. Overman by a daughter—Miss Rhody Overman. A copy of this map has been preserved in the Marion library, the forethought of E. L. Goldthwait, who placed it under glass and it is a permanent fixture on the north wall of the reference reading room in the library. It is a most valuable adjunct to the library, and will be consulted by future generations. A writer in The Atlas (1877) says: "In workmanship the map was a success, but financially the enterprise was not what the proprietors would have desired," and that is true of many worthy attempts, legitimate enterprises and a condition not limited to Grant county. This original map is artistic, and had splendid patronage in the way of both public and private buildings arranged around the border—some old time homesteads not otherwise perpetuated in Grant county. There is frequent revision of county maps today, and the map maker is still busy in Grant county.

"What woman has done in Grant county," would have been an entire chapter in the Centennial History had she written it, and the Woman's Civic Federation has already accomplished much although only organized in Marion in 1912, and in 1913 in Fairmount. Mrs. Gertrude S. Heavilin is president of the Marion Federation and Mrs. Nettie B. Hollingsworth of Fairmount. The effort to date in Marion has been along moral and sanitary lines, the streets and alleys having received attention from the women, the Y. W. C. A., with a paid membership of more than one thousand, is a direct result of their efforts. While individual membership was the plan of the federation, about one hundred and twenty-five women had united with the movement, but recently many social, literary, and musical clubs have been coming in a body, and there are no geographical limitations—rural women interested in the same things that stir the women of the towns.

The Fairmount Civic Federation has accomplished something in the way of landscape improvement by planting shrubbery and borders in spots not otherwise utilized, and the women of other towns through their clubs have agitated the same questions, although not as yet organized in civic federations. The women favor a police matron, representation on the school board and in the department of public health, and perhaps in the past women have been a stronger humane factor than men—always alert to avert or alleviate distress. The Grant County W. C. T. U. has well covered the field taken up by the civic federations along moral, sanitary and health lines, and Rolinda's slogan: "All Grant county a park," has actuated many families not enrolled in

either organization. The purpose of the civic federations is reflected in the following committees distributed among representative women: Municipal improvements, sanitation, law enforcement, programs, ways and means, and press. When the women undertake something they accomplish it, and they are interested in the improvement of all Grant county, affiliating with the Indiana Civic Federation, beyond which is the National—a sort of an endless chain system through which civic righteousness is promoted. While civic federations are of recent date in Grant county there are many accomplished facts to their credit on the balance sheet of time.

LXVI. THE OLD ELM TREE

By Captain Woodson S. Marshall

[Editor's note.] At the time the barn was built at the foot of Boots street on Spencer avenue, an old landmark that had registered the high water ever since the organization of the county was sacrificed to the onward march of progress, and because of the history connected with it, Captain Marshall "dashed off" an interesting bit of history, little thinking it would ever become part of the Centennial History of Grant County. He is the last member of a pioneer family that came into the county by raft down the Mississinewa, and Riley Marshall, his father, was a member of the first board of commissioners in the county. In writing of the advent of the Marshall family into Grant county, B. J. Bond speaks of an over night stop at the site of Jonesboro when there was only one family there, saying the occupant of the house was provided with only two chairs made of round poles cut and lashed together with hickory withes, a table made of a broad puncheon laid on pins that were driven into the wall, a skillet and lid to bake bread and a pot in which to boil meat.

The banks of the river were lined on either side with a heavy growth of timber, with trailing vines and small undergrowth through which it was almost impossible to penetrate. The population of Grant county at that time, 1829, consisted of twenty white families. When the Marshalls arrived at the site of Marion there was only one house in the vicinity of the elm tree which sheltered so many early day gatherings, and when the tree finally disappeared Captain Marshall took up his pen and described its relation with the past as follows:

The old elm, recently the victim of the woodman's ax, the elm which stood so long as a landmark hard by where Boots creek and the Mississinewa river meet as one, on the lot formerly owned by Mrs. Celeste Starrett, deserves well to be recalled. An account of the many events which occurred beneath its branches, and which events were farreaching in their effects upon this community and county, cannot fail to be valuable.

Within its shadow stood a "double house," using the expression of the day, and in that house my father lived from 1830 to 1833. As the exigencies of the times demanded it, this house played an important part in the early establishing of this city and in the founding of Grant county.

In this house were lodged the surveyors who laid off and platted the town of Marion, and in one of its rooms was held, on the third Saturday of September, 1831, the first election for a justice of the peace

in Pleasant township, the county having been divided into three townships.

The justice who was elected reported the following year to the county commissioners that Thomas Mason had been arrested, convicted and fined by him for "salt and battery."

Here also the commissioners met September 24, 1831, to establish terms of sale of town lots. The price of the lots on the public square in Marion was fixed at $50 each. These lots now are worth from $100 to $500 per front foot.

Beneath the shade of this old elm, Chief Me-shin-go-me-sia used to halt, with his band of Indians, and buy smoked meats of the pale faced squaw in the house near by. Then they would mount their ponies and in single file slowly ride off down the river, all in their accustomed Indian dress, and as speechless as the graves wherein they now rest.

Jesse Vermylea, father of Mrs. Adaline V. Turner, of this city, was commissioned by the governor of Indiana as the first clerk of Grant county, and served from August 5, 1831, to May 8, 1832, when he resigned. The first records in this county appear in his handwriting. They are well preserved, showing excellent penmanship and thorough qualification for the work. On the acceptance of his resignation my father was appointed his successor, and held the offices of clerk, recorder and auditor of the county, all at the same time, the law then permitting this in newly organized counties. The first term of the Grant circuit court was to be held, and in the absence of better accommodations this entry appears of record: "I do hereby certify that the house now occupied by me, Riley Marshall, is hereby appropriated for the use of holding court in on the 25th day of October, 1832." It was so ordered, and litigants took judicial notice of the time and place when the judge, accompanied by a number of lawyers, in riding his circuit, would hold court in the new bailiwick of Grant whose shire-town was Marion.

In this house there was only one room that could be used for court purposes, so that when a trial by jury was had the jury was instructed by the court, and then under the charge of a bailiff, the twelve men were sent out of doors to some convenient place, without molestation, to make up their verdict. They deliberated sitting on a log or while lounging within the shade of this friendly old elm. No one ever intruded or thought of attempting to corrupt a juryman, and though this neighborly tree enjoyed the confidence of the jury, it never told how they stood. But their verdicts then, as now, were and are past finding out. No jury ever disagreed under that old elm.

The judges of that early time traveled a large circuit, and came either from Richmond or Connersville, this county being then attached to Wayne for judicial purposes. They journeyed on horseback, and the ablest lawyers in their districts followed the court from one county to another. The judges were learned in the law and very able. Law books were scarce, but being grounded in the principles they evolved law. They presided on the bench with great dignity, and were treated by the people and by the bar with profound courtesy and respect.

The courts were then, as they are now, the champions of law and order; the conservators of the peace; the guardians of the people's rights; the mainstay of their political and religious freedom.

In this same room, devoted to so many purposes, the first dry goods merchant spread out his wares in Marion. The goods were conveyed hither in a wagon drawn by two yoke of oxen. My mother purchased one-half of his entire stock of queensware being one-half dozen plates, cups and saucers. What a beginning, to end in our present splendid emporiums: palaces rich with oriental wares, and the products of the loom, domestic and foreign!

On this tree was also fastened one of the estray notices put up by Mordecai Cross, and which, on account of its peculiar phraseology, caused at the time much merriment, and has come down to us by tradition as a specimen of rare composition, the product of an eccentric frontiersman.

In this house religious services were also held. It was the home of the Methodist preachers, and here, in their travels from one neighborhood or settlement to another, they always found a welcome and a lodgment. When the appointed time came 'round for preaching, usually every four weeks, but occasionally as many months might elapse before the "man on horseback" spreading the gospel would put in an appearance. I have heard my mother say she would spend Saturday in setting her house in order for the service and in providing for the occasion. The neighbors far and near were notified, invited and gladly welcomed. The gospel was preached in great simplicity, but with deep earnestness, and the "common people heard Him gladly."

In this house the first Methodist church of this city was organized in the year 1831, with less than a dozen members. Now it worships in an elegant edifice at the corner of Seventh and Washington streets, and has a membership of about 1,000. The foundation was laid deep, broad and strong; the religious timber placed therein had a strong fiber.

The services were held in the same room where the election had been held, where the commissioners met, wherein court had also been appropriated to be held, and wherein the pioneer merchant exchanged his goods for ginseng, coonskins and other furs. The good, old circuit rider used to "light," in the common parlance of that day, from his tired horse under the spreading limbs of this historic tree, shake hands with the few settlers gathered to hear him preach; pass into the house and soon commence service by announcing a hymn. Then lining it out and leading the singing in a strong, stentorian voice, with which everybody joined, "singing with the spirit and with the understanding also."

Not infrequently, however, on such occasions some devoted brother, with a keen, sharp, nasal twang, would "pitch the tune," and "make the welkin ring."

The Methodists of that day and age were plain people, easily known by their dress, and were deeply religious. One of their ministers, bewailing the tendency of some of the sisters to overdress, declared that a woman who wore flowers on her bonnet "reminded him of a calf looking through a rose bush."

These ministers, however, called to preach the gospel, were strong mentally, morally and devoutly religious. They were thoroughly devoted to their work, and frequently suffered great privations and severe hardships. To keep their appointments they rode horseback through heat and cold; forded swollen rivers, and faced many a blizzard while threading their way through a dense forest, following a pathway indicated only by blazed trees.

They were students of the Bible, men of one book, but they knew that book. They proclaimed a gospel of peace, but if occasion required it they could draw pictures of the "lake that burneth with fire and brimstone" with such graphic power that their congregations would tremble with fear lest they should fall into the awful, yawning abyss.

But these God-fearing men sowed good seed, and sowed it well, and the harvest "yielded" some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred fold."

A notch cut in this tree showed the high water mark in the great flood of 1847. The first elephant ever brought to Marion, about the

year 1848, was chained to this tree, and in amazement the barefooted boys and others larger grown gathered around this monster, which, as one expressed it, "had a rubber tail on each end."

The early settlers came into this county, then practically a great, unbroken forest, afoot, on horseback, following the Indian trails, or as my father and mother and their little ones came in the spring of 1829, by an improvised flatboat down the Mississinewa river. They all came full of hope; endowed with great courage; bearing a bright, keen-edged ax with which to hew away the tall timber and build their cabins, and a trusty rifle for protection and to secure wild game for the table.

The men and women who thus pushed their way "to the front" in the early dawn of our history, enduring great hardships and frequently severe want, and who toiled early and late to transform a vast wilderness into fields of rich production, thus laying the foundations for the peace and plenty which we now enjoy in this matchless county, deserve well our kindly remembrance.

This venerable elm, standing like a lonely sentinel after all of his comrades had fallen, linking us in memory to the far away past, drank in the sunshine and the rain, and braved the storms of fully three hundred years, and then, at last, its head, like that of the frontiersmen, grew "white with a frost that never fades," and like him also in due time, it withered and died, full of honors, rich in reminiscences and fragrant with sweetest perfume. "When fond recollection presents them to view."

Although the Marshall rose is elsewhere mentioned in this Centennial History the historian cannot resist using the following reference to it: One day, as Captain Marshall was quitting his home for the office, Mrs. Marshall pinned on his coat a bouquet taken from the rose bush he describes, and inspired by its fragrance, he wrote the following, which with a handful of roses, was laid on Colonel G. B. Lockwood's desk at the *Chronicle* office and that evening Marion people read the following tribute:

There lies on my desk a bunch of old fashioned hundred leaf roses. In color a delicate pink, garnished with deep green leaves. Their fragrance is delicious, distilled through a century past.

Whence this color, and whence this perfume, changing not with time, nor soil, nor place, nor neighborly association with other roses of varied hues? Through all the years, amidst sunshine, rain and ice fields, this Rose has preserved its beauty and its sweetness, as if its motto had been the famous stanza of Dr. Hale, whose grave will soon be heaped with flowers like these:

Look up, and not down;
Look forward and not back;
Look out, and not in;
Lend a hand.

Its parentage was beyond the Blue Ridge, in a peaceful, quiet valley of Old Virginia. Its nascent state, as far as I know, was in my grandmother's garden, surrounded by such good old companions as sage, mint, thyme, lavender, anise, rue and basil.

It flourished in that warm, genial clime, and year after year revealed its beauty and gave out its sweetest perfume.

In the fall of 1829, my mother took from this "parental stock" a small root, and with other things, useful or ornamental, bore them on horseback northward and westward across the Allegheny mountains and through practically an unbroken forest to the new born state of Indiana.

In this way corn, wheat, oats, rye and other small grains, and garden products were carried forward by the frontiersman, supplying food for man and beast, as lands were cleared and homes were founded.

Thus also came our morning glories and honeysuckles, clambering over the cabin doors and making glad the hearts of weary wives, tired husbands and the little urchins, at morn, at noon time and eventide.

In a colder climate it flourished, and at the end of almost a century it may be truthfully said, a descendant of that Rose, having never lost its dignity, its beauty or its fragrance, today stands proudly erect in our "garden plot" at Marion, cherished and revered—"A thing of beauty, a joy forever"—even unto the fourth and fifth generations.

LXVII. G. A. R. AND W. R. C. IN GRANT COUNTY

By Augustin Kem

The inception of the Grand Army of the Republic dates back to the Civil war, the years 1861 to 1865, when the grandest army the world has ever known went forth to battle. That army was distinguished as the boys in blue and the title was not without a meaning, for boys they were—boys in their teens, and from every vocation in life. There was the mechanic, the merchant, the clerk, the college student, the lawyer, the doctor, the college professor, the musician, the preacher, even the farmer boy was there, a shortage on dudes, but boys of highest type and of the qualities that go to make men of them—a body of men bound together by fraternity, charity and loyalty.

They were men of feeling as strong as life and stronger than death, as was shown on a thousand bloody fields. The boys in blue were strangers to fear on land or sea, and why all this? The answer is, love of country and the flag—the stars and stripes, that beautiful emblem of liberty handed down from our forefathers, and with a pledge taken with uncovered heads and uplifted hands to protect and preserve it or die—that was the makeup of the army and navy that carried the emblem of freedom from the firing of the first gun on Ft. Sumter early in 1861—four years of awful war in which was father against son and brother against brother. They were all fighting for principle as each saw and understood it, and it was four years of what our beloved hero, W. T. Sherman, defined as hell, and all this to determine whether this country was what it claimed to be—the land of the free and the home of the brave, where liberty's emblem shines forth as the gem of the ocean, and the star of liberty under whose folds the low and the high, the rich and poor, may alike protection claim. This having been determined, the army disbanded and the soldiers returned to their homes and former vocations, at the awful cost of the lives of those who fell in battle on a thousand fields of carnage, in prison pens, in camps, on the march or in the hospitals, and those who found watery graves in seas and rivers by the blowing up of hidden torpedoes, by the sinking of the pontoon bridges and a thousand other means of death.

Death lurked everywhere in the trackless path of soldier life at the front with no loving hand to bathe the fevered brow. The night was never too dark and the sun was never too hot, it never rained too hard and the mud and snow were never too deep for a soldier to answer duty's call. No task was ever too great for those boys in blue to undertake while being led on the field of battle by such men as Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Logan, Sheridan, Hancock, McPherson and a host of others,

and was it not perfectly natural that after a lapse of a few short years there was formed a fraternal association—hence the Grand Army posts scattered about the country, the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic, an organization of men into whose ranks none can enter on whose character a trace of treason rests, who served his country ninety days or longer and who was honorably discharged from the service of the United States government.

There was no other such an organization when the G. A. R. was formed, and so ably assisted by a sister organization known as the Woman's Relief Corps—the G. A. R. and the W. R. C.—the one an auxiliary to the other, the W. R. C. having its inception during the early progress of the Civil war. Early in the summer of 1861, says *Nurse and Spy*, a Mrs. B, wife of Captain B, assisted by one other woman, instituted a begging campaign in Georgetown and Washington, asking for hospital supplies, and this was the beginning of the Sanitary Commission. It was a group of noble, patriotic women banded together to furnish assistance in the hospital or on the battlefield, giving relief to the sick and wounded and dying men as only women going as ministering angels can do such things. While there were women on the field, there were women in the homes who did what they could in scraping lint and preparing bandages which they sent to the front, to be used by the nurses in caring for dying men.

In 1881 the local G. A. R. post, known as General Shunk Post, received its charter and it was christened for David S. Shunk, colonel of the Eighth Indiana Infantry, who gave his life for his country. No more noble was General Shunk than many others whose names might be mentioned, and in the G. A. R. headquarters are many mementoes of Grant county soldiers. Many will remember the saddle horse used by General Shunk, which was taken care of by Samuel McClure until old age was the cause of his death. Since their organization the G. A. R. and W. R. C. have worked in harmony in carrying on a system of relief among deserving soldiers and sailors and in the families of those deceased who may need such ministration. It is their mission to see that the graves of soldiers and sailors are decorated with Old Glory, and that flowers are strewn upon the hallowed ground above their patriotic forms on each succeeding Decoration Day—the thirtieth of May.

To the local branch of the W. R. C. is due the honor of the erection of the beautiful soldiers' monument in the Marion I. O. O. F. cemetery, bearing the statue of a private soldier standing sentinel over the silent resting place of a part of those in whose memory it was erected and dedicated in 1911—the unveiling being part of the regular Decoration Day service. This monument is in memory of all soldiers of 1861 to 1865 in Grant county, no matter where their last resting place. Other posts and corps were organized in the different locations as follows: Colonel Asbury Steele post, No. 39, at the Soldiers' Home, August 30 1907; Hezekiah Beeson post, No. 396, at Fairmount, September 26, 1884; John Ruess post, at Upland, August 27, 1885; Edwin Lemmon post, No. 408, Swayzee, August 28, 1885; Magnolia post, No. 409, Jonesboro, September 10, 1885; B. R. Dunn post, No. 410, Matthews, February 12, 1886. Captain Beeson post, No. 344, at Jalapa, has been disbanded. The Wiley Anderson post, at Van Buren and all the scattered posts are performing patriotic service in their several localities. During all these years the comrades are growing older and with each return of Decoration Day their step is not so elastic as it was fifty years ago, and why—ask the veterans of those stirring scenes.

With moistened eyes and emotion in his voice as the soldier relates

the incidents that were so indelibly stamped upon his mind never to be erased, he will tell you his story. The morning and evening gun, the reveille, the roll call, the guard mount, the assembly call, the forming into line, the company, regiment and brigade drills, the picket post, the march of the night to reform under the cover of darkness, to be ready for the dawn not knowing what awaits him, but expecting and ready to meet whatever was to come—the boom of the cannon, pushing forward to the scene of the whistling of the shells, the skirmish line, the charge, the battle of the musketry and the fray was on. Need you wonder at his emotion when the soldier tells you his story, when the boy in blue describes to you the battle. How glad we are that we were born early enough in the Nineteenth century to have part in the Civil war chapter in the history of our country.

The half century that has gone into eternity since the war is a period not duplicated—that has not been excelled by any like period in the history of the world. We have lived to see the blue and the gray meet in reunion on the blood bought field of Gettysburg, and there under the folds of Old Glory, the Red, White and Blue, the Star Spangled Banner, the Beautiful Stars and Stripes, the Emblem of Liberty and the Gem of the Ocean, loved and cherished alike by the blue and the gray, and the G. A. R. has been an important factor in it all—in establishing a feeling of fraternity, charity and loyalty that is more than nation wide, and extends throughout the civilized world. But the G. A. R. has not been and is not now what it should be because many comrades do not enter its ranks, and some have entered for individual motives and having accomplished or failed in their purpose, have dropped out again, not realizing or caring to know what a power an organization of such magnitude would or could have become had all become members in the beginning, and in time to come their relatives will realize the disappointment in the fourth and fifth generation.

As is the case now with the descendants of Revolutionary soldiers, the records will be searched by generations to come to find out if Grandfather Brown, Smith or Jones was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, saying they knew he was a soldier, and yet—where is his record? Why did he not join the army post and help keep the camp fires burning? One of the peculiar traits of the boys in blue—they are not old, but cling to the idea that they are mere boys and their hearts are young, but the answer comes back that in another decade there will be only a few to keep the camp fires burning. History alone will tell the story. Taps will have been sounded for the last time and all will have bivouacked on the other side—will all be in eternity.

LXVIII. MASONRY IN GRANT COUNTY

By G. A. Henry

There is no society so widely known and yet so little known as that of the Free and Accepted Masons. The origin of Free Masonry is lost in the mists and obscurity of the past, and while it would be foreign to the purpose of this chapter to attempt to search through the evidences of the Ancient Mysteries for its origin, yet a few words as to the antiquity of this ancient and honorable order seems at this time appropriate.

Well authenticated references to Masonry are found dating almost as far back as the beginning of the Christian era, one as early as the third century, when the Emperor Carausius "granted the Masons a

charter, and commanded Albanus to preside over them in person as Grand Master." The name Free Mason is met with in connection with the organization of Masonry in England as far back as 1350, but just when this title originated is not clear.

What is known as the "Old York Constitution," was formulated and adopted by a general lodge of Masons congregated at York, England, in the year 926 A. D. This lodge was called Prince Edwin by the authority of his brother, Athelstane, then King of England. But there are no connected chronological data from that time. But in the history of English and Scotch Masonry from which Masonry here is derived, we can take our stand upon actual records, presenting an unbroken series, as evidenced by minutes of lodges beginning with the year 1599, until the present time.

"Mother Lodge Kilwinning, Na, O." which met at Kilwinning, Scotland, is one of the ancient lodges which is universally known and respected throughout the Masonic world, and while its earliest records are lost, yet there are preserved authentic records dating back to December 20, 1642.

It is uncertain just when Masonry was first introduced in America. It was, however, early established in the English colonies. The first official authority for the assembling of Free Masons in America was issued on the 5th of June, 1730, by the Duke of Norfolk, Grand Master of England, to Daniel Coxe, appointing him Grand Master for the provinces of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Three years later a Grand Master was appointed for the colonies of New England. From these dates Free Masonry can be said to have been officially established in the boundaries of the present United States.

Free Masonry was introduced into the territory of Indiana as early as 1795. The first lodges organized in the territory were constituted under charters issued from the Grand Lodge of Kentucky. After Indiana became a state the nine lodges then within its boundaries assembled at Corydon on the 3rd of December, 1817, and resolved that it was advisable to form a Grand Lodge within the jurisdiction of the new state. This was accordingly done at a convention held at Madison, January 12, 1818, where the first Grand Lodge for Indiana was duly organized. The lodges then surrendered their old charters and received new ones from the Grand Lodge, and Free Masonry was safely and regularly launched in Indiana.

The first lodge of Masons in Grant county was organized in Marion. Organized Masonry in Marion runs back to the middle of the last century. At the time of such organization Marion was a small town, in fact little more than a village. Sometime in July, 1848, at a date not fixed exactly by the records, four Master Masons met at the residence of Dr. Samuel St. John in Marion, in a building situated at the southwest corner of Adams and Seventh streets, for the purpose of taking steps looking to the organization of a lodge of Free and Accepted Masons in the then little town of Marion. Those in attendance at the meeting were Samuel St. John, a leading physician; John Brownlee, a young lawyer; Peter Doty, a merchant, and Hiram P. Weeks, a tanner.

As a result of this meeting a lodge was organized under dispensation soon after, sometime in August, 1848, the exact date being unknown. The officers appointed for the lodge under dispensation were Samuel St. John, worshipful master; John Brownlee, supreme warden; Frederick Eltzroth, junior warden; John M. Wallace, secretary. The members of the infant lodge were at first ten in number; Samuel St. John, John Brownlee, Hiram P. Weeks, Frederick Eltzroth, John W. Wallace, Joseph Work, Anthony Inman, Peter Doty, William F. Spencer

and Benjamin Inman. The first three new members to be initiated, passed and raised were Alexander Dolman, John St. John and Oliver H. P. Carey, in the order named, the last being raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason on the 28th day of October, 1848. The lodge thus organized grew slowly, and on May 29, 1850 it was granted a charter and duly constituted as Grant Lodge No. 105, F. & A. M.

At that time the infant lodge was too small and too poor to rent quarters for its meetings, and it met for a while in an upstairs room at the residence of Hiram P. Weeks, on the west side of Washington street between what is now First and Second streets. Afterwards its meetings were held in a room on the north side of the public square, on the east side of the alley. Some five or six years after the location of the lodge was changed to the third floor of the old brick building the second north of Third street, on the west side of Washington street. In 1864 the lodge was again removed, to a room in the northwest corner of the Spencer Hotel building. Again, after a few years the lodge in 1870 picked up its belongings and removed to the third floor of the Bennett Block, on the west side of the public square. After five years in these quarters its location was again changed. This time to the third floor of what was then known as the Tharp and Neal Block, but which is now the north side of the Iroquois Block. In the year 1876 the lodge location was again changed to the third floor of what is known as the Masonic Temple. In 1900 the lodge leased the large and commodious quarters on the east side of the public square. These quarters were adjacent to and connected with the old room. Here the lodge remained until May 6, 1913, when it removed to its splendid new home, the present Masonic Temple.

From this small beginning Masonry has attained to its present great proportions in Marion with a membership of over four hundred, composed of the best in the city. It constitutes one of the greatest factors for good in the city. Its growth has kept pace with the growth of Marion. It makes no bid for public applause or public support, adhering strictly to the constitution and tenets of the order. Masonry in Marion has always been conservative. Its membership has been made up of the better class of business men and professional men rather than "any one and every one" so familiar in many lodges. While in its early days it had the opposition of many of the church workers, in later days it has not been unusual for it to number among its membership even members of the Friends' church, who were its bitterest early opponents.

Probably the most active period of Masonry in Marion was during the Civil war of 1861 to 1865, when its value was shown in very many ways. The roster of the Union Army contains the names of many members of Grant lodge, among them Colonels Wallace, Carey, Jones and Shunk, and Captains Cubberly, Buchanan, Benson, Hamilton, Rhees, Wells, Spencer, Lugar, Howard, Lenfesty, and Hall, along with other officers and privates.

At one period in the history of Masonry in Marion there were two lodges in existence. Just how and why this came about the records are not very clear. But for reasons at that time deemed sufficient, a new lodge was formed in Marion and a dispensation granted June 12, 1868, to Samaritan lodge, William D. Mowrer being appointed the first worshipful master; David H. Sanders, senior warden; John Rhees, junior warden. A charter was granted the new lodge on May 25, 1869, and it was duly constituted as Samaritan Lodge, No. 391, F. & A. M. At this time it had a membership of twenty-four.

Both lodges continued to work side by side for nearly twenty years, but neither was, during that period, very prosperous. Many members

of the craft, having the good of the order in mind, felt that two lodges in a small town, as Marion then was, was a detriment rather than an advantage to Masonry, and sought some way to bring the two lodges together under one management. The result of their efforts were mutual concessions made, as was believed, for the good of Masonry in Marion, and an ultimate agreement by which the two lodges were to be consolidated, the new consolidated lodge to bear the number of the original lodge 105, and assume the name of the younger lodge. This agreement was ratified and confirmed by the Grand Lodge and the new lodge thus created is known as Samaritan Lodge, No. 105, F. & A. M., and as such consolidated lodge bears date June, 1887. Since the consolidation of the Masonic lodges in 1887, Masonry has been fairly and reasonably prosperous. The total membership of the lodge at the time of consolidation was 133—75 from Grant lodge and 58 from Samaritan—while at this date the total membership is over four hundred.

With the exception of this period in our history, Masonry in Marion has been peculiarly fortunate in its unity of spirit, and in the harmony of its work. Masonry in Marion has at all times maintained its dignity as an ancient and worthy institution. It has always performed the duties incumbent upon it modestly and without ostentation, or the blowing of trumpets. There is every evidence that by reason of the firm adherence to its ancient tenets, it is held in very high esteem by the community.

What has been said so far applies to the blue lodge, but this sketch would be incomplete without some reference to the other Masonic bodies and kindred organizations. The various Masonic bodies are all represented in Marion. In addition to Samaritan Lodge, No. 105, is a prosperous Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, designated Marion Chapter, No. 55, R. A. M., which was organized under charter dated May 24, 1866. This body of Masons numbered 219 members on January 1, 1913. Marion Council, No. 28, Royal and Select Masters, was chartered October 21, 1868, and now has a membership of 161. Marion Commandery, No. 21, Knights Templar, was organized under a charter bearing date May 5, 1871, and contained a membership on January 1, 1913, of 133. In addition to the foregoing many of the members of Samaritan lodge have taken upon themselves all of the allowable degrees of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite Masonry, and are members of the Indiana Consistory, S. P. R. S. The total consistory membership represented in Marion and vicinity is ninety-seven.

A history of Masonry in Marion would be incomplete without some reference to our wives, daughters, mothers, sisters and sweethearts. These, not being men, although free born, are ineligible to the mysteries of Masonry, but while thus debarred they have approached very close to the threshold, and by their kindred organization render great help in the charitable and moral work of our order. On April 23, 1890, Mississinewa Chapter, No. 94, O. E. S., was chartered and organized in Marion, and since its organization has been very prosperous and a potent influence for good in our city. It now has a membership of two hundred and thirty-four.

The next lodge in Grant county in point of age is located at Jonesboro. Its charter is dated May 30, 1851, just one year after the lodge was chartered in Marion. The name of this lodge is Jonesboro Lodge, No. 109, F. & A. M. Its charter members so far as can be learned, the early records of the lodge having been destroyed by fire, were Arthur W. Sanford, Washington F. Spence, Francis S. Moore, Alfred L. Barnard, Elam Hiatt, Charles Ink, John A. Meek, William Rouss, A. W. States. The first officers of the lodge were A. W. Sanford, worshipful

master; W. F. Spence, senior warden; F. S. Moore, junior warden. The lodge is in a prosperous condition and now has a membership of one hundred. It recently bought a building in Jonesboro, and has fitted up a permanent home for itself. Its present officers and membership are enterprising and progressive, and considering its limited jurisdiction the future of Masonry in Jonesboro seems bright. The present master and wardens are Don D. Dailey, Chas H. Terrell, Albert M. Brendle, M. B. Fowler is secretary.

Besides these there are at this time the following Masonic lodges in Grant county: Arcana, No. 427, located at Upland; Fairmount, No. 635, at Fairmount; Grant, No. 637, at Swayzee; Gas City, No. 645, at Gas City; Matthews, No. 650, at Matthews.

Arcana Lodge, No. 427, was instituted at Monroe by and under a dispensation granted by the M. W. Grand Lodge of the state of Indiana, July 22, A. D. 1870, with the following charter members, to wit: Elihu J. Oren, Francis M. Bonham, Asbury Fleming, James Conger George Strange, James F. Hults, John Stotler, John Schoolcy, Elisha Crossen, Samuel R. Thompson, Robert D. Fornshell, Martin F. Skinner, Mahlon Pugh, and John B. Hults. The first principal officers were Elihu J. Oren, worshipful master; Francis M. Bonham, senior warden; Asbury Fleming, junior warden; Martin F. Skinner, secretary, and Samuel R. Thompson, treasurer. The charter was granted May 23, 1871. Permission was granted by the M. W. Grand Master, Martin H Rice, to move Arcana lodge to Upland, Indiana, December 18, 1888. The first building owned by this lodge was the second story of a two story frame building situated on the west side of Main street in Upland. They now own and are located in a two story brick building on Railroad avenue in Upland. All of said building is used for Masonic purposes only. The lodge is building up and increasing its membership. Several of its charter members are dead, but five charter members now hold membership in this lodge, to wit: Elihu J. Oren, Asbury Fleming James L. Atkinson, Martin F. Skinner and Andrew J. Hayes. The following named brothers are past masters of this lodge: Elihu J. Oren, F. Asbury Fleming, Alfred Pugh, Jason Oren, George Elish, Harry T. Connelly, John H. Watson, Ernest B. Zimmer and Alva A. Nesbitt.

LXIX. THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS

The first Independent Order of Odd Fellows lodge in America was organized April 26, 1819, in Baltimore—Washington Lodge No. 1, and Thomas Wildy was its founder, but after a few years the English charter of this lodge was surrendered, and the Grand Lodge of Maryland was organized instead of it. This original lodge affiliated with the mother lodge in England until 1842, and now all the lodges in the world affiliate with the Independent Order of Odd Fellows Sovereign Grand lodge except those of Great Britain.

Friendship, love and truth are the basis on which Odd Fellowship is founded, and the first lodge in Grant county, Amana Lodge, No. 82, at Jonesboro, was instituted by Grand Master Job B. Eldridge, February 8, 1850, the charter having been granted January 9, on a petition signed by L. W. Munson, Thomas C. Beall, Thomas Jay, Alexander J. Ruley and James Rasner. Mr. Ruley was the first noble grand and the first Grant county representative at Grand Lodge. This lodge was organized in a hotbed of Quakers always opposed to secret societies, but the opposi-

tion of the church soon waned and Amana lodge has always been an influence for good in the community. Most Grant county lodges are prosperous and own their own property, the mission of the lodge being to look after temporal as well as spiritual needs, and the Bible is used in connection with each service—part of the requirements.

There are fourteen Subordinates, fourteen Rebekahs, five Encampments and one Canton in the county, and the aggregate wealth is $158,232.99 according to the 1912 report, and the total relief for the year was $5,262.22, with 1,882 members in the Subordinates and 1,255 Rebekahs and a membership of fifty in the Canton, a military organization within the order. The five active encampments are: Grant, Banner, Matthews, Upland and Point Isabel, with a total of three hundred and eighty-five members in all. Canton Marion, No. 6, has been the best drilled company of men ever connected with the I. O. O. F. lodges, and in fact it became so proficient that it was ordered to disband. No other Cantons would contest in the field against it. Daniel Gunder, always drill captain held the Stokes medal continuously, and when the Sovereign Grand Lodge duplicated this medal and gave the duplicate to Mr. Gunder, the original was withdrawn and returned to the Stokes lodge, and such is the history of Canton Marion barred from the contest on account of proficiency as a drilled company of men, having effectually barred the rest of the world as a trained canton. A generation ago everbody in Grant county was thrilled with pride when repeated victories of the local canton were heralded from all parts of the country.

While this chapter was sought from James F. Hood, who for several years has been district deputy grand master of Grant county with general supervision over all its lodges, and to whom all questions arising in the county are submitted he simply wrote out the entire I. O. O. F. history, lodge by lodge, in a daily paper news column, and furnished the clippings as a basis, feeling that he had discharged his duty to the county historian and to the lodges of Grant county. The following gleanings will serve the purpose, and in speaking of Amana lodge, perhaps he has outlined the experiences of others when he says: "Like most new organizations the lodge had many hard struggles, but there were always enough faithful members to keep from surrendering the charter. One of its members, D. B. Shideler, attained the high order of becoming grand master, November 18, 1879, and by careful management the lodge now owns one of the good business blocks of Jonesboro." There are more than one hundred members, and Banner Encampment, No. 94, instituted January 6, 1869, has had continuous existence although at times it joined with Grant Encampment, No. 66, and both held their charters. Although the patriarchal branch of the order teaches beautiful and sublime lessons, it has not prospered as it should in Grant county. The Rebekah lodge at Jonesboro is the oldest in the county, and one of the oldest in Indiana. It was chartered May 19, 1869, and is known as Colfax Rebekah Lodge, No. 16. The Jonesboro Odd Fellows control the cemetery, and have much to do with the business interests of the town.

Mississinewa Lodge, No. 96, was organized in Marion, March 28, 1851, and the charter members were: Joseph Lomax, John N. Turner, Jeremiah Harry, Marcus L. Marsh, James F. Hall and Isaac W. Hall. In the memorial hall of the splendid new I. O. O. F. Temple built in 1902 are the pictured faces of many of the pioneer members and citizens of the community, all charter members being thus commemorated except the Hall brothers, about whom comparatively nothing is known by the present membership. Visitors to Mississinewa lodge say the exhibit in the Memorial Hall is not often duplicated any where in the

United States. One who has known the Marion of the past enjoys a glimpse of this picture gallery. The Temple is well adapted to lodge requirements, having revenue from business and office rooms on the first and second floors, with a club room on the second floor and the banquet hall, library and parlor on third, and the fourth floor devoted to the uses of the lodge, paraphernalia and office of the trustees.

Mississinewa lodge owns seventy-eight acres of land in connection with the Marion I. O. O. F. cemetery, although this tract is not as yet all platted for graves (see chapter, God's Acre.) "Tradition has it that the first meeting of Mississinewa lodge was held in the home of James F. Hall, and on the night of institution the lodge initiated Dr. James S. Shively, Hamilton J. Lenox, Charles Maud and Joseph Rogers. The first report to the Grand Lodge showed eight initiations one past grand and a total of fourteen members. Judging from the present flourishing condition of Mississinewa lodge it is hard to realize the struggles through which it passed, and it is true that at one time a special committee reported the lodge insolvent and at another time it had to borrow money to pay its Grand Lodge dues or lose its charter. Party spirit ran so high during the great Civil war that it threatened to disrupt the membership, but these are all things of the past. Good judgment and the true spirit of Odd Fellowship have made Mississinewa lodge one of the largest and most prosperous in the country.

It was on May 21, 1885, that the Grand Lodge of Indiana gave its permission to organize a Rebekah lodge in the city of Marion, the petitioners being: James Long, Nancy Long, Philip Dicis, Ida Dicis, Annanias Arnold, Carrie E. Arnold, Dr. E. P. Jones, Lydia Ann Jones, Myra Hayes and Fred J. Prail. This Rebekah lodge was instituted July 4, that year, by Larue R. Case acting as special deputy. November 1, the year the lodge was instituted, the minute book entry is: "No one present. No lodge," and the same entry was made for three meeting nights, when work was resumed again. In those days the subordinate lodge seems to have been a great help in time of need, and when a request was made to the Marion Rebekah lodge to donate to the Colfax monument fund, Cyrus Moore went to the subordinate lodge and secured $10, for which the Rebekah lodge received credit, and again Mississinewa lodge was called upon and gave $10 with which to buy regalia. This fraternal relation between the two branches of the order has always existed, and each has been of material assistance to the other, Marion Rebekah lodge is now one of the largest and best known in Indiana. Only one lodge, Fidelity, of Indianapolis, has a greater membership, and degree work in the local staff is always of the highest order.

Shideler Lodge, No. 352, of Upland, was the third Grant county I. O. O. F. lodge, its charter granted may 18, 1870, and the lodge instituted June 28, by district deputy grand master, D. B. Shideler. Shideler lodge charter members were: Jacob Carll, Hustin Ballinger, Dr. Aaron J. Bates, Alfred Pugh, Charles J. Clapper, William H. Thompson and Harvey Cole. Shideler lodge has been one of the good working lodges, and when John H. Carter, township trustee and an Odd Fellow, was building the Upland schoolhouse the lodge induced him to add a second story, which was used as a lodge room until 1899, when it moved into its own business property, with lodge rooms above, on Main street in Upland, but like other Grant county institutions this lodge was seriously injured by the loss of many of its best workers when natural gas was exhausted in the local field. Tilla Rebekah Lodge, No. 342, was instituted November 20, 1890, and Upland Encampment, No. 213, was granted a charter March 1, 1893. Notwithstanding losses the lodge is in the [illegible] condition.

Fairmount Lodge, No. 384, was the fourth lodge organized in Grant county, its charter issued October 4, 1871, and it was instituted by D. B. Shideler November 21, the charter members being: James Beck, F. M. Woods, Dr. P. H. Wright, A. T. Williams, T. Funnamore, T. S. Beck, James R. Smith, C. T. Schooley, H. H. Crowell, and James H. Shepard. All its charter members are dead. Fairmount lodge has had its days of prosperity and its time of adversity. It has suffered loss from fire, but during the boom days of natural gas it was one of the most active lodges, and at that time it built one of the best business blocks in Fairmount. While the early records were destroyed by fire, it is known that the charter for the Fairmount Rebekah lodge was granted February 12, 1889, and that on April 5 the lodge was instituted by Daniel Gunder, of Marion, acting as special deputy. The following were charter members: E. E. Briles, Levi Scott, J. N. Wheeler, W. D. Littler, Addison Scott, John H. Charles, Luther L. Brookshire, J. W. Templeton, Albert S. Wimmer and Joshua Hollingsworth. On December 8, 1910, Elmorro Rebekah Lodge, No. 601, of Radley, was consolidated with Fairmount, and while for several years there was an encampment at Fairmount, lack of support finally forced it to surrender its charter.

New Cumberland lodge located at Matthews was next to receive its charter, and it was instituted by J. C. Ginn December 21, 1871, with the following charter members: John H. Carter, John Sanders, J. L. Douglass, J. N. Case, J. M. Littler, D. D. Hardy, Henry Stover, George C. Watson, John Crow, W. D. Littler and Thomas McFeely. While this lodge has never been numerically strong, it has always been consistent with the teachings of Odd Fellowship, and while there seems to have been meetings of Rebekahs as early as 1873, Matthews did not have a regularly organized Rebekah lodge till April 17, 1894, when David Lyons, acting as special deputy, instituted Olive Rebekah Lodge, No. 447, with charter members: Alice Wharton, Mary J. Sanders, Sidney Brown, Jennie Hayworth, John H. Carter, James T. Case, Lemon Brown, William C. Walker, John Sanders, Enoch T. Frame, Dr. William L. Wharton, W. W. Hoover, Noah Lyon, David W. Hayworth and Brooks Hover. Olive Rebekah lodge is among the few Rebekah lodges in Indiana having a larger membership than the subordinate located in the same community. When the Wheeling encampment lost its charter the lodge was removed to Matthews, April 1, 1894, and it still maintains its organization there. One thing unique in the history of New Cumberland lodge is it was instituted in a lodge room built by the members before its organization, and it owns its own cemetery on the banks of the Mississinewa, all branches of the order being in flourishing financial condition.

Iona Lodge, No. 395, was instituted in Harrisburg April 5, 1872. When the boom days of natural gas came Harrisburg was in the midst of one of the richest fields in the country, and as it had always been a slow-going town, Iona lodge consolidated with Amana in Jonesboro, but those most interested in the town's development changed its name, and as many Odd Fellows were among the new citizens it was decided that another lodge must be instituted, which was done November 13, 1895, by district deputy grand master, E. L. Coxe. The charter is dated October 31, 1895, and bears the following names: W. P. Alexander, James M. Fowler, John H. Stine, Alexander Howard, John T. Howard, Elijah Main and W. H. Lightle. The Gas City lodge owns the block in which it meets, and the day it was instituted all the degrees were conferred on sixteen candidates, the work being done by staffs from Amana, Mississinewa, Shideler and Swayzee lodges. The charter

of the Gas City Rebekah lodge is dated January 20, 1896, bearing the following names: Vada Fox, A. J. Fox, Emma A. Howard, Alexander Howard, John T. Howard, Rachel Howard, Sarah E. Leonard, Gertrude Leonard, J. L. Leonard, E. L. Addison, and Florence A. Addison. It was instituted February 26, 1896, by E. L. Cox, assisted by members of Marion Rebekah lodge, and while it has had its troubles and has sometimes been reduced, there have always been a faithful few who retained its charter.

Laban Lodge, No. 433, later changed to Sweetser lodge, was instituted December 30, 1873, by D. B. Shideler and John W. Eward, the charter having been granted upon petition by John O. Spurgeon Martin H. Moon, Boaz W. Pettay, Jackson Nance, Leonidas Nipp David P. Nuzum, William J. King, Richard Babb, Joseph Spurgeon, W. S. McGee, David Shrock, Melvin Clark, Samuel H. Davis, Joseph W. Spurgeon, Joshua C. Sims, S. J. Clark and Henry M. Clark. Leonidas Nipp, however, never became a member. At the first meeting, the following candidates were initiated: Lanford Prater, Joseph T. Bragg, Joseph Simmons, Lawrence G. Banthon, Lemuel Small, B. F. Glessner, G. W. White, Anthony W. Miller, Joseph Rubert and John R. Lewis. Calvin J. Smith was received as an Ancient Odd Fellow. Sweetser has always been a good working lodge and numbers in its membership some of Grant county's best citizens. It owns its own lodge room and a business block in Sweetser located on the same lot where it first held its meetings. Ruth Rebekah Lodge, No. 158, was instituted August 21, 1875, with the following charter members: David P. Nuzum, John R. Lewis, Joseph T. Bragg, Joseph W. Spurgeon, David Shrock, Henry M. Clark, W. A. Benner, J. O. Spurgeon, A. J. Berry, W. J. Elzroth, R. C. Renbarger, W. J. King, Melvin Clark, John Hubert, Mary I. Benner, Eliza J. Shrock, Hannah Nusum, Martha J. Wood, Frances M. Bragg, Sarah J. King, Jane Arrick, Mary A. Lewis Prudence Clark, and Mary Clark. It was soon learned that there were other Rebekah lodges in the state called Ruth, and the name was changed to Bernice. (At that time Ira Gage had a general store in Sweetser and his little daughter, Bernice, now Mrs. O. S. Jones, was a general favorite with all his customers.) The Sweetser lodges have always been prosperous, and on February 15, 1898, Sweetser Encampment was instituted, but after a few years it consolidated with Grant Encampment, No. 66, and is now part of the Marion lodge.

By the assistance of Anuma lodge of Jonesboro Independence Lodge, No. 428, was instituted at Independence, September 11, 1873, a number of Jonesboro citizens helping to secure the charter, the following becoming members: H. H. Lefever, John L. Williams, Morris Funkhouser, E. B. Williams, Amos L. Cray, Marcus M. Kilgore and Charles Jones. Independence is now called Rigdon, and while the lodge was organized in Madison county, Rigdon being located in two counties and four townships, in 1877 it built the second story of a business room in Grant county and owns its own hall today. There were eight initiations the night the lodge was instituted, and of this number Andrew Gemmill, H. M. McCaskey and J. N. Dickey are still members, others having been transferred to other lodges, and Robert Seeley, who was then made a member, took a withdrawal card in order to help institute Point Isabel lodge, of which he is now the only living charter member, Mr. Seeley doing for Point Isabel what members of Anuma lodge in Jonesboro had done for Independence, now Rigdon, there being a provision in the general laws giving the members of any lodge the right to take withdrawal cards temporarily for the purpose of instituting a new lodge, and after the new lodge is in working order to reunite with

their own lodge without cost or in any way affecting the validity of their membership. Charity Rebekah Lodge, No. 150, was instituted March 16, 1875, its charter bearing the names: Sarah E. Riggs, Philip Lightfoot, Amanda Lightfoot, A. J. Fite, Ruth E. Fite, James M. Leer, Sarah A. Leer, J. L. Pickard, Sallie A. Pickard, C. E. Riggs, Marcus M. Kilgore, Andrew Gemmill, and Perry Belymer. Charity Rebekah lodge surrendered its charter, August 29, 1878, but the Odd Fellows' *Talisman* of April, 1912, says: "Charity Rebekah Lodge, No. 150, at Rigdon, Grant county, was resuscitated by James F. Hood, district deputy grand master, on the evening of February 24, 1912, with twenty-five members," but Rigdon does not seem to be a good field for a Rebekah lodge and steps have been taken toward consolidation with Trilby Rebekah lodge at Point Isabel. The two communities have many interests in common, and it will be Trilby Rebekah Lodge, No. 486, when the consent of the Grand lodge is given to the arrangement.

There is always something of interest in Point Isabel Lodge, No. 510, instituted November 18, 1875, by district deputy grand master, Elijah Carter, of Amana lodge, and its charter members were M. M. Ivilgore, William D. Noble, James S. Williams, E. B. Williams, David Mossmore, Jarret Covalt, Robert Seely, Boaz W. Pettay, John B. Reddick, David Loer, S. Frank Collins and Jonathan Covalt. The lodge owns its own hall and it has always met in the same place. While Robert Seely is the only charter member, and the lodge lost its charter June 5, 1886, it was resuscitated September 21, 1892, and it has since been a flourishing order. E. L. Coxe instituted Trilby Rebekah lodge there June 16, 1895, the charter bearing the following names: Alfred W. Hood, Elizabeth A. Hood, Frank M. Brizendine, J. Turner Davis, Addie Davis, Bayard T. Hale, Ruth A. Hale, William A. Lord, Mary M. Lord, William S. Resoner, Minnie Resoner, Jarret Covalt, Kate Covalt, Jennie Covalt and Hattie Edwards. Point Isabel lodge has always done good work, and has well exemplified the teachings of the order. The second largest encampment in Grant county is located there. It was instituted November 19, 1901, and its charter carries the following names: William S. Resoner, Ulysses S. Collins, J. N. Comer, Sanford D. Morrison and Alfred W. Hood.

Hackleman Lodge, No. 551, was instituted at Hackleman August 10, 1877, by John O. Spurgeon, acting as special deputy. Its charter members were: John H. Colville, James C. Fink, Marion McCombs, Lewis D. Milroy, Columbus Jones, B. F. Alberts, Samuel Peters, R. E. Pattison, W. F. Fink, S. B. Clifton, Dr. Isaac N. Seal, Vinton Miller, John Winegardner, A. B. Carpenter and George Dimmick. While the lodge was prosperous and everything pointed to continued growth it lost its hall, and when Radley was located on the opposite corner of the same section of land, the new town took most of the business away from Hackleman when the lodge was finally removed to Radley and the name changed to El Morro, a Spanish-American war fancy, the request granted November 22, 1899, and the transfer made January 6 of the Century year. The lodge then became one of the most active in the county, but within a short time some of its members became dissatisfied and wanted to go back to Hackleman. While the subordinate lodge was located at Radley a Rebekah lodge was instituted there by E. L. Coxe, July 11, 1900, known as El Morro Rebekah Lodge, No. 601, the charter members being Frank Pattison, Martha Pattison, B. C. Howell, Annie Howell, Laura James and "twenty-three others." When the subordinate lodge moved back to Hackleman the Rebekah lodge refused to make the change, and consolidated with Fairmount Rebekah lodge December 8, 1910, being unable to continue its separate existence at

Radley. Hackleman Rebekah Lodge, No. 755, was instituted February 3, 1911, by grandmaster deputy, James F. Hood, the petition having the following names: Samuel Leer, Jennie Leer, Fred Leer, A. A. Kimbrough, Maud Kimbrough, John Pinkerman, Mary Pinkerman, C. R. Behymer, Elizabeth Behymer, Charles Collins, Emma Collins, John Havens, Annie Havens, James Havens, George Havens, C. C. Havens, Benj. Downs, Nora Downs, F. M. Alberts, Anna Alberts, W. H. Lindsay, Sarah E. Lindsay, Samuel Kines, Ethel Kines, W. H. Bumpus, Albert Morris, Warren L. Wilson and Amos Bannister. Mr. Hood was assisted by Frank M. Brizendine and Oscar C. McGraw in instituting the Hackleman Rebekah lodge.

The charter of Swayzee Lodge, No. 625, was issued June 30, 1886, and the lodge was instituted July 21 by John O. Spurgeon, acting deputy. Its charter members were: John T. Wakeland, Azariah Haines, Mathias D. Bish, John W. Davis, James M. Wakeland, F. M. Swisher, Benjamin N. Leisure and Frank Lenox. None of these are now members. M. D. Bish was recently transferred to Mississinewa lodge. Perry Zirkle, John B. Smith, Henry T. Munea, Arthur E. Curless and Harrison Mark were initiated the night the lodge was organized and are still members. Swayzee lodge owns its own hall and its own Thrashkill cemetery, and is in excellent financial condition. The charter of Harmony Rebekah lodge bears date of May 2, 1892, and the lodge was instituted five days later by C. E. Hiatt acting as special deputy. Its charter members were: Martin Friermood, Mary E. Friermood, Robert Lyons, Rosetta Lyons, David P. Barngrover, Laura C. Barngrover, Isaac Pennington, Loretta Pennington, and Mary M. Johnson. Swayzee Rebekah lodge has always been active in degree work, and now ranks second in the county in point of membership. It is nearly double the numerical strength of the subordinate lodges—similar conditions prevailing in the New Cumberland lodge. There was once an encampment at Swayzee, but since only third degree members of a subordinate lodge are eligible to the patriarchal degrees, the field was restricted and Grant encampment accepted the Swayzee patriarchs, the consolidation occurring September 13, 1905, and, having surrendered its belongings, it now works with the Marion organization.

Van Buren Lodge, No. 633, was granted a charter March 23, and instituted March 31, 1887, by Grand Master A. N. Grant, and its charter members were: John K. Paxton, John W. Henderson, B. H. Duckwall, William Whittaker, Freeman E. Ballard, W. J. Daniel, J. E. Riley and John Burk. The lodge owns its own building with hall above a business room which answers all its requirements. It is in good financial condition and meets all the requirements of Oddfellowship. During boom days Van Buren lodge was one of the most active in the county and once showed the biggest gain of any lodge in Indiana. When gas and oil failed the lodge suffered heavily and almost failed, but it rallied again. The Van Buren Rebekah was chartered March 27, 1895, its charter members being: C. W. Camblin, E. S. Sutton, S. B. Buffington, G. W. Landess, L. V. Conwell, J. E. Riley, William Whittaker, Henry Crawford, John Burk, Flora Sutton, Margaret Crawford and H. C. Havel. There was once an encampment at Van Buren, but this subordinate lodge could not furnish enough recruits and it surrendered its charter. Some of the patriarchs transferred to Marion and others to Warren.

Landess Lodge, No. 665, was instituted by Grand Master W. H. Leedy, of Indianapolis, January 9, 1891, and its charter members were: Dr. John J. Hammore, James L. Bradford, James L. Dillon, William G. Long and Lemuel F. Eastes. This lodge was burned out August 16,

1901, but within a short time and without outside assistance it had another two-story brick building that is a credit to any town the size of Landess. The new building was dedicated January 29 1902 with splendid ceremony and much rejoicing on the part of the membership. Deputy Grandmaster E. L. Coxe was assisted in the ceremony by David C. Searles, James M. Pyle, Samuel Babb, William Paulus, James H. Ferguson, Charles F. Baxell, James W. Kistler, and Lewis C. Miller, and there was a banquet in connection with the ceremony. On January 20, 1903, a charter was granted Landess Rebekah Lodge, No. 617 and it was instituted the fifth of February. Its charter members were Samuel McVicker, Anna McVicker, Stephen Niewanger, George Niewanger, Elijah Harrell, Thomas Williams, Mary F. Williams, Osa Williams, O. R. Williams, Eva Williams and Harley Williams. On the same evening the Rebekah degree staff from Marion under the leadership of Captain Daniel Gunder conferred the degree upon twenty three candidates. Like other lodges the order at Landess felt the loss when the gas and oil boom failed, but both branches are active and hope to regain their old time interest and prosperity.

Fowlerton Lodge, No. 818, received its charter May 22, 1907, and it bears the following names: M. F. Partridge, W. H. Milspaugh, W. H. Mann, W. H. Hoppas, S. F. Furby and M. F. Hardesty. It was instituted by E. L. Coxe, assisted by Samuel Babb and James M. Pyle, and while it does not own its own lodge quarters, it continues to meet where it was organized, twenty-three candidates being initiated and six others entitled to membership who were unable to be present. When this lodge was organized Fowlerton was a boom town, but it survived the consequent loss of members when the boom collapsed and it still retains its charter. The charter of Narcissus Rebekah lodge was issued July 22, 1907, the initial members being: Mamie Milspaugh, Addie Furby, Mrs. T. B. Dolan, Jennie Delaney, Elizabeth J. Thorn, Nora Deeren, Hugh Deeren, Lillie Richards, C. E. Richards, S. F. Furby, M. F. Partridge, Nettie Solomon, Eva Jones, Ethel Jones, Ollie Mann, J. A. Mann, Addie Leach, Mattie Simmons, Leah Fowler, Nora Linsley, Daisy Lewis, Lizzie Hill, S. Hill and Nettie Wooten.

At one time Grant county had three generations from Amanda lodge in Grand lodge—Aaron Shideler, David B. Shideler and John E. Shideler, all being there in 1879, a showing not often duplicated in Indiana. It was so unusual that special note was made of it in the annual report, and D. B. Shideler, who became grand master of Indiana, November 18, 1874, was also high up in the Knights of Pythias and Masonic lodges. While the order came with the pioneers its growth was slow, but good deeds and kindly ministrations at last won it an abiding place in the hearts of the people. While Odd Fellowship had its origin in England in the eighteenth century, where its meetings were little more than clubs, where congenial spirits met for special enjoyment, the members being mechanics and laborers whose pay was small, mutual interest and sympathy was aroused and each one dropped his contribution into the common treasury, and a fund was thus created for relieving want among them. From this humble beginning the motto has been: "To visit the sick, to relieve the distressed, to educate the orphan, to help the widow and to bury the dead," and lodges have multiplied in the world until today the aggregate membership is 2,121,921, with property valued at $63,539,895.32 and in 1912 the lodges of the world expended $5,917,323.15 in the relief department alone.

LXX. THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

By John R. Brown

The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is one of the greatest fraternities whose benefactions have smoothed the pathway of human life. This is not said boastfully for the records of Elks lodges wherever found more than confirm the statement. It is generally presumed by those who know not what the order either means or does that it is largely a social organization. In a great measure this presumption is well founded, but far above and beyond this exists in the heart of every true Elk the better and finer sentiments of charity, justice, brotherly love and fidelity.

The charity of the order is known only to its members and the recipients of its bounty. The outside world knows nothing of it. This charity is not contractual, that is, not so much per week or month for sick benefits, nurse hire, etc., but it is whatever a worthy Elk needs, regardless of the amount thereof or the attention required. Justice works out square dealings and conduct brought with integrity, uprightness and honesty among Elks and their fellows by devices in ways and through processes unknown to those who are not Elks. The brotherly spirit of the order is paramount to all else in times of grief, suffering and distress. Fraternity, as exemplified in the order, embraces all the other virtues taught and practiced and demands of every Elk that he be true to himself. Shakespeare has said this incomparably better than all others, viz.:

> "This, above all, to thine own self be true,
> And it must follow as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

The Order of Elks is distinctively American. There is not and never will be an Elk lodge outside of the United States of America and its dependencies. It might be that lodges may be organized in other countries as Elks lodges, but they never will be chartered by the Grand Lodge of the B. P. O. E., U. S. A. The reason for this is that American patriotism is one of the foundational corner stones of the order. The American flag is the emblem which first lies upon its altar, and no Elk's lodge opens or closes except in the presence and under the inspiring influence of the flag.

The charter of Marion Lodge, No. 195, B. P. O. E., was granted by the Grand lodge on March 12, 1891, upon the application of G. D. Custer, John W. Whisler, Jr., O. A. Sprague and W. D. Pratt. The lodge prospered slowly from the outset, but its era of greatest prosperity began in 1900. At this time the organization held the largest carnival ever given in the city and as a result thereof made sufficient money to purchase the valuable lot on which its home is now constructed, on Boots street between Third and Fourth streets, and to aid materially in building its home.

More than 900 Elks have been initiated by Marion Lodge, No. 195, and about ten per cent of the total have been initiated within the last year. Many members, particularly those who were engaged in the oil and gas business here, have moved to various parts of the country and many members have departed this life. Among the latter are Jos. Leon, Frank Lennox, G. D. Custer, D. B. Sweetser, W. L. Golding, M. Blumenthal, Arthur LaBelle, C. M. Hawkins, Thomas Cameron, George C. Thompson, W. C. Smith, J. W. McClure, W. R. Francis, A. J. Dooley,

D. V. Brumbaugh, Wm. D. Steele, Martin T. Burke, John McDougle, William Adams, M. C. Wallet, L. W. Price, Hiram B. Wilson, Claude Boswell, Herman Ludwig, A. B. Thompson, T. C. Kimball, L. B. Hutchinson, Geo. Sweetser, W. V. Turpin, Fred C. Koeppen, Wm. A. Havens, John Kiley, J. E. Naylor, Harvey Bireley, Francis D. Weber, S. S. Horn, George F. Raymond, F. M. Hibbard, Theo. Pastorius, W. H. Cummins, L. A. VonBehren, P. B. Manley, John Golding, and William H. Anderson.

On the first Sunday in each December, at 2:30 o'clock P. M., every Elk Lodge in the United States holds its memorial service. The ceremony is styled the "Lodge of Sorrow." Every one is invited to attend these services. As strange as it may seem, Elks who do not visit the regular meetings of the order generally attend the "Lodge of Sorrow." The services are beautiful, being interspersed with splendid music. The decorations are simple, but in keeping with each such occasion. Every deceased Elk is remembered at each "Lodge of Sorrow."

Among the Elks who have been honored by election as exalted ruler of Marion lodge, No. 195, are G. D. Custer, O. A. Sprague, O. H. Barrows, Charles A. Ball, C. E. VanVactor, Ben Larrimer, L. B. Hutchinson, Sol Allman, Gus S. Condo, J. H. Bockius, W. R. Francis, Harry Charles, George W. Rauch, J. F. Charles, J. E. Johnson, Robert Van Atta, A. H. Cuthank, H. W. Taudte, George L. Dunn, Meade S. Hays and John R. Browne.

There are about 1,500 lodges in the United States, with an aggregate membership of about 425,000. The largest and most enthusiastic lodges are in the eastern and western portions of the country, but all the organizations in the central portion of the country are alive and doing much much of the good work for which the order was founded.

LXXI. THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

In a small book published jointly by Claude F. Allegar and Robert A. Warfel, March 1, 1911, is a detailed history of Pythianism in Grant county. The order grew out of a poem written in 1821, in which John Banim portrayed a loyal friendship existing between Damon and Pythias, and the touching story of friendship and devotion struck deep into the heart of Justus H. Rathbone, who read and reread the poem. The story of Damon and Pythias. He decided to form a compact among his friends — having read the poem in 1857-8 — but the War of the Rebellion delayed things. He told a friend, Robert A. Champion, about his scheme and read to him the ritual. His friend was so impressed with the idea that they at once agreed to organize and the close of the war was to mark the beginning of their efforts. It was in 1864 that the order was instituted in Washington city, and in 1869 the first lodge was instituted in Indiana.

The Lomax homestead is now the home of Grant Lodge, No. 103, instituted July 20, 1882, in Marion, and on the opening page of its history are thirty-one names of the best known citizens of the community who launched it. They are: W. E. Smith, Willis Vandevanter, George Webster, Jr., Simon Goldthait, W. H. Irvine, J. C. Goldthait, Cyrus W. Neal, W. M. Sheldon, F. H. Shambaugh, Hiram Beshore, J. M. Wilson, Edgar L. Goldthwait, Charles S. Brown, D. R. McKinney, Henry G. Hamaker, L. A. VonBehren, F. W. Torrence, A. E. Eyestone, Thad Butler, J. H. Forrest, J. Q. Brownlee, A. A. Hamilton, J. F. Graffty, Barney Prius, William Flynn, Lewis A. Marks, John T. Strange, Robert S. Lyons and Emery Milner. The first regular meeting was held July 25, immediately

after its organization. The Lomax homestead became Castle Hall, January 1, 1907, and more room is badly needed to accommodate the order. The property was acquired from Mrs. Maria Lomax at an outlay of $15,000 and was easily adapted to the requirements at the time, but the membership is rapidly increasing. There are no better Pythians than those who constitute Grant lodge, and members of the order have made names for themselves at home and abroad.

Jonesboro Lodge, No. 102, was instituted June 22, almost one month earlier than the Marion lodge, but about ten years later it was abandoned and the charter was surrendered. A second organization of the order was effected March 30, 1893, and the charter members are: R. N. Wright, Austin Jay, A. H. Cline, L. R. Spencer, G. T. Lottridge, Lee Lone, O. F. Roush, C. F. Barnard, E. H. Neal, W. M. Amsden, C. A. Jay, F. N. Metzler, Charles Zeis, W. J. McLeod, D. W. Hill, Charles Fisher, G. Solomon, Thomas Knight, R. T. Ruley, W. H. Coleman, Thad McKinstry, G. A. Zeek, E. M. Hunt, C. E. Hayworth, G. T. McKeever, D. K. Ruley, Frank Jay, W. G. Wilson, E. C. Whitson, William Flora, Charles Rothinghouse, H. O. P. Cline, D. W. Roush, T. H. Seward, Amos DuBois, J. E. Russell, George R. McKinney, C. T. Ruley, C. C. Lane, H. M. Franklin, W. J. Anderson, F. E. Livengood, S. S. Horne, G. W. Brumley, Edward Elwood, Edward Morgan, Algernon Rothinghouse, C. M. Wells, L. D. Smith, Ed France, M. Gardner, H. E. Prickett, F. M. Neal, A. C. Kies, C. E. Pritchard, L. C. Boyd, Howard Davis, J. N. Gordon, J. T. McKennitt, A. C. Young, H. C. Mount, J. P. Wright, C. C. Hill, E. T. Zeis, J. E. Peirce, J. C. Knight, A. F. Sciberling, E. H. Candy, E. B. Tyler, W. H. Agan, E. M. Whitson, B. K. Adams, J. N. Harter, I. N. Roush, C. E. Horne, E. T. Allen, E. F. Weygant, L. H. Ford, J. C. Evans and W. F. Young.

The Upland Lodge, No. 482, was instituted March 28, the century year, and its charter members are: Mason Holden, S. A. Connelly, Clark Pearson, Benjamin F. Little, A. Y. Stout, A. M. Ballinger, O. L. Stout, A. J. Merritt, Julius P. Schoy, W. O. Peelle, Harmon Fisherbuck, A. D. Hunt, John Woods, Isaac Pearson, Joseph Harmon, Arthur A. Dantz, Solomon Johnson, W. A. Greenlee, Taswell Shoemaker, Otto Smith, Joseph Bowdin, Libertas Vanderlitt, Ezekiel Jones, Ellis Thompson, G. W. Rowe, W. E. Stout, D. S. Farr, O. B. Whitis, G. A. Atkinson, Alonzo Pulley, James Harrison, E. L. Helms, L. A. Teeter, A. E. Brakeman, Salvian Tilli, W. E. Hubert, J. H. Hunt, William M. Brown, Alfred Pacott, G. A. Brakeman, Walter Keever, S. F. Bidwell, H. S. Jeffrey, Lewis Tousant, Ernest Demitt, G. B. Peirce and William Atkinson.

Van Buren Lodge, No. 496, was instituted April 10, 1902, and the charter members are: C. A. Williams, Erastus Lugar, J. M. Danneklee, E. W. Landess, W. F. Brewer, J. L. Pussey, D. W. Boxell, S. G. Robinson, N. E. Duckwall, J. A. Whitaker, William Bray, John McDougle, J. W. Loney, E. M. Betz, J. B. Cottingham, I. Willamer, E. J. Corey, W. T. S. Strange, J. W. Doyle, J. A. Winthrop, D. W. Rankin, Elmer Tyson, C. Baldwin, J. W. Toney, L. V. Conwell, E. A. Peters, W. K. Fraizer, W. L. Duckwall, J. E. Baldwin, and charter members by transfer are C. E. Evarts, J. J. Howard, J. C. Schorling, J. H. Mills, J. A. Boller, Henry Hulcolton, J. S. Demick, J. H. Boslick, D. M. Beckman, O. J. Shaw, Julius Bereceranz and R. L. Lander.

Gas City Lodge, No. 428, was instituted December 17, 1895, and the charter members are: W. C. Jay, L. W. Maggart, R. A. Brashear, B. M. Harris, W. P. Alexander, B. F. Barge, Ferdinand Devlin, August Debruque, G. A. Bread, M. L. Helm, O. K. Sheldon, C. W. Randal, Elisha Overman, L. C. Westcott, E. S. Bartimus, A. E. Griffin, Cornelius Young, T. S. Jackson, and those admitted by card are James Holbrook, C. A.

Wiley, W. H. Guthman, J. E. Ward, Clarence Bicknell, C. S. Barrnaus, J. O. Austin and J. R. Hadley.

Paragon Lodge, No. 219, of Fairmount, was instituted May 10, 1889, and the charter members are: John Flanagan, John Winslow, C. D. Overman, W. H. Beasley, Emery Carpenter, J. O. Lowman, J. L. Baker, Jacob Brites, J. H. Simons, N. W. Edwards, C. N. Oakley, E. E. Birles, J. H. Charles, R. A. Wiley, Levi Scott, John Kelsay, Gilbert LaRue, W. H. Campbell, W. L. Ballinger, W. E. Wilson, C. T. Parker, E. M. Hollingsworth, J. M. Bloomer, B. F. Leach, E. A. Morgan, J. H. Parker, E. J. Raber and W. B. Comer.

Swayzee Lodge, No. 451, was instituted May 12, 1897, and the charter members are: W. H. Usher, A. C. Curless, E. C. Leufesty, R. J. Main, J. B. Pearson, W. J. Pearson, W. J. Larkin, Jesse Lewark, Thomas Hubbard, O. O. Pence, J. R. Smith, Charles Shrively, A. R. Cutter, W. W. Herbst, W. W. Winslow, J. N. Bennett, H. F. Babw, D. P. Long and J. E. Larkin.

While only charter members have been enumerated here, all the lodges have had substantial growth, and according to the Pythian history there are about 1,500 Knights in Grant county. Some kernels of wheat taken from the creed for workers are: I believe in my job. I believe in my fellow man. I believe in my country. I believe in my home. I believe in today. The Pythian history should be in many libraries.

LXXII. THEATRES—MOVING PICTURES

While there are Grant county citizens who never visit theaters, Marion is in the center of a 75,000 theater population. Whenever really meritorious plays are staged at The Indiana, one of the best equipped play houses about the country, adjoining counties contribute to swell the local theater population. High class attractions always draw outside patronage from other counties that do not have such splendid show house facilities. Marion is known among player folk everywhere as an excellent show town. The theater has been censored and toned down and the people have been educated up—their viewpoint changed toward the stage, and it is freely admitted that some plays are better than sermons—teach moral lessons.

While Marion and contiguous territory is regarded as high class theater patronage, there must be a beginning and in antebellum Grant county the Indiana College and Marion Academy, together with the circuit court room, were social centers where all kinds of attractions were encouraged. It is related that when John Littlejohn came to the Indiana College for a lecture it was an unusually dry season, and he prefaced the lecture with a prayer: "Oh, Lord! send us rain. We need it so badly. The ground is parched. Send us rain, not a beating, dashing rain but just a gentle shower and then let her flicker," and the prayer proved to be entertainment in advance of the lecture. When reconstruction of society came again at the close of the war there was need of better auditoriums, and White's Hall served such purpose in Marion for many years as Daily's Hall in Jonesboro, and later came similar improvements in Fairmount, Swayzee and Van Buren—just immense halls over business rooms without advantages now seen in theaters. White's Hall was the third story of the White block located on the site of the Iroquois business block, and there was a stage across one end of it.

The lexicographer says that a theater is a building appropriated to

the presentation of dramatic spectacles—that it is a room, hall or other place provided with a platform. Beside those early day social centers are later ones: Library Hall, Stinson Memorial, Civic Hall, assembly rooms in the Marion Normal Institute, Fairmount Academy and Taylor University, the Grand and the Indiana, and along in "oil boom days" there was a Bradford theater on North Washington street. Recently many business rooms have been adapted to moving picture show purposes—plenty of social centers all over Grant county. There is also a private opera fitted up in the third story of the Wilson mansion of West Fourth street, and in all these public centers the seats are arranged so that people in the rear may see the stage. Graduated floors relieve the difficulty in the motion picture houses, and beside the elevated seats and boxes the platform or stage is usually above the floor level, and in drama, comedy, tragedy—when people attend theaters and pay for seats they will brook no obstructions. The theater is one place where women have consideration of the rights of others the law of the house and hats are removed in theaters, those attending always demanding a view of the stage.

It was no less a personage than William Shakespeare who proclaimed all the world a stage and all the inhabitants actor folk, and there have been "stage struck" citizens in Grant county. Indeed, some native talent has brought honor to the community when appearing before the footlights: Anna Hollinger, Sadie Sherman, Mae St. Clair, Martha Boucher, John M. Ammons, "Marie White," Harry Collins, Frank Johnson, Edward Genung, Eddie Allen—the historian needs a stage directory. A host of local entertainers have done vaudeville "stunts," and there is amateur home talent in Grant county quite equal to professionals in both music and impersonation. There are good voices in the "war departments" of many churches that are sometimes heard outside of their own choir lofts, and local home talent shows always attract a large attendance. When the natives give recitals all the people lend their patronage. Even commencement programs given by the graduates are highly appreciated—loyalty to local aspiration, and sometimes real merit is discovered where little had been expected—revelations right at home.

It may be said that revolution in the theater began in Marion when White's Hall was converted into White's theatre. George White, who owned the property, was the pioneer in an appeal to literary aestheticism, and, viewed from the standpoint of Methodism, for he was a churchman, it is urged that the lecture platform was the need he meant to supply, but when E. L. Kinneman leased the property it became popular as a play house, the remodeled theater being opened April 26, 1883, with Hazel Kirke as the star—the first show that ever visited the town carrying its own paraphernalia—piano, scenery, etc., and it attracted a great deal of attention. The *Chronicle* and *Democrat*, the two weekly papers, had mentioned in advance that the company carried its own property and it was a stroke of good business policy on the part of the management to leave it on the pavement until all had inspected it, and all who saw the pavement exhibit made it a point to witness the spectacular reproduction that night. Theater seats were then sold at the McGinnis and Hill jewelry store, before box office receipts were so much discussed in Marion society.

Mr. Kinneman operated White's theater four years before he had much business opposition, The Marion being built in 1886, and later he had charge of it. Uncle Tom's Cabin was always a drawing card in Grant county, and one year he booked eleven different companies there, some of them playing more than one matinee and night, and

when two different Uncle Tom productions were staged in one week, Tuesday and Saturday, Mr. White, who always kept track of the business, expostulated with Mr. Kinneman, saying he would not make his rent out of the second show—people had seen it—but that fact only caused them to want to see it again, and there was an increased attendance on Saturday. There was always strong abolition sentiment in Grant county—refugees slaves were once local history, and the underground railway feature always pleased a Grant county audience that long ago. While the Methodist church is sponsor to the local theater, it has not had all the show going privileges and abolitionists were not all churchmen. Uncle Tom's Cabin has been played in legitimate theaters, halls and in tents and Grant county folks still go to see it. One Grant county woman has "starred" as Aunt Ophelia, and people flocked to The Indiana to see her.

People used to carry lanterns to White's theater—it was before the present moonlight schedule of electricity, and there was a room in which to leave them. "The Two Orphans" attracted the largest crowd ever seen in that theatre—an all star company. Stock companies have always been popular and some of the Grant county players have been stock company stars, a full week's repertoire being nothing to them. It was in 1886 that the Marion Opera House was completed on the site now occupied by the Glass block, Smith and George the promoters, but Ira Smith was the man whose money was invested, his partner failing to "come across." While the weekly *Chronicle* announced the opening as August 30, men who attended the initial performance say it was just after the Charleston earthquake, which occurred August 31 that year. Mr. Smith exhausted his finances in building, and hoping to replenish his exchequer by patronage, he opened the theater before it was finished—just one coat of plastering, the Jolly Pathfinders Company playing "Six Peas in One Pod," running three nights without change, and an incident of the opening night is remembered by all who saw it.

The Charleston earthquake had struck terror to the whole country, and people were still nervous from the shock. In the unfinished theater a boy crawled over the joists along boards used as a path by workmen until he could look down on the stage, and attracted the attention of an actor, who exclaimed about it. In an effort to retreat the boy made a misstep, and there was plaster and lath falling on the audience and a panic ensued, one woman having her arm broken in a rush for the door. It was the community gossip that the building was unsafe, and it only required falling lath and plaster to convince the people in the theater of another earthquake. The Marion theater had a stormy history with creditors demanding their money, and Mr. Smith, who had accumulated his capital in the timber business at North Grove, and was unfamiliar with the theater details, was forced to abandon his undertaking. Creditors operated the house for a time and E. L. Kinneman of White's theater, took hold of the house, rechristening it The Sweetser, because D. B. Sweetser was the principal stockholder, and Bella Moore in "The Mountain Pink" was the opening attraction under the new management.

The Marion came in with a panic—not widespread, and The Sweetser went out with an explosion at 5:15 o'clock January 15, 1895, when the Wilbur Entertainment Company was playing a week's stand, a "gift" proposition among Marion merchants, and there had been a crowded house at the matinee performance. "The Daughter of the Regiment" was the bill and the house was being fitted for the evening performance. A weight dropped from the curtain, striking a gas

pipe and demolishing it. It was only one month after the Larrimer photograph gallery explosion, and no one had courage to visit the gas cut-off in the basement, momentarily expecting "kingdom come," and a plumber was unable to reach the cut off outside, owing to the ice. The Mississinewa Gas Company refused to cut out the gas from that district on account of the danger in houses when families were absent, and the moment came—people went out of the theater without standing on the order of their going, and yet no one was seriously injured. The front of the theater was not so badly demolished, and the spectre like walls stood there as a reminder. The F. G. Leas family lived adjoining and felt the full force of the explosion, but without damage to their property. It was a well planned play house, although it was never very profitable as an investment.

The Allen, now The Grand, was an upstairs show house built in 1896, with two business rooms below, but it soon changed hands and was remodeled into its present form, and it has always been a popular vaudeville and smaller show house. When The Indiana was built by W. C. (Heavy) Smith and C. W. Halderman in the century year, it was a forward stride in show houses in the state, there being few better equipped play houses in cities of the size, and it was modern in every particular. The Indiana was built at a cost of $50,000, and it marks an old family homestead—green lawn flanked with roses—and it seems but yesterday since Mrs. Lucy Cary sat on the front porch and greeted passersby, for almost every one knew the woman. This was the play house that attracted attention of the actor world to Marion, and for years it has been the one auditorium available when large gatherings must be sheltered—the Coliseum being a skating floor with most uncomfortable seating arrangements. Civic Hall is now the place for mass meetings and popular gatherings, and The Indiana is devoted to theater purposes exclusively. One of the inscriptions reads: "You may have habits, dances, scenes and rhymes," and another: "High language oft and sense some," balances the quotation.

With its balcony and galleries The Indiana has usually accommodated the public and "legitimate" in its descriptive term when compared with other theaters. The day after Thanksgiving, the century year, this new play house was opened by Lulu Glaser in the presentation of "Dolly Varden," and "packed house" described the success of the enterprise. High class entertainment has always been provided in this theater, the best players coming to Marion and even Ben Hur has been staged in The Indiana. It was October 21, 1901, that John M. Ammons instituted lower prices when he opened The Crystal, a small vaudeville house in the I. O. O. F. temple lower floor business section, and people flocked to it until other houses put in the same attractions and they made the rounds all in one evening.

Leroy Tudor was the pioneer in the local moving picture craze, opening The Star theater soon after The Crystal had precipitated prices, and it was not long until the business was so divided that he abandoned the field—back to the farm. Many who used to enjoy the drama now enjoy the moving pictures—real photographs from places described, and while there are flesh and blood actors in legitimate, the picture film reproduces the celebrities of all the world and there is no cheaper travel. Edward Genung, whose early life was in Marion, has frequently been shown on canvas, being engaged by a film company as an actor, and the best in art and literature is thus reproduced. The habits and customs of different nations are shown from canvas, and one feels like he had traveled in foreign countries, and while pictures of travel are always worth while other films afford amusement. The Y. M. C. A.

and the churches utilize this method, and the Salvation Army is always a step in advance in adapting worldly entertainment to spiritual needs. The Soldiers' Home, Goldthait park and half a dozen local theaters recognize the strong hold moving pictures have on the population, and rival entertainments hold all to the highest standards in such productions—all films available in Marion as soon as released to any other city, and those who are familiar say that Grant county is well cared for from the standpoint of the theater.

LXXIII. ORGANIZED LABOR IN GRANT COUNTY

Labor day demonstrations have indicated the strength of organized labor in Grant county for several years, and the influence of trade unionism is so interwoven with the growth and development of the community, said a writer in the *Union Labor Directory*, that no true history of the county could be written without mentioning it. Anything that makes the home more comfortable, renders life more happy, and has a tendency to better social conditions, is worthy of favorable consideration. Such has been the mission, and to some extent the effect of trade unionism in Grant county. The trade union movement in Marion began with the phenomenal growth of the city and it spread throughout the county wherever labor was employed, and this community growth dates back to the discovery of natural gas in 1887 in Grant county.

When factories were attracted to Grant county many of the men who came with them already belonged to labor unions, and for several years the growth of unionism was rapid in the entire community. The unions enumerated in the most recent directory are: Marion Central Trades Council, Amalgamated Building Trades Council, Flint Glass Workers, Mouldmakers, Local Assembly, Typographical Union, Journeyman Tailors' Union, Carpenters and Joiners' Union, Painters and Decorators' Union, Journeyman Bricklayers' Union, Stonemasons' Union, Building Laborers' Protective Union, Lathers' Union, Plasterers' Union, Plumbers and Gasfitters' Union, Womans' Union Label League, Cigarmakers' Union, Journeyman Barbers' Union, Bakers and Confectioners' Union, Street Railway Employees' Union, Retail Clerks' Union, Musicians' Union, Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steelworkers' Union, Stage Employes' Union, Journeyman Blacksmiths' Union, Brewery Workers' Union, Hostlers and Cabdrivers' Union, Ironmolders' Union, Machinists' Union, Teamdrivers' Union, and there are new unions occasionally until labor is well organized, and strikes are part of Grant county history.

The first union of continuous existence was the Printers' Local, No. 286, organized in 1881, and the old Trades' Assembly composed of Unions and Knights of Labor, was formed in 1891. With all the unions affiliated, the Central Trades' Council has become a bulwark of power to which all the unions look for counsel and assistance. The trade union movement has developed some bright intellects, and brought into active service many earnest hearts whose sacrifices and labors are part of the treasured blessing of unionism. When Labor day comes round each September the skilled labor of the community walks forth, and the general public enjoys the parade and display features connected with the annual celebration. Marion labor unions had much to do with the building of the Civic Hall, and when residents of the county visit the market it is well to remember that fact about it. While the "walking

delegate" is before the public mind, his relation with organized labor is that of financial secretary, treasurer and business agent. While the laborers are attending to duty he is taking care of their combined interests, and some one says: "A oneness of purpose and unity of action under the trade union system of organization are forces that are simply irresistible, and cannot fail in their mission of mercy, justice and righteousness."

A labor writer says: "As unionism grows, the greater power placed in its hands may be misunderstood and diverted to purposes of private profit, thus forming a veritable labor trust. This will not be possible, however, as long as leaders of the labor movement see fully the needs of wageworkers and remain true to their responsibilities," and while "sweat shop" tactics have never been practiced in Grant county, union labor does enter its protest and teaches the following: "Let every worker demand goods bearing the union label, and nearly every trade of importance bears such a label on its product. The woman who sweeps the floor can buy a union broom as well as the man can wear a union suit of clothes, and in making your purchase in the store inquire for a union clerk and make it plain to him that the article you want must carry the union label when made by a craft that has a label. Constant inquiry for union label goods has made the merchant and manufacturer recognize the demand for them. Let organized labor continue to demand union goods and it will not be long until every article used by man will carry the union label," and the women of Grant county who are the purchasing agents of the families have already recognized that condition.

There is benefit in many ways from organization, and those who labor with their hands are not all who are benefitted. "In union there is strength," is a saying almost as old as the language in which it is written, and even agriculture, an occupation as old as the world itself, is casting about for methods of protecting itself. Farmers are the only class of people who could institute a strike and continue it, and the leaders of agriculture are coming to understand the benefits from organization. Cooperative arrangements exist in many communities, and the Better Farming Club or Association is an outgrowth of such sentiment. Farming is the one occupation in which men and women are equally interested, and since St. Patrick's day, 1886, Grant county farmers and their wives have been meeting in annual session and planning how they may improve their conditions, and the "Better Farming" movement which contemplates the farm agent proposition as passed in the 1913 legislature met with ready response in Grant county—Purdue University back of it. The following editorial describes the situation:

"There is no one thing perhaps more thoroughly in accord with the spirit of the times than the law providing for agents in the different counties to confer with the farmers for the purpose of increasing the yield of agricultural products and making the life of the farmer more enjoyable in every way.

"Not very long ago a suggestion of this kind would have been met with derision. The thought of such a thing would have been regarded as ridiculous, and the farmer who dreamed of learning about his business from books would have been regarded as hopelessly impractical. At the same time many a farmer was trying to raise corn year after year from the same field, and wheat the same way—and even rotation of crops was held in contempt by many an one who looked upon himself as a practical farmer. The soil was wasted much as natural gas in this region was wasted years ago.

"Of course the more intelligent and the more successful farmers

quickly saw that this was a ruinous practice, that rotation of crops was necessary and that by proper attention to his business he might restore to soils that were "worn out" many of the crop producing qualities by growing clover and other "green manures." Then, too, this kind of man was wise enough not only to accept but to seek suggestions from others who had had experience with different phases that he himself had not come in contact with. This naturally grew into subscriptions for farm papers, and from this it was but a short step to a general acceptance of the idea that no matter how wise a farmer might be, yet he might obtain much useful information and many a profitable suggestion from others.

"Then came conferences among these men, public meetings, farmers' institutes, and an organized effort to apply the combined wisdom of the community bearing upon the business. Along with these came public experiment stations where tests of all sorts were made and the results published as well as mailed to all inquirers. Meanwhile had come a department of the national government to cooperate with all these other forces.

"Legislatures in the various states had come to realize that the public welfare might be greatly promoted by multiplying every possible means of disseminating information and advice based upon this information. Then came exhibition cars and the lecturers who traveled with them.

"The latest step is the county agent provided for by the legislature in this state. Experts are to be selected to confer with the farmers throughout the county on anything and everything pertaining to the farmers' life. This includes not only retaining the fertility of the soil, and the best means of raising big crops, but also for providing comforts and conveniences about the premises and in the home.

"Assuming that the man selected for this purpose has the requisite qualifications, he ought to prove about the best investment that it would be possible for the county to make. In a thousand ways this man should be useful."

In such a man those who have been active in promoting the scheme wish to combine social as well as economic interests.

Along the line of combined effort, Herman Ende, who was a member of the original market committee from the Trades Council, contributed the following special appeal to a local paper, May 22, 1913, which has both news and educational value:

"There will be opened Saturday, May 24, at 5 o'clock A. M., a city market, the same to be in operation three days in the week, namely, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week. The time for opening will be 5 A. M., and the time for closing will be 5 P. M. on Tuesday and Thursday and 10 P. M. on Saturday.

"While making a tour of inspection of the market house, I find everything up to date. A place that is a credit to the city of Marion; a place that the citizens can well boast of and take pride in; a place that is neat, clean and sanitary in every particular; a place that the lady in satin or silk or the lady in calico need not feel ashamed to enter. There can be found for sale anything that one needs for the table.

"I find the stalls laid out in a very satisfactory manner, giving ample room to occupants and customers. The partitions and counters are neatly painted with white enamel. The stalls are all numbered and range in price from $2.00 to $4.00 per month, payable in advance.

"This market had its origin with the Marion Central Trades Council. A market has been agitated for a number of years by the Trades Council, but not until recently has the matter been given any consideration. The

result is now at hand. However, the market is not yet a success and will not be until we cooperate and make it such.

"We must put away our little hammer because one thing or another is not right, or it was not gotten up in the proper way, or the wrong administration was in power, or that the administration conceded to the wishes of the Trades Council for political purposes, or that it will hurt some merchant's business, or put a peddler off the streets. I want to say right here that I do not think any one ought to knock anything that does the greatest amount of good to the greatest number of people. The Marion market's welfare should be considered by all fair minded people.

"The object of the Central Trades Council in trying to get a market was for the same reason that most every woman thinks about every day as she performs her household duties, that is, to find something for the table, to get it fresh and clean, and most of all, the economic part of it. Most every man and woman is looking to or planning some way to cut down expenses.

"I would like to impress upon all laboring men, especially organized men, that it behooves every one of us to attend and boost the market to the extent of our ability, and make it one grand success for ourselves."

Since education is the result of agitation, it will not be through any fault of organized labor in Grant county that the working man does not have a full dinner pail and reasonable compensation for his service.

LXXIV. THE JUVENILE COURT, THE BOARD OF CHILDREN'S GUARDIANS AND THE GRANT COUNTY ORPHANS' HOME

By H. M. Elliott

The Juvenile Court, Board of Childrens Guardians and the Grant County Orphans Home Association, in many respects, have been so closely allied in their work, duties, objects and accomplishments that it seems wise to treat them all under one general head, but giving to each its separate historical setting, and such especial mention as the history, character, endeavors and achievements of the respective institutions are entitled. The prime object of all these agencies is that of child-saving, and each has accomplished much in a conscientious endeavor to discharge assumed or imposed duties and obligations.

The Juvenile court of Grant county was organized in 1907, and the first case was filed in that court on May 24th of that year. In Grant county the judge of the Circuit court is *ex officio* the judge of the Juvenile court. This court came at a time when conditions seemed ripe for such a court. Under the laws existing prior to the Juvenile Court act of 1907, children could be directly indentured to the Orphans Home Association by their parents or guardians, or, under certain conditions, might be placed in the care and custody of that association by the township trustees. When so indentured or placed they became charges upon the county. Many abuses grew up under these conditions. Parents who became tired of caring for and supporting their children, or who were having domestic troubles, or who for any trivial cause wished to place their children out of reach, would indenture them to that association, or surrender them to some official, whereupon their responsibility to the children ended, and the children would remain in the custody of the association at the expense of the county until placed in some private home, or until they arrived at the age of eighteen years. In several instances,

only meager records of the parents, relatives or of the earlier history of the children were secured, and when these children arrived at an age when they desired to learn of their ancestry and early home conditions the records failed to furnish them even the names of their parents, or where they lived prior to their being placed in the Orphans Home. This was not the fault of the Orphans Home Association, but of the trustees who placed the children in the home. Under the Juvenile court laws all this was done away with, and no child may now become a charge upon the county until adjudged a ward of the county or some of its boards by order of the Juvenile court, and a complete record is required by law to be made of its parentage, history, conditions and environment. The present laws relating to children who come before the Juvenile court classes them as truants, dependents, neglected, and delinquents, and each class is specifically defined by statute. Boys under sixteen years of age, and girls under eighteen years of age come within the jurisdiction of this court. The purpose of the Juvenile court is to prevent delinquency, reform juvenile offenders, protect the innocent and helpless, compel inhuman parents to care for their own as they should, and to guard the public against gross impositions and unjust burdens. Dependent and neglected children have the strong arm of the law thrown around them to the end that they may have the opportunities and environment necessary for their proper growth in character, morality and good citizenship. Juvenile offenders are not required to stand public trials unless they so desire, nor to undergo great expense in defenses, nor even to be represented by counsel at all. It is the duty of the probation officer, appointed by the Circuit court, to fully investigate every phase of the case before the child is brought before the court for a hearing, and to make a written report of that investigation for the guidance of the court; and at the hearing the interests of the child are carefully guarded not only by the probation officer, but by the court as well. With all this precaution the offending or dependent child need never fear injustice at the hands of the Juvenile court. This court is the splendid result arising from the deep study and persistent effort on the part of many conscientious and philanthropic men and women who have devoted their lives and means to the saving and protection of children. It is the least expensive of all our courts, both to parties and to the people, and is wholly devoid of excitement, publicity and sensationalism. Another branch of the work of this court is its authority to deal with parents and others who contribute to the delinquency of children. Over those who would contribute to or encourage the wrongdoing by children this court has great power, and the influence of the court in this respect is being seen and felt more and more as knowledge of its jurisdiction and effectiveness increases. No regular sessions of the Juvenile court are held, but the court convenes in special session whenever any case requires its attention. Work in the Juvenile court takes precedence over work in the Circuit court, and the duty of child saving and child-protection is, by law, made a matter of prime importance. Too much credit can not be given to the officials of the Grant county Juvenile court for their painstaking endeavors with the children who have been brought before that court, and for the conscientious manner in which these cases have been handled and disposed of, and the welfare of the children safe-guarded. Hon. Henry J. Paulus was the first and still continues the judge of the Juvenile court of Grant county, and he has rendered great service to the county by his determined effort to reach the causes and to prevent dependence and delinquency among children, and to protect the county against imposition on the part of parents and others who shamelessly and unscrupulously seek to burden the public

with the care and maintenance of children whom they themselves are able and in duty bound to keep and maintain. H. M. Elliott was the first probation officer of the county, holding that office about four and one-half years. His successor was Gilbert A. Morris, who is still the probation officer of the county, and is doing splendid work in his capacity as such officer.

During these later years Indiana as a state has taken a rapid forward movement for the betterment of the conditions of neglected, dependent and delinquent children, and is still leading her sister states in her laws and activities along these lines. One of the great agencies through which the state's work among children is being done is the Board of Childrens Guardians in each county. Such a board was created in Grant county in March, 1903, by the appointment by the Circuit court of the following named persons as members of such board, viz.: Mrs. Elizabeth Bogue, Mrs. David Barker, Mrs. Mary Wall, Burtney W. Ridley, H. M. Elliott, and Robert Houston. This board promptly organized by electing H. M. Elliott as its president and Robert Houston as its secretary. Mr. Elliott continued in office as president of the board for more than six years. Under the law this board was invested with many duties and considerable authority, among which were the care and supervision of all neglected and dependent children in the county under the age of fifteen years. It had the power to take charge and control of children who had been abandoned, neglected, or cruelly treated, as well as of those who were dependent upon the public, those found begging on the streets, those whose parents were habitual drunkards or vicious, or unfit to have their custody, and those who were kept in immoral associations, or who were incorrigible, and to make them public wards through the medium of the Circuit court, and to look after their interests after they had been made such wards. Prior to the organization of the Juvenile court, this board turned over most of these wards, with the approval of the Circuit court, to the Orphans' Home Board, giving this latter board full control of them. In the performance of its duties this Board of Guardians, as it is commonly called, could not permit sympathy for the parents, who often expressed great sorrow because the neglected child was being taken from them, to interfere with its work of child-saving. Heartrending conditions sometimes arose, but the board met them with such justice, firmness and fortitude as would remedy conditions and would be for the highest welfare of the child. The work of the Board of Guardians is not only philanthropic, but it looks forward toward the future of the state and nation. Its efforts are directed solely to the developing of the neglected and dependent child into higher life and good citizenship. The fact that the parents of most of these children are poor in material things does not signify that the law is bearing down on the poor as a class, but, on the contrary, it signifies that the state and people are using their best endeavors to uplift and encourage children of unfortunate environment into higher and better conditions to the end that they may become useful and beneficial citizens of this great commonwealth. During these years the Board of Guardians worked in harmony with the Orphans Home Association and much good was accomplished by their joint efforts for the wards under their charge, and the citizens of the county took great interest in these endeavors. Previously, children were made wards of the Orphans Home Association by order of the township trustees, or by parents or guardians indenturing the children direct to the association, but on the creating of the Board of Guardians the matter of determining what children should be made public wards largely devolved upon the Board of Guardians, and the Orphans Home Board thereafter received the wards into the home and cared for, boarded,

clothed, educated, sought homes for and placed them as before, that is to say, the Orphans' Home Association thereafter continued to have the future of their wards in their own keeping, and an incentive still existed for carrying on their work as originally intended. The Board of Children's Guardians is now comprised of the following persons: William Miller, president and treasurer; Mrs. Frank H. Rigdon, secretary; G. A. H. Shideler, Mrs. William Doyle and Mrs. Mattie Cammack Gibson. Gilbert A. Morris acts as agent of the board. Since the creation of the Juvenile court it has been the policy of that court to make all children entitled to public care and support wards of the Board of Guardians instead of wards of the Orphans' Home Association. In the development of this policy the wards of the Orphans' Home Association gradually decreased, while the wards of the Board of Guardians correspondingly increased, until in the autumn of 1912, when the Juvenile court, by its order, relieved the Orphans' Home Association of all its wards and made all these children wards of the Board of Guardians. As matters now stand all children of the county entitled to public support are wards of the Board of Guardians. The duties of this board are therefore many and onerous, and for which the members receive no compensation, but are supposed to give of their time, attention and means for the good of the cause. For these reasons the fact that, at times, the work is permitted to go with but little attention is not to be wondered at. It is a regretable fact in the minds of many that the Juvenile court and Board of Guardians could not have devised some plan or policy in the handling of the juvenile wards of the county, which would not have worked so disastrously to the endeavors, activities and ambitions of the Orphans' Home Association, and whereby the association might have been permitted to carry forward the good work it had in hand and for which it was organized, in harmony with the work of these other institutions.

From June, 1887, to June, 1913, no institution in Grant county commanded greater respect or was more closely affiliated with the social, business and charitable affairs of the county than the Grant County Orphans Home. Every one who visited the home during those years, and there were many, had nothing but words of praise and commendation for the institution and the efficiency of those having it in charge. Located on the high grounds to the northwest of Marion, it has a commanding view of the city, splendid sewerage facilities, and the purest of air. There the wards were found under the direct supervision of an amiable and competent matron. Not much of the institutional life usually found in such homes could be noted. It has always been a real home for children, and not an institution in the common acceptation of that term. Such rules and regulations were in force as were necessary for its proper control and management, and none other. Early in the year 1887, when Marion was but a small town, and the county had not even anticipated its present state of development, a number of kind-hearted and philanthropic citizens observed and became deeply interested over the fact that Grant county had no facilities outside the infirmary for the care of her orphan children, and that the "poor house" was indeed a poor place for the training, education and maintenance of these innocent dependents. These observations and impressions so weighed upon the minds and hearts of the people that after much prayerful thought and study they were impelled to formulate and put into operation plans for the organization of a private voluntary association under the laws of the state for the purpose of providing a reasonably suitable home for orphan children. The first meeting was held on June 6, 1887, in the Washington Street Christian church (now The Temple Congregational church), in Marion, and an organization was finally completed. The

association was duly organized and incorporated during that same month, and a home was opened in the following October. Of the original thirty-nine members who formed the association the following persons were named in the articles of incorporation as directors for the first year: Joseph Small, Martha Coggeshall, Mary Jane Morrow, Jane Cubberly, Emma St. John, Maria J. Webster, Cornelia V. Squier, Susannah Hockett and Pheriba A. Graves. Mrs. Martha Coggeshall was the first president of the association, and Mrs. Emma H. Sweetser the first secretary. The presidents in their order were Mrs. Coggeshall, Mrs. Alice Woods, Mrs. Deborah Wall, Mrs. Sarah Ann Small and Mrs. Emma C. Hutchinson. Other prominent women who have been actively connected with the association are Mrs. Adeline V. Turner, Mrs. Sabrina Willson, Mrs. Georgia Goldthait, Mrs. Hannah O'Farrell, Mrs. Lydia Ann Bates, Mrs. Emily E. Flinn, Mrs. Mary Ludlum, Mrs. Rachel Lomax, Mrs. W. D. Sweezy and the second Mrs. W. D. Sweezy, Mrs. J. F. Eshelman, Mrs. Sarah B. Lytle, Mrs. Anna Gunder, Mrs. Viola Dickey, Mrs. Clara S. Anderson, Mrs. Mary T. Buchanan, Mrs. Mary C. Sweetser, Mrs. Edith Sweetser Dale, Mrs. Caroline H. Webster, Mrs. Lena Wall Raschbacher, Mrs. Nettie R. Halderman, Mrs. Florence S. Willson, Mrs. Gertrude M. Beard, and Mrs. Nettie B. Hollingsworth. Men as well as women were actively interested in the organization, and the women were much indebted to Rev. Madison Swadener, Judge Joseph L. Custer and Joseph R. Small, who aided them in formulating the original constitution and by-laws. Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Goldthait are two charter members who remained in the organization during its entire history.

The matrons at the Orphans Home in their order were Miss Clark, Miss Jackson, Miss Merriman, Mrs. Malsby, Miss Dora Edelman, Mrs. Wallace, Miss Mary Morell, Miss Carrie Thrall, Miss Jennie Porter, Miss Carrie Cline and Miss Anna E. Flemming. Misses Clark, Merriman, and Edelman left the institution to become brides. Miss Porter, while matron at the home, married Fred Pfieffer, superintendent of the farm and heating plant, and a year later she died there. Mrs. Porter-Pfieffer served the institution several years and her death was a signal loss to the community. Miss Morell was killed in a run-away accident.

By the articles of incorporation the member of the board of county commissioners who had been in continuous service the greatest number of years was, *ex officio,* a member of the board of directors of the association, the association was named "The Grant County Orphans' Home and Industrial Training School." The objects of the association were stated to be "to establish and maintain an asylum for the care, support, discipline and education of orphan children of Grant county, Indiana, within the age of sixteen years, who have been deprived of parental care by the death of either father or mother, or both." The capital stock was placed at five hundred shares of $100 each; the term of existence was fixed at twenty-five years; directors and officers were provided for who should hold their offices for one year; ten directors were to constitute the board of directors, nine of whom should be members of the association, and one county commissioner should be the tenth director. Later on the number of directors was increased to fifteen, but the county commissioner still remained a member of the board. After the first year or two, however, the county commissioner entitled to serve as director never attended the board meetings, and the remaining members of the board were left to carry on the work of the association without much attention from the commissioners. The monthly meetings of the board were held on the first Monday of each

month, and the annual meetings of the association on the second Monday in June in each year. All these meetings were religiously attended by those whose duties required their presence there. In fact the whole work of the association was assumed and carried forward by the members and officers as a conscientious Christian duty, in the spirit of loving charity, and without compensation or hope of pecuniary reward.

At first the Orphans' Home was established and maintained in the Boswell property on the Delphi pike, near the belt line railroad, in Franklin township. In 1889 the county commissioners, through the aid and under the influence of the association, purchased for the use of the association the ten acres of land where the home buildings are now situated, taking the title to the land in the name of the county. Later on the women, who were constantly raising funds through special efforts, acquired twenty-five acres of additional farm land in close proximity to the home, without any expenditure whatever of public funds, the title to which was also unselfishly taken in the name of Grant county. The county now has title to about thirty-five acres in that vicinity, which constitutes the Orphans' Home farm, all of which is under the control of the county commissioners.

About the time of the purchase of the first tract of land the association endeavored to secure from the county commissioners an appropriation for the erection of buildings thereon for the use of the association in its work, but for some cause was not successful. During these years the home was maintained by subscriptions and donations, in part, and the deficiencies were met by the efforts of the women themselves, who met together and quilted comforts and sewed carpet rags and patched old clothes given to them for the children's wear, and by these means raised funds and clothed their wards sufficient to keep the institution from failure. The county commissioners did not seem to appreciate the actual needs for such a home and were slow to inform themselves concerning the existing exigencies in this direction, probably being of the opinion that the county could ill afford to build and equip an orphanage, or to bear the expense of its operation and maintenance. After much importuning and delay, and meeting with no success, some of the shrewd women connected with the association hit upon the plan of having the matron invite the commissioners to the home for a dinner, which invitation, as usual, was promptly accepted. The dinner was prepared in a manner to gratify even the appetite of a county commissioner, and the commissioners came promptly at the appointed hour and were partaking of the especially good things which had been set before them, when in walked the board of directors, all women, and at once began pleading for an appropriation for a new orphans' home building. The commissioners were fairly swept off their feet, and before they could finish their dinners, which they hurriedly attempted to do, the women had succeeded in securing a promise from them to immediately appropriate $5,000.00 for a new orphanage building, which promise the commissioners faithfully kept. With this sum and a like amount raised by subscription the association constructed and equipped the first building on the present site. From that time forward the county furnished the greater part of the funds for carrying on the work. When the building was completed the association moved in, and had control and possession of the premises thereafter until in June, 1913, the real estate continuing in the name of the county, while the personal property and funds received and accumulated by the board of directors was the sole property of the association. No definite contract was ever entered into with the county, and for about twenty-six years the county treated with the association as with a private corporation, paying the association

a per diem allowance for the maintenance of each child in the home during the period of its stay there.

In June, 1912, the old Orphans Home Association became extinct by limitation of its charter, and the association, composed of the same persons who then constituted the old one, with such additions as were necessary to fill vacancies, was reorganized under articles of incorporation, changing the name to that of "Grant County Orphans Home Association," providing for no capital stock, and that the association should be operated without profit to any one, and granting it an existence in perpetuity, and having about the same objects as the old association. The incorporators had it in mind by such reorganization to so arrange that the good work the old association had been doing might be carried forward by the new one for the benefit of children of Grant county for all time to come.

The association cared for, boarded, clothed, educated, found homes for and placed its wards as it deemed best. No accounting was made to the commissioners for the moneys received, but the same was handled and expended in such manner as the board of directors thought wise. The officers and directors were always women of integrity and unquestioned honesty of purpose, and whatever was done by them in carrying on their work was done with an eye single to the one purpose of serving the best and highest interests of the children committed to their charge.

Among other gifts the association received substantial bequests from the estates of J. H. Wigger and Chapman Flinn. The Lincoln street property in Marion, which has been under the control of the Orphans Home Board, was a gift to the association from Peter G. Flinn. Mr. Flinn had provided in his will that the association should have the control and use of the property for the benefit of the orphan children of Grant county. It has been conveyed by deed to Grant county. The home farm has always been operated by the association at a profit, and the children were better cared for there than most of them would have been had they been permitted to remain under the influences of their own homes. The question has often arisen as to whether institutional or private family life and care is the better for public wards, and under the trend of recent public opinion institutional life has suffered in the comparison. During the quarter of a century that the Orphans Home was operated by the association, many children who were placed in private homes well clothed and in good physical condition, were later returned to the home by those who took them out, in rags and in wretched condition, physically. Many a good word may be said in favor of institutional life for dependent children, notwithstanding the recent upheavals against it, and local sentiment has always been with the women of this association who were so unselfish in their service for so many years. While the Grant County Orphans' Home Association was the first organized charity in the county, and had such a splendid career, its opportunities for usefulness came to a most unhappy ending. With the coming of the Board of Childrens' Guardians and the Juvenile court, there came also changed methods and policies in the matter of handling, making, placing and disposing of the county's dependent children. In the consummation of these changes in methods and policies, all the wards of this association were finally taken from it, and by order of the Juvenile court, were made wards of the Board of Guardians. Before the making of this order by the court, a secret investigation is said to have been made by the Board of Guardians concerning the wards of the Orphans' Home Association, and as to the manner in which the home was being conducted. The Home Asso-

ciation had no knowledge of this investigation and was not represented therein. Immediately following this investigation much undue and unfair publicity and criticism was given concerning the affairs at the home through the public press. Glaring newspaper accounts of alleged improper conditions and conduct at the home were the first intimations the association had that its affairs there were subjects of criticism. These published reports came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. The association publicly announced these reports to be false, but the damage had been completed. Then came the loss of all their wards. By this last move the association became merely the landlord of a boarding house for such county wards as the Board of Guardians and the Juvenile court might thereafter see fit to place in its temporary care and keeping. All further authority over these wards remained with the Board of Guardians and the Juvenile court, and the Home Association was thereby deprived of the privileges of performing any of the many other duties and objects for which it was organized, and all incentive for carrying on the work as originally intended was thus summarily taken from it. The women of this association had always been actuated by the spirit of true philanthropy. They were conscientious, and everything had been done by them after careful and prayerful consideration. Their hearts were in the work and they had enjoyed it. Those women who through so many years had looked after the subsequent history of their wards had no further control of them. could only meet them at the door, and say adieus when they were leaving, without knowing where they were going or what might become of them. They became utterly disheartened. The undertaking had simply resolved itself into a boarding-house proposition. After a few months trial of these conditions, the women were wholly discouraged. All incentive had been taken from them, and there was no further inducement for carrying on the work. Then came the beginning of the end. They had had a successful career of more than a quarter of a century. They had accumulated and built an institution valued at more than $30,000. It was a faithful band of women, who, with saddened hearts and tear-bedimmed eyes, met together on the 16th day of June, 1913, and after carefully considering the situation, as a final action, resolved to lay down their cherished labors, and to surrender to the county the possession and control of the Orphans' Home and all the property of every nature belonging to or in the custody of the association. This resolution was put into immediate operation, and the home property and all their accumulations were surrendered and released to the county commissioners, who took charge of the institution.

When vacancies occurred on the board of directors the places were always filled, but for several years there had been no stockholders outside the directors. At the time the association relinquished its control of the Orphans Home, Mrs. Emma C. Hutchinson was president, Mrs. Clara S. Anderson, first vice president; Mrs. Mary T. Buchanan, secretary, and Mrs. Mary C. Sweetser, treasurer. Mrs. Lena Wall-Raschbacher, foreseeing the coming results, had resigned her office of second vice president and her place on the board of directors some months before the association's final action. Mrs. Buchanan had served sixteen years as secretary, and Mrs. Sweetser twenty years as treasurer. Mrs. Sarah Ann Small, Mrs. Georgia Goldthait, Mrs. Edith S. Dale, Mrs. Lydia Ann Jones, Mrs. Adeline V. Turner, Mrs. Caroline H. Webster, Mrs. Nettie R. Halderman, Mrs. Florence S. Wiltsee, Mrs. Gertrude M. Beard and Mrs. Nettie B. Hollingsworth were the other directors. There were not many changes on the board during all these years, most of the women serving while they lived. As the end

approached and the opportunities for the further activities of the association were eliminated, the women frequently gave expression that they felt as though they were laying down their life work when they discontinued their charitable activities in the name of the orphan and dependent children of Grant county.

There are men and women in this community who still look back upon the Orphans' Home as a friendly shelter when they were in need of it, and if "any kind of a home is better than an institution," it would be hard to convince most of them of that fact. Mrs. Deborah Wall, who served the institution as its president for twelve years and who was recognized as a capable official, once said, "While there is no royal blood we have some fine children. A foundling asylum is not a mansion of wealth, and the children here are not from the best homes, but among them are some boys and girls of good intellect." During her term of office, Mrs. Wall carried on subsequent correspondence with all wards who went out from the institution and were placed in private homes. She was deeply interested in this philanthropy, and her death occurred while in the discharge of duty connected with it. She served as president longer than any other member of the association, and was fatally stricken at the home of Mrs. Anderson on January 2, 1905, while making her report to the board of directors concerning the work of the association.

The Grant County Orphans' Home is now being operated by the county commissioners, with Mrs. Emma C. Hutchinson as acting matron in immediate charge.

LXXV. COUNTY BOARD OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTIONS—MARION FEDERATED CHARITIES

While the original charitable organization in Grant county came to an untimely and unfortunate ending June 16, 1913, every man, woman and child was pained at the result and all were agreed that it was a wonderful group of unselfish women who constituted the board of directors of the Grant County Orphans' Home when it laid down its mantle and went out of existence. While its history is detailed in another chapter, the writer wishes to quote a fragmentary conversation overheard, that "Every one of those women deserves a crown—think of the years they labored, and without thought of compensation aside from the good they were doing, and how cheerfully business men used to respond to their call—would donate to the Orphan' Home because they had the greatest sympathy and confidence in its management. It was strictly high grade charity, Christian work if you call a Christian one who does good deeds, and there were never more conscientious women, the very presence of some of them an inspiration, and no one ever charged them with wearing the garb of charity as a cloak." The 1912 *Indiana Bulletin* contains complimentary reference to the management of the institution, and the ill timed publicity arising from alleged investigations was like a "burst of thunder from a clear sky," and the board of directors never recovered from the shock.

The nineteenth annual convention of the Indiana Board of Charities and Corrections was held in Marion, and it was a fine opportunity for Grant county benevolently inclined persons to study methods of dispensing charity in the best manner. The convention was held in the First Presbyterian church, September 10 to 13, 1910, with parallel sections in other nearby churches, and many citizens availed themselves

of the opportunity. G. A. H. Shideler is a member of the board, and while a resident of Fairmount Mrs. Daisy Barr was its secretary. The state board of charities has supervision of the whole system of public benevolences, and it must see that every inmate of every public institution receives proper care, that public funds are properly expended, that public institutions are properly conducted, and the management protected from unjust criticism.

The board of county charities and corrections came into existence April 27, 1899, according to enactment in the Indiana legislature, and prior to that time township trustees had been *ex officio* overseers of the poor with authority to grant temporary aid. When applicants became permanent charges they were consigned to the county farm unless there was special dispensation in their favor from the county commissioners. There have been indigent families given support who remained at home, and invididuals were thus enabled to remain with their own families. But a trustee was not always acquainted with conditions and the system was frequently abused, with the result the county board of charities, with oversight of such matters. Grant county may have entertained angels unawares in entertaining strangers in the old way, and the aim is to profit in future by the mistakes of the past. There have been indigent persons consigned to the county farm who belong to other counties, and to other states—hence the need of organized charity. In many instances there was no record of who was aided, but the relief now extended is made a matter of record, and is only offered upon the recommendation of the board. Members of these charity boards in both county and state serve without compensation, only provision made for actual expense incurred, and the county has established an enviable record in the manner of handling its charity wards.

There are persons who by reason of age, infirmity and misfortune have a claim upon society and just as certainly as Grant county contributes to colleges and institutions of learning, it has another coterie that receives benefits from the county and state charitable and benevolent institutions. While some go to universities others go to asylums, and the institutions for the blind, deaf and dumb, and for other unfortunates are certainly helping hands held out by the charitable people of Indiana, even though provided through a system of taxation—all property owners having part in it. There are several asylums for the insane and no community is wholly exempt. Grant county has always sent its quota of boys to Plainfield, the reformatory there, but has there ever been a girl sent to Clermont? Younger prisoners go to Jeffersonville and older ones to Michigan City, and women are sent to prison in Indianapolis. There is an institution for Feeble Minded Children at Ft. Wayne, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home at Knightstown, and all unwittingly Grant county has contributed to all of these institutions—charities, for it is the good people of the commonwealth that provide them. When families cannot care for their unfortunates themselves, the state steps in and relieves them of the necessity. Grant county friends have always contributed to White's Manual Training Institute at Wabash, and Nathan Coggeshall, Mahlon Harvey and W. S. Elliott have been directors. In a sense the Soldiers' Home within the limits of Grant county is a national charity, as the home at Lafayette is a state institution, and he comfort of the nation's defenders is assured within their friendly shelter. Local newswriters have always said members when speaking of those sheltered at the home, while inmates is the term applied to those sheltered in other institutions.

The county board of charities will continue its oversight of the Grant County Orphans' Home as in the past, although it is now con-

trolled by the county commissioners direct, and Saints' Rest, the county farm on Walnut creek, the county jail and the different town lockups come under its care. The county farm is now managed by the superintendent of the infirmary, although for several years the fields were rented and the superintendent only had charge of the orchard and garden—there being several acres devoted to truck used in the institution. The board makes quarterly visits to the institutions and the county jail, and annual visits to the lockups in the different towns. The county provides fifty dollars for this expense, and the county jail is the only place reached without expense. This board is appointed by the circuit judge, and the 1913 organization is: Mrs. Julian Smith, president; Mrs. Lena McBougle, secretary, and Mrs. H. J. Paulus, Mrs. D. W. Long, Mrs. Nancy Winslow and G. A. Morris. Mrs. Smith has been a member of the board since 1902, and there is a saying that the tenure of office is for life or good behavior—and no one has as yet been forcibly removed—all serve cheerfully and without recompense, only the satisfaction that comes from the discharge of duty.

While visiting the charity institutions the board has always found commendable things as well as the necessity of offering suggestions and by all going in a body what one overlooks another sees, and careful investigation is the result. When the county farm was changed from Franklin to Mill, the buildings were modern up-to-date in the early nineties, but in a few years anything is relegated to the ancient history section. On September 9, 1905, there was a county picnic at the county farm, and about two hundred and fifty persons were present. Amos W. Butler, secretary of the state board of charities, was the speaker, and he said he had never known of similar attempt in Indiana. There was a program, and one of the inmates was overcome by the music and had to be taken to her quarters. It was Mrs. Smith who instituted the Christmas festivities there in 1910, and the inmates do enjoy the music and the gifts. Some of them have memories of home life and Christmas among friends, and it cheers their hearts to receive such reminders. Although the description suits the locality, "Over the Hills to the Poor House" has given most people an inherent dread and yet the unfortunates fare pretty well there. Some one refers to the inmates of the poor house as God's forgotten folks, and this annual Christmas program does bring sunshine into their lives. A short time after the county picnic at the infirmary in 1905, there was a public reception at the Orphans' Home in an attempt to have people know more about institutional life in Grant county.

There is certainly argument in favor of the work of the county board of charities, and the vagrant class has something to contend with where there is organization. Wanderlust is discouraged, and families say there are fewer handouts asked than under the old order of things when people dispensed charity independently. In one of the towns the bastile was condemned by the board, and soon afterward a communication was received inviting inspection again—a new lockup the result. When all the people are prosperous there is little demand for charity. The "$100,000 *bawth*," as some have characterized the county jail, offers better accommodations to vagrants than some tax payers have at home, and the late Steve Golding will long be remembered by tax payers because he used to work the prisoners, grading roads and cleaning up the town, and it was work accomplished without expense to the county. The railroad tracks always lead out as well as into town, and where organized charity is encountered, vagrants do not tarry.

The Marion Federated Charities was incorporated October 17, 1910, in order to more effectually combat with and counteract impostors,

The federation has no capital stock and is not operated for profit. The proceeds are used to sustain the organization. Its object is general and systematic relief, and its directors are: A. P. Butterworth, W. S. Simpson, Mrs. F. H. Rigdon, Mrs. C. B. Overman, Mrs. Lee Hall, Miss Charlotte Arden, Mrs. E. A. Bundy, Miss Carrie Fruchey, Mrs. R. D. Hunter, A. E. Stuart, M. B. McFeely and Hugh Timberlake Gary. When the Marion Federation came into existence Rev. George P. Torrence was president, and H. M. Elliott, secretary. Rev. Gary succeeded Rev. Torrence, and Miss Estella Wolf succeeded Mr. Elliott as secretary. When Miss Wolf resigned, Mrs. Rigdon was acting secretary until Mrs. Julian Smith was chosen to the vacancy. Miss Harriet Oakley succeeded Mrs. Smith when other duties required all of her time. The federation is inclined to help people to help themselves, and when an applicant can be given a place to earn his support it is better than charity. The indigent class soon becomes dependent when encouraged. The secretary must use discretion, and the local organization is in effect a labor bureau—an employment agency.

The Marion Federated Charities has always fostered every good movement, and the Marion Play Ground Association is a direct outgrowth of its effort. Its official roster is: Miss Alice Goldthwait, president; Miss Alice Davis and Mrs B. C. Dale, vice presidents; Miss Edna Johnson, secretary, and E. H. Kinnear, treasurer. Other directors chosen by the president are Mrs. J. L. McCulloch, Miss Ada Wright, W. H. Shaw, Elza Modlin and H. L. Cushwa, and the sewing school, which is entering its third year, is another product of the federation. Tag day has been a popular way of raising funds for the use of the federation, and all who pay $1 are enrolled as members. The first official Tag day was November 5, 1910—a tag given as a receipt for any contribution, and the response has met the requirements. The Progress Club is a social organization among the Jewish women with charity as its avowed purpose, and yet it affiliates with the federation. While "charity ball" always sounds like a misnomer, funds are often raised by societies in that way. Sometimes it is the end in view that counts, and none will question the response of the federation in the hour of need as in the 1913 Easter flood. By cooperation much damaged property was restored, and immediate relief was the essential feature. There was a special relief station, and there was system in all the details.

LXXVI. HOSPITALS IN GRANT COUNTY

The popular understanding of the word hospital in this locality is different from the dictionary definition, people feeling like the hospital is an expensive experience—that it costs money to have appendicitis, or to be a victim of the surgeon's blade. Webster says the hospital is a building appropriated for the reception of sick, infirm and helpless paupers who are supported and nursed by charity, but that phase of life is not much in evidence in Grant county. There are no denominational hospitals, although sisters of charity and deaconeses are sometimes recognized by their garb, and one instinctively thinks of such institutions as maintained by them in cities.

The pest house outside the city limits north on the Lagro road—properly speaking, the detention hospital agrees better with Webster than does the Grant County Hospital at Twentieth and Washington streets. There are nine acres of orchard and garden surrounding the

detention hospital, and an immune family usually lives there, maintaining an open door for unfortunates exposed to contagion, although a strict system of quarantine relieves the situation, and many infectious diseases are controlled without the patient leaving home for the treatment. There is a department at Saints' Rest, the county farm, where incurables are maintained behind closed doors, under "lock and key," and in a sense the Emily E. Flinn and the Orphans' Home are charity institutions where those in need of nursing and medicine are given such attention. There are public and private charities, but the hospital is not necessarily a charity. Some one has spoken of the hospital as the helping hand held out to society, and really it is an outgrowth of the Christian religion, although enterprising citizens sometimes operate hospitals on a basis of profit. There are gold cures galore, and Keely institutes have flourished in Grant county—the patronage not necessarily limited at all. The Neuropathic Sanitarium on Second street offers treatment in connection with baths, and patients reside there temporarily as in the regular hospital. The Christian Science healer, the osteopath and chiropractic "doctor," recognize alike the advantage of good nursing, and the hospital serves an excellent purpose in the community.

The hospital is a sort of an auxiliary to the medical doctor, and the surgeon frequently makes of it a life saving station. There is a hospital in connection with the Soldiers' Home seldom shown to visitors, those seeking its refuge requiring absolute quiet and only relatives or personal friends see them there. None but soldiers are admitted, citizen soldiers frequently taking advantage of the opportunity for treatment there, and a corps of nurses and assistants are always in attendance, outside help frequently being employed there. The home doctors who have outside practice cannot admit patients to the home hospital, but they frequently send patients to the Grant County Hospital where any doctor is allowed to practice—treat his own patient. The Grant County Hospital was incorporated March 24, 1910, with A. P. Butterworth, president; H. M. Elliott, secretary, and R. J. Spencer, treasurer, there being a community movement at the time to perpetuate the institution that had been operated for several years by the Marion Hospital Association. When the Marion Hospital was established in the '90s, it was operated at first in the J. M. Barnard residence on South Washington street, Mr. Barnard furnishing the property and being equally interested with Dr. T. C. Kimball in the enterprise.

At the end of a year the Lytle property was purchased. Dr. Kimball was connected with the hospital a number of years, Dr. G. D. Kimball having active control of it, and since that time additions have been made to the original residence property and there are accommodations there for more than twenty patients. The only time the hospital capacity was seriously overtaxed under the present management was July 7, 1912, when ten injured persons were received from the wreck on the M. B. & E. car line to Goldthwait Park, and cots were placed in the halls for some of them. It was already a full house, but emergencies must be met, and suffering must be relieved when possible, and the Grant County Hospital is first in the public mind when accidents occur. The city of Marion pays $500 a year for one bed in the Grant County Hospital and pro rata for over time, and in that way it is a charity, as none are turned away on account of inability to pay. The township trustees send patients for treatment, and under the organized system of charities medical or surgical aid is withheld from no one at all. There are always more applicants for treatment than can be accommodated, and many are refused because of lack of accommodations—but emergency

cases are always taken care of—the true mission of the hospital being first aid to the injured. While all reputable physicians order patients there, the surgery is limited to few practitioners—specialists being in attendance or at all times available. There are from ten to fourteen resident student nurses, and when an apprentice has served three years in the hospital she is graduated with a diploma and goes out doing similar service in private, many hospital graduates establishing themselves in an excellent business. Physicians always recommend efficient nurses and people have come to think of careful nursing as essential.

While a nurse is in training she has little expense and is allowed $5 a month for incidentals. The training fits her for efficiency in a home of her own or as a professional, and nurses who finish from the Soldiers' Home Hospital are given similar credentials. Grant county has furnished efficient women on the battle field, Mrs. Susannah Clark, of Jonesboro, having been an army nurse in the Civil war and Miss Alice Kemmer, of Sims township, rendering special service in the Philippines as an army nurse. Miss Kemmer had her initial experience at the Soldiers' Home Hospital, and she has been honored with special medals from the government. When the Marion Hospital went into the hands of a receiver J. L. Hoover secured the property, and the Grant County Hospital Association leases the building from him. When it was organized in 1910 there was a membership fee of $5 a year, but that amount was only collected two years, as it was on a self sustaining basis, and the annual dues was reduced to $1, and there are only about seventy-five who continue paying them. There were one hundred and eighty four persons originally who paid $5, and since the hospital is self sustaining the directors have no desire to make of it a county institution, although it was incorporated in the name of the county with the ultimate thought of the commissioners buying it. There is no political pull under the present management, and since the articles of incorporation do not allow of profit, inasmuch as there are no paid officials, there is little opportunity for graft connected with it.

Some apprentice nurses become efficient quickly, and when sent out on special assignments they receive better wages than the stipulated amount for hospital service. Under its present management the Grant County Hospital meets all bills when due, and it has a bank account all of the time. The accumulated funds are used in defraying expenses of indigent patients and for making necessary improvements. It is estimated that about ten per cent of the patients received are charity wards, the expense of the hospital being collected from patients, there being regular fees from the rooms and service offered, and many people prefer the hospital to home accommodations. There is a voluntary membership in the hospital association, and when annual payments lapse the membership is at an end. It is controlled by a board of directors having fifteen members, although the immediate control is vested in an executive committee of six members, the official roster and three women, Mrs. Lewis Aach, president of the Woman's Auxiliary to the hospital association, and Mrs. Lee Hall and Mrs. G. A. Osborn, being the present representatives. Aesculapius has many patrons, and the Grant County Hospital is a valuable adjunct to society.

The board of directors in the Grant County Hospital Association is J. C. Haswell, Leo Nussbaum, J. T. Giles, H. M. Elliott, W. H. Charles, C. O. Bechtol, W. A. Faulkboner, A. P. Butterworth, Mrs. N. B. Powell, Mrs. C. M. Stewart, Mrs. Carrie J. Dunn, G. A. Osborn, E. O. Harrold, J. W. Kelley and R. J. Spencer. When the hospital board organized it immediately leased the Marion Hospital property, buying some of the equipment outright, and it will be operated there until

such time as it comes into ownership of hospital property. R. J. Spencer has offered to donate a site on Wabash avenue, and the board may some time avail itself of this liberal offer. While the Grant County Hospital is classed as a charity it is a self sustaining business venture—a gratifying fact to those connected with it. Only public spirited citizens take hold of enterprises that do not pay dividends, and the management of the Grant County Hospital is in the hands of men and women interested in the welfare of the entire community.

As an index to the trend of popular thought on the subject of disease which renders the hospital a necessity, some clippings are used in this article, rather in the nature of advance portrayal of conditions, and yet all that is promised will in time be a reality. It is a homely adage: "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," but it has lost none of its truthfulness. It is said that more people die of tuberculosis in Grant county than of all other diseases. It used to be called consumption and its victims had no possible ray of hope until fresh air enthusiasts brought it to them.

The Grant County Medical Society and especially some of the foremost Marion physicians did the community an excellent service by bringing Dr. A. N. Hurty, state health official, to Marion for a popular lecture on methods of preventing the ravages of tuberculosis, March 31, 1908. Standing room was at a premium in the First Presbyterian church long before time for the lecture, the citizens of the town and county were so interested in the subject. It was an illustrated lecture and later it was repeated in the Fairmount Friends church at the instance of Fairmount physicians, and nothing could have been more effective in awakening the people to methods of checking tuberculosis in the county. The club women of Marion later had Dr. Helen Knabe, who was Dr. Hurty's assistant, deliver a health lecture before the federated clubs in the Marion library, and Dr. Nettie Bainbridge Powell and many men of the medical fraternity have delivered frequent lectures in the county of an educational health character, with the result that people are no longer entirely disheartened when lung troubles develop, but take immediate measures to stamp out the difficulty. Out of door living, sun parlors and sleeping porches—all these methods of combating the disease have been known in Grant county since that memorable lecture delivered by Dr. Hurty, and a different architecture prevails, ventilation the one dominant purpose in home construction—air and sun light.

Not so many die from the white plague, and not so many wear themselves out in search of health and strength since they understand that Grant county air properly utilized has health restoring properties. And this newspaper agitation is an excellent feature, as is indicated in the following editorials and less dignified communications:

Public health measures not only prevent a great deal of suffering and prolong a great many lives but in the long run they save money. This should be sufficient to give such measures a standing even in the minds of those who think of nothing but dollars and cents in connection with such movements.

A contributor to today's *Chronicle* calls attention to the law providing for a tuberculosis hospital and advocates the establishment of one in this county. The author of the article has become greatly interested in this matter; he has informed himself as to the provisions for such an institution and also as to the results that have followed them elsewhere. He thinks that the results justify the measures. We think he is right.

It is generally conceded now, as he says, that pulmonary tuberculosis is not an inherited disease and that if taken in time it is curable. Fresh air and sunshine and plenty of good food and proper attention are the

requisites. These things, including the proper care, may be easily provided in a public institution and the public thereby profit by the institution in the best sense of the word profit.

Elsewhere these institutions have been established and if there has been a failure in any place we have not heard of it. They seem to be generally successful; so far as we have heard they have been universally successful. They cost little compared with the immense amount of good they do and it does seem that Grant county can afford this thing if other counties can.

Again, the sentiment, so far as we have been able to learn, is practically a unit in its favor. Some of the heaviest of taxpayers, who have no fear of the disease in their families, have declared themselves emphatically for it. There seems to be no question as to this sentiment.

When it comes to measures for prolonging the lives or conserving the health of hogs and cattle, there seems to be no difficulty in obtaining money for the purpose. The last legislature did not hesitate at twenty five thousand for hogs, although it did thunk five thousand a very large amount to devote to human babies. We trust that Grant county may develop no such distinction in this instance. The tuberculosis hospital has already demonstrated its usefulness and we ought to have it. Some day we shall have it; we ought to have it immediately. There is a demand for it and that demand is expressed in terms of human suffering. It does seem that it should be heeded.

In a news feature entitled "Editorials by the Laity" was the following contribution which indicates the "way the wind is blowing" in the realm of thinking:

By act of the legislature approved March 10, 1913, provisions have been made for the establishment and maintenance of hospitals in each county for the care and treatment of persons afflicted with tuberculosis. This bill is the outcome of several years' investigation and study of the conditions and needs of such institutions.

In 1895 the legislature passed a resolution authorizing the governor to appoint a commission to investigate the need of such institutions and the efficiency of similar institutions in other states. The governor appointed this commission, consisting of five members, who after a full and careful inquiry made a report favoring the establishment of such institutions.

This report also confirmed the efficiency of the tuberculosis camps and hospitals in other states. Massachusetts established these institutions in 1896 and has since demonstrated that tuberculosis is a curable disease in patients taken in time and subjected to a strict regime of proper living and diet.

South Bend, Indiana, has for four years maintained a fresh air camp for the treatment of those infected. For two years this camp was supported entirely by private subscription. Two years ago the county commissioners of St. Joseph county, seeing the efficient work that had been done by this camp, made an appropriation for its support, and now, under the new law, have made provisions for its maintainance on a more extensive and permanent basis.

The Twin Hills camp at Terre Haute is another example of efficiency of fresh air, sunshine, rest, and proper diet in curing tuberculosis.

Almost every county in the state is now active in this scientific fight which is being made by the health authorities in Indiana.

Close inquiry as regards this disease in Grant county discloses conditions and facts that should awake us to our duty in the matter. Grant county contributed more than her share to the 3,872 deaths in the state caused by tuberculosis in 1912, and up till June 1, 1913, has exceeded

the number during the same period for 1912. That Grant county has done nothing in the past to combat this disease as other counties have, does not say that we are careless and indifferent, but it does reveal the fact that we have failed to realize that we are facing one of the greatest health problems that man has had to meet in all history.

Our physicians have realized this for a long time and have been doing their best to combat the disease under a terrible handicap. In the past they have found it a hard matter to create any public interest in the chronic cough, the flushed cheek and emaciated form of the consumptive. They have been compelled to keep these patients under observation in the home, where it is almost impossible to hold them to the strict regime of care and proper living.

Inquiry discloses the fact that there are many in Marion who have been successfully treated for this disease in their homes in spite of the fact that the fight has been a long one beset with many handicaps.

It has been positively demonstrated that tuberculosis is a curable disease, so let us join in this state-wide movement to apply this cure that has proved successful.

Let us apply the cure we have which is effective, and if science has discovered a better and more effective one, let us apply that. Physicians throughout the world attest to the efficiency of the sunshine, fresh air and diet treatment, both for a cure and a preventative of tuberculosis. Careful and full investigation of years by the state health authorities disclose the fact that climate has but little to do in effecting a cure so long as sunshine, fresh air and rest are obtainable and the patient is subjected to a strict regime of proper living.

We have the sunshine and pure air in Grant county. The great state of Indiana has long since made ample provisions for her dependent and impotent ones as the occasion has demanded and proper institutions established as the problems worked out. What has to some seemed unnecessary delay or negligence of her duty to those afflicted with this great plague has been occasioned by a careful inquiry and investigation that her needs might be met effectively. This act is the outcome, and at our command is precedence, information from other states, other counties, other cities, and other institutions to enable us to proceed to take immediate steps to provide an institution in Grant county for the care, study and cure of tubercular subjects.

The information at hand is such that the cost can be figured down to a minimum and it will not be great and should not be considered in the discharge of this duty to humanity, the state and the nation. Let us at once take steps to establish a tuberculosis hospital camp and assist as a unit the other counties and the state in the work of safeguarding the health of our citizens.

It is freely prophesied that the following condition is not far in the future in Indiana and in Grant county:

Diseased persons will be barred from handling foodstuffs of any kind for the people of Grand Forks, North Dakota, under the terms of a sweeping order issued by the board of health. This order makes the employers liable to criminal prosecution if they employ any person who is afflicted with either a contagious or an infectious disease.

A new state law, just effective, provides that no person suffering from certain diseases, particularly enumerated in the law, shall be allowed to handle foods in stores, restaurants, bakeries, factories, etc. To make this new order effective the board of health will require employers to demand of their employes certificates of health. A thirty day period will be granted in which to adjust conditions, and at the end of that time a complete inspection of all food handling establishments will be made to determine whether or not the law is being obeyed.

There are a good many persons to whom this "butting in" by the government will be very objectionable, but it is only a part of the tendency of the times. The health of the people is a matter of vital public importance and everything of public importance is going to receive more attention than ever hereafter not only in North Dakota, but in north and south and east and west Indiana and central Indiana and in the same precincts in all other states. It is to be only a question of time, and a comparatively short time at that.

There is considerable talk of a tuberculosis hospital in Marion and some day there will be one. There is sufficient sentiment just now to justify it and as soon as this sentiment becomes crystallized and organized the hospital will become a fact.

While dealing with prophesy it has frequently been suggested that the site of the Grant County Children's Home now abandoned by the board of directors made up of philanthropic Grant county women would be an admirable place for a tuberculosis hospital—high and dry, and isolation such an easy matter there. With county and city health officers alert, there is little danger from spread of contagion of any kind. While the Grant County Hospital Association will perhaps not consider this Orphans' Home property, would prefer modern equipment built to order, it will be utilized in some way and perhaps as a fresh air institution. There is ample room for colony buildings and tents, and Grant county always does keep up with other localities and local sunshine and air are both in abundance—unadulterated quality.

LXXVII. EMILY E. FLINN HOME

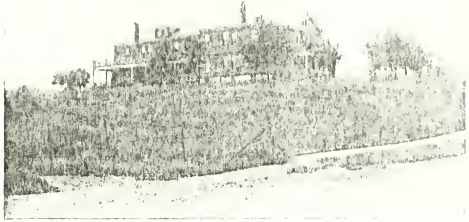
The Emily E. Flinn Home for Aged Women is a monument to the Twentieth Century Club, organized in 1889 by Mrs. Nancy Ellis Jay Helm, and when the home was finally open she became its matron. The Twentieth Century Club was limited to widows, philanthropic women who wished to bend their energies to some good purpose, and for a decade they were active along charity lines, cooperating with others and finally an industrial school was organized early in the new century—a most useful work in behalf of young girls with busy mothers. Saturday afternoons were devoted to these girls, and they were taught sewing, making garments for themselves which, when completed, were given to them. These classes were taught by members of the club, and by other charitably inclined persons under their direct supervision, and the women of this club always agitated the question of a rest room in the basement of the court house.

Later it was decided to discontinue the industrial school, and all energies were bent toward securing a club house in the shape of a home for women. On February 24, 1899, with no money in sight except club dues and sustained only by the courage of their convictions, the work was undertaken. The ambition of the club was to provide a home for deserving women who would spend their declining years there. Its location was determined by a gift of five acres of ground on West Twelfth street by the late Peter G. Flinn, and the building was erected largely from funds from the Flinn estate, on condition that the home bear the name of his wife, Emily E. Flinn, who was a woman loved by all who knew her. Ground was broken in October, 1904, the home was occupied the following August, and was formally opened October 13, 1905, when a great many people were in attendance.

"The women of the Twentieth Century Club have given freely of

their time, and so far as possible of their means to the work, but the great need of the home is an endowment fund that will furnish a regular income for its maintenance, and solve the problem of the future. We read of large sums of money given by men of wealth to endow a chair, or build a chapter house for their alma mater, while somewhere, perhaps, somebody's mother, old and worn with the trials and conflicts of the world, is in sore need of the simple home comforts. . . . . Surely in Grant county there are generous, warm hearted people on whom for time has bestowed with lavish hand who could help the home cause, and make all the rest of life a blessing to themselves. It is the ultimate purpose of the board to make the home not only a refuge for aged women, but in its truest sense a home where they may not miss the quiet and cheer, and touch of refinement," and in a published pamphlet the club acknowledges many courtesies from the community.

The Marion daily papers have always been delivered free and have kept the members in touch with the outside world, thus helping them to



The Emily E. Flinn Home for Aged Women

pass many pleasant hours. So many donors ask that their bequests be kept secret and while Grant county women must pay an entrance fee of $100, and those coming from outside the county pay $600, it is after all a charity. The age limit of entrance is seventy years, and from fifty to seventy years is a time in the lives of many women when there is none upon whom they may lean for support. There are rules and regulations, and yet there is seldom cause for discipline, only women being admitted who are lawabiding and peaceable citizens. There had been eight deaths from 1905 to 1912, and as soon as a room is vacant there are applications for it. There are several endowed rooms, the matron's own room being the gift of her children, either of whom would afford her shelter were she inclined to give up life's activities, but she comes of hardy pioneer stock that does not lay down the struggle until the end. Mrs. Helm is a daughter of Robert and Anna Ellis who came to Jonesboro early in the town's history.

The first woman to apply for membership in the Emily E. Flinn Home was Miss Hannah Bond, who declares she had not outlived her usefulness, but the fortune of her family was such that she was alone in the world and she simply sought friendly shelter and society. Miss Bond has been

a resident of the county since 1864. She belongs to a Quaker family and was not a dependent woman at all. Although she is entitled to support, according to the conditions of entrance, she has always earned money with her needle, and all of it goes into the home treasury. Miss Gould soon bought a cow that was the property of the institution, and with the assistance of the matron and other members who sometimes spend a little time quilting, this fund has reached almost $2,000, and not a cent has she claimed for herself. She has revenue sufficient for her individual needs —in money for herself —and she will leave additional property to the institution. While each member has an interesting life history, the first woman to become a member has set all of them a pattern in industry. If Peter G. Flinn had left all his money to this home it would have been well expended, as the crying need is for extension. It is a monument more enduring than granite to the memory of the woman who was loved by all who knew her. Mrs. Flinn died in Marion, May 9, 1892, when only a little past sixty years old. She was a sister of S. M. Grandy. No children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Flinn, and the Flinn estate is perpetuated by trustees.

LXXVIII. Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A. AND BOY SCOUTS

The Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association and Boy Scout movements have interested all Grant county, because the homes of the county contribute to them. The "Y" and Scout movements merge, naturally, while the young women have lately effected their organization, and operate independently. As soon as a boy is old enough to quit the scout organization he is eligible to "Y" privileges, and the Y. M. C. A., organized in Marion May 19 1891 has "filled a long felt want" in the community. It is an organization in which all Grant county is interested, and many people have contributed both money and service to it. "Better than oil or gas, factory or mill, is this splendid enterprise. Every dollar the community invests in the plant will return dividends even beyond the reckoning of time. It is a safe investment, and those who have taken stock have no regrets." Association history in Marion has taught the people that increased facilities have always meant expansion in usefulness.

The articles of incorporation of the Marion Y. M. C. A., as shown in the recorder's office, are signed by Elkanah Hulley, A. Jones, Madison Swadener, W. O. Anderson, S. Frank Jones, Oliver H. Keller, Merrill C. Meade, Wilson Addington, J. B. Crosby, R. P. Hunter, Cyrus W. Moore, Joseph L. Custer, R. W. Weaver, W. A. Mills, Lindley M. Overman, James C. Barker, John Wilson, Evan H. Ferree, W. E. Heal, Frank Ryholt and A. B. Morrison. The first board of directors was selected at a meeting held in the temple (Congregational) on the evening of many 19, 1891, and the directors chosen were: Mr. Hulley, Mr. Jones, Mr. Keller, Mr. Addington, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Custer, Mr. Weaver, Mr. Mills, Mr. Overman, C. E. Webster, J. F. Carmichael and Mr. Anderson. The first general secretary employed was Edward Plannett, who served until September 1, 1892, when he entered college. The next secretary was Frank M. Beard, who served until July 1, 1894, when he entered school and was succeeded by T. F. Judd, who remained more than one year. Mr. Plannett was again employed by the association, from June 17, 1895, to September 1, 1896, when H. E. Coleman became local secretary. Frank Tingley served a short time and was followed by H. P. Goddard. On August 1,

1898, came G. A. Morris, who was with the association through the strenuous building experiences and remains in charge of the institution.

The Marion Young Men's Christian Association was the outgrowth of the "Marion Prayer Band," an organization of young Christian of all denominations with Verling W. Helm as its secretary. Meetings were held in the temple and were attended by young men of all the churches. Mr. Helm, who was really the moving spirit of the association and the real founder of the Marion Y. M. C. A., went to China in association work and died there, and memorial service was held in his honor when the body was returned to Indiana. He was born in Marion and his death in China was regarded as a loss to the world. The first home of the association in Marion was in the Kellar and Mead block, then it was removed to the Masonic building, where the work was carried on until March, 1895, when the present location was made association headquarters. When J. Wood Wilson subscribed the first $1,000 toward the purchase price, and O. H. Keller gave a like amount, the finance committee had courage to press matters. There was a frame residence there when the purchase was made, and a gymnasium was added. Finally the present magnificent structure was completed, and the dedication ceremony extended over three days, October 4, 5, 6, 1905. The annual membership numbers about six hundred, who enjoy the privileges of the institution.

The Marion Y. M. C. A. investment is near $40,000, and when conservation of citizenship and character are considered, the returns are unequalled in any other similar expenditure. Originally there was an auditorium and stage, but the space has been converted into dormitory use, and there is more revenue than from the auditorium. Now there are three dormitory floors in the building. The basement has a twelve foot ceiling over the physical examination room, bath rooms, lockers, swimming pool, lavatory, barber shop, boiler and fuel rooms, and the gymnasium has a deck even with the first floor where visitors may watch the performances. The entire basement is well ventilated, and it is one of the attractive divisions of the association enterprise. The first floor consists of a reception hall or lobby, with public reading room, amusement rooms and association parlors and the office of the secretary. "On this floor any man from anywhere will be welcome any day in the year. Special privileges are limited to members of the association." A night school is maintained. The class rooms and committee rooms are on the second floor, and the dormitories have always been popular with young men away from home associations.

There have been some bequests and many memberships given as financial support from people who had home associations, and the Y. M. C. A. as an institution is a valuable asset to the community. Mrs. Mary Cary gave $500, and by compromise measures $3,000 were obtained from the Anderson Hogston estate, and in time there will be an endowment from the J. V. Sweetser estate, the Sweetser will providing for it. It is constructed of brick and stone and trimmed with the best quality of buff Bedford limestone. If a church has collateral significance—and all real estate dealers point out churches and schools—none forget the "class" given the community by its magnificent Y. M. C. A. building, among the best in Indiana. There has been college "Y" work in Grant county, the private educational institutions all recognizing the value of Christian training in their curriculums, and the Marion Association sustains friendly relations with all of them.

The Boy Scouts of America was organized locally in 1911, and there are troops in Marion and Fairmount. Emory Brightman was the original Scout Commissioner in Grant county, and when he resigned W. H. Shaw succeeded him. The Rev. H. C. Colburn of the Congrega-

tional Temple was the original scout master in the county. The movement has been popular with the younger boys, and when Reverend Colburn removed from the community, John W. Wharton succeeded to the position of local Scout Master. The Rev. W. C. Proctor, of the Fairmount Congregational church, instituted the movement there although Boy Scouts has no denominational significance at all. Each scout must agree to do a kind act each day, and scout literature is plentifully provided for them. The Marion Scout headquarters are at the Congregational church, and camp life and "hikes" have their part in the lives of local scouts. "Father" C. P. Riley is deserving of special recognition as having done advance service in the interest of boys. Older people remember when the Riley Boys' Brigade was in existence, and how "Father" Riley used to devote his Sundays to them, taking them in numbers to different churches and finally building a boys' church adjacent to his home on West First street, since used as a mission by different churches. The man was old, but his heart was young, and his interest in boys was unabated while he was able to look after them. His dream was an industrial school, and he always had boys about him. Some grownups remember his kindness to them when they were small and rode in his wagon on Sundays with him. There have been special efforts in the interests of boys in different towns, but the Boy Scout movement has been the most popular of any concerted movement in Grant county.

There were twelve members of a Ways and Means committee—the original board of directors of the Marion Y. W. C. A.—which was first agitated locally in 1912, this committee appointed by the Woman's Civic League, as follows: Mrs. G. A. Osborn, president, Mrs. B. J. Overman, Mrs. J. C. Haswell, Mrs. W. H. Charles, Mrs. E. C. Caffee, Mrs. W. J. Swanger, Mrs. E. L. Wesner, Mrs. O. M. Davis, Dr. Netta B. Powell, Mrs. G. D. Lindsay and Mrs. Adelia Z. Gage. When the Ways and Means committee felt the need of more assistance it increased its number from twelve to twenty-four members, and Mrs. Elizabeth Winchell, Mrs. R. A. Heavelin, Mrs. J. W. Stephenson, Miss Estella Wolf, Miss Alice Davis, Mrs. Lee Hall, Mrs. H. L. Cushwa, Mrs. E. O. Bender, Mrs. H. N. Trueblood, Mrs. Harry Charles, Mrs. A. W. Leedy and Mrs. W. C. Sturgis were named to cooperate with the original organization. Miss Jessie Peasley was chosen as a temporary secretary, her time of service being three months, and the first activity of the association was a cafeteria and rest rooms in the Spencer block on East Fourth street, which were well patronized from the opening day. The young women of Marion responded readily with membership dues, and the society has had an excellent beginning and its promoters are happy with results. It may emulate its brother organization and sometime own its own home, but that is in the future. Miss Florence Stone was chosen secretary to succeed Miss Peasley, and the Camp Fire Girls is an adjunct very similar to the Boy Scout organization.

LXXIX. TEMPERANCE MOVEMENTS THAT HAVE TOUCHED GRANT COUNTY

The Century Dictionary says: "The temperance movement is a social or political movement having for its object the restriction or abolition of the use of alcoholic liquors as beverages," and when it comes to technicalities there is a difference between temperance and total abstinence. People may be intemperate other ways than in the

use of liquor, and it is in a narrow sense that temperance is applied to moderation in the use of beverages alone. Temperance is habitual moderation in regard to the natural appetites and passions, both in drinking and eating, and it is said that in temperance restaurants temperance is about all one gets for his money.

The first temperance agitation in the United States began the year George Washington was elected president, and when old timers say they have heard temperance lectures all their lives they are doubtless speak the truth. That the evils of intemperance are as old as the race is a stock assertion in the mouth of each orator, and Noah is a conspicuous example of the first drunkard. While there have been temperance movements all over the world, some of the best results have been attained in the United States of America. It is said that Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia, was the first writer condemning intemperance, and his dominant note was total abstinence through prohibition. The first temperance work in the United States was in the nature of reaction

Representative Group of Masonic Citizenry

against the use of intoxicants, which threatened to produce a nation of drunkards, and the first actual temperance reform was among farmers in Connecticut. These "Wooden Nutmeg" agriculturists could not allow the use of liquor among farm hands, and the whiskey jug in the Grant county harvest fields has long been a thing of the past as a story that is told, although the pioneers know all about it.

No one questions: "Moderation is the best temperance. Temperance is the best diet; and Diet is the best doctor," but temperance as a mere stepping stone seems never to have advanced any one's personal interests. People always see through transparencies, and morality was never good politics. Temperance cannot mean anything as a party issue, as an entire party does not subscribe to it, but business has taken hold of the temperance question, and the day it became an economic rather than a moral issue progress was apparent. Those who live in glass houses do not find profitable pastime in throwing stones, and there are good and bad in all the parties. While one party offers shelter to temperance men who place that issue above all others, good men are not agreed on best methods. The Socialist doctrine is that with the element of profit removed, the liquor problem will solve itself, and the business corpora-

tions have touched the bread and butter question by requiring strict sobriety. A sober employee is a safe business representative, while a drinking man is an unprofitable servant. When a man seeks employment and his sobriety is investigated, he knows that best service is required of him. On the grounds of self-protection a proprietor does not want a drunken operative handling his machinery.

The railways and business houses are no longer reformatories, and it is known that a drunken man is a law suit breeder. It is said that the latter part of the eighteenth century was the worst era of inebriety and intemperance, and the first half of the nineteenth century and until the Civil war was an epoch of secret temperance societies. Everything has its day—runs its course. The fraternal societies did not reach the masses, and they were abandoned after the war of the states as active temperance measures. They did not reach the man in the gutter, and were therefore ineffective, and with the present generation being taught scientific temperance there is hope for the future. All through history each movement has no doubt touched and helped some homes, but county local option controls the situation in a way not attained by any other temperance measure. It has "blocked" things, and the handwriting is on the wall. The best is gradually coming to the surface in governmental affairs, and with an increased knowledge coming from observation and study, better judgment is asserting itself. While high license is the solution offered by some, that measure does not appeal to temperance advocates.

It is said that reform must come through the heart, the judgment, and that it cannot be legislated, but sentiment must be created for it. When the hearts of men are enlisted something may then be accomplished—the work must be done from the inside, and "you can no more coerce moral reform than you can shoot civilization into the Hindoos." Temperance agitation in its early history divided communities as today, and while they were not so labeled, the wet and the dry forces as ranged themselves. When the pioneers came together the whisky jug was an adjunct of some gatherings, and others rolled their logs or raised their houses and barns without the jug in their midst. The whisky jug was frequently the bone of contention in the clearing and the harvest field, and an occasional settler stood on his privilege while others who had the jug lived to see their mistake when their sons filled drunkard's graves. It was a question of economics then—the settler who was temperate securing better work in his clearing—and after many years the practical side seems to be in the ascendency.

An article in the *American Bottler*, probably read mostly by those engaged in the liquor business, claims that "while a well directed moral and educational campaign has been carried on for a number of years this alone would not have accomplished the results for prohibition now manifest. Business elements have entered into the fight against liquor with great effect. One of the most prominent of these is the new laws making employers liable for damages in case of accidents to their employees. An employer who signed a petition to the legislature for a temperance enactment is quoted as saying: 'I am liable in damages for the acts of my employees. If one goes out at noon and eats a free lunch at the corner saloon, spending the money intended for lunch for beer and whisky, the chances are that he will not be as alert or keen as he would have been without it. The possibility of accident grows in proportion to the amount of liquor in his system. If an accident occurs, we must pay; consequently, I am going to protect myself, as a matter of good business policy, by trying to close saloons around our factory.'" Thus interest in protecting the community from the evils of liquor sell-

ing is now being reenforced by self-interest, and business interests. Along with other corporations life insurance companies are finding temperance people better risks, and preference is given them in the matter of rates. The temperance question is now a dollars and cents proposition, and the pocket book usually controls the situation. While morals may still enter into the consideration it is nevertheless a cold blooded business proposition—a question of safety, and business interests are better taken care of by sober men. Morality alone has no compelling power, but the bread and butter proposition is full of argument in favor of sobriety.

Man who is recognized as the main consideration in the temperance question has been toasted thus: "He is like a kerosine lamp—not over bright, often turned down, generally smokes and sometimes goes out at night," and yet moral conservation is reaching out for him with all of his short comings—his vices. In short, the gentleman dri ker is the temperance problem, as nobody defends the constant drunker, the man who is in the ditch and lost. The families who have liquor in their homes are the burden of the community. While the saloon has been characterized as the poor man's club, the social clubs with booze in their cellars have been the greater menace. The high toned citizen who indulges has been the difficulty—has blocked all progress. Were it not for his attitude the liquor business would not stand at all, would not last longer than an ordinary June frost in Grant county. While temperance warfare has always been spasmodic effort, the women excepted, the whisky cohorts never rest—quitters, no, and time alone will reveal the result. While Grant county polls the heaviest prohibition vote in Indiana, "spotless" does not as yet describe the situation.

It is said there was more aggressive temperance warfare in the 'seventies than since that time, and in that decade the Murphy movement was sweeping the country. Good Templar lodges flourished then, and the Sons of Temperance was a strong organization prior to the Good Templar order. The Baxter law, although regarded as a Republican measure, has its influence in Grant county. William Baxter was a Quaker living at Richmond, an Englishman having club feet, but he was a wonderful orator—a real "spell binder," with conviction in his words, and he was heard all over Grant county. Mr. Baxter was always the guest of Cornelius and Susan Ratliff at their home, now Ellendale, on Sixty-eighth street, when on his temperance visits, and as a child the writer signed the Baxter Temperance Pledge—abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage. He was perhaps the first speaker who attempted to reach children with his gospel of total abstinence. The Baxter, Moore, Nicholson and Proctor laws have all influenced local conditions, the latter differently from the others. While the Anti-Saloon League was never organized locally, local support has frequently been extended to it. While Marion has had a brewery among its industries, there has been very little illicit distilling within the county, although "moonshine" products were obtainable across the border in a few instances. Robert Thompson, a Monroe township coon hunter, was reputed to operate a still in an early day, and the Litzenberger still at Somerset supplied local patronage.

In an early day it was considered eminently proper to keep liquor in the homes of Grant county, and its medicinal qualities have never been questioned, some dropping cherry seeds in it and labeling it "bitters."—the pioneer's method of escaping the wrath of a disturbed conscience. But people then used liquor without conscientious scruples, an unadulterated article, and drunken men were seldom seen in the community. Waves of enthusiasm from all great leaders have swept the whole coun-

try, and Grant county has had its part in several popular uprisings. Public sentiment has been aroused and people are beginning to hold the seller and drinker alike responsible—each an accessory in crime, and the Murphy movement reached many firesides with its influence. It was in the late 'seventies that societies flourished in Grant county. Francis Murphy having begun it in 1870 in Maine, and in that decade there were ten million blue ribboners in the United States. Many Grant county citizens donned the badge, the little bow of blue, and the movement was popular as long as Mr. Murphy lead it himself. Francis Murphy was a native of Ireland, born in 1836, and his last public service was as a chaplain in the Spanish-American war, and 1907 was the time of his death. The Murphy movement was an appeal to humanity, man's humanity to man, and the great leader persuaded rather than coerced men into the ranks.

Francis Murphy visited Grant county, and the Murphy Tabernacle in Marion was a result of his local popularity. It was an old Wesleyan Methodist church standing on the present site of Gethsemane Episcopal church that had in war times been "dubbed" the Abolition church because in it Moses Bradford had worshipped, and it seemed fitting that it should become a Prohibition storm center. The Abolition church was also designated: "Hog-eye," because it was on high pillars without underpinning, and in the village days of Marion, when most families kept swine in town, the entire herd used to wallow under the church to escape the flies and the heat of the sun. Sometimes the worshippers were disturbed by the subterranean noises, and men who were boys in war time all remember the church appellation. Meetings were held twice a week in the tabernacle for several years, and then the faithful few became otherwise interested in temperance agitation.

Writing on the subject in the 'eighties, Henry William Blair said: "The conflict between men and alcohol is as old as civilization, more destructive than any other form of warfare, and as fierce today as any time since the beginning," and the application is local. There was a remonstrance against alcohol in the 'Forties, and the war has been on unceasingly since that time, although during the rebellion the agitation was not so strong, and for a few years afterward the forces were not as well marshalled as at present. The alcoholic evil is the subject of crucial investigation all of the time, and the wets and drys lie awake nights planning how they may outwit each other. When the drys are in the ascendency, it is because a few men "hang on like a bull pup to a root," and vice versa, and both have staying qualities. A few men man the guns continually, always on the firing line, and their friends know whom to give credit. While the "blind tiger" is a bugbear and a menace, it has never been a "poor man's club," the social center like the saloon, and while the saloon was out of existence through local option, people learned to find other amusement centers—while some remained at home with their families.

When saloons were reestated in Marion for a short time in 1912, it had become so unpopular to patronize them that only a few of them found the business profitable. Perhaps six out of twenty-one were being operated with a margin of profit under the high license system, with the consequent loss of customers during the more than two years without legalized saloons in the county. In the interim men had learned that groceries and beefsteak meant more to their families, and the "high cost of living" had made the money spent in the saloons seem like wasted. Thus economics enters the question again. Of course the "blind tiger" patronage which continued unabated, saloon or no saloon, cut in to the profits of the legalized business and the operating expenses were too

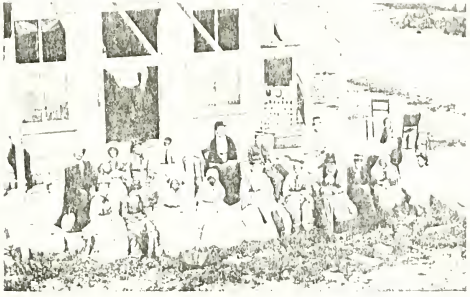
much for the proprietors. It is said some were glad of a technicality in law that closed their doors before the sheriff did it for them. The "blind tiger" competition was hard to combat hard to convict the fellow who sold booze from a hot water bottle in an alley, and some were ready to give up the uneven struggle. While local option is not satisfactory as a finality, many have felt that it is a step in the right direction state and nation wide Prohibition.

Governor J. Frank Hanley and his special session of the Indiana legislature in August, 1908, precipitated local option in Indiana and made of Governor Hanley, quoting another: "The worst hated and best loved man in the state," the different points of view being the basis of hate and love. To the Hon. Aneil E. Ratliff is due the local precipitation— some one must always be the man of the hour and he took the initiative in Grant county. The referendum was an indorsement and as yet the recall is only partial. While others might have captured Manila, Admiral Dewey was there and the same is true of the local option situation. While Governor Hanley threw himself into the whirlpool, there are those who say he disrupted the Republican party, and that the cause of temperance was not advanced by him—that everything he accomplished was already on the way, but that is the debatable question. The first local option election under existing law, the county unit as a basis, was held February 23, 1909, "Skidoo" to the saloon being the slogan associated with "23" as a slang expression, and the dry majority was 2,183 an unmistakable indication of temperance sentiment in Grant county. Before the recurring option election two years later, February 28, 1911, the Proctor law had passed the Indiana legislature, and with the unit changed to a township basis the aggregate dry majority was increased, but the changed unit showed Center township, outside of the city of Marion, wet and with a majority of thirty-five in one Marion precinct lined up wet, the county commissioners declared the county dry on account of fraudulent votes, and the opposition never cleared itself of the charges. A third election was unnecessary except in four units the city of Marion, Pleasant and Van Buren townships, and Gas City, where elections were held March 3, 1913, with the result that only Gas City invited the return of the grog shop, and remonstrance on the part of the temperance people did not change conditions.

In the third election the count was reversed in the city of Marion the dry majority reaching 123 while the two townships were dry by over whelming majorities. While Marion wets claimed the majority in the second election, licenses were delayed for several months on one technicality and another, and finally by state decision the town was dry again —and with the people of the state watching the process, the board of county commissioners stood like the Rock of Gibraltar, and other counties were influenced by them. The fraudulent vote was credited to a locality that is frequently inundated, and wet was its characteristic, and the entire county objected to being controlled by Johnstown. With its heavy Prohibition vote and strong temperance sentiment, the people encouraged the county commissioners in their stand against fraud and the licensed saloon, and while total annihilation is the determined purpose, there is still one small wet oasis in the dry desert of reformation in Grant county.

While the women do not vote, many do not care for suffrage only along reformation lines, they certainly seconded the motion when the men of Grant county moved against the saloon through the local option process. While some women may wish to grapple with the affairs of state beyond the moral question, practically all rallied to the standard when there was chance for a half loaf, although statewide Prohibition has

always been their slogan. The Grant County W. C. T. U. was the only organized body in the county doing warfare against the saloon when local option became an issue. The women were quick to offer their service, and literature and petitions were effectively circulated by them. While the women had always stood with the men in the early temperance organizations, the crusade, which had its birth in Hillsboro, Ohio, in 1873, attracted many of the more aggressive women of the country. While the crusade was a shortlived movement it left behind it a splendid offspring—the W. C. T. U. of the country. The crusade was the beginning of definite action; somebody was fired with principle, and annihilation was the purpose. Carrie Nation methods have sometimes prevailed since then in some localities, although only for a few months was the crusade an active agency in Grant county. Men of today enjoy recounting the part their mothers had in the crusade. There were more inci-



THE MAN IN THE DOOR DOES NOT INVITE THE ATTENTION OF THE WOMEN

dents connected with it that are remembered than in all the other less demonstrative movements.

There was rivalry among women as to who should knock the heads out of whisky barrels, and no matter how much water had been added to the stock, they purchased it and emptied the contents into the street. Whisky barrels were changed from one cellar to another to escape the women, and it was always a weakened article they sent coursing to the river. The crusade has no precedent in history and there will never be need of repetition, but the ceremony attending pouring whisky into the gutter is well remembered by men who were in Marion that long ago. The women sang hymns and prayed in the saloons, and when entreaty failed they went with their knitting and spent the day, thus embarrassing trade until the drink habit was temporarily reduced in the town. The "Snakehole," operated by a negro named Calvin Hood and "Biff" Conner, was a special concern with the women of the crusade, and while in operation they caused one man to abandon his "nefarious" business forever. They bought his stock and emptied it, and when they saw him again he had left off his bar apron and was ever afterward a different character.

The "Snakehole" was a saloon with an outside entrance under the Spencer hotel, oysters were in stock, so that reputable citizens seen going

there were always after hivalves. The iron banister leading down the saloon stairway was decorated at the end with a snake head, and "a gilt hole" was suggestive as a name of the "dive" maintained there. It is said there were from fifty to one hundred women who were connected with the crusade movement, and for about six months they went in turn and spent the day with needle work and knitting, and when not allowed inside they sat in front of Marion saloons, some Jonesboro and Fairmount women taking turns with the women of Marion. There were "Mother Thompsons" in many households, although the founder of the crusade was never so violent as Mrs. Carrie Nation. Mrs. Hannah O'Farrel was an active woman in the crusade movement, and an attempt to enumerate the leaders would result in omitting some, but they represented the best homes in Grant county. The Rev. A. W. Coan, at the time a Marion minister, ably seconded the efforts of the crusaders and White's hall was their public meeting place. Mrs. Susan Ratliff was the first woman to pray in the "Snakehole." J. W. Sizemore then operated a saloon in connection with his tonsorial parlor, but for several years only white men have shown sufficient moral character to engage in the liquor traffic.

The crusaders used to hold many street meetings, and humorous things happened at some of them. It is related of "Old Davy Wilson," a negro minister from the "settlement," that when he wanted to preach a "powerful" sermon he would first visit the "Snakehole." When some one expostulated with him, he said: "It always makes me bold in the gospel," entirely destroying the man fearing spirit that sometimes possessed him when not "tanked up." He long ago went to his reward and "Yea, verily, his works do follow him," as there are others who take his view of the matter. In confirmation of the old negro minister's theory, some one added: "Just give a rabbit two drinks of whisky and it will spit in a wildcat's eye," and the effect is unquestioned. While the crusade was a short lived movement, it paved the way for another organization that better expresses the emotions of women, and November 18, 1874, the W. C. T. U. sprang from it in Cleveland, Ohio, in a convention of temperance advocates. While the crusade was a tremendously interesting era in Grant county, women on picket duty at all of the saloons, the liquor traffic never knowing such a foe as the women, constant in season and out of season, the W. C. T. U. as an organization better expresses their sentiment.

Emotion, love and sympathy predominate the average woman, and as an organization the W. C. T. U. is both religious and secular, accomplishes something both going and coming, does anything that is approved by God. When the men told the women of the country they should raise up voters instead of asking for the franchise, they immediately began educating future voters, the beginning of scientific temperance in the public schools, and now Grant is recognized as the banner W. C. T. U. county in Indiana. The child of today is the parent of tomorrow, and the women are right in their campaign of education. The Christian Alexanders still have worlds to conquer, and the evils of intemperance are being counteracted in the public schools. While the Hon. Neal Dow was the Columbus of Prohibition, Maine having enacted such a law in 1851, scientific temperance is awakening the young to the advantages of sobriety. The crusade was swallowed up by the Temperance League, which was a district affair in this locality, with Mrs. Jane Turner, of Kokomo, as its first president. Two Grant county women were officers in the league, Mrs. Julia Overman being secretary and Mrs. Mary Baldwin Moore, treasurer. The W. C. T. U. was organized in Indianapolis and soon spread to Grant county, supplanting the Temperance League

and Mrs. Lydia Ann Jones became its first president. For forty years it has been an influence for good, keeping the temperance sentiment alive in the entire county. "For God and home and native land," is the slogan, and *The Union Signal* brings its weekly message into many households.

Grant county has three times entertained the State W. C. T. U. Association, 1892, 1899 and again in 1911, and it has furnished two state presidents, Mrs. Emmee Pierce Wilson being elected in the century year and serving three years, since which time Mrs. Culla J. Vayhinger has served continuously. Grant county the center since the new century. Mrs. Mattie O. C. Gibson is a life member of the W. C. T. U. organization, and she has written a history of the movement in Grant county which will in time be published by the county association. While the women do not have the franchise they control the vote in many households, and with forty-six different departments of special personal work the women of the county are a "balance of power" in many things. They have planned their work and work to their plans, nothing but and miss about it, but a definite proposition, and there is no compromise with the forces of evil. When Mrs. Wilson was chosen state president, Mrs. Gulie E. Shugart, of Willow lodge, who had served the Deer Creek Union as president from its organization, was elected county president and in the discharge of her duties she has traveled thousands of miles about the country. The Deer Creek Union, the home of the county president, is the largest rural temperance organization in the county. The women used to talk about reaching a membership of one thousand in Grant county, but when 1912 went off of the calendar the membership had reached 1,136 and the campaign was only well started, and victory is the ultimate end in view—Prohibition instead of local option.

"Not failure but low aim is sin," some one exclaimed, and Grant county women have "hitched their wagon to a star." The W. C. T. U. was organized not alone to fight the liquor traffic and reform the drunkard, but to train the young, and Mrs. Vayhinger says: "As important as it is to reach out and help the man and the woman who have fallen through drink, it is far more important to so train the boy and girl that they will recognize the temptation when it is presented to them, and not enter into it." The medal contests as conducted by Mrs. Julia Overman, and others have been effective agencies—have brought temperance literature into many homes through the activities of the children, and men have been reached who would not otherwise have given attention to the matter at all. While they will not listen to temperance lectures, they will listen to the childish orators, and sentiment is thus instilled like grammar used to be taught, unconsciously, and without arousing antagonism unnecessarily. While the crusade was of mushroom growth, a mere flash—the W. C. T. U. is like Tennyson's Babbling Brook goes on and perhaps forever.

LXXX. GAME PRESERVES

In his "Reveries and Recollections of a Naturalist," Oliver Davie describes early day conditions in Grant county, although he may never have been in Indiana, when he says: "My mind is frequently wrapped in deep contemplation as I view the varied forms of the feathered tribes that line the walls of my study. They tell of furrowed or verdant fields where often is heard the lowing of herds or the voice of the plowman; they tell of crystal streams with mossy banks whose water's mellow music is soothing to the ear as it tumbles and falls with decorous ripple and

trips murmuring away. They tell of secluded forests where tall trees are unscarred by the woodman's axe, and through whose branches, festooned by wild vines, the winds are sighing and moaning; they tell of moonlight nights when, within the sylvan temple, is heard the solemn hooting of the owl, the song of the whip poor will, the hoarse voice of the frogs, the cry of some waking bird, all mingling in the wild harmony of nature's mighty forest hymn.

"These inanimate figures were once the messengers of early dawn (the frontispiece in the book quoted from shows the naturalist in his study surrounded by his own handiwork—taxidermist), they were the joyful children of sunlit hours and, when the dark skirted night came upon them, their clarion calls huddled together their little families to rest a few hours and to dream of another day, when they might again sing their lyrics of love and passion. For them the day was too short; for them the night too long. In life they were the winged nymphs of limpid air, and their plumage vied with the rainbow in colors. . . . These birds of many climes have performed their parts in the great economy of nature." The man or woman who has lived fifty years in Grant county can close his eyes and see the birds of the long ago. With the naturalist, the county historian thinks: "Why shall I not dream that I am a boy again; that the springtime has come; that the sultry summer has passed; that the north winds are strewing the woodland's path with the frail honors of the dying monarchs and, as the gorgeous draperies of golden clouds skirt the western horizon, the cooing dove is mourning the loss of the shelter which those outstretched arms once gave her," and wander along Pipe creek, Deer creek or Walnut creek and the same language is reverberating among the trees. Where are the birds whose songs once gladdened the forest?

We study history by epochs—centuries, decades, and it is said there was not a bird dog in Grant county before 1870, when agriculture began to assert itself. The bird and fish—the game life of the woods and streams was tremendous as compared with the conditions of today, forty odd years later. Within the last generation carp has been placed in local streams, and the red horse, once the dominant fish, like the wild pigeon is practically extinct. When there were no dams across the river there were fish in all the contributing streams, and time was when there was no obstruction to New Orleans. Men living today tell about going out in boats with torches at night, and with gigs or pitch forks securing fish for family use, but the story of polluted streams means the onward march of civilization, sanitation not quite abreast with the general progress. There used to be cranes along Grant county streams. Farmers watched them every corn planting: "Up go crane, up stay rain," but who has seen a crane in the Twentieth century? It is the stork that still hovers about so many homes.

When the settlers had little money and ammunition was high, few birds were wantonly destroyed, and wherever an orchard was planted the fruit matured without molestation from worms. When the boys had to mould their own bullets less money was "shot away" than since everything is ready for the hunter in every hardware store. One who only remembers back comparatively a few years knows the farmer was not in fear of a game warden, and, if he had not learned the service rendered him by the birds, he shot his best friends indiscriminately. The crack of the gun only meant to him the fall of a bird and one enemy fewer in his fruit trees and corn fields, but now that he has studied the question it means the death of the bird and the loss of his fruit, as the worms are industrious since the birds have so few hiding places

in the neighborhood. Worms are the diet of the birds, and fruit is the diet of the worms.

When there was more hiding places for the birds there was less need of protecting them, but now that the timber is gone whither can they flee for refuge, and where can they raise their young? While they are perfectly safe in some door yards, not every farm house is surrounded with a sheltering retreat. It was in February of 1910 that the first lot of Hungarian pheasants was turned loose in a game preserve consisting of about 1,500 acres of land in the corner of Franklin, Mill and Liberty, Senator J. T. Strange assuring W. H. Baldwin and Phil Harris that if they would secure the territory by written agreement with the owners of the land, he would furnish them the birds under provision of a state law. After exhibiting them in a Marion window for a few days they were taken to the Baldwin farm in Franklin, and when sunshiny days came in February sixty-five of them were liberated, but none survived the rigors of the winter of 1911 and 1912, although young pheasants were seen frequently the first summer after they were liberated. There are other game preserves in Monroe and Jefferson, and a few pheasants were given out to many farmers with trees about their premises, but in 1912 none were seen in the county.

There has been one good result—quails have increased in number in all those preserves, a sign of game preserves carrying more terror to the heart of a hunter than a farm sign, "no hunting." While quails are trapped and bagged when the law is out of force, they are protected in the season when they produce their young, and if this is to become the fruit country promised by Indiana horticulturists, the bird life will have to be protected and "December as pleasant as May." It is said that Indians and birds are not easily civilized, and one must go a long way from the locomotive whistle first heard in the '60s in Grant county to find Nature pure and simple. The axe of civilization has removed the forest, and the tiller of the soil has drained the swamps until each season brings forth the fields of waving grain, and the conditions favorable to bird life are gone forever. When we deprive the birds of their homes why should we expect to see them again. Such is civilization, and they who would hold sweet commune with Nature will do well to take Horace Greeley's advice, only it no longer applies to the West.

When the Indiana Audubon Society met in Marion in 1910, local people learned much about the birds of the state, the evening sessions being held in the city library. The society came to Marion upon the invitation of Major G. W. Steele and the day time sessions were held at the Soldiers' Home, where native bird life is protected, perhaps as in no other spot in Indiana. When planning this story the historian asked Mrs. Marietta Swayzee Steele, who welcomed the Audubon Society to Marion, at one of the evening sessions for her paper, which follows: "In the name of the Marion Branch National Military Home of Indiana I welcome the Indiana Audubon Society. The members of our Home are defenders of birds and woe to the person, great or small, who kills a bird on the reservation.

"John James Audubon from boyhood was deeply interested in the study of ornithology. His great work: 'Birds of America,' for which he obtained a large number of subscribers at one thousand dollars the copy has been pronounced 'the most majestic monument Art ever raised to Ornithology.' The followers of Audubon have done a noble work in the state and nation. The first Audubon society was organized in Massachusetts in 1896, and societies now exist in almost every state of the Union. The Indiana organization was effected in 1898, and already there is a notable increase of our birds, due to the agitation by the

Audubon Society. The public schools are doing a great work in educating the young to protect the birds. No longer do boys carry slingshots in their pockets for birds or feel proud of robbing their nests.

"I cannot tell the Audubon Society anything new about birds but allow me to refresh your memories. We do not like to recall that our loved birds are allied to reptiles, and that once they pulled their great clumsy bodies through the thick branches of the virgin forests by the aid of a hook on each tiny wing. Happily, environment and evolution throughout the ages have changed their structure. The wing of land birds has developed with the greater necessity for flight. Sea birds have remarkable wing power. The albatross is obliged to run some distance facing the wind before it can raise its large body, but once in the air it is able to remain for hours or even days before alighting. Pelicans sail along in companies of ten or twelve close to the water, every wing flapping in unison, then spread at once, suggesting a well drilled military company. Unlike the gulls, which are flapping and circling, Mr. Pelican is going somewhere, and straight to the goal.

"Birds breathe more rapidly than other animals, having the power to inflate numerous air sacs and even certain bones when breathing. They have powerful vision, which enables them to migrate a mile above the earth, where they command extended views. The department of agriculture tells us that birds sing antiphonally for instance one bird will sing the first part of a measure and another will finish it in perfect harmony. Down along the Mississinewa in the home grounds one can have a delightful talk with the birds. Whistle to a cardinal three, four, five times and he will reply with a like number of notes. A pair of cardinals have wintered in the evergreens about our house, being so tame that they hunt their food on the lawn with the robins and blackbirds. One day the male bird began flying up against the windows and pecking at the glass. He went from window to window uttering his 't-seep' very angrily, and we thought he was trying to get in, possibly to build his nest. So we opened all the windows, but he did not come again until they were closed.

"We thought his mate had been killed and he was hunting for her. We tried in many ways to account for the phenomenon. A half dozen times each day he was at the window repeating this performance, when it was discovered that he was fighting his image in the glass. After that we watched him. He would fly up against the windows many times, fighting as best he could the bird that repeated so exactly his every movement, then fly to the balcony rail and pour out his song of challenge, of triumph and at it again. No doubt he was sure the house was full of hated rivals which were threatening to steal away his well beloved mate. He is at the window again with fell purpose depicted in his ruffled plumage and flattened crest, evidently determined to clear the reservation of male cardinals—rivals in love affairs of birds. When the cardinal chooses a mate it is for life, and constancy is his virtue.

"The department of agriculture also says that birds understand the musical significance of the combinations of notes they utter, and that their musical intelligence differs from our own only in degree. Birds have many other human traits—love, hate, courage, fear, anger, vanity, constancy, curiosity, pleasure, modesty, virtue, vice, fickleness, generosity, selfishness, wit, memory and reason. And in home making, fidelity to each other and the family, the feathered tribes give man an example which he might well emulate. Down by the river I have met my king-fisher, that bird of ancient mystery, which is said to drive away evil luck and devils, and of which mythology relates that when a husband and wife were separated by a journey and he died, she prayed with-

out ceasing and was finally changed to a kingfisher, flew over the water and found her husband, who had also been changed to this bird, and they were happy again.

"Some one said of the song of the hermit thrush: 'Low and soft as the soothing fall of the fountain of Eden, sweet as the call of angels over the Jaspar wall, that welcomes a soul to Heaven,' and I hope sometime to hear this angelic music in my walks through the forest by the river. The nearest I know to it now is that of his cousin, the brown thrasher, who sways on the topmost branch of the tallest tree just outside my window and sings his charming love song to his lady. And that other cousin, the prosaic herald of the dawn whom tradition tells us tried to minister to the dying Saviour upon the cross, and stained its breast in His sacred blood, Robin Redbreast we have ever with us. Doubtless some of you have seen the eagle's nest away below Inspiration Point overlooking the Yellowstone. After reaching this goal of the awe inspiring drive through Yellowstone park, where all are hushed by the grandeur of that marvellous region, you gaze speechless into the abyss and there a mother eagle lazily flaps her wings over the nest on the crag above the gorge, where she and her kind have reared their young far from the haunts of men, doubtless from time immemorial. Perhaps you, too, had a feeling of thankfulness that Nature had provided that inaccessible site where this rare bird could raise her young out of reach of the hunter. In the Old World they keep the last half dozen nests of moribund species under guard to prevent utter extermination. In our own country such species are now being protected by the Audubon societies, augmented by the strong arm of the United States government. We welcome you."

The harbinger of spring, the sassafras vendor, does not come earlier than the blue bird, and to the naturalist who loves the solitude of the early morning in the country, the song of this bird is suggestive of spring even though heard in December. It is said that he always wears the national colors, red, white and blue, and there is not an American bird which so strongly emphasizes the return of spring as does his subdued melody. People are hearing blue birds all winter long, and the little creature is cherished by all who know him, and hailed alike by the young and the old as on the first sunny day his lisping notes foretell the arrival of springtime. As the pioneers cleared the forest the sound of the axe was oftentimes hushed while they listened to his music, and gazed with admiration upon his back of blue and breast of red, and in the early spring little children clap their hands when they hear his merry carol. The blue bird's notes bring back to the aged the happy hours of childhood, and all are inclined to worship at the shrine of Nature.

A recent newspaper article by E. L. Goldthwaite and perhaps not intended for history, under the headline: "The birds have gone—the killing machines are here," is a fitting finale for this chapter on birds. He quotes:

"Wake from thy nest, robin red breast
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet and cock-sparrow,
You petty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow."

There are more killing machines sold in Marion every year than there is "game" in the bird and animal life remaining, allowing a unit for each one—guns on one side and game birds on the other. Of all the ridiculous statutory laws in the book there is no greater fraud or claim to false pretenses than that to "protect game" in our state. If a flock of quail on a farm is protected from their birth in July to cold weather, their fate is fixed in the season which begins with the early winter following. We have a score of alleged sportsmen here in Marion who individually will easily kill a whole flock in a single day when the season "opens"—with the command of a modern shotgun and a trained dog. For proof allow me to recite the fact that we now have no quail; or to make it plainer, we have more shotguns in the county today than game birds—not to mention trained bird dogs.

These thoughts and observations occur to me in a reminiscent mood of my boyhood days. Then in the whistling season no one was beyond the scope of the watchfulness of a bob-white. No stubble could be crossed without scaring up a nest of these meek, innocent and beautiful denizens of the wilds. And they remained all winter. Every corn shock had thousands of tracks leading to and from it in the snow. Quail are socialists. They naturally lead the communal life. It is safe to say that in such a community there was blood kindred only foreign to a degree. They needed no guardian beyond the victorious male leader—the king who won his lordship by virtue of his physical strength and courage. I am unable to estimate the size of his family, but the most famous Mormon in history was the overseer of a tiny kindergarten compared to his.

There will be fewer quail this year than there were last, notwithstanding the recent game law amendment. And yet it is a very ignorant farmer who won't confess that the quail is the most valuable assistant he has in the bird kingdom.

I've seen a thousand bluebirds flaring about pending the mating season in the early spring. And no blue worn in woman's hats today is as bright and shiny as the blue worn by every one of these sweet and innocent birds. They were a cheerful, tame, modest, quiet bird. They were easily killed, and the apprentice embryo sportsman with a magazine shotgun could easily kill two or three at a shot. Now they are about as scarce in Grant county as three-legged calves. I haven't seen one in several years. And if a pair should feel courageous enough to build a nest in this Christian community it is ten to one in a bet that that generation would be wiped off the face of the earth before the frost flies. Unlike the quail, they have no food value.

The red-headed woodpecker was everywhere then. One of these made a complete bouquet- a perfection of the blending of colors. The red is cardinal, the white immaculate, the black undisturbed jet. A fruit and insect-eating biped, impudent, brave and aggressive. A splendid target for a boy with his first shotgun. And a striking mark with his body close to a decayed spot in a bare tree; for a sportsman a target. Poor thing! Endowed by his creator for man's recreation and admiration. I saw several boys a year or two ago up Railroad avenue in the community possession of a shotgun. They were camped beside a trolley pole, in which, at the far end, was a hole, the nest of a bridal couple of red-headed woodpeckers. One of the boys had a dead one, and all were awaiting the return of the survivor to get another shot. These were embryo "sportsmen"—honored by the statute laws of the state of Indiana, immune from cruelty.

I don't want to forget the "flicker." I always loved that bird. Two flickers made a community. They don't come in flocks like most birds.

It seemed to me always that they mated for life. Noisy, without harmony; loyal, quarrelsome and cruel in warfare. A hundred flickers in a neighborhood were enduring in prominence. But flickers were big. They had flesh value, and if the sportsman believed he was entitled to something in the way of eats he killed flickers, which were even better than robins, his chief competitor. The flicker is a woodpecker wearing a sort of guinea habit, with a predominance of yellow. I see one yet now and then. The "sportsmen" club could eliminate them forever from Grant county in a single day. I sincerely hope they won't do it, but one can't tell.

It's too bad we have no redbirds any more. But they were so attractive, so easy to reach with a gun, and then they really had a value alive. But civilization exterminated them. The male was blood red, with a riotous exhibit of feathers. Sometimes when captured alive and placed in a little dinky wooden home made cage, when no one was looking, and during the mating season, this pathetic prisoner, with half his plumage lost in vainless beating against the slats of his cage, would whistle. This was the only reward of his owner. But his life was short. He quickly died of injuries and a broken heart. They were everywhere to be seen, particularly in the neighborhood of thickets in the wild woods, and then they were not a migratory bird. They were with us all the time.

There were so many snowbirds here in the winter that people said they were really bluebirds in winter garb. But the people didn't know whether they were kindred to the bluebird. I don't know, nor care, except this, we have no snowbirds any more.

I am not well enough acquainted to classify pewees, ground birds, sparrows, warblers, fly-catchers, sugar birds, etc., which include a score or more of thicket birds, always everywhere in evidence. I believe many species are wholly exterminated—never to be seen here by my descendants. The only ones that seem to hold their own are blackbirds. Would it be a blessing to exterminate them? And then there are crows too. They seem to be organized and apparently hold their own.

All in all, the English sparrow, then unknown, gives us now about all the bird life we have.

A few robins revisit us every year—glad harbingers of the spring! It's a shame to kill a robin, and I'm glad to know that public opinion protects them. If one is sick and is on the mend toward spring, the first venturesome robin on his return from his vacation south cheers him better, as Peggy said to David Copperfield, "better than pints of linament."

How many of the boys living around here now with gray pates, creaky joints and other evidences of wear, have forgotten the bird life along our river—the shitepoke, the loon, the dipper, the riproaring kingfisher, with his inaccessible nest tunneled into the high bank along the stream? He never flew inland. No one ever saw one of these birds a half mile from a pond or running stream; no one ever saw him going afoot. He was always on the watch for fish or trespassers in his home or flying, not even stopping on his way to his burrow or from it. A noisy, saucy bird, courageous, aggressive. I killed a few of 'em, and am even now sitting on the stool of righteous repentance. And fish-hawks, too. They could catch when I couldn't with the most modern artificial attractions. And then there were long-legged blue cranes. They were too slow of wing to catch fish except within reach of their long neck and sharp little bills. Towards evenings you'd see them high up returning to their nesting places with a supply in their craws for the wife and young ones, who were carrying on domestic science at home.

The Mississinewa was constantly receiving unusual visitors in their migratory flights, besides wild duck vaguely related to our common kind. There were now and then seen different kinds of the web footed species, strange to this region of the country. I once saw a number of white swans in the river back of the cemetery and they remained there several weeks. They were very shy but were easily seen and many species of wild geese and even peculiar specimens of the crane tribe. Along the river, parallel with the river and farther east was a belt of timber. In these trees wood ducks found homes where they nested and of course remained during the season. They were the only web-footed bird I ever knew which not only nested but roosted in treetops. Very likely there are none left in all Indiana. They were really too easy to kill with a gun. The flesh was nasty, fishy and ill-smelling. The mother would carry her little ones down into the bayou and allow them to swim awhile, and then tote them back to the nest.

I began without a thought of the passenger pigeon. Fifty or sixty years ago they were as plentiful here in season as mosquitoes, and that's going some. There was no estimate recorded here of their enormous numbers. But reports were fortunately made by two of the world's greatest ornithologists, Audubon and Wilson. Both were amazed at what they witnessed in this state and Kentucky along the Ohio river. The former, in calculating the number of a mighty flock seen by him, near Henderson, Kentucky, on the Ohio, said: "Let us take a column one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it is passing over us at the rate of one mile per minute. This will give us a parallelogram of 180 miles by one, covering 180 square miles and allowing two pigeons to the square yard. We have one billion, one hundred and fifteen millions, one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock; and as every pigeon consumed daily fully half a pint, the quantity required to feed such a flock must be eight millions, seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels daily."

These pigeons followed well-defined routes—always through wooded countries. Then Indiana was densely timbered. Grant county was in the path, and we here witnessed these amazing flights. I remember them well. Now there is probably not a wild pigeon in the world! The government has been on the lookout for one for years, exploring Canada, Mexico and South America for even a specimen to add to its collection in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington. They are all gone, and forever. We have as a legacy of a bird as innocent and non-destructive as anything in the feathered kingdom—a memory only of man's brutality.

I know nothing of ornithology. Book knowledge of birds is foreign to me, and yet I haven't told a tenth of what I know. Certainly others as unfitted as I am know more. I know those who do. But who's here to listen?

LXXXI. OUT-OF-DOOR PLEASURE RESORTS

It may be said that the entire tortuous length of the Mississinewa across Grant county affords numerous breathing spots where one may be far from the madding crowd and all that is sought in pleasure. In every locality there are spots frequently visited by nearby residents from Matthews to Somerset beyond the northern limit of the county. The Rock Dam is not so attractive since the stones have been removed in the middle and the current swifter, and there is now no back water there. The place was always so inaccessible that few ever saw it, and

yet the spring water in the adjacent hills would have made a fine pleasure resort there.

"While the Mississinewa may not possess the picturesque grandeur of the Hudson or the castle crowned banks of the Rhine, yet a journey along it, with its green slopes and sharp cliffs, presents ever varying pictures of rural beauty. At times the scene is alluring in its restful simplicity, and again it is almost indescribably entrancing in the autumn's gorgeous coloring of the foliage lined banks. While the Mississinewa may not have the weird legends so many historic centuries have gathered upon the banks of the Rhine, or the romantic fancies Irving and Cooper have linked with the Hudson, yet Nature, in soft and chastened mood, has chosen to smile upon the little stream around which is closely woven the history of the men and women of Grant county," wrote Mrs. Ida Lloyd Crighton a few years ago. The farmer boys know about the river as a fishing and swimming resort, and since the evolution of local industries there have been frequent camping parties along the

CONNOR'S MILL

river. In the old days there were baptizings, when people would take their dinners, and after corn planting every year whole families used to spend a day at the river. The aforesaid writer adds: "The banks of the Mississinewa might aptly be termed the play ground of Grant county, for almost from the time of the first robin to the first snow fall, the rollicking shouts of merry picnickers may be heard in their favorite haunts along the stream. It would take a facile pen to paint a realistic word picture of the many beautiful and picturesque nooks and glens one might discover in a day's journey down the banks of the Mississinewa. Among the best known are the following: Sliding bank, west of Matthews, famous as a fishing spot; Dunn's dam, near Matthews; Miltank's ford; Kidner's bridge, a spot favored by campers, many of whom spend their entire summers there; Wilson's ford; Bethel ford; Rock Dam. Below Marion is Barley's mill; Connor's mill opposite Battle Ground farm, and on down to the first Red Bridge just across the county line, the summer of 1912 saw many camping parties, some spending the summer there.

Many families go every year to Deer Creek and spend the day along the creek and about the church and cemetery there, and Lake Galatia

has always been a mecca. Now that an improved highway leads to it, more people will see that small expanse of water. The Water Works Park in Marion is open to the public, and in time Island park bids fair to be an attractive breathing spot. With its continuation of Lovers' Lane, the pedestrian will soon find his way to Matter Park, the one spot to which all Grant county turns for rest and relaxation in the summer months. Matter Park was deeded to the city of Marion by Philip Matter, September 19, 1892, and it is a great municipal play ground only two miles from the center of the town. While Mrs. Philip Matter was at Bay View one summer the thought came to her, and acting upon her suggestion, Mr. Matter became benefactor to all Grant county, for Matter Park is not limited to Marion patronage. There are thirty acres in the original tract, but the park board later acquired four acres additional, and when it is extended down the river there will be no limit to the advantages it offers as a pleasure resort. The park boulevard embraces a one hundred foot strip from the water's edge off of the Massey and Vandevanter farms, and the park features really begin when one has crossed the Highland avenue bridge in going there.

Because it is a public park and private enterprise has been excluded, many do not care for the quietude found there, and yet that is its chief attraction for others. It is preeminently a family gathering place, and it is said that more family reunions are held there each summer than anywhere else in Indiana. When additional land was acquired liberty hall, the large pavilion, was built, and many people may find shelter. There is a boat livery on the river, J. L. Scott having placed a small dam across to deepen the water, and at the refreshment stand picnic parties may find supplies. The octogenarian is one of the attractions in Matter Park, although some who are not inclined to retrospect never visit it. The sliding board and merry-go-round have always interested children and their parents. The limekiln there tells the story of other days, and there were many 1912 park visitors who remembered hauling lime from it when Nathan Frazier owned the adjoining farm and operated the kiln, supplying the building trade of the past.

In 1910 the park board, W. E. Wilhelms, J. M. Barnard and William Baldwin, served the community well in planting shrubbery of a hardy nature everywhere, and as the years go by the park grows in beauty. The same plan had been instituted one year earlier in the cabin door yard, when so many old homesteads were drawn upon for old time door-yard shrubbery, and the floral side of Matter Park is a panorama of beauty. A landscape artist made blue prints for the park board, and everything was planned to order. The door yard privileges about the cabin had been previously granted to Rolinda, and through the kindly cooperation of many persons the memory rows came into existence. When the United States government was considering the question of locating the National Military Home of Indiana, the artesian flow of water was developed while prospecting for natural gas, the water coming from four hundred feet in the ground, and this seemingly inexhaustible supply was really the suggestion for turning part of the Matter farm into a play ground for the people of Grant county. A two cent tax is levied in Marion for the maintenance of Matter Park, and none pay it grudgingly. In 1912 the water was piped up the hill to the McKinley fountain, and across to a tank for horses, and as the years go by more and more people visit the place, arriving by trolley, carriage or automobile, and in time it may be an aeroplane station.

Goldthait Park, by so many called White City, is a popular resort, although controlled by private enterprise. It has scenic beauty and was once the county fair ground, the driveway up the hill being the work

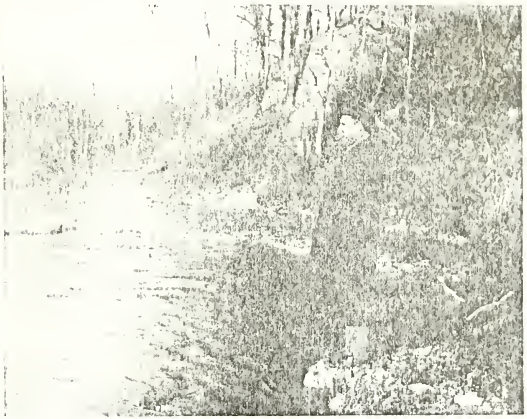
of the agricultural society. Concessions are sold in Goldthait park and there are many amusement features. There are always floral attractions and many people visit the park every summer. The Soldiers' Home is another attractive nature spot, a "veritable fairy land of enchantment," skirted by the Mississinewa with its unending stretches of beautiful landscape, Griffin ford being a beauty spot long before Uncle Sam invested in the Elliott farm and adjoining farmsteads. Some one writing about it said: "It is but a step from the symmetrical, flower lined walks and well kept lawns into a forest of grand old trees where one may commune with nature in some of her most capricious and fantastic moods. Back of the home flows the river. Here one may be cut off from civilization as effectually as though suddenly transported by magic to some exquisite little fairy dell. There are hills and dales and stretches of greensward that invite those tired in mind and body to linger, and there is a cool spring cunningly concealed by a charming confusion of wild flowers and tangled foliage, bubbling out of a hillside, and near by is an enticing old grapevine swing. Squirrels scamper about unharmed and unafraid, and seemingly from every limb of every tree in the forest bird voices carol sweet music. A background of clear American sky completes a perfect picture, leaving nothing to be desired," and the foregoing is a landscape glimpse not seen by every visitor. Everybody knows the Black road, the streets and the buildings, and the summer evening band concerts there, and the camp is a charming place for recreation.

The Marion Golf Club, organized May 8, 1899, holds a long time lease on the Spencer farm and its links are always beautiful, although their use is limited and the Marion Country Club sustains similar relation to the Norton farm. While both are exclusive, the membership is large, and the socially inclined citizens frequently entertain in the club houses rather than in their own homes. While the Spencer homestead has been adapted to its needs by the Golf Club, the Country Club built a club house at an expenditure of $20,000. While the site is desirable much has been added to the rugged scenery by the landscape artist. From the porches there is a magnificent view in every direction, and since the amusement loving spirit is asserting itself it is a matter of congratulation that such substantial improvements are the result. While it may be true that Grant county has few natural attractions, such as boating and out door skating, fishing or bathing, there is a large percentage of its population given to amusements of an athletic nature, and these club houses and the driving park afford recreation. Until within the last generation the water works was about the only attraction Marion families ever thought of showing to visiting friends, but all that is changed since the growth of the city began, and other advantages have added to its attractiveness. Several other towns in the county now have their water plants, but cheap transportation has brought the public park advantages to all. When the Mississinewa Battle Ground Association accomplishes its purpose, then all will visit Mississinewa Battle Ground Reservation, once so popular as a Sunday school picnic resort.

In 1909 there was an immense concourse of people assembled at Battle Ground farm in Pleasant, the purpose being to arouse an interest in the battle and its direct influence on the great northwest territory then open for settlement. W. R. Brock, owner of the farm, did much to provide for the comfort of visitors that day, and with wigwams scattered about, it was a realistic picture of "almost one hundred years ago on this very spot." This memorial picnic was held on Sunday, August 29th, that year, and the visitors were from surrounding coun-

ties as well as from all parts of Grant county. An organization was effected known as the Mississinewa Battle Ground Association, with Major G. W. Steele as it president and Senator A. T. Strange, the Grant county vice president. Miami, Wabash, Huntington, Blackford, Howard and Cass have similar representation in the organization. Because it was territorial government when the Battle of the Mississinewa occurred, December 17 and 18, 1812, surrounding counties have equal interest in commemorating this important military engagement. It meant just as much to them, and it was a most enthusiastic meeting at Battle Ground farm.

Major Steele, Senator Strange and others had outlined the supposed position of the army under Col. John B. Campbell and the Indians



Rolinda at the Rock Dam

whom they defeated, thus opening up the country for settlement, by planting small American flags on the hillside, and for the first time many visitors familiar with the locality had some definite understanding of the military engagement there. It had been popularly understood that the fight occurred within the timber on Battle Ground farm, and many older citizens who had similar traditions did not wholly agree with the outline of flags that day. There was an impromptu program from a platform erected in the woods, all the orators saying: "Almost one hundred years ago," then decrying the neglect—a century almost cycled by and no monument marking the site of this important battle. In 1912 there were certificates of membership placed on the market at $1.00 each, and a fund was started for the purchase of ground. If the purpose of the association is accomplished there will be a government reservation in the neighborhood of the battle field.

Away from other resorts is Lake Galatia, and a generation ago many

families spent a day there gathering cranberries and hazel nuts every autumn. It was always a pretty expanse of water and there were always traditions about it. Now that a gravel road has been built along the east side of the lake more people will see it than in the past, when it was so inaccessible on account of marshy land. Visitors always wondered how deep the crust of soil on which they walked, and which always shook, could be, hundreds of fence rails being pushed their length in the ground by curious visitors. Along about the century year an effort was made to drain and reclaim Lake Galatia, and as there is no inlet except from springs it is a mystery how it holds its own as a lake. The water was lowered about ten feet by the effort, but there are still water lilies growing there and boats are used in fishing. Lake Galatia is a beauty spot in the eastern part of Fairmount township, although nearer Jonesboro. It is part of the Beck or Carroll farm, and within the memory of many citizens it has always been a mecca for pleasure seekers.

LXXXII. HEROES AND HEROINES

By Mrs. Myra Rush Baldwin

Primarily and essentially the earliest pioneers of Grant county were heroes and heroines. Almost all of them were Quakers who had left their homes in North Carolina for conscience sake. Their religious belief, fundamentally democratic, had convinced them long before that to hold human beings in bondage was intrinsically wrong. Acting upon this belief many Friends in North Carolina had freed their slaves, an action which caused an unfriendly attitude to be manifested towards them by their neighbors. To escape the many petty persecutions inflicted because of this unfriendliness they began to seek homes in the far West.

Imbued with the love of liberty and with a prophetic vision of wider possibilities for their children and their children's children these forefathers of ours journeyed over the mountains and across the plains toward a land of promise and of personal and religious freedom.

To make so hazardous a journey as was necessary in those days; to build a home in the wilderness; to face possible hunger before crops could be raised; to meet danger in the form of savage Indians and wild beasts; to endure the attacks of malaria and ague and typhoid fever, to suffer the rigors of a climate more severe than that to which they had been accustomed; all of these convince their descendants, without a shadow of a doubt, that the earliest pioneers of Grant county were heroes and heroines in the truest sense of the word. This, in short and in a general way, is the story of the heroism of the early days.

Many instances might be related where special heroism was shown, where men and women risked their own lives to save others. These instances are not confined to the early days alone, for even, though the need of heroic deeds is not now so great as it once was, still unselfishness and brotherly love have, by no means, become extinct. One incident, thrilling and dramatic in the extreme, may be related here.

Little Martelle Caskey, three years old, was playing, on the evening of March 19, 1910, about the farm home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Caskey, who lived two and one-half miles east of Fairmount. Suddenly she disappeared and a search for her was instituted. Miss Nettie Caskey, aunt of the little girl, who was a mere child herself, being

but fifteen years old, thought of the nearby railroad. Remembering that it was just about time for the evening train she ran as fast as she could to the track, which was hidden from view by a grade. As soon as she reached the point where the track was visible she saw little Mar telle between the rails, the train coming towards her at full speed. To reach the child she was compelled to rush down the track in front of the on-coming engine. Just at the moment when it seemed the train must strike both of them the heroic girl seized her niece and jumped from the track, the engine brushing her dress as it rushed past.

The engineer and the fireman, who saw the child too late to stop the train and who were witnesses of the dramatic rescue, reported the inci dent to the officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, upon whose right of way the incident occurred. Steps were taken at once to reward Miss Caskey for her noble deed. Through the recommenda tion of the Interstate Commerce Commission she was granted a bronze medal by the United States government, the presentation being made by President William H. Taft. She was also given a gold medal by the McNeill Medal Commission of the International Association of Acci dent Underwriters.

Editor's note. At the 1911 annual meeting of the Grant County Octogenarian Club Miss Caskey was present, wearing her badges, by request, when she was introduced by Senator Bernard Bobbs Shively in connection with the incident described by Mrs. Baldwin.

LXXXIII. THE JEW AS A CITIZEN

While there are a number of nationalities represented in the foreign population of Grant county, none have so implanted themselves in the community as the Jew—possibly the Irish are an exception. While there are many people of Irish descent, the Jews have maintained strict blood lines and have adhered closely to their original faith. There are Reformed and Orthodox Jews in the community, and the differ ence between them is parallel to the difference between denominations in the Christian world. The Reformed Jews are like the liberal ele ment in Protestant churches, do not cling to Apostolic customs, but con form to Twentieth century methods. Science and sanitation have advanced hand in hand, and Reformed Jews now patronize American butchers, and many of the rites and ceremonies have been modified to suit changed conditions. There are different methods of preserving animal food from those detailed in sacred narrative, and with changed methods the Jews have no reason for following Apostolic customs. It was always sanitary rather than religious differences that caused the Jews to hold themselves aloof in the community.

While the Jew of the Old Testament was an adherent to a religious belief, the Jew of the commercial world is one who is shrewd in all business transactions—fully able to take care of himself in a trade. In modern usage Jew and Hebrew are interchangeable terms, although in sacred history the term Jew suggests a religion and Israelite has the same significance. Along about 1860 there was a tendency toward say ing Hebrew, which meant nationality, and considered apart from creed it is the proper designation, the credal Jew being a strict religionist. There is a Jewish Historical Society that keeps track of the Jewish population of the world. There is a Jewish Encyclopedia in the Marion library, and there are well known Jewish writers in this country. There are many Jewish publications, and Grant county Jews are abreast

of all Jewish literature. While the Reformed Jews have given up some of the primitive customs, Orthodox Jews still conform to the letter of the law, are Pharisees after the strictest interpretation.

While the Jew has always been subject to ridicule about some of his tenets, it is said to be a dead town that has no Jews in it. Where there are Jewish people there is always a market for dairy products and poultry of all kinds, and the first family in Marion to engage such things delivered weekly was the Blumenthal family. While the Jew of the Old Testament was an agriculturist, the descent from Abraham in Grant county is practically limited to trades and commercial pursuits. Paul says: "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians," and it is in the Bible that Jesus Christ came to the Jews that they were the chosen people, and it was the Jews to whom Jesus was speaking when he said: "The poor ye have always with you." While the Jews did not accept the New Testament, they do take care of their own poverty. The indigent class is not prominent in Grant county, and local Jews contribute from their earthly store to the Cleveland Orphan's Home and L. S. Marks is a director of the Denver Home for Consumptives. The Progress Club is a Jewish philanthropic social organization, and it has fitted a room in the Emily E. Flinn Home and established a bed in the Grant county hospital—purely charitable in its purpose, although its charity is not limited to one nationality.

Romans II, 10, reads: "Glory, honor and peace to every man that worketh good, first to the Jew and also to the Gentile," and although the Jews were the chosen people the record is that "He came to His own and His own received Him not." While local Jews do not accept Christ as do Christians, they have no quarrel with Christian people about it. Educated Jews have a high standard of morals and in local circles there is great admiration for Mrs. Isadore Strauss, who went down with her husband aboard the Titanic rather than be separated from him in such a time, and the marriage relation is a sacrament. While Jews have amalgamated with Americans in business and social life, their home life has remained separate and distinct, and few Jews marry outside of their own religious circle—a fact that does not exist to the same degree in other nationalities. While Orthodox Jews live under the Mosaic law, Gentiles live under a later dispensation. While there is a colony of Greeks in Marion, they are a later adjunct to society. They came in the wake of interurban electric traffic, and they have followed up waiting room privileges, engaged exclusively in the fruit and confectionery trade, and the historian is not so much debtor to them, as they have had less to do with the transformation of the country.

While strictly speaking the word Jew suggests religion, there are more Germans than any other nationality of Jews in Grant county. They are so amalgamated with business that there is little distinction, and the casual observer greatly overestimates the Jewish population, owing to the fact that all local Jews are prominent in business and social relations in the community. A conservative estimate places the Jewish population below seventy-five persons, although business is well represented by Jewish families. Jacob Newburger was the original Jewish business man in Grant county, and he was located in New Cumberland, now designated as Old Town in Matthews. There was a sign on the Newburger store in New Cumberland indicating that the business was established in 1840, and there are many stories afloat of the adventures of this pioneer "stranger in a strange land," for that quotation certainly describes him.

Those who remember Jacob Newburger say he was heavy set, short of stature, and always alert for bargains. He was a pack peddler when

he made his advent at New Cumberland, later coming on horseback and finally in a wagon until he had established a frontier patronage. It is said the old man never turned around unless he made a dollar in the transaction. Men of strong personality always acquire similar reputations, and it is said he thought he saw future possibilities and finally located in the town, although the outside world never found him there. The railroad never came until New Cumberland became Matthews, and now none of the Newburger family live there. The old landmark, the Newburger store has been demolished, and only the modern Newburger residence remains to remind any one of the once prominent family. While the old man was beset with frontier difficulties, he was a man of sterling character and able to cope with them. He kept everything in a general store from a kettle for boiling sugar water to a log chain or silk dress pattern, and for years he hauled all his stock from Cincinnati, but when the canal reached Wabash he used that route for shipment, water transportation being cheaper, although it was a long haul from Wabash.

The story goes that, forced to spend a Sunday at New Cumberland, this wandering merchant liked the place, while another narrative is that his horse became sick and he was stranded there. He stopped with the Sanders family when in that locality, and a man who knew him said: "Old Jake was not a bad man for the times. He trusted everybody till they could sell their hogs, and in the meantime he always looked out for himself," and the result was that he accumulated a great deal of excellent farm land in Grant, Delaware and Blackford counties territory contiguous to New Cumberland. The Newburger estate was possessed of 1,200 acres of excellent farm land in that vicinity. His pioneer difficulties were of the most formidable kind, and he was forced to master a new language. He would say to customers: "Last night was a very cold day," and when tiling was first introduced as an economic question, its efficacy not yet fully demonstrated in reclaiming waste, Mr. Newburger foresaw a difficulty, saying the "rabbits would run the farmers' dogs into the ditches." There were lots of jokes "cracked" about the old man, and one who knew him declared there were a hundred good stories about him. While no one remembered when she came all remembered Godel Newburger as a typical Jewess- just the helpmeet he needed in frontier business adventures.

While Jacob Newburger used to stay with "Old Billy Sanders," he later kept a public house himself, and his wife was known for her hospitality. They were the right family in the community—did many a turn for others. Three sons and three daughters were their family, and all their children were given educational advantages. Although gone from their native town, they are well known citizens. Like the Quaker, the Jew is sometimes possessed of too much character for all of it to be good. Some one related of this pioneer that once when capsized in a boat in crossing the Mississinewa he was rescued by a bystander, who swam out to him, and when his wife brought the brandy he drank and gave it back to her, answering those who protested because he did not give the man who saved his life a drink, that he was "not allowed to sell it and he would not give it away." The man who rescued him assured him that if he were back in the river he would stay there—but that may be like other stories—not typical of the Jew as a citizen. While the old man always "drove a good, tight bargain," there are citizens who do him the honor of saying he was upright in his transactions. Because of his strong traits of character, Jacob Newburger will be quoted as long as anybody lives who knew him—he so impressed himself upon the community. When he died his body was taken to Wabash, where there is a Jewish cemetery. No Jew has ever been buried in

Grant county, although the Reformed Jews have considered the question of buying ground in the Marion cemetery. There is no local synagogue, although there are visiting Rabbis, and Grant county Jews are buried at Wabash, Cincinnati or at their old home places where burial plots have been consecrated to their use as a race. Some well known families are represented in the Jewish cemetery at Wabash—a burial plot at the west edge of the town.

While pack peddlers are still seen in Marion, the first one to enter a business career here was Jacob Baer, and he came early in the '70s there being no exact record extant, but he died in 1873, on the lot now occupied by the Blumenthal store. He had prospered in business, and his wife was a sister to the late Morris Blumenthal, who came to Marion when he died and took charge of the store, finally owning it. For forty years he wandered in the wilderness and was known to the entire shopping public. For fifty years the Blumenthal store has had continuous existence on the same business lot where it was located in the beginning—the name unchanged in half a century. His death occurred December 21, 1893. While Mr. Blumenthal lived he enjoyed the confidence of a wide circle of business acquaintances, and his burial place is the Jewish cemetery at Wabash. "A more accommodating merchant never lived in Marion than Blumenthal," said S. T. Baldwin, a man who spent many years in his service, "and there never was a better man to work for—not if a man were sick or unfortunate," and after a season of faithful service in the carpet room, Mr. Blumenthal said to him: "You go home to your father for two weeks," and when he returned he received his full wages although browned by the sun in the harvest field. Everybody called him "Blum," and when he died he was missed in the community.

While Mr. Blumenthal came in 1863 David Marks came in 1867, and it was not long until there was a Jewish community and the local Jews have maintained strict Jewish society. L. S. Marks, of the Blumenthal store, came to Marion in 1877, and the Prins, Lyons, Sohn, Bloch, Buesbaum, Levy and Maas families came soon afterward, and all of them have been in active business relation with the community. The Orthodox Jews came later, and there are perhaps as many of them as of the Reformed Jews, but they hold themselves aloof socially more than the older Jews in the community. While the Reformed Jews have conformed to American customs in a measure, the Orthodox families support a Rabbi, who performs many offices for them, the slaughter of fowls being among his duties, but special Jewish days are no longer observed by the Reformed Jews of the community. There are "wailing places" still, but such ceremonies no longer interfere with the business exactions, and amalgamation explains the change that has come to part of the Jewish population. Local Jews own real estate, although it used to be said they would not buy property because of an unfulfilled prophecy in the Old Testament that the Jews of the world would again assemble in Jerusalem. For many years the Blumenthal and Prins families occupied a Washington street double house, rented property, and because they were then more prominent than any others in Marion, the story was told that they would again go back to Jerusalem, although they may never have heard it themselves.

In fact, Mr. Blumenthal built a commodious home on Branson street and occupied it himself. But the money was worth more to him in the business he conducted, and the property was sold. While he lived the family occupied rented property, although now the Blumenthal family lives in its own property, as do many other Jewish families, and some of them have acquired considerable farm land as well as city realty. The Jew eliminated from Grant county would mean the loss

of splendid citizenship and business acumen, although the Jewish population is much smaller than would be estimated by the average citizen. Where there is no business they create it, and yet amalgamation does not eradicate their cardinal principles, does not wholly assimilate them with society. The pack peddler has been submerged and the Hebrew merchant is in the ascendency.

LXXXIV. NAMES IN THE DIRECTORY

From the Marion Chronicle

When the 1912 county directory was placed on the market some one with a penchant for puns produced the following rather interesting sketch. The directory reports an increase of population in one year amounting to 2,428 names, and that there are fewer empty houses in town than when last reported.

The following clipping is of interest and information:

"There are many interesting things to be learned from an examination of the pages of the new directory. The Smiths have decidedly the best of it in the matter of common names, there being one hundred and sixty Smiths, one hundred Jones, with a goodly number of Whites, Browns, Blacks, Blues, Greens, Grays, Goldens and Vermillions. Biblical names also occur with frequency, there being several Cains, Abels, Adams, Davids, Abrahams, Sampsons, Shepherds and a few Christians.

The names of men distinguished in politics, both past and present, are to be found. Grants, Shermans, Harrisons, Wilsons, Bryans, Hayes, Kern, Marshall, Knox, Lee, McKinley and Morton appear in generous numbers, while one would almost think America was to be turned into a monarchy from the great array of Kings, Dukes, Marquis and Popes. The scenery of Marion and Grant county is not neglected, and an abundance of Parks, Fountains, Forts, Dales, Hills, Dells, Geysers, Glenns, Lanes, Marshes, Brooks, Ponds, Pooles, Rivers, Bridges and Groves are noted through the pages of the book. There are Banks, Shores, while the animal kingdom is represented by Badgers, Bairs, Beavers, Campbells, Coons, Foxes, Lyons, Monks, Seals and Wolfs, Lambs and Kidds are also included in this variety.

The hunters may find Crane, Crowe, Hawks, Jays, Martins, Pidgeons, Robbins, Swallo and Swans. While Marion is not a "dead" town, the directory shows there are Coffins and Graves in great numbers. The seasons are represented by Winter, Summer, Falls, ten Moons, Freezes, Storms, Snows and Ices. There are Basses, Pike, Herring, Pickerell, Salmon and Trout. The directions North, South, East and West are represented, while Marion has got a Cook and a Peary. There are twenty eight Mills, with eleven Millers, with Milliners, Carpenters, Bakers, Cooks, Farmers, Fishers, Gardners, Masons, Painters, Plumbers, Sailors, Brewers and Weavers.

Two Copps and two Crooks adorn the pages of the directory, together with several Whislers, one Deakin, three Elders, five Parsons and a few Priests. One Bachelor only is to be found since leap year has passed. Among the Woods are to be encountered Maples, Ash, Burch, Cherry, Crabtree, Lime and Mulberry. The pugilists are represented by the Corbetts, Sullivans, Dempseys, Gans, Hogins, Jeffries, Johnsons, Jacksons, Kelleys, McCoys, McFarlands, Mahers and others. Marion is a "dry" town ordinarily, but the directory shows a great array of Wines, Beers, Gins and Fizzs. From a standpoint of food there is plenty of Ham, Bacon, Coffee, Barley, Lemons, Cherries, Berrys and Mulberrys. There is a Calendar at the Farmers' Trust Company, two Clothiers, a

few Coats and one Button. The canvassers found several Bloomers, Jumpers, Boots and other articles of wearing apparel.

Among the other odd sounding names are Coal, Meadow, Good, Pasters, Creeks, Moss, Bush, Rose, Budds, Waltz, Golf, Cady, Lank, Beards, Dollars, Nickels, Hatchett, Nails, Halls, Glass, Buckles, Barnes, Leatherman, Butler, Cobbs, Combs, Cotton, Davenport, Dolls, Feathers, Whiteheads, Whitenecks, Nose, Flaggs and Tuckers. A few of the "jawbreakers" are Heironimus, Anglicks, Arthurhultz, Bevelhimer, Bourrique, Cottispion, Delchambre, Diffendorfer, Hippensteel, Kalbskofs, Schaundeffel, Stirnitzki, Suchtelchen, (Dutch Bill) and Schultheis. Among the Polish colony in West Marion are to be found Stapunkus, Kontoff, Norcuss and Joe Thompson.

Because of its unusual suggestiveness in the study of nomenclature, the clipping finds a place in history. There are many names in the county, however, not enumerated by the paragrapher who deals in poems—did not lend themselves to his purpose.

LXXXV. GOD'S ACRE COUNTY CEMETERIES

While the proverbial six feet of earth is all the realty some folks ever expect to occupy—hardly possession after they attain it, others are cremated and escape the long wait in the grave. While in Westminster Abbey the graves are on top of each other, that condition will hardly prevail in Grant county before cremation becomes more popular, or the many burying grounds are filled with people. Two Marion physicians, W. R. Francis and D. E. Mattison, Mrs. Marietta Egbert Ross and Anderson Hogston, have bequeathed that their bodies be cremated, and it is reported that Mrs. Hope Ross Yates, a former Marion woman who died in Buffalo, requested the same. Mrs. Marietta Egbert Ross was cremated at Indianapolis. While many are buried far away, and some may have been consigned to watery graves, the vast majority will claim their allotted space—the "six feet of earth that makes us all of one size."

Grave yard ghouls or body snatchers have never operated in Grant county, although early day stories were told of the will o'-the-wisp dancing on tombstones, and children were afraid to pass cemeteries in darkness. While "quiet neighborhood" describes the situation, a sensitive child never forgets such a story. It is said that the Branson family graveyard on the bank of the Mississinewa along Cemetery boulevard in Marion is the oldest burial plot in the county, some one having been buried there before there was a grave in the Boots cemetery, now occupied as school property. The Friends' cemetery at the entrance to the Marion I. O. O. F. cemetery was next, and Back Creek cemetery was opened soon after the county was organized. It was only a small clearing in the wilderness when the first body was interred there, and for many years the graves were without markers until people had forgotten the lowly beds of their relatives.

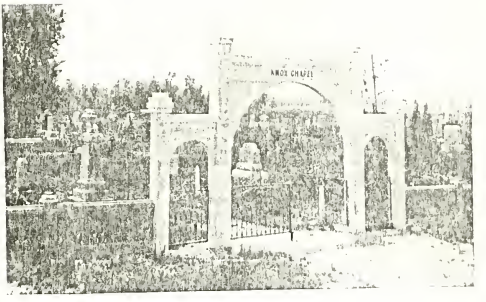
Because it so aptly describes this old Back Creek cemetery, the following poem from the pen of Mark Baldwin, which appeared in *The American Friend*, April 18, 1907, is reproduced:

Old, uncared for, most forgotten,
Overgrown with weeds and grass,
Scarcely noticed, little thought of,
By the people as they pass,

Is an ancient Quaker graveyard,
With its stones in quaint array,
Sculptured o'er with hopes eternal,
Of the resurrection day.

Yet beneath this sod are resting,
Folded in eternal sleep,
Men who toiled that we might prosper,
Men who sowed that we might reap.
Their glory not in martial deeds—
Quiet, simple lives they led,
They built their faith on peaceful creeds,
Not on ruins of the dead.

There was never any system in vogue at Back creek, and family lots were not available until about the time people quit using the cemetery—funerals rarely occurring there now and limited to pioneer families



Knox Chapel Cemetery

long associated with its burial privileges, other cemeteries were established and conducted differently, family lots being sold and whole families finding final resting places together. There are several hundred graves in the old part of Back Creek cemetery that are marked with quarry stones placed there at the instigation of Northern Quarterly Meeting of Friends many years ago, the identity of those buried there being lost entirely. Rolinda had an uncle, Lewis Whitson, buried there, and when it came to marking the grave it was never located and for years the stone lay with others at the long since abandoned cemetery at the south edge of Jonesboro, and is now on the Whitson lot in the Jonesboro I. O. O. F. cemetery. It is said that in the resurrection the marking of the grave will be of little moment. While the grave is in the old Back Creek cemetery, the stone never marked it.

In all about 2,400 burials have occurred at Back Creek, but many have been removed to other cemeteries. The foreword in "A Tale of the Mississinewa" reads: "In a country church yard not far from the Mississinewa river are two small tombstones marking the graves of David M. V. and Verlinda Jay Whitson, and in lieu of a more imposing

shaft in marble or granite to mark the place of their last sleep, I hereby commemorate their names, the names of both, in the name Rolinda Davidson." While they lived Back Creek was the only burying ground thought of by them, and as long as it is sacred to that purpose the writer does not want them disturbed. While they are in the same cemetery, there is one grave between them, and while the writer's father and mother both lie buried there, his step-mother and half brother also found a resting place in the same God's Acre, although not close to the other graves. On the stone marking the grave of her son, the name "Asenath Whitson," occurs in connection with the name "D. M. V. Whitson," while on the stone marking her own grave is the name "Asenath Baldwin," wife of Quincy Baldwin, and a stranger would be unable to reconcile the statements. Speaking of the mother "Verlinda," the step-mother "Asenath," one time said that when she met her in the next world she would greet her as mother of children she had ministered to on earth, and they would be friends.

Another coincidence in this old Back Creek cemetery is in evidence on the stones marking the graves of the first and second wives of Hezekiah Miller, both of whom died young—just one day between their respective ages. "Susannah" is the writer's aunt and lies next to his mother, the two being sisters, while half a dozen graves away is "Dorinda," the inscription on one stone reading: "Susannah, aged 23 years, 11 months and 21 days," while on the other: "Dorinda, aged 23 years, 11 months and 22 days," is the record, the markers exactly alike and yet as time went by Hezekiah Miller was married a third time, and when he died his body was laid in the Marion cemetery, although Back Creek was the only place he would have considered when Susannah and Dorinda were buried there. While so many have been removed from the Back Creek cemetery those enumerated will all remain there, and seeing some of the names on the grave stones always bring a flood of memories. There are family names on the grave stones now almost extinct, and once they were prominent in the community. One forgets the families of the past until he reads their names in imperishable granite.

In the old days at June Quarterly Meeting of Friends at Back Creek people used to wander in the cemetery, visiting all those now half forgotten graves, and unless they were marked immediately, one who stood at the open graves of relatives was soon unable to locate them, families not being buried together. There were seedling apple trees in the old church yard, and children used to eat the fruit. Later there was a question, "Who ate Roger Williams?" in the teacher's examination list, the answer being: "Those who ate apples from the tree growing out of his grave," and the writer was always glad he never ate any of those seedling apples, although children cried for them every year at quarterly meeting. The reader is familiar with other cemeteries, no doubt, and like the one at Back Creek some other cemeteries have reverted to the custody of the township, there being no fund arising from which to care for them. The living owe it to the dead to care for the lowly mounds, and yet relatives and friends are sometimes far removed from such an opportunity. There are many neglected cemeteries, and scattered about are others that are veritable beauty spots—every care being given them.

While there are no public receiving vaults in the county, a few families have provided private vaults and there is one above ground in the Jonesboro cemetery. The Horner grave and the Seaborn vault mark that cemetery, while in the Marion cemetery are the Marshall, Norman, Hutchinson, Gould, Willcuts and Barrier family vaults, and

many who bury their dead in the time honored way have erected costly monuments to their memory. It is the last mark of respect save the care of the lowly mound, and many plant hardy shrubbery or deck the graves with cut flowers. Some silent sleepers are never forgotten by their friends. The old time custom of a funeral service in the church adjoining the burial plot was sacred and beautiful, the lifeless clay not being placed in a hearse years ago it was a neighbor's spring wagon, after the service, but tender and loving hands carried it from the door to the grave, while the bereaved friends followed, and half the dread was thus removed from the ordeal, while nowadays the long ride to the cemetery is the final chapter in a life history.

There was a sacred beauty about old time funerals, the pall bearers chosen friends of the family and oftentimes relatives performing the last sad service. In some families relatives even prepared the body for burial, the undertaker not being there until the day of the funeral, and the family grief was always mitigated by those last sad duties. Those who have followed friends to city cemeteries where single graves were purchased and the spot designated thereafter by number, understand the beauty and sacredness of a country God's Acre where one does not require the services of a guide in locating the lowly mound again. There are always tired feet awaiting the rest that is promised in the grave, and those who remember funerals along in the '80s and '90s will recall the obituary notices sent out by so many families, and the tolling of the church bell the number of strokes indicating the number of years, and usually everybody knew who was seriously sick in the community.

In describing New England burial customs Alice Morse Earle writes: "In smaller settlements some out of the way spot was chosen for a common burial-place, in barren pasture or on lonely hillside," and Whittier's lines:

> "Our vales are sweet with fern and rose,
> Our hills are maple crowned,
> But not from them our fathers chose
> The village burial ground.
> The dreariest spot in all the land
> To Death they set apart;
> With scanty grace from Nature's hand
> And none from that of Art."

in a measure applies in Grant county. Mrs. Earle was writing of New England, but her words are true to some local conditions: "To the natural loneliness of the country burial place and to its inevitable sadness, is now too frequently added the gloomy and depressing evidence of human neglect. Briers and weeds grow in tangled thickets over the forgotten graves," but some Grant county cemeteries are in an entirely different class—are the pride of those interested in them. Another writer adds, graphically: "Truly our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly show us how we may be buried in our survivors," and there is truth in the suggestion.

"In many communities each family had its own burying place in some corner of the home farm, sometimes at the foot of garden or orchard," and in an early day that custom prevailed with local families, as the Renbarger, Dunn, Null, Griffin, Prickett, Skinner, Paxton, Johnson, Whiteneck, Connor, Galbraith, Hendricks, Curtis or Oatess, Rowland and no doubt many other secluded spots the writer has never noticed—places that the plow will never disturb, and yet comparatively

no attention is given the burial plots. There are two potter's fields in the county, and while the one in Mill will be protected as long as the county farm is operated there, the old one in Franklin should be designated, although no one knows the names or the number of those awaiting the judgment day where the paupers were formerly consigned to Mother Earth. There are other free graves in the county, and the debt of the living is not wholly discharged to the dead until all nameless graves are in some way pointed out to the passerby.

While some Grant county families bury outside of the county, as at Vernon, others bury in this county as at Converse, and many who die here are taken to distant spots for interment, others dying in distant lands directing that their final resting place be "at home," and thus a love of nativity manifests itself to the end. The recognized cemeteries of the county are: Marion I. O. O. F. and Friends, adjoining, Jonesboro and Riverside, adjoining; Park cemetery, Knox Chapel, Point Isabel, Jefferson, Shiloh, Olive Branch, Watson, Cory, Old Bethel, Indian Village, Maple Grove or Raypholtz; Farrville or Leverich; Van Buren, Harmony, New Cumberland, Tinkle, Atkinson, Union Chapel, Morris Chapel, Back Creek, Deer Creek, Oak Ridge, Oak Chapel, Lugar Creek or McKinney, the deed to the McKinney cemetery being signed by that pioneer doctor, William McKinney, who had to be propped up in his bed to write his name, because when he died soon after he desired to be laid near where he had lived so long—the present Ferguson farm; Walnut Creek, Thrailkill, Converse, Fletcher Chapel, Burson, Normal or Slash; Rigdon or Independence; Lee or St. Joseph, and while some are cheerless enough, some communities have as much pride in their neighborhood burial plot as in their own dooryards at home.

When it comes to the time in the family history that more of its members are sleeping in the cemetery than sitting around the fireside at home, relatives and friends—so many times the remnant of a once large family—are impressed with the duty of keeping their memories green, and God's Acre will always be sacred to them. While there is no consecrated ground the Catholics bury in local cemeteries, but the Jews carry their dead to Wabash for interment. The Indians have all been buried at the Indian Village cemetery, and many negroes are buried at Weaver. There are few noteworthy inscriptions on Grant county tombstones, and the epitaph hunter would never visit local cemeteries in quest of the unusual, love of the dead in most instances manifesting itself in the form of suitable markers at the grave. Better than epitaphs is this:

"Let us bring to the living the roses,
And the lilies we bind for the dead
And crown them with blessings and praises—
Before the brave spirit has fled."

LXXXVI. MILITARISM—GRANT COUNTY IN THE WARS

Why write a chapter on wars when Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan is seeking to federate all the nations of the earth in a peace pact, and many of them have already accepted his conditions? The plan is that each nation stop and count ten, think before it acts, and arbitration is the hope of the nations. Mr. Bryan would convert the nation's war vessels into merchant marine, and his prophesy is that

belligerent powers will soon be an obsolete expression among the nations of the world. The nations are all becoming too highly civilized for atrocious murder to prevail. The wars of the past are sufficient blot on civilization.

Former Indiana Governor J. Frank Hanly has lately invaded Grant county and given utterance to the assertion that war is never right, in his "International Peace" address delivered before the Quakers assembled at Fairmount, at a regular Sunday morning worship hour, the Quakers of the community having been stirred up over the attitude of the militarists who advocate increasing the strength of the army and navy in this country. Mr. Hanly characterized war as the oldest sin of the nations, and he regrets former president Theodore Roosevelt's attitude toward the question. Roosevelt would have other nations afraid of the United States, while Hanly claims that respect born of fear is never real—never genuine. He calls war scientific, international suicide, and most people remember what General William Tecumseh Sherman said about it: "War is hell."

While the Quaker of today may differ outwardly from the grand old type of the past, inwardly he seems to be about the same, and arbitration always has been Quaker doctrine. While the Quaker of the past argued against war, and was for the freedom of the slaves, he got what he wanted, but not in the way that he desired it. While amalgamation has changed his outer garb, the Quaker of today has not lost all of his vital characteristics, and he is still opposed to bloody encounter. Mr. Hanly expressed the Quaker conviction when he said war does not determine the merit of any question. "In time of peace prepare for war," has been a powerful slogan, and its teaching is at cross purposes with the policy of arbitration. The Prophet Isaiah said: "And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more," and in the face of all this Grant county has had its part in several conflicts.

In its sheath the saber is now rusted, and the cannon's lips are now grown cold, and the plowshares and the pruning hooks have played their part in advanced civilization. The "bloody shirt" is no longer waved in Grant county politics, and war is certainly a thing of the past. With the present day munitions of war, a pitched battle would not last longer than a June frost, and there would be none left to bury the dead. Civilization has advanced too far for war-fare ever again to sway this country. When one contemplates the horrors of war—nation against nation—he wonders how so many centuries went by before the awakening to arbitrary methods. The public mind is changed, and in future the battles of the world will be fought with ballots rather than bullets. The sudden breaking up of the great and powerful Miami confederacy on the banks of the Mississinewa, elsewhere detailed in this Centennial History, was certainly the first military movement in the territory long since recognized as the domain of Grant county.

Since local civilization is the outgrowth of a struggle, why should not Grant county citizens respond to the nation's call for men! While the battle of the Mississinewa had the same significance for surrounding territory, Grant county was the scene of the encounter. While there are none living today who tell the story, many talked with Meshingomesia, and thus this first military engagement seems real to them. The Indian himself is now a fading memory in the minds of the oldest inhabitants, although some still cherish stories heard from them. William Pe-nu-ga related his own feeling of Americanism when he laid down the life of the blanket Indian and became an American citizen in all that

citizenship implies to the Red Man of the Forest. When Pe-onga's name was placed on the tax duplicate of Grant county he visited a Marion tailor and had his blanket made into a coat, and all the young Indians then living in the Reserve followed suite, and they were all Americans when they had on American garments they were then ready to follow the flag. The battle of the Mississinewa was the Indian's requiem.

Through its patriotic Revolutionary sons and daughters and the graves of its patriots, Grant county has direct contact with the war that established the United States a nation, and it is itself the direct result of a war of extermination. Through all its vicissitudes the spirit of 1776 has been kept alive, and there must have been a divine purpose in it all. The spirit of the colonists has been transmitted and e pluribus unum is the result. One realizes that time is passing when he stops to enumerate the wars through which his ancestry and contemporaries have passed, and one wonders how long it has been since he listened to the reading of the Declaration of Independence on a festal day. An enthusiastic exile, Mrs. Amanda Sanford Barlow, writes: "I wish that I might hear the good old Declaration of Independence read again at an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration in Grant county. When read in the spirit in which it was written, it is a masterpiece in literature. It was the document of the century. Humdrum reading kills it, but when it used to be part of every Fourth of July celebration there were always orations dripping with patriotism followed it, and how we always enjoyed it.

"If the American eagle had swooped down on one of those mixed gatherings when there was old time oratory and music, he would have ruffled his feathers, preened himself, spread his wings and with one mighty flap, would have given the world to understand that he was Uncle Sam's bird of freedom—nothing Turkish about him at all. There were always patriotic songs on those occasions, and that was what had the young fellows all at fever heat when Lincoln's call for volunteers was heard—the songs of that day were all heard in Grant county." Some one has said that if he could write the hymns of a nation he would stand responsible for that nation's religion, and the same rule is doubly true with reference to its patriotism. The hymn writer teaches the morals of the nation, and such war songs as: "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue," "The Army and Navy, Forever," and "Hail Columbia," enable the people to come up to Bunker Hill and Lexington and the later struggles, fully understanding their significance.

There must always be a planting of moral and patriotic ideas before persons, or nations advance, and the human voice in appealing song has most telling effect in moving people to action. The New England Puritan conscience was aroused by William Lloyd Garrison, Joshua R. Giddings, Wendell Phillips, John Greenleaf Whittier, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell and Julia Ward Howe, and the printed page, poems and song—the winged arrows of God's truth were unlimited in their effectiveness. There was a revival of the feeling of accountability to God as a result and it spread all over the country, Grant county being in line with the rest of the world, and when Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's great story: "Uncle Tom's Cabin," made its serial appearance there were men and women in Grant county who needed never to read it again. It had carried its message to their hearts. Some of the war songs of the past were as effective in the way of promoting enlistments and arousing men and women to deeds of sacrifice and heroism as the telling patriotic addresses from the recruit-

ing officers; sometimes it is necessary to inspire optimism to tide a nation over a crisis.

The early Indiana laws fostered the military spirit, and all able-bodied men were required to drill and master military tactics. The settlers all had guns and they were skilled in the manual of arms. There were muster days and all classes of people were attracted to them. A long period of peace finally caused these muster days to become like holidays, and the Declaration of Independence was so long that it sagged in the middle before the waning enthusiasm of the younger generation, and finally it was never read in public again. On training days all were exempt from arrest, and sometimes boisterous hilarity prevailed in sedate Grant county. The fathers and mothers have heard the story that fights were frequently unplanned parts of such programs, and the social atmosphere was somewhat of that nature from the beginning until the Mexican war period, when active militarism again possessed the country. Indiana had only had statehood one generation then, and Grant county was still in swaddling clothes an infant commonwealth.

The story goes that some of the munitions of war used in 1812 were sunk in the pond back of the John Dunn house in Pleasant, and Leesend Lake garden had its name from it. Tradition is all that some of those interesting stories amount to in fact, and when the Mississinewa Battle Ground Association completes its commission, the vicinity of Battle Ground farm will take on additional interest. It would be fine to know the names of those who lost their lives in this Indian encounter along the Mississinewa, but there is no such roster in existence and only the war department record is available, and system had not then been introduced into such things. It is well understood that the five Indiana regiments in the Mexican war in 1846 were taken at a disadvantage, and Jefferson Davis started the story that they run when they were driven back at Buena Vista. "Remember Buena Vista," became a slogan and the watchword always has inspired patriotism.

It is said there was considerable Grant county representation, considering the fact that the county was then only sparsely populated, there being two Grant county companies under different enlistments. More is known about the first company to go, although when they first offered themselves in 1846 they were not needed and were not accepted. In 1847 there was another call for troops, and since the organization had been maintained, it then became Company A in the Fourth Indiana Regiment of Infantry. There may have been Grant county men at Buena Vista. Some of them were in Mexico at the time. The sultry weather there was trying on northern men, and as these words are written the whole country is again watching the results in Mexico. It seems that the ignorance of the common people there makes them dupes, and it looks like it would be a long while before a stable government and economic conditions will be established there. Mexico is still a problem the United States may be compelled to solve on the ground of humanity to mankind. The United States took Texas from Mexico, and California was once Mexican country, and it looks like that country would have to be "spanked" again before it settles down to Christian civilization.

A generation ago Mexican soldiers were frequently pointed out, and two who enlisted from Grant county, William Morehead and John N. Hicks, who lingered longest, have lately changed their residence, Mr. Morehead going with his son, O. H. P. Morehead, to Tennessee, and Mr. Hicks with his wife entering the State Soldiers' Home at Lafayette. Mrs. Elizabeth Williams of Sims is the last Mexican soldier's widow

in Grant county, being the widow of Garrett Williams. Tunis Shupe, William Dawson, William Price, Paul Miller, John M. Wallace, John W. Dodd, Nmeveh Berry, Firm Carmichael, Aaron Lawson, Thomas Marshall, Oliver H. P. Cary, Ebenezer G. Cary and Thomas Jefferson Samuel Stephen Decatur (Alphabet) Cary three pioneer family brothers who went to Mexico, and of these brothers only O. H. P. Cary returned, and General David Shunk, later the best known military man in Grant county. It has only been as people would speak their names that this Mexican record has been obtained perhaps there are other Mexican soldiers just as well known to present day citizens. John Vetor who was several times introduced with Mr. Morehead and Mr. Hicks at the Octogenarian meetings, was a Canadian and did not enlist in the Mexican war from Grant county.

The soldiers of all wars have been favored by Uncle Sam in the way of homesteads, and the bounty to Mexican soldiers was a quarter section of land, Paul Miller coming from Ohio and entering eighty acres in Sims township, and thus he was not enlisted from Grant county. The colonies engaged in the Revolution did not extend as far west as Indiana, and only wild animals and Indians inhabited the wilderness now known as Grant county. While there were only a few Mexican soldiers, all are agreed that some of the best citizenship marched to the Rio Grande when the call was heard—men wanted—and Latin America is still belligerent. While at that time many of the Miamis still lingered, they were peaceful and law abiding as far as they were citizens and amenable to the United States government. Some of the Indians had then gone west to the reservations, but why discuss the justice or injustice of the plan when the tide of immigration so soon submerged the others. History shows many conditions through which the human race has passed in the long and painful onward march of civilization. All those names in the Old Testament stand for people who had homes and who sometimes found it necessary to defend them, and the same qualities seem to have been transmitted into the Grant county posterity of Bible characters.

While the pioneers were interested in military tactics, the twentieth century sentiment is squarely against militarism. While character may be developed in a hurry, while there may be emergency expedients, solitude is essential to the stable growth of talent and ability. No one develops a towering character without a mastering incentive. Loyalty comes from heredity as well as environment. The farms have given their quota to everything, and some of the world's best soldiers have hailed from the country. While Grant county had its birth in war, and while hostility has always been a slumbering virtue, and there may have been frontier skirmishes after the battle of the Mississinewa, there was no serious outbreak, no desperate encounter until the Mexican war, and the civil discord of 1861 was the first outburst well remembered by Grant county citizens of today. There were always fifers and drummers in Marion and Jonesboro, and the training days in early history developed some of them. The martial music on gala days always swayed and inspired those in attendance. The sound of the stirring drum always did and always will awaken enthusiasm. The high falsetto of the fife as it shrilled: "Yankee Doodle," "The Road to Boston," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me," stirred patriotism no matter what the occasion.

Mrs. Barlow writes: "There were always dinners spread promiscuously from everybody's baskets—there were long improvised tables, and all ate together. No one knew who furnished the pig or who roasted it on those gala training day occasions, or from whose farm came the

roast turkey, or from whose coops came the ingredients of the chicken pies—the people simply brought as they had been prospered, and nobody missed what they contributed all had plenty and all were happy." It was long ago demonstrated that the best way to reach a man's better nature is through his grosser senses, and something inculcated a love for home and country. Mrs. Barlow further says: "There were always raised platforms for speakers and singers on training days, both in Marion and Jonesboro but there were too many Quakers at Fairmount for martial music to be heard there. In Marion there were processions across Boots creek to White's woods, or to McClure's woods east of Branson street, and in Jonesboro they always went across Back creek and outside of town. They always kept the military spirit alive in the community.

"Some of the early training day orators were: Judge R. T. St. John, Colonel Asbury E. Steele, and Howell D. Thompson." At Jonesboro Alfred L. Barnard and Jabez Moore always looked after reading the Declaration of Independence, and keeping alive the spirit of '76, but all that is changed—patriotic songs are seldom heard, and peace and arbitration methods prevail in the community. While the Declaration was long and in the hands of a poor reader it may have sagged in the middle, it would be wholesome to hear it again. Why not set yourself the task of again reading the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, and note the effect on your own feeling of enthusiasm and patriotism?' A writer in the Centennial history said privately that the problem of the high cost of living has not yet been set to music, or the people would sing their way to victory. Mrs. Barlow recalls one of the gala day hits at Jonesboro in the John C. Fremont campaign in 1856, when there was a full rigged ship built under direction of William Crilly, a retired sailor who lived in the town, and which was manned with Republican patriots in sailor costume.

This ship of state was placed on a wagon and hauled about the country, easily the most unique feature of the campaign that year when the nation was being agitated from center to circumference, and martial music was at its height in this country. When Cassius M. Clay of Kentucky spoke in Marion that year, Mr. Crilly and his big ship, drawn by six horses, headed the Jonesboro procession, followed by a log cabin on wheels and filled with singers, and while David Shunk, then known as a hero of the Mexican war, did not sing at all, he could yell "yip" louder than anybody when there was martial music in the air. This ship of state was much in demand and was taken across the country to Lafayette while the war cloud was lowering, and for a few years people did not know what a day would bring forth in Grant county and in the whole country. The country was drifting surely toward Civil war. The North and the South had different interests. The industrial situation was dividing the country. The south was flourishing under the system of slave labor, and the north did not approve of the institution of slavery. Anti-slavery sentiment was strong in Grant county. The liquor question is now a parallel situation as far as public sentiment goes. Families were dividing on the question of human slavery—fathers and sons seeing the matter differently.

While the new born Republican party had not taken a direct stand against the slavery question, its leaders were among the avowed opponents of that institution, and many abolitionists were identified with the organization. When Abraham Lincoln declared that the country could not exist half free and half slave, there was response in Grant county. The south accepted his election as a menace, and the doctrine of states rights as paramount to national control was openly taught by John

C. Calhoun. On December 20, 1860, South Carolina took the initiative and passed a secession ordinance, which movement was followed in rapid succession by other states, and autonomy was the rule until in 1861, when a peace commission met in Baltimore with the far reaching purpose of safeguarding the Union, but Jefferson Davis was chosen president of the Confederacy. No president of the United States ever assumed his duties under more trying circumstances than did Lincoln. There were strained relations among the people of the whole country. All over the north there was a difference of opinion in regard to the cause and the responsibility of this attempt to sever the Union.

While meetings were being held all over the country, and the methods to pursue relative to secession were being discussed, the gun was fired that was heard round the world—the attack had been made on Fort Sumter. There were no railroads, no telegraph wires in Grant county then, and yet the echo reached every hearthstone. The news came from Wabash by stage that South Carolina had not only seceded from the Union but had already opened hostilities—that on April 12, 1861, an attack had been made and Civil war was inevitable. Lincoln had just been inaugurated and the people of the south would not live under an abolition president. Some have called it the War of the States, and it was worse than war against foes outside the common fold—the same community of interests. It was domestic strife, men and brothers fighting against each other, worse than fighting against a common enemy—foes outside the camp of Israel—the same household of faith. It was war to the finish among the people of one nation with common interests and the question raised was whether or not it was to remain one nation or be a nation rent in twain.

When this gun was fired at Fort Sumter every household in Grant county was alert, had its ear to the ground for news from the front, and the arrival of the lumbering stage coach every day was the event of the twenty-four hours between Wabashtown and Andersontown. There were rumblings of war, and some who read these lines have heard the ominous sounds more than once, have heard war's alarms twice and thrice, and have given of their best in the defense of their country. When Fort Sumter was fired on the loyal hearts of the north were united in the defense of the flag, and when Lincoln's call for a million men to strike the shackles off of human slavery was heard, Grant county responded—sent her quota to the front. On April, 1861, came the first ninety-day enlistment, and from that time on Grant county knew the full, awful meaning of war—destructive warfare. The first honor roll was established then, and while local hearthstones were represented in many regiments, the Fifth Indiana Cavalry, often called the Ninetieth Regiment, the Eighth Indiana Infantry, the Thirty-fourth, Fifty-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Eighty-ninth, One Hundred and First, and the One Hundred and Fifty-third Regiments were made up largely from local soldiers.

While Indiana furnished 155 regiments and twenty-seven batteries, the information necessary for a complete military history is not always forthcoming, but it is estimated that more than 2,000 soldiers went out from Grant county. The state adjutant's report contains rosters of enlisted men of all Indiana regiments, but the names are not enrolled by counties and it would be an endless task to separate and tabulate them. Some of the township historians furnished them, making special effort to enroll all. Terrell's Report, a document so valuable on account of its military history, is in eight volumes, made up from official rolls, returns, report of hospitals and rebel prisons and all other accessible sources of information. An effort towards accuracy in names,

dates and facts about what became of enlisted men has been made, and later the families of soldiers have had track of them. Many a mother has had final news of her son, that he died or was discharged through the reports of W. H. H. Terrell, adjutant general of Indiana, during the "times that tried men's souls." It was not until 1863 that the general government took charge of the enlistments, and made an effort to keep a complete war record of each soldier. The work of the states had not been thorough, and it was an important feature.

No state was more prompt in furnishing troops than Indiana, the war governor, Oliver P. Morton, inspiring the citizens to loyalty. Grant county was alert and the work of the recruiting officer was an easy matter. "The battle is to the strong," but the cause was right, and many Centennial History subscribers have inserted war records of which they are proud; all the world loves a lover and a soldier, and the man in uniform always attracts attention. While there may be fewer births in families under twentieth century civilization, and some claim greater intellectuality, the boys of '61 had the courage that made them the "bone and the sinew of war." There was a determined feeling in the north, yes, in Grant county, that slavery should be restricted to the states that had it, and the Missouri Compromise measure and the Kansas situation were understood by all. The people read *The New York Tribune* and *The Cincinnati Gazette*, and at the first call to arms they were ready.

There is always the man of the hour when duty demands it but the brave ones who marched away did not constitute all of the bravery. More is known of what happened afield than at home, but that is already history. Much of the self denial and privation of home life will never be written the every day experiences of the wives, mothers, sisters, daughters and sweethearts of soldiers. The women at home fully understood suspense and uncertainty accompanying rumors; they could hear anything and everything, and there was terrible misrepresentation of the news from the front. There were Grant county mothers with sons scattered wherever there was a division of the army, and think of the dreams of a woman whose husband, and one, two, three and sometimes four and five sons were at war. "In time of peace prepare for war," but that is not why the average mother bears her children.

With the men of the household at war, there was nothing before the stay-at-homes, but to tear up their treasured heirlooms - their linen sheets and make them into bandages, scrape lint, make needle books, knit woolen socks, and many a girl who had never acquired the art learned to handle the knitting needles. Loyalty ran through the whole family and women had their part; taken as a whole they were a cheerful lot and posted on the issues of the day. Whenever a woman at home would see a butternut badge she would resent it, and usually all her circle knew about it. When the women met they talked war, and they had their part in the Christian Sanitary Commission the same as in the camp fires now, when those who tell the stories of thrilling escapades in the Confederate States in the Civil war are growing fewer and fewer as the years go by, and each Decoration day that fact is remarked by all. It is only a remnant now of the army that was disbanded in 1865, and mostly pensioners, although many are independent—in comfortable circumstances. While some of the veterans can take care of themselves, they are not in the majority.

A paragraph from the 1886 Grant County History reads: "Hardly had the echoes from the last guns at Fort Sumter died away before the stirring scenes that attended a public volunteering were arousing

the people of Marion and vicinity. The thought of our flag being lowered at the command of a rebellion inspired new patriotism in all those who loved the flag for the principles of Union and toleration that it represented. If there had been any in this community who held that obnoxious idea that the general government could not coerce a state into compliance with its laws, they were prudently quiet when the question first came to the test. The sentiment of the people was almost wholly and unanimously in favor of maintaining the Union unimpaired." As indicating the feeling in Grant county, and the condition of affairs immediately before and at the beginning of the Civil war, the following by Edgar L. Goldthwait is given: "But the commonplace, domestic history of Grant county had about ended; mighty, yet subtle, influences were at work, directed by the inscrutable hand of Providence for the formation of a new and better government. The ropes of sand which held together the provinces of this country were giving place to bands of steel.

"The defeat of Fremont only solidified that unorganized political element in the north which finally united under the name of the Republican party. The people of the north were awakened to the dangers threatened by an alarmed and indignant section of the country which had no interests in common with the people of the free states, while the most violent expressions of opinion were permitted in the North, where an abolitionist was hated as vehemently as in the South. No northern man could cross the Ohio river and advocate the principles of freedom and equality. Slave hunters galloped through Grant county looking for runaway negroes on their way via the 'underground highway' to Canada. The numerous Quakers in the county, the negro settlement already established here, the Abolitionist sentiment which was a prominent feature of this community, made Grant county a desirable and a comparatively safe resting place for the escaping black man on his way to freedom, to an alien country. Handbills were posted in our courthouse offering reward for runaway slaves, and one, the writer recollects, for the delivery into a slave state of Charles Atkinson, a violent Abolitionist of Monroe township, who devoted his time, talents and money to the cause of freedom.

"The great campaign of 1860 was carried on as vigorously in Grant county as anywhere in the North. Many eminent statesmen spoke here that year, among them Herschel V. Johnson, Cassius M. Clay, Joshua R. Giddings and Henry S. Lane, and party feeling ran high. The picturesque and striking style of personating national candidates had not yet been abandoned. The young Republican party adopted this style of electioneering with vigor and extraordinary effect. Great processions would reach town on the different highways, and unite in a grand procession up and down the principal streets with brass bands, life and drum, glee clubs and uniformed men, women and children. The 'Ship of State' which was so prominently connected with Fremont's campaign four years before, was succeeded by a symbol that created an enthusiasm that can now hardly be comprehended. These processions would be headed by a score of oxen drawing a mammoth log wagon, carrying an immense log along while on platforms built over the wheels were a half dozen stalwart farmers 'to the manor born,' swinging immense mauls onto wooden wedges stuck into the tough fibers of the wood. The 'rail-splitter' candidate for the presidency had elements of strength that were not dreamed of in the aristocratic south and in the cultured east.

"The claims of the homely, uncouth, common man of the people from the prairies of Illinois proved irresistible. His divided opposi-

tion was routed and a political party, yet in its infancy, took possession of the government. Grant county's Republican majority was an increase over four years before, and since that time (1886) she has always given a substantial Republican majority. Then came distorted accounts of the dissatisfaction of the South. But few had any faith in the mutterings of the storm which was darkening the future of the country. War was so indefinite then, so little understood, that it was hard to comprehend it. But the passionate and ill-tempered south, which imagined its slave property endangered by the election of a Republican for president, could not be held in subjection. It organized into a separate government even before Lincoln had taken his seat; it created an army and navy, and within six weeks after Abraham Lincoln had been proclaimed president, attacked the United States troops at Fort Sumter, in the bay of Charleston, South Carolina. In due time the news reached Marion that war had been declared in the South. The gallantry of Major Anderson was on every one's lips. The people came prepared to give an enthusiastic reply to President Lincoln's appeal for 75,000 troops to serve for ninety days, 'to meet armed resistance to the United States authority and put down the rebellion.' The endorsement of the president was enthusiastic and prompt.

"A fife and drum corps gave the martial music that greeted the crowd which assembled at the court house. David Shunk and Oliver H. P. Cary were the central figures at that first meeting; both had served in the Mexican war and were authorities on all military matters. Jacob Welles and John Reuss were also behind the railing where privileged characters sat in the old courthouse. Volunteers were called for who, as they came forward, signed their names to the enrolling book, presided over by James A. Stretch. As each name was signed three cheers would be given, and the fife and drums would break into 'such strains of music as we shall never forget,' Joseph Horton was the fifer, Abner Leach on the snare drum, and David C. Hite beat the bass drum. A day or two was given to prepare for a leave of absence. The teacher had to find a substitute, the merchant and clerk to arrange their affairs, the professional man delegated his business to someone else, and the plow was left in the furrow. A few mornings later every volunteer was on hand, ready to go into camp and train for the profession of a soldier.

"Patriotic citizens provided wagons to carry the boys to Andersontown, where they were to take the train to Indianapolis and go into camp. The ladies prepared a bountiful supply of food for the boys on the way. In Sweetser's store, which stood on the site now occupied by Sweetser's bank (now the First National), on the west side of the square, there had been stored for many years several dozen old-fashioned muskets which had done duty in the Mexican war. These old guns were distributed to the embryo soldiers as they stood in line on the east side of the square, reaching from the old Gilbert corner up to the alley at Huffman and Eshelman's grocery. The departure of this company of volunteers was most interesting. The streets and side walks were lined with weeping women and children, while the soldiers, ashamed to betray a weakness, hid their emotions by enthusiastically cheering everything in sight. The line was formed and marched up near the old plank road on Branson street, where the boys bade their friends a final farewell, and got into the wagons and started for Andersontown.

"The enthusiasm all along the road was continuous. At Jonesboro the town was filled with excited people who gave the boys a grand

reception. Flags were flying everywhere, and a triumphal arch ornamented the street near where the present hotel now stands. At Fairmount the same welcome awaited the procession. Another triumphal arch, more flags amid firing and songs by glee clubs, and cheering and the wildest demonstrations of sympathy met the boys, who, when a town was reached, would climb out of their wagons, shoulder their guns and march through the streets with all the gravity of veterans." It was only one week after the firing on Fort Sumter that the first company from Grant county was mustered into the service at Indianapolis. It was Company B in the Eighth Regiment. Its officers were David Shunk, captain; O. H. P. Cary, first lieutenant, and John Reuss, second lieutenant. They were commissioned April 18, 1861, but on April 26, Captain Shunk was promoted to major, and Colonel Cary to captain. Colonel Reuss became first lieutenant and J. M. Wells was elected second lieutenant. There were no other changes in the roster until the end of three months. "When Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers for three months we thought the war would be over in that time," said one who remembers all about the struggle, and most of those who enlisted were young, had no families and no thought of the long term of service.

It is sad to think of all who marched away and of those who never returned to homes and loved ones. There came a time when there was hardly a hearthstone without a vacant chair, and: "Tenting Tonight" became a real heart cry and the home folks could not sing it. Their hearts grew so weary of the long strain of war—the awful harvest of death—that they could not sing some of the songs of the day, could not get past the first verse, and "We're going home to die no more," meant something to soldiers afield. When "Marching Through Georgia" was written, everybody sang it, but it told a different story. It has not yet lost its grip on the situation. Mrs. Barlow, who furnished suggestions for this chapter, writes: "The 'Star Spangled Banner' was always waved by some one, and while it may not have been more revered the flag was more used then. We would sing Star Spangled Banner and think of Francis Scott Key pacing the deck of his vessel and wondering if 'our flag is still there.'

"A few years later we understood the song—Star Spangled Banner—better, when we did not know whether our flag was floating over our own forts: Sumter, Moultrie, Pickens, Jackson and over Fortress Monroe, or if it floated over any of our southern forts; we did not know whether the flag floated over our boats on the Mississippi from St. Paul to New Orleans, and that song will always be full of meaning to those who remember the days from '61 to '65, when our heart cry was: 'Oh, say does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave, o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?' and the lines: 'Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation,' seemed a prophesy and we prayed rather than sang it. There came a time, however, when we could neither whistle or sing to keep up our courage; there were 'bombs bursting in air,' and there was awe and uncertainty." In the reconstruction days of the '70s, there was a poem in the McGuffey school reader: "Into a ward of the white-washed halls, where the dead and the dying lay," that certainly had its part in teaching patriotism, and when one hears of the army nurse he wants to read it again.

While previous to the Civil war there had been home manufacture of almost every commodity used in the family, necessity became the mother of invention. The women who used to cook before the fire knew how to manipulate the crane and pot trammel, although they

would be mystified in a modern kitchen, those past masters of domestic arts who had never heard of science—the time came when they could no longer manufacture the necessary supply, and machinery was invented that relieved them of the necessity. Home made articles with the hand work on them were more expensive than the factory product, and yet in every community there were a few who clung to homespun garments. The cut was not so fashionable as the tailored suit and some women did not consider the cloth expensive when woven by themselves. Blue jeans and linsy woolsy remained in favor all through the reconstruction period, and no doubt some of those home made garments are still in existence in Grant county attics.

It is urged that under most favorable circumstances motherhood is an occupation sufficient to occupy a full working day twelve months in the year, but when there came the time of Soldiers' Aid Societies the mothers shone in all their lustre, and Grant county women gave their assistance to the National Christian Commission unstintedly. It takes women to destroy saloons and to reform nations. During the vicissitudes of war soldiers indulged in seemingly needed stimulants, and some who did not hesitate to face the cannon's mouth have not had the same degree of courage with reference to total abstinence, their only safety and hope of salvation. Talk about the pilfered homes of the Southland, but this is the saddest, most pitiful wreckage of the war. When the grocery and the blacksmith shop used to be the neighborhood social centers, and when everybody had whisky at home, there was no drunkenness, they say, no abuse of themselves, but where did some of the recruits in the army of drunkards hail from then? It remained for the women to bring comfort to the sick and wounded and suffering soldiers on the march, in camp, in the hospital and on the field of strife during and after the battle—motherhood was at its post in Grant county in "the times that tried men's souls."

While Betsey Ross is reputed to have fashioned the first American flag, that fact does not interest Grant county citizens more than the flag in a glass case in the Gen. Shunk G. A. R. post, on which the blue stars were sown by Marion young women of the long ago. The names were embroidered with the stars, and this Old Glory is so dear to the hearts of the comrades that they want to preserve it. Mollie McClure, Sallie White, Lizzie Spencer, Rose McClure, Louise Swayzee Line Ayres, Marie Ayres, Lucy Cary, Retta Morgan, Terra Shively, Maggie Brownlee, Amanda Sanford, Mollie Dunn, Mollie Stretch, Sallie Stretch, Lucinda Patterson, Josie Butler, Sallie Frazier, and some are well known women of today. While Captain Molly Starke, of Revolutionary fame, will never be antedated, bullets were run into molds at the hands of Grant county women, and every material comfort went into the boxes and barrels packed in every neighborhood and sent to the front to the soldier boys who had risked their lives in saving their country, "to preserve us a nation, to preserve our homes and our altars."

The wives, mothers, daughters, sisters and sweethearts all wrote as cheery letters as they could to their dear ones—their relatives and friends, to let them know they were missed at home. There were young fellows under age who ran away and joined the army, and of course their mothers wrote to them. Some of the sons were brave enough to remain at home and take care of the family while fathers were gone to the defense of their country. There were drafted men and there were volunteers. While a substitute took another man's place for wages, some would have enlisted on their own account, although the volunteer seems most patriotic. There were bounty

soldiers among the recruits—bounty soldiers came from everywhere, often serving in regiments from states in which they had never lived at all. "While the drafted men were about the last run of shad," there were good soldiers among them—and some had cause for not enlisting. Soldiers often made records and then asked for transfer of regiments, and for various reasons. "Even the sparrows are numbered," and yet some of those soldier records are incomplete, and many Grant county soldiers sleep in unknown graves all over the Southland. The soldiers of the Grand Army feel that there is an unfinished work before them, a labor of love to perform, and they hope to mark the grave of every boy in blue who hailed from a Grant county homestead no matter where he fell, and it is a purpose worthy their effort.

"You put no flowers on my papa's grave," was a touching lament on a Decoration day, and the officer cried out: "Battalion, file left! Counter march! This young orphaned maid hath full cause for her grief," and back through the gateway the long line passed again. General Shunk post plans to locate all hitherto unmarked graves. General Shunk, the hero of two wars, died in Marion, February 21, 1865, and his war horse was a familiar sight in Marion many years afterward. Samuel McClure cared for him and on Decoration day he was saddled and led in the line of march to the cemetery when he was too old for active service. This old horse was given decent burial when he answered the last reveille. While they drafted men into the service, they begged for the necessary money to carry on the war. It is said the time never was when men were valued as gold, and yet substitutes were given farms and higher wages than were paid the volunteers. While some went to the front, others held the fort at home. The women and the girls worked in the fields, and after the war they never again took up their old handicrafts; machinery had cheapened production, and their occupation of weaving cloth was gone from them. While the men were at the front the women "stayed by the stuff," and "war widder" was never a term of reproach, did not have the significance of "grass" or "alfalfa," at all.

Think of the circumstances under which these Grant county women assumed the responsibilities; there was not a mile of improved highway, and hardships faced them "at every turn in the road." While these loyal women were at the helm, how they watched the arrival of the stage coach that sometimes brought them letters. No news was not always good news that long ago. What suspense and anxiety they endured, and "them cruel agonizing slavery days," certainly applied to white women and children who wanted to hear from father, son, husband or brother; while there was always something new at the front to claim the attention of the soldiers, there was always the element of uncertainty—suspense at home. The women had enlisted and would stand by the consequences, let come what would—their bravest and best at the front, but the frequent reports that Richmond had fallen were hard for them to endure in silence, false hopes engendered and next day a contradiction of it all, and thus war waged desolation in many ways, and false reports were one of the hardest inflictions on the home folks. Soldiers who came home on furloughs were always lionized, and some of them told "scare head line" stories had they been in cold type, that were never forgotten in the life time of those who heard them.

After Lincoln's first call, and none knew for how long he must enlist, there were frequent calls for men. The calls for twelve months' men were followed by calls for volunteers for three years or during

the war, but none ever thought it would last that long. Right in the midst of things, January 1, 1863, came Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, and while the women and children had prayed that the war might cease, it precipitated things upon them. They finally got used to enlistments, camps and drill grounds, although mothers turned gray in remarkably short periods under all the pressure of those momentous times of added responsibilities, but they finally got used to the men the husbands and fathers going away until it came to their own firesides—then none got used to it. When it came to giving up their own flesh and blood, their own relatives, some of the women had white hair over night about it. "Take your gun and go, John" and "We are coming, Father Abraham," were songs more effective than the recruiting officers scouring the country. There were young men who loved adventure, and sometimes they wanted to get away from their indulgent mothers. The homes would run over if the boys did not get out, and again there would have been no United States had there been no venturesome lads ready for change of environment. It makes a young fellow patriotic to know he is serving his country, even though looking ahead he may see himself with an empty sleeve, minus an arm or a leg, but in his enthusiasm over enlistment such gloomy prospects do not deter him. Some who came home on furloughs were physically exhausted, and the long ride by stage from Andersontown was too much for their weakened condition. Frank Hall, wounded at Rich Mountain, Virginia, was the first Grant county soldier injured and ill. Later such reports were frequent.

While the men were at the front the Indiana laws gave the women at home a bounty of $25 a year, but war time prices prevailed and sometimes they carried home in their arms all the money would purchase for them. The United States is a grateful nation—cares for its soldiers in the field, and pensions them when they grow old in the service. When the soldiers of '61 went to war they had never heard of pensions. It was loyalty, bravery, courage, that stimulated them; they did not ask any favors of Uncle Sam, did not question what would become of them—duty, love of country moved them forward. The flag must still float in the south and they must keep it there. That is what desolated Grant county hearthstones for the four years of the struggle. A united country was the watchword. Now that their war fare is over, every ninety days their hearts are gladdened, and much is said about the dollar a day pension for veterans in different political circles. The government has found it necessary to regulate the pensions paid to widows, and only those who knew war-time privations are entitled to the widow's pension. There is a noticeable condition in Grant county where it is charged that adventuresses have the pension money as an incentive when they marry the veterans from the Soldiers' Home, but they cannot draw the money after the soldier dies—a wise precaution.

The 1886 history says that no county in Indiana was more prompt in its relief to the families of soldiers than Grant, and that fact gave an impulse to volunteers. Samuel McClure was appointed agent, and more than $117,000 was paid out in $500 bounties, authorized by the county board, January 24, 1865, although previously the amounts had been smaller and were not a stimulus to volunteers. The first draft was October 6, 1862, under Lincoln's third call for troops and then Grant county was 128 men short, but the number was immediately raised by volunteer methods, and October 17, 1863, there was another call for 162 men, which number volunteered, and while the county is credited with 2,405 soldiers in all, there were not that many separate

enlistments. Some enlisted two and three times and were counted again under each enlistment. It will never be known just how many soldiers volunteered from Grant county. There are monuments at the Soldiers' Home, Marion and Thrailkill cemeteries to the soldier dead, and all are honored by them. There is to be a more imposing shaft in the "Silent Circle" at the Home, placed there by the government and perhaps one will mark the site of the battle of the Mississinewa. Those erected by the G. A. R. and W. R. C. posts teach their lesson of patriotism.

At the time this war chapter is being written many jubilee anniversaries are fresh in the minds of the people, others are being planned and the country has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of some of its most decisive battles. In the days soon after the rebellion, when Oliver P. Morton was speaking in Marion on an improvised platform on the courthouse lawn, he called for the uplifted hands of all who were related to patriots, who had father, husband, brother, son or sweetheart in the struggle, and there was such a demonstration that he declared he could walk on their hands above the heads of the crowd a magical effect on all who heard the assertion, and the "War Governor" was patriotism itself. There were always war time stories told about Grant county hearthstones, and before the advent of the daily newspapers they were heard oftener than under present day conditions. After the smoke of battle had cleared away the comrades enjoyed the camp fire stories, although maimed limbs and empty sleeves reminded them of desperate encounters.

In childhood the writer heard the story of an old gray mare left standing tied in the woods when the man who left her fled for safety. He was a Knight of the Golden Circle, and when the citizens thought to drive out this disloyal element from the community the midnight vigil was hurriedly broken up, and while that was in the neighborhood of the present village of Rigdon, Joseph Clouse relates the experience of the Fifth Indiana Cavalry in driving the Golden Circle Knights out of surrounding country. This regiment was organized in 1862, and its first experience was in Blackford and Wells counties, where the Knights of the Golden Circle gave the people so much trouble. Governor Morton sent Company A, of which Mr. Clouse was a member, to investigate. It used to be said that Blackford county went out of the Union with South Carolina, but when the soldiers reached Hartford City there was no further difficulty. The governor had given Captain James A. Stretch orders to punish the offenders as he thought best, and he proceeded to Bluffton, where he was met about five miles out by the sheriff of Wells county, who assured him the difficulty was past, and that the women of Bluffton had prepared a dinner for the soldiers—all was quiet, no bloodshed, and the citizens of those two counties were never again molested by the Knights of the Golden Circle, an organization in league with the South and ready to destroy the American flag wherever it was unfurled, a condition hard to realize today.

In a detailed account of the movements of his regiment after dispensing with the border ruffians in Blackford and Wells counties, Mr. Clouse relates that one Sunday, when stationed in Kentucky, himself and two others were detailed to keep the stragglers from falling out of line. They were marching through a cold, drizzling rain when just about noon the column turned a corner in the road. He noticed a farm house about twenty-five rods from the road, and said to the boys he thought they had dinner there. When he knocked at the door to ask, a stylish lady answered and when he told her he was hungry

and would like something to eat, she said she would like to accommodate him, but they had smallpox in the house. He told her he had just come out of the smallpox at Knoxville and she left the door immediately. It was the dining room door, and when he entered he found they had dinner for company. He and others helped themselves as quickly as possible in order to hurry back to the command. They filled their haversacks and when they met the captain, he inquired: "Where in the h—l have you been," and Mr. Clouse handed him the haversack; "Now you know where we have been," and when he was through he returned it without words about it. Mr. Clouse says that while he felt better after having a dinner, he never knew what the Kentucky family thought about it, their company dinner carried away and the smallpox scare he gave them. Most readers have some idea how the family felt about it. While Kentucky was neutral territory, they would not care to feed northern soldiers.

Mr. Clouse tells of the death of General McPherson about 11 o'clock A. M., July 22, 1864, near Atlanta, and of the sorrow in the army because all had liked him. At one time he was in a squad of about fifty when they heard a wagon coming over a rocky, hillside road between sundown and dark, and because of the noise they thought it was rebel artillery. He was stationed at a culvert and remained at his post in the face of impending danger. It was one team with an ox team who had been to a mill in the mountains, and he had two sacks of corn meal in his wagon. They kept him until morning and had something to eat while he was there. That same morning a cripple came up and wanted to tell them how to reach the command by the shortest way, and when the captain asked him if he could ride a horse he said he could, and he was told to bring it. The captain suspected the cripple and told the men to watch him, and if he made any effort to get away to shoot him. When he had rode about eight miles by the side of the captain he told him the nearest road, but the captain said it did not make any difference about the distance; then the man wanted to go back, and the captain told him to stay, and they found that the Confederate army was only three miles away, and this cripple wanted to lead them into it. Such strategies are often related at camp fires, but the northern soldiers were always alert for them.

Had this Johnny been able to entrap the regiment, all would have been prisoners of war—a fate awaiting Mr. Clouse, and his experience in Andersonville prison is of interest. When the news that he was in Andersonville prison reached Mrs. Clouse in Marion, she had a four days old baby, and think of her imagination as she pictured the future for herself and child. She had a presentiment of all of the horrors of Andersonville, and fifty years later, the historian induced Mr. Clouse to write the following account of it: "On September 22, 1864, we started from Atlanta about 5 o'clock P. M., on a raid to relieve the prisoners at Andersonville. General Stoneman made a great mistake; in place of relieving the prisoners, a good many of us were taken there. A good many stayed there and will be there until the last roll call. General Stoneman surrendered our regiment July 27, 1864, near Macon, Georgia, about 125 miles inside the rebel lines; he surrendered 141 soldiers, and seventeen of these men were officers. We went into Andersonville July 29, and fought the Johnnies all day until about 4 o'clock P. M., when Stoneman surrendered what he had left.

"Captain Wirtz, the Confederate commander at Andersonville, gave orders to take everything we had. We did not have much. What we did have was left on the horses fastened to the saddles. We had been all summer away from supplies and every day on duty. A soldier

will not carry any more than he can help; I had on a pair of boots; they took them off so I went into prison barefooted, and I was barefooted all fall and winter until in April sometime. When we went inside of the stockade it smelled just like dead rats that had laid out in the sun two days. Oh, my, what a misery! Think of 35,000 men on twenty-six acres of ground, and eighteen feet inside the stockade called the dead line; no one allowed to go on it. If he did it was sure death. The stockade was about eighteen feet high, built out of small logs, two sides of each log squared so they came close together, and they were put in the ground about six feet, just as near together as they could get them. About every ninety feet right on top of the stockade was a sentinel box for guards with a roof and three sides enclosed; one side left open so they could see the prisoners all of the time.

"The dead line was put up of forked poles put in the ground about every twenty feet, and a pole put from one fork to the other, and about four feet up to the pole; they called this the dead line. When we would get against those poles it was sure death, the guard that would shoot a prisoner would get a thirty days furlough; so you can think they would shoot a good many to get a furlough. What we got to eat the first evening was a piece of corn bread about the size of a half of a brick, made of corn cobs and part husk, all ground together, nothing else. I thought I was very hungry when I went in, but I could not eat a bite inside of forty-eight hours. Such a smell! there were 35,000 men and more than one fourth of them were sick, and could not help themselves. So nature had to do something; there was no doctor and no medicine, and his bunk mate could do nothing to help him, and what was to become of a poor soldier? There was nothing to do with and nobody to do it.

"Just after we had been searched as we marched into prison, I picked up something and when I unrolled it I had a blanket and a half that some one had dropped, and that was all the five of us had for shelter or tent to cover us and sleep on. If I had not picked up that roll we would have had nothing, and that blanket and one half kept me from being murdered at Andersonville. The men who died there did not die a natural death; just a slow murder by starvation, exposure, lice and maggots eating them up. Five of us dug a hole in the ground about eighteen inches deep and not long enough to straighten out and wide enough so each one had to lay spoon fashion, and when one got tired he would hollow 'all together,' and we all turned over at once, two out of the five of us died there. I had not near as good a cavalry jacket as one that died, so I took what he had and I put mine on him. The water we used was out of a creek ordinarily about three feet wide, and about one foot deep; in rainy weather it would be more; the creek came right through the rebel camp where there were about 3,000 soldiers and some cavalry, and all the filth and offalling from the Johnny camp went into that creek, and you can think what that would be when it came to the stockade better than I can tell you—just as if you had to use water out of a sewer where the dirtiest thing imaginable is in it. Think of it. I can not name or explain it.

"After this creek was inside the stockade about 500 feet it had no fall, and it would spread over about three acres, there was a regular swamp. No one could make use of the swamp, but I have seen men get in that swamp and dig roots and eat them. Remember all the waste from the rebel camp would lodge in that swamp beside the filth from the stockade, so that it would breed maggots and flies by the millions. They would be there until a heavy rain would come and wash the stuff away. But in a few days it would be the same again. The

prisoners would dig wells, use a half canteen for pick and shovel or an old case knife, and take the dirt up in a trouser's leg, or whatever they could get; the dirt would have to be spread so the Johnnies could not see it. If the Johnnies would see fresh dirt we would have to quit; they would think we were digging a tunnel. I know some of those wells were twenty-five feet deep and over, and it would take week after week to complete one. To get up and down they would make a hole inside to put their feet. I have been told by people who have been there less than five years ago that these wells are there yet, only frames put around them so no one can fall into them. They were never walled with stone or anything.

"Sometime in September, 1864, a very heavy electric storm came up one afternoon and washed part of the stockade away where the creek had its outlet, and a spring broke out at the same time that furnished plenty of water and the very best for every purpose. The spring was near the dead line. Sometime in October some one was reported about digging a tunnel in one detachment, and Captain Wirtz gave orders not to give that detachment any rations until they found out the one that started the tunnel. The second day in the afternoon some one reported that he was the one that started the tunnel and he was taken out; what ever became of him I do not know; he belonged to my detachment. So think for a moment of a lot of starved men that had nothing fit to eat for months, and then take about a pint of corn meal away from them, so they had not a taste of anything for thirty-six hours. On August 29, I went to the gate where they carried the dead every morning, that had died in the last twenty-four hours, and I counted 129 laying in a row that morning. I can never forget it.

"Now I want to tell you as well as I can how they handled the dead prisoners; after they had been killed by starvation and exposure they would load them on a wagon. One man on each side of a dead soldier, they would pick him up each one by one arm and one leg and sling him like a stick of wood and pile them one on top of the other until they had in as many as the wagon would hold, and then they would haul them where they had dug a ditch and put them in that ditch no coffin, no box and half of them no clothing to cover their bodies. They were not buried deep enough, and when a heavy rain would come then bodies would be visible. When the prisoners first went into Andersonville the Johnnies would ask us to go out and work for them, but we would have let the maggots and lice carry us out through the cracks of the stockade before we would work for the Southern Confederacy. I do not think one out of 500 ever went out to work for the Johnnies. The most of our conversation would be about getting back to God's country, the folks at home and something to eat. When I was so near dead I could not walk one quarter of a mile, when I would hear the boys say we will never get out of here, I would get up and say I am one that is going to outlive the rotten Southern Confederacy. And I did do it, but I had a close call. When I got out and came as far on the way home as Columbus, Ohio, I could walk no better than a child six months old.

"When I went into the service I weighed 160 pounds, and when I got out of Andersonville prison my weight was eighty-five pounds. It was years afterwards before I was so I could help myself. I never will get over the effects of prison life. I was in Andersonville nearly nine months, and the first half of that time our daily rations was a piece of corn bread about the size of one-half of a brick, and the balance of the time it was one pint of corn meal, cob and part husks all ground together, and about once a week two spoonfuls of peas; in each pea

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there was not less than twelve bugs; we could not take the bugs out so we cooked peas and bugs together, and when we would eat them they would crack like eating charcoal. The corn meal we got we mostly made mush out of it, and we had no salt and nothing else, sometimes we would eat the meal raw. It makes my heart ache when I think of the boys that left good homes, fathers and mothers, and gave their lives that the flag might float in the Southland. One third who went into Andersonville had no tents and no covers of any kind to keep the hot sun and the cold rains off of them; it rained about one-half of the time in the winter of '64 and '65, and we had no change of clothing.

"We slept in our clothing at night and if it rained we would have to dry our clothing on our bodies. I never saw a handful of straw or anything else to make a bed out of only the little bushes that came from pine trees. We had a man that belonged to my company who got sick with the fever; he never had a dose of medicine; his fever was so high we covered him up with sand so he could stand it a while, in a few days he died, and I know there was no better soldier and no better man. He was always kind and always ready for everything. At the present time there are five of us living in Grant county: Henry Oppy, Lewis Truesdale, Nathan Lowder, John Smith and myself. Joseph Clouse. Oppy and Clouse did not know each other at home, but in prison we were side by side and one day we spoke to each other. Our prison life was terrible, and we will always remember it. The great state of Indiana erected a monument which was dedicated November 26, 1908, in honor of 763 soldiers who lost their lives in Andersonville prison. This monument cost the state $10,000, and I am glad it is there. The survivors of the rebel prison have suffered and endured what you never can realize, and I pray to God your children never may endure it."

A nation was plunged into sorrow and debt—talk about the national debt and how to pay it, as a result of the unjust ownership of the lives of men—human slavery. Homes have been made desolate by the absence of those who lie buried on southern soil. The lapse of time does not heal the sorrow. When the blue and the gray talked together as they lay dying on the field of battle they buried their differences, and told of their homes and their friends. They were of one country and had common interests, and death made them brothers. Years ago a soldier related a dream, saying: "I thought I had again entered the service. I thought I must again undergo all of those horrible experiences of war. Oh, it was all so real to me. It was so different from my dreams of home, when I lay on the field wrapped in my blanket with only a stone for my pillow. My slumber then was pervaded by visions of home, but the characters were vague, unnatural and indistinct. The impressions, rather memories, of those who had lingered around the fireside were neither so vivid nor so enduring as are those that come in my dreams of camp life or battle scenes; they are the dreams that haunt me. How they do thrill me—a whole regiment of men polishing up their guns, sentinels on guard, the couriers darting hither and thither, the drill and the dress parade followed by war's more appalling phases—the skirmish, the flank movements, the officers mounted and the men stimulated by a prospective engagement.

"There were animated, anxious faces, the mingled feeling of hope and despair, the rush of preparation, the automatic movement as the men are forming—these are the distinctive features that are stamped on my memory. The home life and recollections were always pleasant, and dreams of them never startled me in the way that my dreams of battle stir me. I have been rudely wakened from peaceful slumber on a comfortable pillow in a warm room of a cold, disagreeable night by

the impression that I was the occupant of a cot in the ward of a hospital, or that I had been loaded into an ambulance and was being slowly and carefully removed from among the dead and dying after the smoke of battle had cleared away, and then awakening a shudder would creep along my spine as I turned in bed. Oh, the awful realities of war! They disturb me at this great distance." Since the dream was told the writer, he asked the soldier if he had a foot from under cover at the time, dreams sometimes being induced by exposure, but it seems that others are subject to the same rude awakenings; that battlefield illusions are frequent in the dreams of those who defended the nation.

The soldier continued: "I have often thought of the physical endurance as evidenced in the ward of a hospital. I was disabled for a time, and witnessed the sufferings of a poor fellow whose cot was next to mine. He had been shot in the breast and was badly injured in both lungs, beside having a shattered arm. I overheard the physician tell him there was absolutely no hope; his instructions to the nurse were: "Give him water as he may ask for it," and that convinced me there was no permanent relief for him. As the doctor moved away I heard him say: "That fellow will soon be beyond all suffering," but that poor soldier gritted his teeth in his resolve, and in his desperation he confided to me that when the doctor called next morning he would compel him to dress that wound. When I heard the doctor's cold, unsympathetic reply: "We cannot spend time on you," it chilled my blood and in freezing tones he added: "Not when there are others whose chances for life are so much better than yours," but the dying man was determined, and when chloroform was ordered he refused it, fearing that it would be administered in such quantity as to cause him to sleep himself away. Visions of his Mary and his children seemed to give him supernatural endurance, and he resolved to witness that surgical operation. He saw his arm removed, and knew that if he lived henceforth he would have an empty sleeve. Words cannot express what that man endured, and there was no awakening to find it only a dream. Man becomes a God when the mind mounts to the altitude of high resolve, and by an occult process that brave man had taken unto himself some of the power of the Infinite."

Soldiers have all heard the story of the man on picket duty and how he was a target for the sharp shooter in the opposing army. "When camped outside of Chattanooga," said a Grant county soldier, "an opportunity came to me to show pluck as well as some tact; it was an incident of the skirmish, and to me a thrilling experience; under the cover of darkness I had faithfully paced my beat, always on the alert for any suspicious movement within the rebel lines. Our regiment was posted on a hill; the skirmish line lay in the valley and was bordered by the timber; the Johnnies were in an open field on the opposite hill with no protection only an occasional stump, and the advance guards of either army were picking off men at every opportunity. About an hour after sunrise we were relieved, and the exchange attracted the attention of a Johnny sharpshooter as he lay concealed behind a stump inside the rebel line. He had rested his gun, and was ready to fire when I noticed him. He was only waiting until I should quit the protection of a tree and he would pick me off, but I foiled the attempt. Tired out with watching I cautiously picked my way, keeping that tree between myself and the gun. As I climbed the hill I could plainly see that it was leveled on me, and that the Johnny was only waiting until my body should be exposed; realizing his intentions, when I reached a point where the forks of the tree put me in greater danger, I reconnoitered but was not long in deciding upon

my course. The hiss and whir of bullets were familiar sounds and I knew about how to time his movements. I invited the shot by exposing my body to his gun; instantly I saw the smoke and had taken the backward step just in time, and knowing I could put a safe distance between us before he could load again, I waved my cap to let him know I was unharmed, and joined the command stationed on the hill."

Another Chattanooga story goes: "Our lines were a little way up the hillside and overlooked the water. It illustrates the true inner life of a loyal heart. We had orders that the enemy should come to the creek undisturbed, and one of our boys chanced to meet a Johnny who had come to fill his canteen. We were an outpost of the army of the Cumberland, and were waiting reenforcements. Our army had occupied the city, and we were daily expecting Hooker with a division from the army of the Potomac. It was just before the light on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, and a rebel coming down for water, called out: 'Hello, Yank,' and the guard replied: 'Hello, yourself' and the Johnny asked: 'How are you off for grub?' 'Plenty of hard tack and sow belly,' was heard in the lines, and our guard asked: 'What have you got?' 'Nothing,' said the Johnny, 'nothing but blue beef and corn bread. How will you trade a cracker for a chunk of corn bread?' and the exchange was made forthwith. When the guard returned to camp, the commander asked: 'When you had given your last cracker, what if the Johnny had not thrown you the corn dodger?' for the stream was between them. I want to say that fellow's reply was characteristic, when he answered: 'I would have given it to him anyhow,' and he had the grit not to intimate to the rebel how near we were bordering onto starvation. There was no personal feeling, and the boys used to talk across the lines, and many of them established friendships, saying one to another, 'If this were only a personal matter we would shake hands and forget about it.'"

The soldier continued: "I remember a funny thing that occurred when we were lining up for a battle; a rabbit was scared from his hiding, and was rapidly gaining a position of greater safety in the rear, when the sergeant in our regiment cried out: 'Go it, Cottontail, I'd be with you only for the disgrace,' and momentarily military discipline was an impossibility. When this soldier was asked if he ever leveled a gun and saw his man fall as a result, he answered: 'I've shut my eyes and fired, not expecting the Johnny to step aside. We've all been the death of 'em, and there are a hundred recollections that are pleasanter,' and 'right shoulder, shift,' or 'present arms,' still sounds good to a veteran. Yes, one by one the boys of '61 are answering the last reveille, and every year our number is growing smaller and smaller. I am glad of a softened feeling between the North and the South, for we have one flag and we are one country. One thing I noticed at Atlanta—our boys of the skirmish line had got very close to each other. Yes, our boys—they are all our boys now, but then they were on both sides—the boys in blue and the boys in gray. Our band would play and theirs, but all the while every man of us kept his head below the danger line. Our boys played Yankee Doodle while they played Dixie, and when we played The Star Spangled Banner they played The Bonnie Blue Flag, when presently some one struck up Home, Sweet Home, and both bands played it over and over again. The guns were laid down in the trenches, and the men in blue and the men in gray stood upon the breastworks; yes, we are touched by the music of home the same as we are stirred by the notes of patriotism." These reminiscent stories reflect the sentiment of the veterans of the Civil war.

It seemed an impossibility to detail the history of the Grant county soldiers by regiments and companies, and to publish a complete list of their names, officers or privates, but today only Major G. W. Steele, Captain J. W. Sanderson and Captain W. S. Marshall remain of the commissioned officers of that terrible war. The three non-commissioned officers still living are: Colonel G. W. Ginder, Captain John A. Howard and Captain Joseph Lugar. Captain Marshall is commander of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States in Indiana, which is today the foremost military organization in the world, and in his annual address, May 20, 1913, he referred to "those who more than half a century ago, in the vigor of splendid manhood and flush of youthful enthusiasm, responded to the call of arms, and there after during four years of marching and fighting, left the impress of their footsteps in the soil of every state in rebellion, men who in the army and navy, in a thousand battles on land and sea, proved their valor, attested their fealty to the Constitution, their fidelity to the Union, their loyalty to the Old Flag, and with sword and bayonet wrote history on the right side of the ledger.

"During that four years of unprecedented warfare, 2,700,000 men and boys were called into the service, drilled, disciplined and molded into soldiers of all arms, and of these 110,000 died in their tracks on the field of battle, and 300,000 more in hospitals and prison pens, from wounds and disease. Why this fearful sacrifice of human life? The contending armies were men—bone of one bone and flesh of one flesh and when an Englishman asked Henry Ward Beecher, who was in England in 1863, advocating the cause of the Union and asking that country not to recognize the Southern Confederacy, 'Why don't you put down the rebellion?' he straightened himself up and replied: 'Because we are fighting Americans, and all unite in saying that internal strife is worse than hostilities with another nation. Certainly the war is over, but the veterans still meet in campfires and enjoy recalling those terrific struggles."

Why did campaign orators wave the bloody shirt so many years after the close of the war? During the struggle it seemed like rank rebellion for any one in the north to sing a southern song, but now the hatchet is buried many like to sing Dixie Land, and the Bonnie Blue Flag no longer arouses antagonism at all. The bloody shirt has been laid away at last, but there had to be a sort of cleaning up after the war, and it was done from a northern standpoint. The writer was a boy in Liberty township, and the "cross roads" at Weaver was a favorite place with campaign orators for waving the shirt, and stirring up sectional hatred. The issue of the war had been the slavery question, and even on Emancipation day the negroes had but one request: "Just talk about de wah and tell your yarns," but when they were asked to talk, they always drifted into religion—war being foreign to their natures. Negro slavery has been wiped out of the nation, and today "white slavery" and the temperance question claim attention.

The United States entered into the Spanish-American war with the sole purpose of rescuing Cuba, and the soldiers enlisted for two years unless discharged earlier, and of the five Indiana regiments local interest centers in Company A of the One Hundred and Sixtieth Indiana, the regiments in all wars to date being five regiments in the war with Mexico, from six to 156 in the Civil war, and the five regiments raised in 1898 bring the number of Indiana regiments enlisted in all time up to 161, and as in the previous wars Indiana was promptly in the field—Company A of the One Hundred and Sixtieth answering President

William McKinley's first call for 125,000 men issued April 23, 1898. Governor James A. Mount did an excellent service for the Spanish American soldiers when he urged the matter of keeping a correct record in the office of the adjutant general—important not only to the troops themselves, but to all future generations. He had before him a sad example, his own imperfect record in the Civil war.

While there were worthy sons in the Spanish-American war of the noble sires in the Civil war, some families contributed to it who had not sent soldiers to war a generation earlier. When Company A was leaving for the front, some of the veterans and their wives who had known all about the Civil war remarked that they were only boys, that such young fellows were going to war, momentarily forgetting that time had worked changes in them—that they were young themselves when they had answered the country's call. While some Mexican soldiers went out again in the Civil war, no Civil war veterans were going again except as officers in the company. The boys of '61 had not been disabled when they volunteered, and the wives at their sides had been sweethearts that long ago. This Cuban difficulty had one excellent effect in uniting the North and the South, soldiers from either section standing ready to take up arms in defense of the Island Republic. While time had made changes in their physical appearance, the boys of '61 stood willing to shoulder their guns again. Although it was not sectional strife as when they went forth to war, they again felt the thrill of patriotism. Uncle Sam was not involved, simply offered protection to the young republics springing up in the islands of the sea.

There were barriers separating this country from Latin America—barriers of language, tradition, race and prejudice, and yet the Monroe doctrine was fresh in the minds of all loyal Americans—America for Americans—and Americans have found it very convenient to annex the archipelago of the Philippines, take care of Porto Rico and establish a compact with Cuba—enter its ports, and it is deep-rooted doctrine that commerce follows the flag. While America has practically acquired the canal zone, Grant county has always stood ready to cooperate with the plans of the United States government, and when there was difficulty with Spain, the soldiers of Company A did not stand in their tracks, and some of them had maintained the family standard of patriotism, they did not need a second invitation. The Battleship Maine had been equipped at an expense to the government of $6,000,000, and 275 gallant men lost their lives off the Cuban coast. Why not the nation avenge the outrage? When Company A was called the waterworks whistle was the signal—two long blasts sometimes means fire is out, but that day firing was to begin and those two long blasts struck terror to many hearts.

In '61 there were no whistles—no quick methods of communication. There was call to arms, yes, but the recruiting officers were busy while the onward march of civilization had changed things. The spirit of patriotism runs high whenever martial music is heard, and elsewhere there is mention of the music that day. When the boys of Company A were leaving there was unbounded enthusiasm. Every household was stirred—these boys were going to the front and the high seas might claim them. It was not sectional warfare. They were going to the defense of the Cubans. Patriotism ran so high that in one Marion household the daughter who was serving at dinner offered pork chops and called them guns, saying: "Have a gun?" simply a straw to indicate the way the wind was blowing. The sinking of the Maine was like the firing on Fort Sumter—the shot that was heard round the

world—and while the United States had been watching affairs in Cuba, this event was the message to Garcia. There is a complete roster of the company in the record of Indiana volunteers in the Spanish American war, Col. G. W. Gunder, captain, and W. D. Weaver [illegible], and after one year in the service, reconnoitering in the Southern States and in Cuba, it was mustered out at Savannah, Georgia, April 30, 1899, and the official record reads: "Although none of the Indiana organizations were in any of the battles of the war, they were ready and eager to do their part to keep the flag from being trailed in the dust. It was a great disappointment to all of them, but they accepted what was given them to do in true, soldierly spirit, and they can all look back with pride to the part they took in the defense of their country."

The patriotic women of the country performed similar service to the Spanish American soldiers as the Christian Sanitary Commission did for the veterans of the Civil war, and one Marion woman sent money to Company A inviting the soldiers to have one round of pleasure at her expense. As Mrs. Susannah Clark of Jonesboro distinguished herself in the Civil war as an army nurse, Mrs. Alice Kemmer Wesner, hailing from a Sims township farm house and elsewhere mentioned, saved the day in the Spanish American war and attracted special recognition to herself. While many local soldiers have been in the Philippines, and while G. W. Steele, Jr., has cruised all round the world, it was Harry Goldthwait's fortune to be aboard Admiral Dewey's flagship Olympia when Manila was taken, and Charles Hill of Jonesboro was there in the land force, although neither knew of the other's presence. Both were honored by their friends, and when Harry Goldthwait reached Marion a reception was held in which he was the honor guest—had he not been with Dewey at Manila! He carries a gold watch given him by admiring citizens, the presentation speech being made by Major G. W. Steele, and everybody enjoyed the distinction he had won for himself.

While Grant county is not rated high, the war department always maintains a recruiting officer here, and the sign out: "Men wanted for the army," always attracts them. Those poster signs are alluring, and while many of the recruits are entire strangers in the town, and must visit their homes for credentials before enlisting, recruiting officers always make excellent reports from this territory. Soldier life has afforded some the means of travel who otherwise would never have seen the world, and sometimes parents favor the army on account of the rigid discipline they have themselves failed to bestow upon their sons, and splendid physique and manly bearing are certainly given by military discipline and drill, the manual of arms and uniform all having their part in the transformation. Sometimes it is an effort to escape unpleasant environment, and sometimes it is pure patriotism that prompts young America to quit his home and offer himself upon his country's altar. It is said that the presence of the Indiana Branch of the National Military Home for disabled volunteer soldiers in Grant county does not discourage recruits at all. While America may need to be fortified, some urge that it needs to be purified, and a nation or community, like the individual, will reap what it sows—sow to the wind and reap the whirlwind. While arbitration is the future policy, the war record of Grant county is in no sense a reproach to its citizenship. The United States has never entered into a war through the motive of conquest. Grant county will welcome the advent of universal peace in the world.

LXXXVII. THE HOUSE OF THE LORD IN GRANT COUNTY

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the House of the Lord," and W. E. Gladstone once said: "I go to church on the Sabbath day not only because I believe in religion, but because I love England." Perhaps that same spirit of loyalty abounds in Grant county today. Perhaps people do not hold the house of God as sacred from worldly things as they should, and when they meet ostensibly for worship it is too often to visit. Veneration for hallowed spots should be cultivated about every fireside. "I love thy church, oh God," should be the hymn of every Christian.

There are men, women and preachers in every community, and yet in too many instances it is the women and the preachers who do the work of the church, although some of the laymen are impressed with the fact that it should be a man's job and happily that sentiment seems to be spreading in the community. Sometimes the religious possession is all in the wife's name, and men sustain the relation of brother-in-law to the church in every denomination. It does not often occur that the husband has treasure laid up where moth and rust do not corrupt, while the wife remains worldly minded and indifferent to such matters. It is sometimes urged that church is a dress parade, and that women do not impress their husbands with the sanctity of their religion or they would think more of it, and the woman exists who claims that her husband is just as good as other men who are in the church, an argument hard to combat and very destructive of church sentiment.

The minister needs to be master of the situation, and his classification of sin should be as absolutely correct as the physician's diagnosis of disease, both contagious disorders, and the minister who skims over without righteous reproof is guilty of malpractice the same as the physician who prescribes for the wrong malady because he does not understand the symptoms, or does not have the courage to call things by their right names. It is said that America is the crater in the great religious volcano of the world, and a variety of molten lava is certainly belched forth in Grant county. There are all kinds of eruptions in the form of isms and schisms and waves of doctrine, and there is the established church unmoved by heterodoxy of any description. While there are a few persons in every neighborhood who can quote John III, 16, the church people of today know less of the Bible than did the preceding generation who read it through chapter by chapter, oftentimes as many times as the number of their years, but since America has become a nation of newspaper readers all that is changed, and only a few read daily in the Bible. In some households there is family worship and daily Bible readings, usually the course of study outlined by the International Sunday-school lesson committee.

One of the sacred writers says: "Churches have names. Some as memorials of peace, some of wisdom, some in memory of Trinity itself, some of Christ under sundry titles. Of the Blessed Virgin not a few. Many of one apostle, saint or martyr. Many of all," and the foregoing aptly describes the local situation. While there are Firsts and Seconds in some denomination, there are Grace, Epworth, St. Joseph's, St. Paul's, St. John's, Holy Family, Gethsemane, Range Line, Welcome, Mt. Olive, Olive Branch, Harmony, Salem, Kingsley, Fletcher, Shiloh, Bethel, Otterbein, Deer Creek, Back Creek, Walnut Creek, Taylor Creek, Oak Ridge, Little Ridge, Linwood, Bethlehem, Antioch, Locust, Knox, Griffin, McKinney, Oak Chapel and many others named from some stream near which they stand or some physical feature of the neighborhood, and it is a pretty

custom—naming churches, even though locality is all that is reflected by it. There are sacred memories associated with names of churches perhaps the recollections of childhood which in later years seem even more sacred than in youth.

While only a few Grant county churches conform to any distinctive style of architecture, there are a number of modern edifices in which the entire community has pardonable pride, and it is conceded by all that a church is excellent collateral in any community. The church does more than any other one agency, save the school, toward the advance of realty values—residence property being undesirable unless located in the vicinity of one or both those institutions. If there were no churches in the community few families would think of permanent residence there. While a number of local churches seem classic, a little inquiry develops the fact that only a few of them conform to any distinctive style of architecture both Florentine and Castilian Gothic being suggested but utility is the watchword in constructing them. While many Grant county churches are spacious and modern with combinations of style, others are serviceable and plain with no thought given to architecture at all, just social centers for the community. While they may not be pure in their architecture, the newer churches combine utility and elegance in both interior and exterior—are models in arrangement.

The day of the steeple, despite the fact that church spires have always been the glory of the community, is now in the past, and the old Greek temple style prevails throughout the church building world. When there was more moisture retained in the ground and it was thus a better conductor of sound, the church bells in the towns used to call the people for miles around to Sunday morning worship, and people who never crossed a church threshold would hear them and be reminded of their sacred Sabbath duty—but there are not many bells resounding on the stillness of the morning air in the Twentieth century. The chimes peal forth from one church tower, and many have timed their visits into town in order to hear them. Maybe there was sentiment about a church bell, but everybody knew the sound—knew what denomination was inviting them to worship. Some of the old bells have gone through fire and been installed again, and some have been treasured by members on account of past associations. When one Marion church was casting about for permanent location many years ago, it was tendered an inside building lot on condition that there was never to be an organ installed in it, but the members did not bind themselves by accepting this gift of realty, and bigotry and ignorance have always been overcome until Grant county churches are independent of all such shackles.

It was the Jonesboro Friends who objected to a union meeting house combining with the Methodists of the town because they would have to remove their hats when sitting with the Methodists, and the Methodists would not retain their hats when sitting in worship with them, and there have been many changes in customs in the community. In the early history of Friends it was the custom when one kneeled in prayer that others stand, just as it is the custom with Methodists that all should kneel. A Jonesboro little girl said: "They all smelled of their seats," and the indifference shown today is certainly an extreme from that old time universal custom, and some church members would be glad of a return of the old time reverence in worship. When the custom of standing through a prayer prevailed, many turned their backs on the supplicant, feeling unworthy to look upon one thus engaged and nowadays many engage in prayer without change of posture at all. While it is regarded as in good form to bow the head when one engages in prayer, it is related that when Timothy Kelly,

who worshipped in the Jonesboro Friends church went to sleep one time he fell forward from the seat, and thinking he had kneeled in prayer all the people stood, and the confusion wakened him but he saved the day by uttering a few words. When Isaac Jay was called to discourse at the funeral he said Timothy Kelly had been known to pray. He was the man against whom a trial was brought through the church by John Pemberton, who owned a carding mill and sawmill at the Rock Dam, because when he acquired the grist mill property at Jonesboro he raised the dam until it caused back water and interfered with the water wheel in Pemberton's mill two miles up the stream.

The church investigated the matter, and when Mr. Kelly would make no concessions, it granted Mr. Pemberton privilege of bringing suit in court. When $1,000 damage was assessed against him, with a penalty of one dollar a day until the amount was paid, Mr. Kelly bought the Pemberton property, and thus ended the earliest suit ever brought in court under the authority of the church in Grant county, the whole affair belonging to the '50s in local history. There have been frequent subsequent investigations by the church, and arbitration has always been the custom in all denominations. Some theologians are agreed that the song taught in the primary room: "Dropping, dropping, hear the pennies fall," has had a depressing effect on church finances—train up a child to give pennies and when it is old it will not depart therefrom, and thus many church members still give pennies where dollars are required of them. While the Quaker was in the ascendancy in the early history of Grant county, it is said that it is the Philadelphia brand that is reflected in Quaker Oats advertisements.

There is no gainsaying the fact that many churches have been built and made attractive even though like the people who worship in them, they are nonconformists to any style or creed. The first Grant county church was built in 1830 by Friends, and it is described elsewhere in its relation to the denomination. Mississinewa Friends church was built of red elm logs, which meant "easy chopping," although "it was lasty timber, as lasty as walnut," and when it was replaced by the frame meeting house now part of the Snodgrass sanitarium, the logs were sold to Jacob O. Davis, a pioneer Friend of the neighborhood, who rebuilt them into a barn at the old Davis family homestead, and for years this old log barn was a landmark on the Jonesboro road, now Lincoln boulevard. When the logs finally rotted and the barn was tumbledown, the better logs were again utilized in building a sorghum factory or shelter for the boiling pans, but when the Davis farm became syndicate property under the advance of the town into the country, the old meeting house logs—the first temple of worship after the groves—went the way of all the world, although some are still living who worshipped there. Next to the fireside at home, in the minds and hearts of very many people is their affection for the church, "the house of thine abode," and they sing the lines with the spirit and the understanding.

The country is older than the town, and the church used to center in the country, but civilization in its advancement has changed many things. The mission of the church in the open country has become the concern of many—the decadence of the rural church has been the hue and cry, and the rural church must needs utilize its talent. The enriched church service is a rural possibility, the young having had the same musical advantages of their acquaintances and friends in town, and the social center is a rural necessity. Little Ridge Friends church occupies advance ground in the way of social center effort, and it is said that six denominations mingle together there in Sunday school rela-

tion. When the Indiana Sunday School Association convened in the First Presbyterian church in Marion in June, 1906, the officers and all visiting delegates united in saying that it afforded the best accommodations of any Indiana church the association had used—that it is admirably adapted to the needs of a great convention, and almost every town in Grant county has a kindred feeling with reference to some church within its borders.

These opening years of the Twentieth century have been an epoch of church building and remodeling in the entire county, and the religious sentiment of the people has found adequate expression in the nature of the church edifices they have constructed—Solomon's Temple having no more significance to many than their own modest church edifice. A number of local churches occupy extremely valuable and advantageous building sites, and according to the economic trend only a few years are destined to work some important changes in the church homes of Grant county. The tendency is to remove from the noisy centers where congregations may worship without the annoyance of passing cars and other counter influences. The value of church property exempt, of course, from taxation only as abutting improvements are made, would aggregate a great deal of money, and there are perhaps as many denominations represented in Grant as in any other Indiana county. All Grant county is cosmopolitan, the ingress of so many people in the first decade of the Twentieth century, both rural and urban growth, and many attracted hither brought their religious convictions with them, although denominations did not seem to multiply. Perhaps no new church was established as a result, yet many were greatly strengthened from the standpoint of numbers. The church, the agency of welcome in the community or society, claims all additions to the community. "When the church did not welcome me, society outstretched its arms," said a churchly woman who lost her interest in things ecclesiastical and joined a card party, and when the church afterward reclaimed her it had its lesson in social activities.

When the *Ladies' Home Journal* sent Laura Smith to discover the social atmosphere of American churches she overlooked Grant county, although local churches seem to be in a flourishing condition with a great deal of cordiality among the membership, and a fellowship feeling calculated to foster and develop the Christian lives of the young in each denomination. In order to discover the inherent love of most people for their respective churches, let a fire break out and see how many heart strings are wrung, and how many firesides are touched—what a community of interests centers about any Christian church. Grant county people have had their mettle tested, and in no instance have they been found wanting in the spirit of loyalty, and the debris soon cleared away—they are again building for the future, even in the face of seeming impossibilities. When a church home is consumed by fire, it usually entails self-denial in many families, but this religious social structure must again point heavenward—the fact already demonstrated in numerous instances. The percentage of the population, white and black, that regularly wends its way to the different churches is certainly some index to the reverence and worshipful spirit of the people—the whole people of Grant county.

Although the craze for extremely fine churches has not yet swept the county as in some localities, ministers who have lived in other communities say that comparatively speaking the church-going habit is well fixed in all Grant county. While many do not attend church regularly, at one time or another the majority of people worship in the different churches of Grant county. While some only go often enough

to keep up a running acquaintance with the members and keep down the average attendance they go. Material things have not claimed the entire attention of the membership of the different churches and a devout, worshipful spirit is manifest. People seem to have a full appreciation of the church service, and conduct themselves with becoming dignity while attending it. There is little ostentation in the manner of dress, and there is fraternal feeling the moral tone of society influenced by the churches, and the attitude of the people toward them. Grant county churches owe much to the schools of music (See Chapter, Musical Life of Grant County), and as far as the enriched church service is concerned, the entertainment features, all are fortunate. All churches now recognize music as a helpful feature. Indeed, local church music is superior, and artists' recitals do not require imported singers or players—home talent.

There always have been and are splendid ministers in Grant county pulpits, and while some men do not attend the Militant church the service is not wholly in the interest of women and children—and there will be tenor and base in the church choir Triumphant. Some excellent native talent has gone from Grant county into other pulpits can't count them on your fingers—"bright and shining lights," and while the homefolk will always have an interest in its exiles, there is a feeling of devotion in most local churches to the minister and his methods. The Marion Ministerial Association affiliates with all Grant county ministers who care for its fellowship, and it has been untiring in its efforts to unite all church going people in essential things. Denominational lines are barriers no longer, and sister churches work together in harmony with many interests in common, and all are prosperous as well as tolerant of each other. When the citizens of Marion were assembled in the Coliseum to extend a welcome to Dr. R. A. Torrey in his initial meeting in April, 1911, G. B. Lockwood, representing the Marion press, assured the religious people of the community that each newspaper in town would carry a religious editor and tabulate and print all the church news if the church people wanted it, but the proposition fell flat—there was absolutely no response to it, and the historian was wise about it.

For eighteen months at one time the writer had made a Saturday news feature of the different churches in *The Marion Leader*, and while at the time many people enjoyed it, some of the local ministers refused their support, would shut up like clams when asked for information, while others recognized in such publicity a splendid feature, the sole intent and purpose being to place religious news—the news of the churches—before the people as theater news reached them. It was a pleasant innovation aside from hobnobbing with a few ministers who did not indorse such publication. The readers certainly have it in their power to shape the policy of a newspaper, but Mr. Lockwood's offer was not accepted by *Chronicle* readers when he stated his proposition in the Coliseum. An effort was made to secure church history from the laity of all denominations in this Centennial summary, ministers not having been asked for it because as a rule they are not permanent citizens, and in most instances it has required more effort than it would have taken to write it, but all have come from authoritative sources, although some chose to give the data rather than prepare copy for publication. When a history emanates from some one wholly in sympathy with the denomination, it is more satisfactory. Some denominations are much stronger than others, but none have been limited in space on account of numbers. All have had the same opportunity—have been invited to furnish their own historian.

Each township historian has told of the different churches in his locality, but not from the denominational viewpoint. The negro church history has been fully covered in the chapter: "The Negro in Grant County," and while there are a few Swedenborgians, their membership is in Indianapolis. The International Bible Students' Association is a group of local people who do not affiliate with organized churches, although since the Century year they have held regular meetings in Jonesboro. The Spiritualists have flourished at times, and there have been street corner preachers who did not define themselves, and David Wilson, the old negro minister at Hill's Chapel, who used to sometimes occupy pulpits among the white churches, declared openly that it was just as sensible to undertake to tunnel through the Rocky Mountains with a goose quill as to rebel against the Word of God, and that is the philosophy adopted by many who never listened to his eloquence at all. While some churches do not observe periodical communion, the Twentieth century has witnessed the change from the old fashioned Lord's Supper to the individual cup service, and now the more sanitary method is almost universal in Grant county churches. As long as people are of different mentality and temperament, their religion will express itself in different channels, although there is a splendid church fellowship in Grant county.

While the women have long had the missionary spirit, and have had both home and foreign missionary societies, carrying out the Bible injunction: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel," the first missionary activity among men was aroused when the Presbyterian Brotherhood was organized about five years ago. Now there are many active brotherhood associations, some of them better attended than the regular church services—some men having the social instinct better developed than the religious tendency. The missionary problem has changed with changed local conditions, and the Laymen's Missionary movement had liberal support from its inception. At one of the banquets a speaker likened the occasion to the Lord's Supper, and the busy business man finds the banquet an excellent solution—gives him time for such things. The day when the members of the different churches were strangers to each other is past, and this Laymen's Missionary movement has had its part in making of the church the social center of the community. The modern church is planned with banquets in view, and when the people are thrown more together they learn the true spirit of sympathy—religion being influenced by social conditions.

It may be that Grant county citizens are gospel hardened, Marion having been a sort of theological storm center since the Century year. Ostrom, Munhall, Biederwolf, Torrey, Hobson and Lyon all turning loose their evangelistic artillery in combined efforts of the churches, and time out of mind all the denominations having had strong evangelistic campaigns within their own ranks, and a generation ago Mrs. Maria Woodworth put many people through trance experiences who listened to her in the open air. But there is still some good in Nazareth—some who stay with the cause. While oil and water do not mix, the religious element in Grant county combines admirably—all the churches have one purpose, and the brethren do dwell together with a degree of unity. A complete church directory follows, all the churches of one denomination treated in special chapters. While Children's day and Mother's day are well observed, the movement to have all the people attend church—Church day—is so recent that it is not yet a matter of history.

LXXXVIII. ST. JOSEPH REFORMED CHURCH

St. Joseph Reformed church is in the "Dutch settlement," in Van Buren. It was built in the early '90s, but is now abandoned except for an occasional service. The St. Joseph and the St. John Reformed church in Marion held the same tenets, but when the Marion church property was sold to the Baptists, the local congregation not strong enough to support a minister, there was but one congregation in the county, and their regular meetings were suspended, although there is considerable wealth represented in the St. Joseph church membership. The church adjoins the Lee cemetery, and the German community around there built it.

LXXXIX. WESLEYAN METHODIST

The Wesleyan Methodist is a split from the Methodist Episcopal church on the question of slavery. Some of the old time Methodists were slave owners, and those opposed to human slavery seceded from the church. The leader among them in Grant county was Rev. Alfred Tharp. Believing in emancipation principles, Rev. Tharp organized several Wesleyan classes, and was an active member of Westfield, long since abandoned as a place of worship. Sampson Reeves, of the same community, was another prominent Wesleyan, although he lived much later than Rev. Tharp. The first Wesleyan church in the county was on the site of Gethsemane, organized by Rev. Tharp and later owned by Moses Bradford, and it was as much of an abolition center as any church in Grant county. Rev. Tharp died in 1848, but several churches owe their existence to him. There are now three Wesleyan churches in Marion, one in Fairmount, where there is a Wesleyan Theological Institute, one at Roseburg, Fowlerton, Wesleyan Back Creek, and the farthest north is Fairview. There have always been missions and there is one in Gas City. While slavery was the reason of its origin, the Wesleyan church teaches justification by faith, entire sanctification, and the subsequent work of regeneration wrought in the human heart by the Holy Spirit.

Among the prominent early Wesleyans were Rev. Tharp, Rev. Reeves, Rev. Isaac Meeks, (who organized several schoolhouse classes,) Enoch Marsh and William Lacey. Rev. Lacey, who was an Abolitionist, had the distinction of having helped Eliza of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" across the Ohio when she was a refugee. He died at the home of Riley Howell. Alfred Tharp first preached in the Grant county courthouse in 1841, and at that time the Wesleyans were as active in underground railroad operations as the Quakers, Moses Bradford always having a station in Marion, then his home, in the edge of Washington township. While Mr. Bradford never had any secrecy about his slaves in hiding, he never lost any of them and would often mislead their owners in search of them at the time he was harboring them. He would have an attic full of negroes and yet know absolutely nothing of any refugees that were being hotly pursued, and once when he had six negroes in hiding, he came to Eugene Norton's store and asked him for $5 toward their support, and at the expense of his patronage Mr. Norton was forced to give him the money. He had no more use for an Abolitionist than a negro, but he produced the money, saying: "Take it, Moses, and lead them on to the Promised Land." Thus everybody knew Mr. Bradford was a Wesleyan Abolitionist.

There have been women among the Wesleyan ministers, and one time Mrs. Leah Moore, mother of the late Mrs. Deborah Moore Wall was preaching at Fairview while the war cloud still hovered over Grant county. Her text, "Blessed is the Nation Whose God is the Lord," is well remembered by some who heard her masterful appeal against the institution of slavery. Mrs. Moore died in 1861 at the home of Abram Goodykoontz. She organized the Wesleyan church in Fairmount. On the cold New Year, 1861, she preached at Wesleyan Back Creek and took a cold, which resulted in her death in January. Prominent among Wesleyan laymen of an early day were Christopher Sears, Zeba Marine, William Bartholomew, Riley Howell, William Cox, and many others who were as active in putting down slavery as the Quakers, who were nearly all Abolitionists at the time slaves were making their way across Grant county toward Canada, that "cold and dreary land" where they were safe from their pursuers—the planters from the south.

XC. SALVATION ARMY

There has been a continuous branch of the Salvation Army in Marion since 1901, and prior to that time there had been several attempts to maintain a post in the town. It would always lapse and after a few years be revived again. Captain Roy Marshall, who came in 1912, was here through the 1913 flood period, and who was first to come to the rescue of the flood sufferers, speaks of just such emergencies as the army's opportunity—its special mission. A hall is maintained and street meetings are the phase of army life with which the public is familiar. There are always willing contributors, people hit the drum with coins who do not contribute to the churches, and who feel that the Salvationists are doing a work overlooked by the churches—special efforts for the poor of the community. A person must show some honesty of purpose before he is enrolled in the Salvation army corps, and while the captain must keep strict record of all business transactions, no local record of historic nature exists. There are rules and regulations governing the army, and Captain Marshall has always cooperated with the Marion Federated Charities better than some of his predecessors. The Salvation Army captain does not become a street preacher from the financial standpoint, and he must take in sufficient money to meet all current expenses, his personal bills, hall rent and incidentals, and he and his wife working together may claim $42 a week after all expenses are met—the condition, they must get the money from the street corner contributers. There are few millionaires in the Salvation Army. About thirty members are enrolled in Marion, the only post in Grant county, although street meetings are sometimes held in other towns. The *War Cry* is the official organ. The local post reports to Indianapolis. An inspection officer comes every three months. The Salvation Army was organized in 1874, in England, and when its founder, General William Booth, died in 1912, funeral ceremonies were conducted in Marion for him.

XCI. CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST

While the First Church of Christ, Scientist, has seemingly been in existence in Marion much longer, its charter was procured from the

office of the Secretary of State, April 28, 1908, under special enactment of 1901, concerning the organization and perpetuity of voluntary associations. Regular meetings of the society had been held from the Century year, and there is now a society in Fairmount, while people from other towns worship with the First church in the Marion Conservatory of Music Auditorium. About 100 persons visit the reading room maintained by the First church, and members take *The Christian Science Monitor*, daily; *The Sentinel*, weekly, and *The Journal*, monthly. The reading room is open two hours every afternoon and literature is sold or loaned as suits the occasion. "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy is the hand book, and it is read at all times in connection with the Bible. Once a year a speaker is brought from the Mother church in Boston, and the public is always invited to this special service. The regular Sunday service is in charge of readers, the first reader using Mrs. Eddy's book and the second reading the parelled selections from the Bible. The first reader conducts the Wednesday evening service, which is a testimony meeting. Healing is the doctrine taught and many people beside Scientists sometimes attend the services. The Scientists have just acquired a building site at White's avenue and Fourth street.

XCII. PRIMITIVE BAPTISTS

There are three Primitive Baptist churches—Harmony at Matthews, Taylor creek in Sims township and the church at Fowlerton. Harmony and Taylor creek are old congregations, both having been organized about the middle of the last century, while the Fowlerton church was organized recently, about three years ago. While there have been several ordination services at Harmony, C. I. Goble is the only man ever ordained at Taylor creek, and it was a most impressive ceremony. As the name implies, the Primitive Baptists adhere to apostolic customs and musical instruments are not used in their churches. All the Grant county churches are in easy communication along the C. I. and E. (Panhandle) Railways, and special meetings are attended by all. Harmony and Fowlerton people being allowed to leave the train at Taylor creek and vice-versa, and while they are close communionists, only those of the same faith and order being invited to the Lord's table, visiting friends are always invited to share their hospitality when basket dinners are spread at the different churches. For more than a quarter of a century Elder Jacob Richards, of Harmony, filled monthly appointments at Taylor creek, and because of few resident ministers the Primitive Baptists do not hold service so frequently as most other denominations. The Richards and Pence families are prominent Primitive (Hardshell) Baptists. The Grant county churches affiliate with Mount Carmel church in Hancock county and constitute the Lebanon Association.

XCIII. NEW LIGHT CHRISTIANS—CONGREGATIONALISM

The record says: The Christian church in Marion, Grant county, Indiana, was organized on the second of May in the year of our Lord, 1839, by Elder Hallet Barbour, of the Ohio Central Christian Conference. At the time of its organization there were but nine persons

constituting it. Most of these were persons who had formerly belonged to Bethel Christian church, in Champaign county, Ohio. Immediately after the organization one new member was added, making ten in all. Of these, four were men and six were women. Following are the names of the ten charter members: John Moore, James Stackhouse, Thomas Wall, Case Broderick, Susannah Moore, Mary Stackhouse, Elizabeth Oppy, Mary Marshall, Lydia Alder and Nancy Broderick. Some of the present Temple members are descended from these founders of the church. While the name of this church has been changed, the site occupied is the one chosen by its founders, and the third edifice now marks the spot. When the first little church was razed in readiness for the second the work was so sacred that it was performed by the members themselves, and only because of need of larger auditorium accomodations.

While Hallett Barbour founded the local church, Barton W. Stone was the real founder of its liberal tenets, and Silas Parks was among the active early day local ministers. He preached in Marion frequently and organized the Walnut creek church, where he had preached the night before his death, although the burial ground near the county farm is all that remains of that historic church. Silas Parks was the man to whom death came twice, having been prepared for burial several years before his final interment. When the pennies were removed from his eyes the spell was broken, and he escaped from the house where the family was living in Illinois. For many years he preached the gospel, rearing his family in Grant county.

Lugar Creek Christian church –McKenney chapel– was organized in 1855, Dr. William McKinney, who lived near, being a charter member, and doing much toward establishing it. While it once had a large membership, families have left the community, and it is now a small communion circle. Along in the '80s and '90s, a number of other Christian churches were organized by A. J. Ferguson and the late Thomas J. Puckett, who is remembered as an exhorter who removed his coat while preaching. Among those churches are Farrville, Landess, Swayzee, Jefferson and Antioch, although Mr. Ferguson did not know about Antioch's early history. There are now two New Light Christian churches in Marion, one on South Adams street and the other in North Marion– old Salem church moved to town. Since January 18, 1905, the original Christian church in Marion is a Congregational church, the change of name being all that was necessary.

The Fairmount Congregational church, organized in the '80s by Rev. William Weidenhoeft, was the introduction of Congregationalism, religious democracy, into Grant county. Congregationalism is not widespread in Indiana because in an early day the American board cooperated with the Presbyterian board in this locality, advancing the kingdom rather than denominationalism. The cornerstone of the present church was laid in 1888, soon after the denomination was organized. There was a Congregational church in North Marion later. It began as the Bradford church, but it was finally abandoned and the house sold, some of the members affiliating with the Temple Congregational church after it changed its name from Christian.

While the Bible is the religion of all Protestantism, the Word of God is the basis of all Congregationalism, and on this point the New Light and Congregationalists are agreed—are really one faith. New Light Christians in different communities have different conceptions of doctrinal questions—baptism an open question. Congregationalism is a religious democracy closely in accord with United States history—we the people. While Congregationalists are sometimes called aristocrats, the

humblest member is given equal recognition. Both New Light and Congregational churches have suffered loss from floating membership, and membership in the two denominations would hardly reach one thousand, although loyalty is a strong element.

At the 1912 Forefathers' Day celebration in the Temple Congregational church, Mrs. G. A. Southall presented Early Congregationalism in America, and J. W. Miles reviewed the charter membership of the local church—the history of the Christians in 1839 down to date. It would have required a discriminating mind to have discovered the difference, the Pilgrim Fathers and the New Light Christians having one common purpose—the freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, and it was apparent to all that there is no essential difference between the Christians that were and the Congregationalists that are—just the same families, and the same church community. The primitive church had part in a Union Sunday school held in the courthouse in 1841, and since 1851 has maintained an independent Sunday school, said to be the oldest one in the county. It was in 1842 that a member was excommunicated for the use of profane language.

NCIV. PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH

The Episcopalian church in Marion dates back to the second Sunday in June, 1850, when the Rev. Joseph S. Large, rector of Trinity church in Ft. Wayne, conducted the first service, and reported "a large congregation, responses good and chants well sung." The service was held in the Presbyterian church, and twenty-four years later occurred the second service of which there is record, Wednesday, January 14, 1874, when Rev. Thomas R. Austin, of St. James church in Vincennes, held an evening session in the courthouse, reporting seven church families in the community. The next service was held in the summer of 1881 by the Rev. J. A. Faude, and in October that year Rev. W. W. Raymond of St. James church in Goshen held service in Marion.

The Rev. George P. Torrence, a former rector of Gethsemane church who lived several years in Marion, is authority for the statement that the real beginning of the life of the present parish dates from a service held by Rev. Raymond at the residence of J. N. Turner, Wednesday evening, April 9, 1884, and on the next day the celebration of the Holy Communion occurred for the first time in Gethsemane parish in the library of the Turner home, with five resident communicants in attendance. Holy baptism was administered the first time in the parish in the Grant county courthouse, June 8th that year, and Gethsemane was the name given it by the Rt. Rev. David Buell Knickerbacker in memory of his old parish in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Frank E. Foster was the first warden, and Rev. Raymond of Goshen had charge of the Gethsemane mission. Fred Willson was the first Sunday school superintendent. Services were held at intervals, and in 1887 Rev. W. G. Woolford became the first resident minister. While he only remained two months, eleven baptisms occurred during his pastorate.

Rev. George Davis Adams came in November, 1887, and remained until 1890, when the Rev. Lewis F. Cole became rector, and the present church edifice was built, ground being broken June 23 and the cornerstone laid July 25. The beautiful stone church is the result. The building site had been acquired from the trustees of the Wesleyan Methodist church, the consideration being $1,000, and $10,000 repre-

sents the original expenditure, although a parish house has since been acquired immediately north of the church, and all business and social meetings are held there. The Cary play ground is in the rear of the parish house. After Rev. Cole came Rev. J. J. Purcell, Rev. E. A. Pressey, Rev. G. P. Torrence, Rev. H. R. White and Rev. F. B. B. Johnston, and since St. Paul church was established in Gas City in 1897 the Gethsemane rector has served both congregations.

The meetings in the St. Paul mission were held in various churches in Jonesboro and Gas City, and in the annealing room of the Moorewood Tinplate Factory, its superintendent, J. H. Rogers, doing much toward establishing the church in the town. The ground on which St. Paul's church stands was given by the Gas City Land Company, and the two Protestant Episcopal congregations have many things in common between them. Gethsemane and St. Paul have both attracted many members, and while each church has a parsonage the rector occupies the Julia Norton homestead left by will to the parish for the use of its rector. Miss Norton had an abiding interest in Gethsemane church, and there is a tablet in the auditorium sacred to her memory. The ritualistic service appeals to some, and music is always a feature of the worship. In the Gethsemane Year Book and Reference Manual for 1912 is the statement: "The church is taking an active part in the social work of the town. She is doing a part out of proportion to her relative size." The Gethsemane and St. Paul Protestant Episcopal churches are in the diocese of Michigan City.

XCV. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES

There are three Presbyterian churches in Grant county, and all of them date back many years. The Jonesboro Presbyterian church was organized, May 29, 1831, and is as old as the county itself. It was at a place along the Mississinewa known as Pleasant Hill, but in 1865 it was removed to Jonesboro and in 1867 the site now occupied was purchased from Sylvester Fankboner. The two story brick church was dedicated there in 1872 which was destroyed by fire twenty years later. It was called Hopewell church in the beginning, and among the early members were the Wallace, Roush, Candy, Horne, Allen, Corder, Wilson, McCurdy, Knight, Coleman and Pierce families.

The early records were written by the local ministers, and there was a Sunday school established while the church was still located in the country. The desk and library were taken from Pleasant Hill to the Candy schoolhouse, where they were left and sometimes used during the war. Although visited by fire about twenty years ago, another church edifice marks the site in Jonesboro, and in the membership there are descendants from many pioneer families in Grant county. During boom days there was another church in Gas City served by this Jonesboro minister. The Jonesboro church owns a parsonage, and it is an excellent community.

The first Presbyterian sermon ever preached in Marion was in 1836, and the organization of the church was October 3, 1843, that date prominent on the cornerstone of the present magnificent edifice. November 26, 1843, was when the first new member was received, and from that time there has been continued growth. The first Presbyterian Sunday school was established January 26, 1845, and on July 4 a Sunday school celebration was held. Mrs. Miriam Wallace, long honored as the oldest living member, was admitted April 3, 1852, coming into the

church by letter. It was in 1853 that the first church was built, and April 7, 1858, the College of Indiana opened in Marion under Presbyterian auspices, with Rev. Samuel Sawyer its president.

It was from 1871 to 1873 that the old brick church at the corner of Branson and Fifth streets was built, the basement being used for church services several years before the building was dedicated, September 1, 1878, and on October 8, 1893, a fine semi-centennial anniversary service was held there. Early in the new century active preparations were begun looking toward building the present modern church edifice. On March 10, 1902, the present site was purchased at a cost of $6,500, and August 18th of that year activities began on the new building. The old church was sold and the last service there was on Washington's birthday, 1903. The cornerstone of the new building was laid on June 17th of that year. During the building interim regular services were held in the Temple (Congregational) and in the library. The first service was held in the new church November 11, 1904. One month later it was dedicated and all the town was glad of such a commodious church structure.

The building is gothic and constructed of native blue limestone, trimmed in Bedford, which gives to it a massive, cathedral-like appearance, making it conspicuously prominent and particularly attractive. The church was built at an approximate cost of $65,000 and is well adapted to the requirements of conventions, concerts, etc. The Sweetser Free Memorial concerts frequently test its seating capacity. The magnificent Estey organ, with its more than 1,500 speaking pipes, was presented to the church by Mr. and Mrs. James Vermilyea Sweetser, in memory of their daughter, Mrs. Delight Sweetser Prentiss. At his death Mr. Sweetser left a fund providing for concerts to be given by the best available musical talent, and more than forty such entertainments on the Sweetser foundation have already been enjoyed by the Grant county and visiting public, and Marion audiences never tire of these splendid concerts.

The art windows in the church are beautiful, and the furniture is of the latest design—everything of the best. The parlors adjacent to the main auditorium are the gift of F. P. Prentiss in memory of Mrs. Prentiss, and the chimes in the bell tower are a gift to the church from J. Wood Wilson, and a charming adjunct to all Marion church worship as they peal out upon the morning air or call the worshippers together at eventide—a gift to the Presbyterian church direct, but to all Marion citizens who enjoy their sacred peals and think of worship even though they may not wend their way to any service. There is a hermitaically sealed copper box deposited in the corner stone containing many articles, records, pictures, books and pamphlets, which may prove instructive and interesting when the next building committee is appointed—but that is likely to be a long time off, as the present structure was built for future need—all that taken into consideration. A committee of three, Dr. W. A. Fankboner, Mrs. Lee Hall and Captain H. O. Heichert, was designated to name the building committee of five: Philip Diels, H. M. Elliott, Maynard B. McFeely, T. C. Ruble and W. H. Wiley, who had charge of the business, and the Rev. Freeley Rohrer was minister.

The church issued a souvenir booklet in connection with the dedicatory service, and for the second time in its history a dedicatory sermon was delivered by Dr. Charles Little, for more than forty years the minister in the Wabash Presbyterian church—September 1, 1878, and December 11, 1904, in the sixty-second year of Marion Presbyterian history.

The Matthews Presbyterian church has had a varied experience,

being the outgrowth of a church originally established at Elizabethtown across the Grant-Delaware county line, and later removed to New Cumberland, where it was always a flourishing congregation. There were many prominent pioneer families enrolled in this New Cumberland church and their descendants are still members in New Town, the Old Town building having been sold in boom days and converted into farm property. The Presbyterians of the county have many interests in common, and all meet in the same synod the Muncie Presbytery. The Presbyterian and Congregational boards cooperated in an early day, and while the two denominations have many points in common, Indiana was considered Presbyterian territory and the Presbyterian churches were all planted early in Grant county. Because of the American Board of Congregationalism and the Presbyterian board cooperating in the past, some one defined Congregationalism as a theological stream rising in New England and flowing westward into Presbyterianism. Both are evangelical churches, and in some instances ministers serve one and the other without changing their conference relation.

XCVI. CATHOLICITY IN GRANT COUNTY

By Rev. J. P. Durham

In the last ten years the membership of the Catholic church in Grant county has greatly increased, due mainly to the migration of Catholic families from the eastern states, and the reception of converts into the church. There are approximately about three thousand Catholics in Grant county.

The first Catholic families came to Marion with the construction of what is now the Michigan division of the Big Four Railroad in 1855, although for many years there was an unfinished grade, finally utilized in 1875. At that time, and for a number of years the pastors of Peru, Wabash, Kokomo and Union City visited here.

The list of pastors from 1868 to 1913 is the following: Rev. B. T. Borg, from 1868-1870; Rev. P. Frawley, from 1875-1876; Rev. M. F. Kelly, from 1876-1882; Rev. James A. Twigg, from 1882-1883; Rev. A. J. Strueder, from 1883-1884; Rev. M. Joy, one month; Rev. John Grogan, 1884-1894; Rev. W. J. Quinlan, from January 4, 1894, till April 14, 1906; Rev. P. J. Crawley, from April 14, 1906 to January 1, 1909, and the present incumbent, Rev. J. P. Durham, from January 1, 1909. In 1868, under the supervision of Father Borg, a small frame church was erected on the corner of Branson and Ninth streets, in which Holy Mass was said for the first time on the second Sunday of July, 1868. The first parochial residence was erected by Rev. P. Frawley, and in the summer of 1897 was enlarged by Father Quinlan, at a cost of $4,000. Owing to an increase of families it was necessary to enlarge the old frame church, which was done in 1894, but soon it was apparent that a more commodious church was necessary, hence ground was broken for the present St. Paul's church on September 30, 1895. The corner stone was laid on May 7, 1896, and on November 7, 1897, the new church was solemnly dedicated by Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher.

In September of 1909 a parochial school was opened by Rev. J. P. Durham in the basement of the church. Three sisters of the order of St. Joseph were brought to Marion, and the school was given into their charge. Previous to the opening of the school a residence and property had been purchased south of the parochial residence as a convent

for the sisters. In 1910, on ground north of the church, a large brick school building was erected, and in September of the same year the children of the school entered. More teaching sisters were engaged, and soon the capacity of the new school house was taxed. Marion Catholics have as fine a church property as there is in the county; they value it at $100,000. St. Paul's congregation has about three hundred families, numbering one thousand and five hundred souls. The societies of the parish aggregate a membership of seven hundred. There are the Knights of Columbus, the Foresters, the L. C. B. A., the C. M. B. A., the Rosary Society, the Young Ladies' Sodality, the Ladies' Aid Society, the St. Vincent De Paul Society.

Gas City has, likewise, a strong congregation. The foundation of its parish dates back to 1892, when the first mass was said in the barracks of the United States Glass Company.

The Holy Family church property consists of eleven lots, located on North A street. The Rev. T. C. Wiechmann was the first resident pastor, continuing until December 15, 1905, the date of his death. He was succeeded by Rev. C. McCabe, who, on account of ill health, was forced to resign July 15, 1913. The present pastor, Rev. James H. Durham, succeeded the Rev. Chas. McCabe. The pastor at Gas City is also chaplain of the Marion branch of the National Soldiers' Home.

The Gas City church property is valuable, consisting of a splendid brick and stone building that cost $27,000, a commodious brick parochial residence and a parish hall.

In 1860, priests began to visit Fairmount as a station. Once every three months priests came to minister to the spiritual wants of the Catholics, who numbered at that time about one hundred. From 1860 to 1894, the following Fathers had charge: Revs. John Ryan, Bernard Kroeger, John Kelly, B. T. Borg, C. Morgan, A. J. Strueder, T. C. Weichmann, J. Grogan.

In 1899, under Rev. Joachim Baker's supervision who attended Fairmount from Alexandria, a beautiful small frame gothic church structure was erected, and in 1902, the priest's house was built by the first resident pastor. In 1905, Father Kappel died, and on the demise of the good Father the Rev. Thomas Travers took charge. Father Travers remained a year or so when Fairmount once again became a mission, and was attended by the priests at Marion, Wabash, Alexandria, and at present by the Rev. A. Boers, C. M., of Anderson. The Father comes once a week to conduct services. There are quite a number of Catholics in the smaller scattered towns of the county, who are enabled by the splendid railroad and traction line facilities to attend services either at Marion, Gas City or Fairmount. Many of the leading business men of Grant county profess the Catholic faith, and in every line of activity their efficient influence is felt.

XCVII. THE CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN

By Prof. Otho Winger

This church had its origin at Schwarzenaw, Germany, in 1708, when eight persons, led by Alexander Mack, decided to break away from the cold formalistic state church of Germany and found a new fraternity, based solely upon the teachings of the Bible. Persecution drove them from place to place in Germany and finally, in 1719, they migrated to America, settling at first in Pennsylvania. Here one of its leaders,

Christopher Sower, became a close friend to Benjamin Franklin, established a large printing business and published the first German Bible printed in America. Because of its non resistant principles the church endured many persecutions during the Revolutionary war. It then spread westward and southward with the drift of migration to Virginia, Ohio, Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois.

The first preaching in Grant county by a minister of the Church of the Brethren was by Elder John Whiteneck. He came from Union county in the spring of 1847, and located on the Mississinewa river, three miles east of Somerset and one-half mile north of the Grant county line. He was a very prosperous farmer and soon acquired much means and several hundred acres of land in Wabash and Grant counties. Though a man of small learning, yet he had large native ability. As a pioneer preacher he was in great demand. He held meetings at private homes and in log school houses in many places all over Grant county.

In 1850, another minister of the church, Isaac Lawshe, came from Union county and joined Elder Whiteneck. Elder Lawshe was a man of learning and a powerful preacher. These two ministers soon gathered about them a large membership, that met in private homes, school-houses and in large barns. Elder Whiteneck's large barn was the scene of many Love Feasts, at which meetings the church celebrated the three ordinances of Feet-washing, the Lord's Supper, a full meal, and the Holy Communion. The Kiss of Charity was the greeting used by the brethren and sisters respectively towards one another.

To these meetings came pioneer preachers from a distance. Among others should be mentioned George W. Studebaker, of Delaware county; John Metzger, of Clinton county; Hiel Hamilton, of Howard county; and Samuel Murray, of Huntington county. These brethren traveled from place to place in Grant county, preaching wherever the Word was desired by the pioneers. A number of families soon had united with the fraternity. In Richland township [illegible] James Highley, John Drook, John Eller and John Haynes. In Pleasant township were Martin Winger, Henry H. Haynes, Elizabeth Winger, Michael Frantz, Samuel Whiteneck, and George Streib. In Washington and Van Buren township were Henry Tinkel, Henry Baker, Jacob Tinkel, Albert Burris and William Baker. In Franklin township and elsewhere were other members of whom the writer does not have the names.

For many years there was no permanent organization within the county. The Somerset congregation, as it was called, included all of Grant county and the southern parts of Wabash and Miami counties, with its center about Somerset, the large barns of John Whiteneck, John Drook and Martin Cable furnishing places for the large meetings, and the private dwelling and school-houses the places for ordinary services. A large house of worship was built at Vernon, one mile east of Somerset, in 1871.

Before this the Brethren in the eastern part of Grant county began to plan for a separate organization. In 1869, the membership had called to the ministry, Jacob Tinkel, who lived near Landess. He soon proved himself a very able speaker and exerted a fine influence over his people.

In 1874, a large brick church was built in the village of Landess. This was partly destroyed by a cyclone in 1877, but was soon repaired. The membership of the Landessville congregation increased under the good preaching of Rev. Tinkel, who, in 1879, was advanced to the eldership, the highest position in the ministry of the Church of the Brethren. Elder Tinkel was assisted by an aged minister, John Baker.

Among the early deacons of this congregation were Albert Burris, William Pulley, Daniel Tinkel and Martin Whiteneck.

Elder Tinkel died in 1889. His work was taken up by Elder Joseph Spitzer, a native of Virginia, who has preached in many places in the county. In the fall of 1891 the Landess church called to the ministry William Tinkel, but he only lived until the following March. For a number of years Elder Aaron Moss served the church as minister and presiding elder. In 1896, D. B. Garber, also a native of Virginia, but who had secured his education at Valparaiso, and was at that time in the service of Congressman George W. Steele, served the church. Rev. Garber served the church for a number of years and moved to Markle, Indiana. In the meantime Andrew J. Miller was elected, but shortly afterward moved to Delaware county.

Death, emigration and the lack of a resident minister caused the work to slacken and the membership somewhat decreased. In 1909 Elder J. W. Norris moved to Landess from Sidney, Indiana. Under his direction the church took on new life and increased its membership until it soon regained its former number of about ninety members. This included the members who lived in the city of Marion. Since a church has been erected in Marion and a new organization effected there, the Landessville congregation is not so large as a few years ago, but it is still in a prosperous condition.

The second house erected in the county was what is known as the Cart Creek house, three miles north of Sweetser, in 1893. This was built on the farm of Joseph Winger, Sr., who, though not a member of the church, was a firm believer in its principles, and was the most liberal donor in the building of the new house. The Cart Creek church has never been a separate organization, but has always been united with the Somerset congregation.

Harrison Hudson, who lived in the northern part of Pleasant township, was a minister for several years before his death in 1883. About this time Aaron Moss, who lived one mile north of Sweetser, and a little later Joseph Rife, John Strausburg and Martin M. Miller, all of whom lived about two miles west of Jalapa, were placed in the ministry. They, with other men from the Somerset house held meetings at the Cart Creek school-house until the new house was built in 1893. In 1897, Otho Winger, a grandson of Joseph Winger, Sr., was called to the ministry. He later became a student, then teacher, and finally president of the Brethren College at North Manchester, Indiana. The membership of the Cart Creek house now numbers about forty. The preaching is largely done by Obed C. Rife and Elsworth Weimer, who live north of Converse, in Miami county. The deacons are Henry Haynes, Joseph Winger, Jr., and Oscar E. Haynes.

The third house built in the county was in the city of Marion, located on West Second street, dedicated December 1, 1912. For many years preaching services were held at different places by ministers from the Landess congregation. Not much of permanent work was effected, however, until it was taken up by Elder J. W. Norris in the spring of 1911. The membership grew rapidly, some sixty uniting with the church in one year. They now have a membership of nearly one hundred, with J. W. Norris and Ross Gottschall, ministers. In the southern part of the county there have lived a number of members who were identified with the Summitville congregation in Madison county. A minister, Charles Wood, lives at Matthews.

The membership of this fraternity in Grant county is small compared with the large churches in Huntington, Wabash and Miami counties. The Church of the Brethren has about eleven thousand mem-

bers in Indiana and ninety thousand in the United States. Forty years ago there was little interest in higher education, missions, Sunday schools and young people's meetings. Today there are ten colleges in the United States; there are missions in Sweden, Denmark, China and India; Sunday-schools are found wherever there is preaching, and in many places there are Christian workers' organizations for special benefit of the young.

The church holds closely to the Bible for its direction. The annual conference from time to time places certain interpretations upon the meaning of Biblical doctrines, and prescribes the best methods of carrying out Bible principles. Members are received into the church by baptism, trine-immersion being the mode used everywhere. The chief ordinances for Christian fellowship and culture are Feet Washing, the Lord's Supper—a full meal—the Communion, and Kiss of Charity. The sick are anointed with oil, with a bodily healing in view but chiefly that the sick receive the spiritual blessings. Non-conformity to the world in dress is still insisted upon. The church does not believe in secret societies, going to law with brethren, going to war, nor taking the legal oath. For many years the church was served altogether by a free ministry, but with changes in the economical conditions of the country, a supported ministry is growing rapidly. Ministers and deacons are elected by their congregations. In this as in the government of the church every member has a voice. The system of church government is both democratic and representative. Beyond the local church, there is the state district conference, and over all the general conference.

XCVIII. THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

By Charles L. Carter

T. H. McCormie was preaching in Grant county in 1875-1876, and seeing the great field of work decided to establish a church in Marion, the county seat. A temporary organization was formed in 1876 and a lot was purchased at the corner of McClure and Ninth streets for $900.

The building was erected under the supervision of G. W. Tingley, architect and builder, and dedicated June 24, 1877, by O. A. Burgess, president of the Northwestern Christian University, assisted by A. M. Atkinson, of Wabash. On the first Lord's day in July, 1877, the church was permanently organized by T. H. McCormie, who became its first minister. There were thirty charter members, each pledging themselves under the following covenant: "We, the members of the body of Christ, do enter into covenant with each other and agree to become members of the Church of Christ in Marion, Indiana, and in so doing we pledge our lives and all we have, if need be, to maintain the cause of Christ.

"We further pledge ourselves that we will be bound by the Word of God in all things, and that where it speaks we will speak and where it is silent we will be silent, being governed in all things which make for peace and the things whereby one may edify another."

On July 22, 1877, the Bible school was organized. It has continued until the present time and is one of the largest and best organized schools in Marion. The ministers who have served this congregation of Disciples are: T. H. McCormie, 1877; M. T. Hough, 1878; R. S. Blount, 1881; W. A. Hough, 1882; T. M. Wiles, 1884; A. R. McCullough, 1887; J. V. Coons, 1888; E. A. Pardee, 1890; J. M. Pyle, 1892; J. H. Vinson, 1893; S. W. Brown, 1895; A. H. Davis, 1897; E. L. Frazier, 1898; W.

S. Buchanan, 1901; Milo Atkinson, 1906; J. Boyd Jones, 1907 J. P. Myers, and Rollin A. Bennett, the present pastor.

On December 14, 1899, a lot was purchased at the corner of Boots and Eighth street for $2,500. On July 11, 1900, the old church property on McClure street was sold for $850. The building of the tabernacle was commenced July 20, 1900, and with the heroic efforts of E. L. Frazier, minister, and his faithful membership was completed and dedicated October 21, 1900, at an expense of $2,600. This served for the congregation until October, 1908, when it was taken down and the lot cleared for the present building. Excavations were made and a part of the foundation wall was built in October and November, 1908. The work was resumed in the spring of 1909, under the management of H. H. Stafford, Sheridan, Indiana. The present building is a masterpiece of architecture in its simplicity. It was dedicated February 19, 1911. There is nothing fine or fancy in either the structure or its furnishings, but there is a beauty about the symmetry and harmony that appeals to the most exacting critic. It is a well lighted structure and has the largest seating capacity of any church in the city.

The present officers of the congregation are as follows: Rollin A. Bennett, pastor; R. W. Weaver, W. D. Lett, H. L. Erlewine, E. L. Wolcott and James W. Westfall, trustees; T. C. Wiles, C. L. Carter, G. W. Reith, C. E. Stewart, R. W. Weaver, W. D. Lett and E. C. Caffee, elders; F. R. Heck, A. J. Brady, S. E. Wright, Henry Yale F. T. Parker, J. M. Barkley, J. W. Westfall, V. M. Bomberger, Otis Heck, H. E. Moore, J. H. Poston, E. D. Barley, Lee Stevens, Charles Thomas, A. L. Feighner, Stuart McGowan, W. B. Neff, E. E. Rhoads, G. A. Kendall, C. L. Bradford, George Streib, Chester Macon, J. Winters Clint Cretsinger, deacons; H. L. Erlewine, chairman of the official board; C. E. Stewart, secretary; T. C. Wiles, financial secretary; Dr. S. E. Wright, treasurer; George G. Wharton, roll custodian; C. L. Carter, historian; C. E. Stewart, Sunday school superintendent, H. C. Marvin, assistant; Miss Jessie Frank, church stenographer.

All departments of the church are in flourishing condition and the growth of this organization is assured. A very commendable feature of the business side of this body is that there is one common treasurer for all departments of the church work. He is the banker for the church, so that instead of there being "many treasurers" there is but one, with one bank account. Regular monthly meetings are held, at which time reports are read and passed upon by the official board. The membership numbers eight hundred and seventy-five at this time, with from three hundred to three hundred and fifty in the Bible school. Charles Underwod, Vernon Nelson and H. H. Saunders have been ordained and sent out to preach from this congregation. Miss Jessie Frank is now taking a course in college, fitting herself for a missionary. Several of the organizations of the church are either supporting or assisting in the support of missionaries in the foreign field.

The Central Christian church was organized in 1899, with about forty members from this congregation, and in 1905, Third church was organized with about thirty members from this congregation. Other congregations throughout the county have their own houses of worship and are in flourishing condition. The congregation at Fairmount having lately dedicated a splendid building for its new home.

The church at Swayzee was organized by Brother J. Snodgrass at the old schoolhouse building, with twenty-eight charter members, in the year 1890. They first bought a store room on the corner of Lyon and Washington streets. From here they removed to the north end of town in a few frame structure. This building was destroyed by fire in 1907.

With faith unshaken they went to work and built the present house, a commodious brick building, which was dedicated in 1908. A number of successful meetings have been held from time to time with the result that membership today numbers one hundred and seventy-five. The present minister is A. P. Hodges.

There are flourishing churches at Gas City, Van Buren, Range Line and Center, but their officials did not respond to the call for information concerning them.

XCIX. THE BAPTIST CHURCH

By Rev. R. W. Frye

The spot is still known as the Indian Village in Pleasant where the Baptists organized the first church in Grant county. The wigwams in the red man's village have all disappeared, but not all traces of his descendants, for there are "half breeds" who still hold membership in a Baptist church at the "village." It was sometimes called Meshingomesia Village, after the last chieftain of the Miamis. The name of the church is Union Baptist, and it evidently had a very early existence in the history of Grant county.

There are no records to show an organization previous to 1861, but the fact that in that year it is spoken of as a reorganization of "consistent members" indicates that there had already been a society, possibly of Indians who were somewhat wayward—possibly good Indians. There is mention of this church in the history of Pleasant township. It is a matter of Baptist history that Rev. Isaac McCoy was sent by the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society to Fort Wayne in 1820, to evangelize the Indians in that locality, and it is very probable that he reached the banks of the Mississinewa in the extension of his missionary efforts. Old records show that June 1, 1861, Union church was reorganized and the entry reads as follows: "Consistent members of a regular Baptist church of our Lord Jesus Christ situated on the Indian Reserve in the county of Grant and state of Indiana. Union church reorganized June the first, 1861," and the number of these "consistent members" was twenty-three, all marked "natives" except seven and two of the seven—Joseph Havens and P. L. Carter, were marked as having died in the army.

Rev. C. A. Price was pastor in these early days. Rev. William Lee, a Civil war veteran, served the church about eighteen years as pastor. In the year 1911 the Rev. B. Purviance was pastor, and at the present time, 1913, the interests of Union church are looked after by Rev. William E. Rix, Harmony associational evangelist. The house of worship is a frame building occupying an oblong piece of land containing one and seven-tenths acres, set off by the Grant county court in 1886 to William and Robert Peconga, trustees of Union Baptist church. In the rear of the church and on the north end of the tract belonging to it is a graveyard, in which only Indians are buried, and the monument marking Meshingomesia's grave bears his name and the information that he died December 16, 1879, aged about ninety-eight years. This plot is a portion of what was once a large reservation granted by the United States government to the Miami tribe of Indians. Therefore this locality may still be spoken of as the Indian Village and as the Indian Reservation. As far as the Indians still living are concerned it is a reservation where they may bury their dead—a sort of a happy hunting ground on Grant county soil once trod by their warriors.

Union Baptist church is indeed an historic spot, and in the not far distant future it will command greater interest from the people of Grant county than at present. Its proximity to the battle field, the now famous battle of the Mississinewa, will insure it the proper recognition in history.

The Baptist church at Sims, known among Baptists as the Pipe Creek church, was organized in 1870, meetings being held in the public schoolhouse until 1892, when a house of worship was erected in the town of Sims. John Harper and wife and Isaac Decourcey and wife were charter members. Rev. J. B. Somerville was an early minister. In the year 1899 Rev. R. W. Fryer became pastor and served two years. At this time Isaac Decourcey, who was prominent in the councils of Baptists, was deacon. From the time of its organization he looked after its interests. He was its earnest spiritual and financial support. Deacon Decourcey followed the ways and customs of the early settlers of Grant county and his "latch string" was always out to the itinerant preacher. Even a tramp was never turned away hungry. Sims church has never had any rich members, and therefore it has always been "sore pressed" to pay the preacher. Many a time after a failure to raise a collection, Deacon Decourcey would hand the preacher a dollar, which at the last moment he had some way secured. He has gone to his final reward, having died April 9, 1909, and so with John Harper and his wife—all gone to their eternal home. Isaac W. Routh, a Civil war veteran, still remains to do service in the church. Rev. Jacob Barrow, of Windfall, followed Rev. Fryer, and he met with success, as witnessed by an item in *The Marion Chronicle* January 2, 1904, saying: "Regardless of the blizzard eighteen Sims residents arrived in Marion yesterday and were baptized by Rev. J. W Clevenger at the First Baptist church." In 1905 Rev. J. E. Buckles, of Greentown, was pastor, and in 1908 Rev. T. E. Covington served the church a few months. In 1910 Miss Laura M. Grinsted visited Sims, her service not limited to the Sabbath school. Although not having ministerial credentials, she is an able preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ. In 1910 Rev. Buckles was pastor again, and in 1912 Rev. A. J. Croy was called, and the present organization is: J. E. Mercer and William Murphy, deacons, and Mrs. A. J. Croy, church clerk.

In 1885 the Baptist State Mission Board commissioned Rev. W. D. Weaver and sent him as a missionary pastor to Marion, and the First Baptist church is the result. He found a few local Baptists and they were not long in effecting an organization with the following charter members: Rev. Weaver and wife; Mrs. N. L. Higbee, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Grindle, Mrs. O. A. Sprague, Russell L. Squiers, Mrs. Cornelia V. Squiers, John Murphy and Mr. and Mrs. Malott. Very soon Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Meade and Mrs. Sarah Davisson were received as members. Mr. Squiers was the first and for a while the only deacon. Later Mr. Meade and W. O. Anderson were elected to serve with him. During the pastorate of Rev. E. G. Shouse, John Wilson and L. M. Overman were added to the board of deacons. For a number of years the church service was held in White's hall, now the Iroquois block, and after five years Rev. Weaver resigned the pastorate to become city school superintendent. During his pastorate a plain brick church, costing $10,000, was erected at Nebraska and Fourth streets, which served the congregation a quarter of a century.

The following are the pastors serving the church after Rev. Weaver: Revs. E. G. Shouse, H. F. McDonald, D. R. MacGregor, J. W. Clevenger and A. B. Strickland, who is now in his seventh year and under whose pastorate the church has had steady growth. Two missions previously

opened have become active, spiritual churches, the George Street Baptist church and Immanuel Baptist mission. The year 1913 marks a date of great interest for Marion Baptists, the plain brick church in which they have worshipped God twenty five years having been torn down and in its place we have a more commodious, modern structure a model of beauty in the way of a house of worship. It fronts on Fourth street with a side entrance on Nebraska, and is built of Persian rug brick trimmed in Bedford stone, and it is equipped with all modern church furnishings. Our new church was built at a cost of $25,000, the site already owned by the Baptists, and is unique in one thing a stream of water is flowing under it. The main auditorium and side galleries accommodate six hundred people, and one thousand is the entire seating capacity of the church, the Sunday school room being an architectual continuation of the auditorium. The following is the official roster: Pastor, Rev. A. B. Strickland; assistant pastor, Rev. Charles Stoddard; clerk, Mrs. George Unger; treasurer, E. O. Bender; deacons, W. O. Anderson, D. J. Allen, George Landner, Dr. J. F. Loomis, W. C. Glaize, Andrew Jackson and F. G. Johnson; trustees, John C. Haswell, John H. Schaumleffel, George Brown, L. F. Reese and A. F. Cotton.

Fairmount Baptist church was organized in 1886, Zion Baptist church which had previously existed in the country, and which was disbanded by letters given its members, being the nucleus for it. There is mention of Zion church in he Fairmount township chapter. Those who had church letters were called together, and the record says: "Articles of organization of Fairmount Baptist church done this 25th day of May, 1886," and this arm of Zion church extended to Fairmount assembled at 2 p. m., and organized by choosing James E. Price clerk pro tem. Those having letters were called and responded as follows: Emery Swindell, Rhody Swindell, Cornelius Price, Hannah Price, Wilminia Price, Fernando C. Creek, William Morford, Catharine Creek, Joseph Leach, Louisa Leach, James M. Fowler, Laticea Fowler, Ida Fowler, Albert Fowler and wife. The pastor was Elder R. J. Gorbit, and the deacons were: Joseph Leach, Emery Swindell and John Frost.

The Calvinistic articles of faith adopted are of interest but too long to insert, their headlines reading: "Of the Scriptures; of the True God; of the Fall of Man; of the Way of Salvation; of Justification; of the Freeness of Salvation; of Grace in Regeneration; of Repentance and Faith; of God's Purpose of Grace; of Sanctification; of the Perseverance of Saints; of the Harmony of the Law and Gospel; of a Gospel Church; of Baptism and the Lord's Supper; of the Christian Sabbath; of Civil Government; of the Righteous and the Wicked; of the World to Come." At a monthly meeting held June 16, 1889, Rev. M. T. Carver accepted the call as pastor. Later pastors were Rev. T. W. Cox and Rev. J. B. Somerville, and it was during the pastorate of Rev. Somerville that a $3,000 church edifice of brick was constructed and it still serves the requirements. When the church was built the trustees were James Fowler, Joseph Leach and Emery Swindell. As a result of a series of meetings in March, 1892, conducted by Rev. Somerville, there were twenty-one accessions. Other pastors were Revs. T. C. Smith, M. Smith, L. Aspy, T. W. Cox, C. H. Fry, C. J. Casey, J. F. Griffith, C. A. Morehouse and D. R. MacGregor. There are seventy-five members and the 1913 roster is: Deacons, John Frost, Ephraim Bartholomew, and B. F. Thompson; trustees, J. A. Winslow, E. Bartholomew and William Parrill; clerk, Miss Ethel Coahran.

The Baptists were the first to organize a church in Gas City, holding the first service in a store room in what was then known as Harrisburg. Gas City became the name of the town when gas was discovered.

In 1887 this church was organized, and not long after it occupied a spacious frame building, but in 1909 it was sold and the congregation bought the Presbyterian church, which was more centrally located. The pastors have been: Revs T. C. Smith, W. J. Delhaney, C. H. Fry, A. A. Kay, Joseph Belcher, Edward Armstrong, and Mrs. N. B. Leslie. The organization is: Deacons, J. W. Carney, N. V. Cooper and J. W. Turnipseed; trustees, Enoch Burgood, Rev. Fry and A. K. Ludwig; treasurer, Mrs. D. B. Simpkins; clerk, B. H. Brenbarger.

The George Street Baptist church had its beginning in earnest missionary work in 1905, in the Sabbath school and cottage prayer meetings in the homes of the community. No one deserves more credit for it than Miss Laura M. Grinsted, who found out where such meetings might be held and then advertised the appointments. It was Miss Grinsted who looked after an empty house in which to hold the Sabbath school, and at its close the local preacher was usually present, according to her arrangement. Miss Grinsted carried forward the work in the community from an empty dwelling to an empty store room and into a church home, working all of the time under the supervision of the First Baptist church, and in November, 1911, George Street church was organized with the following members: Miss Grinsted, Mrs. Levi Arnold, Charles Wilson and others. Rev. Lawrence Bell became the first pastor in 1907, and during his pastorate a building was bought from the German Reform denomination and moved from Adams street to George street, $1,100 being the expenditure. In the summer of 1913, an addition was made of four Sunday-school rooms, and there are ninety-seven members. Rev. W. W. Long began his pastorate in 1909, and has been with the church four years. The official roster is: Clerk, Ernest Vice; treasurer, Samuel Arnold; deacons, Charles Wilson, Otto Skinner, Marion Hiser and John Young; trustees, F. A. Harrold, Milton Wilson, and Charles Wilson. The church property is valued at $2,500, and George Street church is doing a good work in the community.

Immanuel Baptist mission at the Nonie Corner is still under the supervision of the First Baptist church. When Rev. Strickland commenced his pastorate with the First Baptist church this mission consisted of five members worshipping in an old store room on the Jonesboro road, but now there are seventy-five members and they worship in a fine chapel two squares west of the Jonesboro road just off of Morton boulevard. Rev. Charles Stoddard, assistant to Rev. Strickland, of the First Baptist, preaches at the mission.

C. METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH

By W. H. Rogers

Eighty-five years ago a number of aggressive clergymen and laymen, who favored lay representation in the general and annual conferences of the church, with their kindred and those who followed for opinions sake, were at first congregated under a provisional government with the name Associated Methodist churches, common ecclesiastical views soon completed the evolution of a sect, and these Christians became the Methodist Protestant church, the constitutional convention meeting on the second day of November, 1830. Every forward movement, whether in church or state, is a restoration rather than a revolution, the progressive element being guarded and qualified by the conservative. It asks indeed, for the old paths, but having found them moves forward therein,

not backward. The Methodist Protestant church represents such a movement; its demand for the mutual rights of the ministry and the laity having been as we believe, a progressive return to the ideals of Wesley, and to the prevailing usage of the Apostolic church. The historic individuality of the Methodist Protestant church is not dependent upon lay representation alone, while in all the great symbols of the Christian faith our church parallels the others called evangelical, embracing with them all the fullness of the Apostles' Creed. Its elementary principles are designed to lay hold upon those specific rights and privileges, the conservation of which history has shown to be essential to religious liberty. These elementary principles admit but one order in the ministry of the church, establishing presbyterial equality as well as equality between the ministers and the lay men. The pastoral or ministerial office and duties are divine appointment and all the elders in the church of God are equal, but ministers are forbidden to be lords over God's heritage, or to have dominion over the faith of the Saints. They hold the church to a basis which is preeminently Christocentric and Biblical, as distinguished from everything traditional or ceremonial. Christ is the only head of the church, and the word of God the only rule of faith and conduct. They proclaim and conserve the rights to private judgment in matters of religious. Every man has an inalienable right to private judgment in matters of religion, and an equal right to express his opinion in any way which will not violate the law of God or the rights of his fellow man. They recognize the integral nature of every society of believers in Jesus Christ, recognize such society, when assembled for religious worship. As a Christian church of divine institution, vesting therein the right of local self government, with the exclusive right of property in their houses of worship, and to any rule infringing upon these rights they do solemnly protest. Of the illustrious men of the Methodist Protestant church, I mention but three: Nicholas Snethen, the reformer, was the father of Methodist Protestantism. He took the broken fibres of ecclesiasticism and wove them into a church government, the most American the world ever saw. No man in his day was able to meet the numerous and convincing arguments for a liberal church polity which he advocated. Another was Asa Shinn, the theologian, whom Dr. Adam Clark declared the greatest reasoner in America. Thomas H. Stockton, the orator, was the most eloquent preacher of our church and perhaps was next to Whitefield, the most gifted orator on the American continent.

A younger member of the family of Methodism, this church was still in her infancy when that agitation began, the climax of which was only to be reached in the terrible crucible of civil war. Dismemberment resulted to the churches, but the Methodist Protestants were among the first to outgrow the sectional animosities of the conflict, and the two branches, north and south, were happily united in 1877, and the Mason and Dixon line is unknown to the church of today. Reformers came to Grant county as early as 1835, and were allied to the Ohio conference until the year 1839, when the Ohio conference set off as a new district the state of Indiana. The first session of the Indiana annual conference was held in John Burton's church, near Gosport, in the year 1840. Robert G. H. Hanna was chosen as conference president. Of the pioneer laborers were Joseph Simpson, Samuel Morrison, Thomas and Joseph Shipp, John Alter, Harvey Collins, Solomon Duling, Ezra Conn, Joseph Boxell, Hugh Fulton, Rameth Hussey, J. H. G. Prim and George W. Boxell. Our work in Grant county, while largely confined to the smaller towns and the country, has been attended with a very encouraging degree of prosperity. We have fifteen churches well distributed in the

county with ten resident ministers and one thousand two hundred members. There are two churches, Salem and Pleasant Grove, in the Fowlerton circuit, the Salem church in Fowlerton stood for many years in the Duling neighborhood, but later was moved to town to better accomodate the members there.

There are four churches on the Hanfield circuit, with a comfortable parsonage at Hanfield, a point for all the appointments. There are attractive, modern churches at Hanfield, Antioch, Locust and Bethlehem, and all but the Bethlehem church have been remodeled in recent years. Jonesboro is an independent station and the church was rebuilt in 1913, making it one of the attractive churches of the county. The churches on the Pipe Creek circuit are, Mt. Olive, Jalapa and Mirtown, and all are substantial church properties. The Swayzee circuit includes the church in Herbet and one in Howard county. The Swayzee church is among the best congregations in Grant county.

The Upland church includes Monroe Center and Gritha, and while most Methodist Protestant churches in Grant county are rural congregations, the fact remains that no other denomination has more churches in the country, and that all are in prosperous condition. The era of church repair that has swept the country has touched most Methodist Protestant churches, and there is reason for neighborhood pride in every Methodist Protestant community in Grant county.

CI. THE LUTHERAN CHURCH

By Rev. Fred H. Ihrig

In order to form a fair idea of the relative numerical strength of the Lutheran church it is necessary to go into German communities, where as a rule Lutherans outnumber any two other denominations. In fact taken the world over, there are more Lutherans than all other Protestants combined, the figures of 1910 being seventy nine million Lutherans

In the United States the Lutherans, are outnumbered only by the Methodists and Baptists, thus ranking third among Protestants. The average rate of growth since 1900 of all religious bodies is twenty eight per cent, whereas the Lutheran increase in the same time is thirty five per cent. However, in English speaking communities, as in Grant county, the Lutherans are not strong, there being only two congregations, one in Marion and one in Sweetser. The history of the Sweetser congregation dates back more than fifty years. It was in December, 1860, that Rev. S. Ridenour began the work of assembling a congregation in the vicinity of Sweetser. Having other congregations to care for the work at Sweetser progressed slowly, and it was not until 1865 that the congregation was organized under the name of St. Paul's Lutheran church and a constitution adopted. This was under the pastorate of Rev. T. E. Harsh. There were twenty-three charter members, of whom only one is living, Mrs. Betsey Ann Remaker. On account of the small number of members it was out of question to think of erecting a church home, and for thirty years the meetings were held in private homes, the Jalapa school house, Cart Creek school house and the Mark school house. Other pastors during this period were Revs. A. Birch, G. Harter, H. J. Rieman, G. W. Umbaugh, H. J. G. Bartholomew, B. E. Kemmer and W. E. Arnholt.

Most of the foregoing served only from one to three years, but Rev.

Kemmer served from 1882 to 1893, and since that time he has made his home among his former parishioners. He is now one of the most widely known and highly respected agriculturists of the county. It was not until 1896 that the building of a church was undertaken, during the pastorate of Rev. C. H. Pence. Members furnished most of the material and labor, and the result was a very neat and commodious village church, being one of three churches in Sweetser.

Rev. C. H. Rhiel succeeded Rev. Pence, and was the last minister of the combined Wabash-Sweetser charge. After his time Wabash became self supporting, and Sweetser united with the Lutheran mission in Marion, the pastor dividing his time between the two charges This has been the arrangement since 1904, but September 1, 1915, Marion assumed a pastor's support alone and Sweetser was again connected with the Wabash charge. The pastors of the Marion Sweetser circuit were: Revs. H. D. Cull, R. V. Schmidt, L. O. Burry, and F. H. Ihrig, resident Marion pastor who served both charges until Rev. Dexhammer of Wabash assumed his duties at Sweetser The present official board at Sweetser is: Henry Jacob, B. E. Kemmer, Clarence Remaker, Fred Jacob, William Brinker, John Shinn, Karl Jacob and William Kemmer.

The Lutheran congregation in Marion was begun as a mission by Rev. W. Lehman, who was then serving Hartford City and is now pastor of a large Lutheran church in Union City. It was organized October 28, 1894. Meetings were held in the homes and later at the Y. M. C. A., until the congregation was able to build its present church on Fourteenth street. The first regular pastor was Rev. P. G. Bergener, from 1892 to 1894, and he was succeeded by the widely known and still well remembered Rev. J. C. Shacht, who was also professor of German in the Marion high school. Rev. Shacht removed to Columbus, Ohio, where he taught in the Lutheran University. He died in October, 1906. Rev. Shacht labored diligently in the interest of the Marion mission from 1894 to 1903, and he had the satisfaction of helping his members build both a church and parsonage. His successor was H. D. Cull, who died in 1904, not having served quite one year.

Rev. R. V. Schmitt succeeded Rev. Cull and in 1906 he was elected to a professorship at the synod's college in Columbus, Ohio. His successor was Rev. L. O. Burry, 1906 to 1911, when the present pastor, Rev. F. H. Ihrig, succeeded him in September, and has now entered his third year of local pastorate. With September, 1913, the Marion church became self-sustaining and it now has regular weekly services, and the members feel that this will greatly aid the church in Marion.

The present church officers are: Gus Aiman, Charles Paul, John Heffelman, S. Arkbuckle, Joe Kuhlencamp, William Roser and Charles Knotz. Doctrinally, the Lutherans believe in the verbal inspiration of the scriptures, and therefore in the doctrines of the natural depravity of man, free grace, justification by faith, infant baptism by sprinkling, though other modes are not condemned, and in Christ's presence in the Lord's Supper are regarded not only and merely as a sign of grace received, or a memorial to Christ, but as a real means of grace, along with the preached word of God.

Lutherans believe that through baptism a child becomes God's child, and is thus brought into full membership in the church of Christ, and needs no subsequent conversion. The germ of Christianity is planted through baptism, and this is nourished and grows as the child grows in wisdom. The baptismal vow, however, is reaffirmed and confirmed at maturity by the rite of confirmation through which the baptized member becomes a communicant member. Statistics prove that the Lutheran

method of careful instruction followed by confirmation, causes a more substantial growth than the revival system, and therefore the Lutheran church does not encourage or participate in the latter.

CH. METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

By Rev. T. C. Neal

The Methodists, ever aggressive and progressive, hearing the command "go ye into all the world," went and early in the history of Grant county they appeared holding their first meeting, as we are told, under an old elm tree. Jonesboro had an organization very early, and the society has prospered to this day. Of course Marion is the great center of Methodism in the county. It is like the hub of a great wheel. In the city we find today five live churches, all stations but Highland avenue, which has Fletcher and Morris Chapel attached.

First church, (Marion), has over one thousand members and it has well been called "a great church," strong and steady for all that is good and right. Its church property is valued at some $40,000. Many of the men and women whose sterling qualities made Marion what it now is were members of old First church. We can only mention a few as representatives: Samuel Horton, A. C. Swayzee, Simon Goldthait, T. J. Neal, J. D. Bireley, Joseph Workall with their wives, valiant soldiers of the cross. Ninth street has a handsome frame church and a lively society of some three hundred members. Value of church property about $6,000. Grace church, as was Ninth street, organized during the "boom days," is now one of the most flourishing churches in the city. It has a membership of over three hundred and property valued at $8,000. Home Park church, near the Soldiers' Home, is a new society, with membership of nearly one hundred and property valued at about $1,200. Highland avenue is one live northern outpost. Here, as at the other smaller societies in the city, we find splendid men and women, laboring faithfully in the Lord's vineyard. At Highland avenue, Fletcher and Morris Chapels we have some two hundred and fifty members and property valued at $7,500.

Outside of Marion, we have Fairmount, with a membership of three hundred and fifty and a fine new modern church, complete and beautiful. The estimated value of church and parsonage is given at $16,000. The growth of this church has been phenomenal. At Gas City we have a neat brick church, modern, with a society of two hundred and fifteen members. Church and parsonage valued at about $11,500. Jonesboro has a modern brick church and a commodious parsonage, valued at a total of $13,000. In spite of a disastrous fire a few years ago, which laid in ruins their lovely new church, these brave people rallied and today their newest building affords a delightful place for worship to its over three hundred members, and many friends. At Point Isabel we have a fine church, which, with a neat parsonage, is valued at $16,000, and a membership of one hundred and sixty-nine. Sims has one hundred and sixty-three members and property valued at $5,000. Swayzee has nearly two hundred members and property valued at some $12,000. This is a very lively and influential society, abounding in good works. Upland, our college city, has a fine church and parsonage, valued at near $20,000, and a society of two hundred and seventy-five members. Van Buren has a membership of over two hundred and property valued at near $14,000. This is a prosperous church. At Matthews, the handsome Epworth

church stands, as a monument to the faithfulness and zeal of the Methodists in that section. It has a membership of two hundred and forty-one and property valued at some $10,500. Jalapa, on Lafontaine circuit, has some eighty members and a church valued at near $2,000. Sweetser has a live society of nearly two hundred members, and is now (1913) a station and on the high road to victory. Rigdon has a society of seventy-four members. Thus we have a total of nearly twenty churches with an approximate membership of five thousand and property valued at nearly $200,000. The faithful pastors of these Methodist flocks, receive about $20,000 per year for their services.

But these facts and figures only give us a view of the framework of the great temple of Methodism in Grant county. The mighty influence for the betterment of our people by these earnest preachers and lay men can never be expressed in figures. And the fathers, mighty men of God, who have gone to their eternal reward—who can number the sheaves they have gathered for the Master. A record of the work done by these true, tried and faithful ones would fill many a volume. Only when we look upon the books "kept" by the All-seeing One will we know how great has been the good done by the Methodists of Grant county.

It is not difficult to explain the wonderful growth of Methodism, and its hold upon the people today. With, as a foundation, the Word of God and with souls on fire the circuit riders of Methodism came to the daring pioneers of these western wilds proclaiming a free, full and blessed salvation through the Lamb of God, the crucified and risen Redeemer. It was a message that struck a popular chord and mightily moved the hearts of the common people. Vast circuits were traveled by these men of God at a sacrifice of which we can scarcely conceive. Day and night, over roadless regions and bridgeless streams, with their lips set on fire by "a live coal from the altar," these devoted men swept like a holy cyclone over the land and Methodist progress became one of the wonders of the world. In log cabins or under the leafy trees, the voice of preaching, penitence, prayer and praise could be heard ascending to the throne of grace and mercy and the truly converted ones at once became workers for the kingdom. Intensely emotional was the religion of those early days. It is said that one saintly man went into his barn to "pray in secret." He became so carried away that neighbors a mile distant heard his voice of prayer and praise. Modern coldness and fastidiousness may sneer at this, but many a poor millionaire would today give all he possesses to have an experience like that. The songs, while perhaps not "classical," were sound in doctrine, faithful in warning and tender in entreaty, while clothed with soulful melody and the gathered people were swept by hundreds to the "mourners bench," and into the fold of the church. Such a combination of faith and works could not result in failure.

During the great war of 1861-65, the loyalty of the mighty Methodist church was especially made manifest. On account of slavery a vast host of Methodists had seceded from the church and organized the church South; but faithful to the great cause of freedom this loyal organization stood faithfully by the star-lit flag of the Union. President Lincoln said in substance: "It is not the fault of other churches, that, from its greater numbers, the Methodist church has sent more prayers to heaven, more nurses to the hospitals, and more soldiers to the field, than any other." Many today remember how grandly old First church, Marion, in those dark days stood by the government, under the leadership of that fearless preacher, Rev. Thomas Stabler.

These then, were some of the features of Methodism in Grant county.

and all over the land, that draw as a mighty magnet the people to the cross of Christ and into the fellowship of those "peculiar people" called Methodists. And while today methods are somewhat different, changing, as the times demand, in substance and essentials, Methodism is now as it was a hundred years ago, a mighty force in our land for righteousness, sobriety, purity and honesty. Some "old landmarks" have disappeared. Stately temples have taken the place of log huts and groves. The time honored Presiding Elder is transformed into the vigilant district superintendent. The common cup used in the communion service has largely given place to the individual cup, and the splendid Epworth League fills worthily the place once occupied by the class-meeting. But these minor changes have not in the least broken down the real points that have planted Methodism in the affections of the people and made it what it is.

Editor's note.—All except Epworth church in Matthews belong to the Wabash District of the North Indiana conference, while Epworth is in the Muncie District. For several years Mr. Neal has written the opening hymn for the conference, as well as for many other special occasions, and because the matter is so near his heart he has written them in advance, having the 1912 hymn and all intervening years in type. If he does not live to attend the conference, his hymns will be sung there. The Methodists of the North Indiana conference are as used to Mr. Neal's special occasion hymns as the rest of the world to the Fanny Crosby productions, and all enjoy them.

Mr. Neal began writing conference hymns in 1893, and for twenty years he has not failed, but the hymn he likes best of all; "King of Eternity," was written for the 1910 session at Bluffton. Because it is his choice, it is herewith reproduced, and Grant county Methodists may sing it again. The song follows:

Tune—Something for Jesus. Hymnal No. 319

1 King of Eternity,
Our Father dear,
With gladsome songs of praise,
Gather we here.
Thou who art great and high,
Sov'reign of earth and sky,
Hear thou our prayer and cry,—
Draw very near.

2 King of Eternity;
Thine we would be;
Each day thy loving face
We long to see.
Help us to glory bring
To thee, our Lord and King;
By word and life to sing
Grandly for thee.

3 King of Eternity,
Keep as thine own;
Help us to live for thee,
And thee alone.
When hell's dark hosts assail,
Help, Lord, or we must fail;
Help, and we shall prevail;
Vict'ry be won.

4 King of Eternity,
Our Conference bless;
All we could do for thee,
Crown with success:
Make this a Pentecost,
Helpful to saved or lost,
Peace-crowned, or tempest-tossed,
Bless, Father, bless!

CHI. THE UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH

By Luella B. Myers

Early in the history of Grant county the itinerants of the United Brethren church extended their circuits within its limits. This was usually done because of the invitations given by residents of the county who had formerly been members of the church in Virginia, Pennsylvania and Ohio. Appointments were made for preaching, the services sometimes being held under the forest trees, and sometimes in the primitive residences of the pioneers.

It was an event of no ordinary interest when those ministers made their rounds. Most of them were not classical scholars, but they knew how to adapt themselves to the times, and to the conditions under which they worked. Often the people for miles around gathered to hear them. These ministers traveled on horse-back, and were often called circuit-riders. The country owes a debt of gratitude to those men who preached the Gospel and the better ideals of civilization along the frontier when our institutions were in the formative period. Usually when enough people become interested in religious work to justify, they were organized into churches, and meeting-houses were built. This general delineation accounts for the origin of the older country United Brethren churches in Grant county.

Liberty church and Salem were organized about the year 1835. Union Chapel had its origin not long afterwards, and a little later Oak Chapel and Knox Chapel came into being. These churches have exerted an influence of no small significance in the promotion of Christianity in this county, and influences were set in motion that are still working for the general good. Even the material prosperity of the communities where these churches were located has been promoted by them. In the 'seventies a church was organized in Van Buren, and at a comparatively recent date Otterbein Chapel was built west of Marion and Michaels Chapel, southwest of Marion.

Among the early members of Liberty church are to be found the names of Carter, Perry and Thomas. In the Salem church the names of Woolman, Hillsamer and Shank. At Union Chapel, the names of Bradford, Creviston and Hunt. At Oak Chapel, the names of Pierce, Maddox and Farr. At Knox Chapel, the names of Knox, Rybolt and Keller. At the Van Buren Chapel, Cochrane, Walker and Shimp. This is a very limited list of the names of the families who gave the weight of their influence and means to the support of these churches in the early times.

Some of the ministers of the United Brethren church who preached at an early period in different localities in Grant county are Revs. Pugsley, Cyrus Smith, Alexander Carl, Benjamin Holcomb, William Hall, Cornelius Ketner, Milton Wright and J. R. Brown. Some of the min-

isters of a later period, and before the churches in the city were organized, are David E. Myers, A. C. Wilmore and L. N. Jones. In a few instances organizations have disbanded, but these instances have been in the interest of the churches started in the city of Marion. There are five churches within the city limits, and in these are to be found remnants of the few country churches that have disbanded.

In 1889, a division occurred in the church over the secrecy question. Those who were radically opposed to secret societies, and to a change in the constitution pertaining thereto, organized into separate societies, but continue under the same name. This division seriously affected the church south of Fairmount and the one at Salem.

The conference missionary who led in the work of erecting the first church in Marion at Delphi Avenue and Second streets, was D. O. Darling. The lot was given to the church by R. A. Spencer. The money realized from Liberty Chapel, south of the city, was used to pay for the foundations of this, the First church of Marion. The corner stone was laid by Dr. T. A. Sanders, president of Otterbein University, and the house was dedicated by Bishop J. W. Hott in 1893.

Within the pastorate of Rev. Darling the Christy Street church was built. In the year 1900, Dr. J. E. Shannon was appointed pastor of the First church. One hundred and fifty members were received each of the first three years of his ministery, and the house was enlarged at a cost of several thousand dollars. The corner-stone of the new addition was laid by secretary, now Bishop W. M. Bell, and the building was dedicated by Dr. E. B. Kephart. As a result of the activity of the members of the First church, the Spencer Avenue and Swayzee Street churches were organized. Each of these organizations now has its own house of worship, and paid for. Horton Street church was organized about the time of the disbanding of the Salem church.

The ministry and the people are advancing, and these conditions are a prophesy of greater things to come to the United Brethren church in Grant county.

CIV. SEVENTH DAY ADVENT CHURCH

By Elder F. M. Roberts

Why are we here when we have so many other great Christian denominations? We as a denomination arose about the year 1840, and in the study of the Scriptures we found a most fearful, threatening record in Revelations 16:6-14, and seeing that this message was world wide, and must go in this generation, and seeing that no other people were preaching it, we felt compelled from the force of honest conviction and Christian duty to undertake the proclamation of the greatest message that has ever been committed to man.

Hence the question is often asked: "Why the Advent church?" and we further reply that there is a wide difference in doctrine between us and all other churches. First we believe in the perpetuity of the moral law as written upon stone and handed down to Moses; that this law is a transcript of the character of God himself, being the mind of the lawgiver and can no more be changed than the mind of God can be changed, and being Protestants in the true sense of the word we take the Bible, and the Bible alone, as the rule and guide of our faith; and searching the Bible from lid to lid, we find all through it the divine authority for keeping holy the Sabbath day. Searching still further we find that the

only day God ever made holy is the Seventh day, which is Saturday, according to the old family Bible of one hundred years or more ago, and according to the almanac and according to all records of any consequence, and being honest and Christians, we are bound to obey this commandment as well as all the rest written on tables of stone with the finger of God. See Exodus 31, 18, also Exodus 32, 15 and 16. We find this law is not written by Moses as many teach, but by God himself and it is a dangerous thing to tamper with and undertake to change a law which means life or death to us. See First Samuel 6, 19, and Second Samuel, 6, and 6, 7. We find also that the Sabbath is a perpetual covenant, see Exodus 31, 16, and much more evidence of equal weight might be cited.

So we accept of the great moral code as the only true knowledge of sin, First John, 3, 4; Romans, 3, 20, and that the gospel was made necessary because of the violation of this same law. This leads to real conversion when presented as God gave them. We also believe in the ordinance of humility or feet washing as taught by our Saviour's example, and also his Apostles in John 13, 1 to 17. He who will humble himself to wash the feet of one he hates will humble himself to do any other duty, and is not far from the kingdom. And to support the ministry we strictly follow the tithing system instead of resorting to festivals and socials, and taking the view that we do of the Scripture we find ourselves confronted with a great responsibility that of warning the world in regard to the things found in the Bible, and especially in proclaiming the three messages of Revelation 14, 6 to 14, which includes the warning against the beast and his image, and calling the world to the worship of the true God who created the heavens and earth and preparing the people for the second coming of Jesus within the present generation.

Our organization grows out of the movement of 1840 44, when William Miller preached the end of the world at a fixed date. The disappointment led to a study of the sanctuary in Heaven: Revelation 11, 19, and there we found God's divine law safely cared for in the heavens, guarded by angels, including the fourth commandment, which says: "The Seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God." Grant county has three Seventh Day Advent churches, with about 100 members. The Marion church was organized in 1876 by Elder S. H. Lane, and it now has sixty members. Jonesboro church was organized by Elders J. P. Henderson and A. W. Bartlett in 1882, and it now has twenty-eight members. Michaelsville church was organized by Elder Roberts in 1899, and it has sixteen members. Mrs. Gebrilla Havens is a charter member of the Advent church in Grant county.

CV. SOCIETY OF FRIENDS IN GRANT COUNTY

By Ellwood O. Ellis

It is assumed that the history of Grant county dates from the year 1825, and as it is now 1913, there are eighty-eight years of time to be covered. Only eighty-eight years ago there was not a road in the county, save the half-hidden trail of the Indian. There was not a fence to mark the boundary of a farm. There was no human habitation except the wigwam of the savage. There was no iron track to guide the wheels of steam cars or interurbans. There were no wires stretched across the country for the conveyance of news, nor to serve the convenience of business and mercantile firms. Not a clearing had been made for the

production of the wealth of farm vegetation, and forests prevailed everywhere. Over the level stretches, on the hills, in the valleys, it was dense unbroken forest, except now and then a boggy prairie, and not a fence, a road, a farm, a house, nor a thing of any description to break the charm of a vast and boundless woodland. The bear, the wolf, the porcupine, the deer, and numerous other wild animals had undisturbed possession, except as the Indian with his rude weapons brought down his game for purposes of food and raiment. The lands extending to the right and the left from the Mississinewa river that runs midway from southeast to northwest through the county bore not the slightest mark of civilization, and possessed only the awe-inspiring grandeur of primitive tangled wildwood.

Into this scene of natural sublimity came David Conner and Martin Boots in October, and John Ballinger a Friend in December, 1825. Two years before, Goldsmith Gilbert had come from Muncietown, and established an Indian trading post on the river a few miles northwest of the present city of Marion. He now sold out to David Conner who entered land on terms offered by the United States. Martin Boots made a similar entry of land now occupied by the streets an alleys and hundreds of homes in Marion, and John Ballinger entered land on which is located the Friends' and the Odd Fellows' cemeteries, and the farm that has long been known as the Isaac Jay farm, it having been purchased by Isaac Jay twenty-five years later. So, of the first three settlers, one was a Friend.

But other Friends must have come in rapid succession, for only three years later, Friends' meetings were regularly held at the residence of Eli Overman, and were attended by Ephraim Overman, Silas Overman, Reuben Overman, Isaac Elliott, Joshua Small, John Lamb, John Thomas, Jesse Thomas and Charles Baldwin, and doubtless by others whose names have not been handed down. After a short time the meetings were held in a log school house that had been built. John Ballinger died in 1827, and was buried on his own land, where thousands since then have been laid in the sleep of death. The Friends built the first church in the county, on the John Ballinger farm. By some it has been claimed that this was in 1828, but we have a living witness who thinks this is incorrect. Eli Thomas was born in Wayne county the same year that Conner, Boots and Ballinger came to Grant county, and was brought to this county by his father when only three and a half years old. He still lives in Marion, in full possession of his mind and with a clear memory of those early days. He says he is sure this house was not built till 1830, and he remembers it as a hewed log building, at first consisting of one room, then another room added to it a little later, with a partition between the two rooms in which were sliding "shutters" to separate the men and women when business sessions were held, as was the custom in those days.

In the short space of six years a sufficient number of Friends had come to permit the establishment of Mississinewa Preparative Meeting, and in another year Mississinewa (now Marion) Monthly Meeting had been established, and in another year, Back Creek Preparative Meeting. Before sixteen years had passed, Deer Creek Preparative Meeting, New Hope, indulged meeting, (the Revolutionary soldier, Barnabas Vendevanter, lies buried at New Hope), Centre (Jonesboro), indulged meeting, Back Creek Monthly Meeting, Centre (Jonesboro) Preparative Meeting, and Northern (now Fairmount) Quarterly Meeting had all been established. This indicates a very rapid migration of Friends to this county. What caused it? The answer is interesting to the student of history.

When William Penn founded the great state of Pennsylvania, liberal offers and inducements brought large numbers of immigrants from England, among whom were very many Friends. These rapidly took up the lands of eastern Pennsylvania, and as the Allegheny mountains formed a barrier to the West, they went on into Maryland, and then on into Virginia, where the Friends made a settlement on Opequan creek in the Shenandoah valley on a hundred thousand acres of land. Their numbers still increasing, they settled other parts of Virginia. Here, during the French and Indian war, the Indians became very troublesome, and to escape, many Friends went still farther south into North Carolina, South Carolina and even into Georgia. Here in the southland they became very numerous and several large meetings were established. They prospered in business, had splendid homes, a delightful climate in which to live, and they probably would have remained permanently settled there had not circumstances brought about conditions that could not easily be endured.

About a hundred years had passed since their first settlements in Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland. Then they had bought and kept slaves as did their neighbors. Under the teaching of John Woolman and others, conscience had been awakened to a feeling that it was wrong for one human being to hold another in slavery. There was no violent agitation among themselves, but under the power of loving counsel and admonitions, and the invisible force of the still small voice in their hearts, they surrendered to the Divine will, and freed their slaves. The church was united in the conviction that slavery is contrary to the will of God, and took up an active testimony against it, and in favor of universal emancipation. But their neighbors believed in slavery, defended it with arguments and kept slaves in increasing numbers. They could not perform their own labor, nor hire help and compete with slave labor. So disagreeable had the circumstances become that they longed for a way of escape. Providence came to their relief.

Just at that time the Northwest Territory was opened up for settlement. Slavery was to "be forever prohibited within its borders." Reports came that the soil was very productive. It was accepted as the open door for their escape. A stream of migration literally poured into the Ohio valley from the southland. It is almost impossible to realize how vast was this throng that sold their possessions and sought new homes in Ohio and Indiana. Friends' records give some knowledge of the movement.

One Monthly Meeting alone in western Ohio received the transfer by certificate of nearly nineteen hundred members in the four years from 1803 to 1807. Mississinewa (now Marion) Monthly Meeting, on the 17th of December, 1834, just nine years after John Ballinger, the first Friend came, in one day received the transfer of ninety-three members who formed a part of this great stream of migration. Four of this number are well remembered—the late Nathan Coggeshall, Gulie, his wife, and the only children they had at that time, the late Mary Jay Bond, and the late Anna Jay, who then was a babe nine months old.

When the Friends speak of a meeting being "established," or "set up," they mean the organization of the meeting by another meeting to which it becomes subordinate, and the approval of the next higher superior meeting is also obtained. A Monthly Meeting may establish a Preparative Meeting, or another Monthly Meeting, with the approval of the Quarterly Meeting, after which the Preparative will be subordinate to the Monthly Meeting establishing it, but the new Monthly Meeting will be subordinate to the Quarterly Meeting. A Quarterly Meeting may

establish another Quarterly Meeting, with the approval of the Yearly Meeting, to which the new Quarterly Meeting becomes subordinate.

So Mississinewa Preparative Meeting was established by New Garden Monthly Meeting and approved by New Garden Quarterly Meeting, Wayne county, Indiana, in 1831, but an "indulged" meeting had been held the three preceding years. Mississinewa (Marion) Monthly Meeting was established by New Garden Monthly and New Garden Quarterly Meeting in 1852. In similar manner Mississinewa Monthly Meeting, with the approval of New Garden Quarterly Meeting, established Back Creek Preparative Meeting in 1833, and Deer Creek Preparative Meeting and New Hope indulged meeting in 1837, and Back Creek Monthly Meeting in 1838. Centre (Jonesboro) indulged meeting was "set off" from both Back Creek and Mississinewa Meetings by the joint authority and action of both Monthly Meetings in 1838, while Centre (Jonesboro) Preparative Meeting was established by Back Creek Monthly Meeting in December, 1841.

Two Monthly Meetings now having been established in Grant county, it was in order to establish a Quarterly Meeting. In 1839 these two, Mississinewa and Back Creek Monthly Meetings joined in a request that a new Quarterly Meeting be granted, that it should be held alternately at Mississinewa and Back Creek, and that it should be called Northern (now Fairmount) on account of its geographical position in the Yearly Meeting at that time. The request went first to New Garden Quarterly Meeting, and by it was forwarded to Indiana Yearly Meeting, by which it was decreed that Northern Quarterly Meeting should be "set off" from New Garden Quarterly Meeting and "set up" at Mississinewa meeting house in March, 1841, and thereafter to be held alternately at the two places, as had been requested.

In June, 1841, "The Friends on and near the head of Deer Creek," requested an indulged meeting to be called Oak Ridge, which was granted in the following month by Back Creek Monthly Meeting. In August, 1846, the same Monthly Meeting, with the approval of Northern Quarterly Meeting established Oak Ridge Preparative Meeting. In April, 1848, Mississinewa Monthly Meeting decided that the meeting at Deer Creek should be discontinued, and in the following June this decision was confirmed by Northern Quarterly Meeting. This action was taken because Deer Creek Meeting had seceded with other anti-slavery Friends from Indiana Yearly Meeting. Further mention of this will be made in this article.

It is to be regretted that the minute book of Back Creek Monthly Meeting, containing the minutes from March, 1847, to March, 1853, and all the minutes of the women's meetings is missing. If any one who reads this knows the whereabouts of any record of any Friends' meeting, such person is earnestly requested to inform Mrs. Ora E. Winslow of Fairmount. She will see that any such record is put in the hands of the proper authority for preservation and future reference.

Owing to the lack of the record mentioned it cannot be told with certainty the exact time when Fairmount Meeting was first begun, but it is thought it was in 1851. Neither can it be told when Fairmount Preparative Meeting was established, except by the Yearly Meeting minutes of 1853, it appears that it had been reported that "a preparative by the name of Fairmount, in the limits of Back Creek Monthly Meeting, Northern Quarter" had been established. In the minute book following the one that is missing it is shown that a matter of business was reported from Fairmount Preparative Meeting in May, 1853, the first minutes in the book being recorded in March. So it is probable that this meeting dates from some time between September, 1852, and March, 1853.

In April, 1854, "The Friends south of Oak Ridge" requested an indulged meeting, to be known as Little Ridge, and this was granted by Back Creek Monthly Meeting in May. In response to a request that in June, 1855, Little Ridge Preparative Meeting was established on the following August. In the same month Little Ridge and Oak Ridge joined in a request for a new Monthly Meeting to be called Oak Ridge. It seems that the Quarterly Meeting did not act favorably on this request. But it came up again in December, 1856, and Oak Ridge Monthly Meeting, composed of Oak Ridge and Little Ridge Preparatives, was established in May, 1857. Deer Creek Preparative Meeting was once more established in July, 1858, the anti-slavery Friends having come back to the church from which they had seceded, and ten years having passed since the meeting was laid down.

Without having had either time or opportunity to confirm it from the written records, the writer believes the following to be correct:

Maple Run Preparative was established by Mississinewa (Marion) Monthly Meeting in 1864, and Bethel Preparative by Back Creek Monthly Meeting the same year. East Branch Preparative and Fairmount Monthly Meeting were established by Back Creek Monthly Meeting in 1869, when Little Ridge Preparative was replaced by Bethel Preparative as a part of Oak Ridge Monthly Meeting, and Little Ridge was attached to Fairmount Monthly Meeting. In the same year Deer Creek Monthly Meeting, composed of Deer Creek and Maple Run Preparatives, was established by Mississinewa Monthly Meeting. Marion Preparative Meeting was established in 1871, in the frame house that stood where now the brick church at the corner of South Adams and Fifteenth streets stands. In 1887 Mississinewa Monthly Meeting was transferred from the old frame house that was first used in December, 1837, and located on the Eli Overman farm, to the brick building on South Adams street, and "Mississinewa" gave way to "Marion" as the name of the original Monthly Meeting established in 1832. West Branch Preparative Meeting was established in 1872, and became a part of Deer Creek Monthly Meeting. Upland Preparative Meeting was established in 1871 and North Grove in 1876. College Corner Preparative Meeting was organized in July, 1889, by Mississinewa and Deer Creek Monthly Meetings, as it drew members from both, and on October 6, 1901, South Marion Monthly Meeting was established. Walnut Creek Preparative Meeting, three miles northeast of Upland, was established in 1886, and in the following year, Upland Monthly Meeting was composed of Upland and Walnut Creek Preparatives. Milo Preparative Meeting was organized in 1889, being located northeast of Van Buren, and the same year Linwood Preparative Meeting, northwest of Fairmount, was established.

It will be noticed that each meeting is organized by the authority of some other meeting, and this chain of authority can be traced back to Chester Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania, in 1681. It has been shown that New Garden Quarterly Meeting was the source of authority for all the meetings in Grant county. New Garden was established in 1823 by Whitewater Quarter. Whitewater was established in 1817 by West Branch Quarter located at West Milton, Ohio. West Branch was established by Miami Quarter at Waynesville, Ohio, 1812. Miami was organized in 1809 by Redstone Quarterly Meeting in southwestern Pennsylvania. Redstone Quarter was originated by Westland Monthly Meeting, Washington county, Pennsylvania; Westland by Hopewell Monthly Meeting, Virginia, in 1785; Hopewell, in 1734, by Nottingham Monthly Meeting. Nottingham, in 1730, by New Garden Monthly Meeting; New Garden, in 1718, by Newark Monthly Meeting; Newark, in 1686, by Concord Monthly Meeting; Concord, in 1684, by Chester Monthly Meeting.

and here we have come to the original source, for Chester Monthly Meeting organized itself in 1681, without the authority of another Monthly or Quarterly Meeting. It was doubtless made up of Friends who came with William Penn from England, who felt themselves warranted in organizing a meeting for themselves, and thus unconsciously became the source of authority for the organizations of all Friends' meetings southward to Georgia, and in all the great West to the Pacific ocean. The meetings in New England originated in another way.

The written records of Mississinewa Monthly Meeting date from its beginning in 1832, and are still preserved in excellent condition. The preservation of all records is now a matter of much concern to the members of Marion Monthly Meeting, and Otto Small has been appointed custodian. He sees that they are kept in a fire proof vault. These records were begun only seven years after the first entry in the history of the county. They are written in the bold, plain handwriting of those days, and are still as distinct and easily read as when they were first written. Isaac Smith and Jeremiah Thomas made most of these early records for Friends. There are two sets of records, as the men and women kept separate records of their respective meetings. There are also records of births, of deaths and of marriages. These books are of interest to hundreds of residents in the county today who are descendants of those whose lives are narrated in some degree in these rare volumes. For several purposes they are more valuable than the public county records.

The opening minute reads: "Mississinewa Monthly Meeting of Friends opened and held agreeably to direction of New Garden Quarterly Meeting on the 14th of the Eleventh Month, 1832. A committee by appointment of said Quarter attended and produced a copy of a minute as follows." Then is recorded the minute of authority from the Quarterly Meeting and the names of the committee: Edward Coggeshall, Eleazar Hiatt, Jacob Hockett, Gideon Frazier, John Pegg, Rebecca Thornburg, Margaret Benbow, Mary Harris and Phebe Hinshaw. Charles Baldwin was appointed clerk for the day, and a month later was made permanent clerk. He is grandfather of William Baldwin, Dr. M. F. Baldwin and Sanford T. Baldwin, all of whom now live in Marion, and also of the wife of Rev. Alpheus Trueblood, who was formerly pastor of the Marion Friends church. The clerk for the day of the women's meeting modestly refrained from recording her name, but at the next meeting Charity Benbow was appointed permanent clerk. The following persons were appointed on the various committees that were made up at this, the first Monthly Meeting session in the county: Ephraim Overman, Jesse Thomas, Nathan Morris, Isaac Elliott, Benjamin Knight, Eunice Hockett, Christian Knight, William Ballinger, Thomas Harvey, Eli Overman, Aaron Hill, Anum Newby, Richard Jones, Maris Howell, Ginev Ballinger, Elizabeth Small, Hannah Thomas, Lydia Lamb, Rachel Elliott, Lydia Thomas, Polly Overman, Hannah Jones, Sarah Ballinger, Susannah Baldwin, Elizabeth Rush, Rachel Knight and Ceilab Morris. This list of names shows that the members of the meeting lived not only at Marion, but southward as far as Fairmount, and that in the short space of seven years all the families represented by these names had come from other parts of the country, entered and cleared farms all the way from Marion to Fairmount via Jonesboro and begun the work that their descendants would take up and carry forward.

How suggestive are these names! Ephraim Overman was five years younger than his brother Eli, and is the father of the late George Overman and Huldah Carey, and grandfather of Barclay J. Overman, who now lives in Marion. Eli Overman and his wife, Polly (Thomas)

Overman, are the parents of Stephen, John, Jesse, Ephraim, Joel and Rachel Overman. The latter married Ephraim Smith and is the mother of Ansel R. and Clarkson D. Smith. John Overman and Ann McCracken Overman were the parents of Anderson, David, Daniel and Clarkson D. Overman, all so well known in the county. Joel and Mary (Smith) Overman were the parents of Sarah Ann Tandley M., Isaac S. and Allen J. Overman, and the former married Joseph R. Small, and Luella Wade, Otto Small, Vida Small, Mary Leapley and Millie Wimpy are their children living at Marion. Jesse Thomas, son of John and Lydia Thomas, and father of Eli Thomas, who still lives at the age of eighty-eight years, married Hannah Cox, and they were the parents of eight children. Nathan Morris is the father of Sarah Baldwin, living at Fairmount, and grandfather of Edgar M. Baldwin, editor of the Fairmount *News*. The limits of this chapter forbid the mention of more who are descendants of those who organized the first Friends churches in the county, and as pioneers in a wilderness endured the hardships incident to clearing the forests and left to their posterity examples worthy of imitation. If a list of all their descendants were given it would include a large part of the population of the county today.

The first session of the new Monthly Meeting was characterized by two items of business that were frequent occurrences in those days—a marriage proposal and a complaint against a member. Benjamin Benbow and Mary Morris gave notice that they intended marriage with each other and Isaac Elliott and Benjamin Knight were appointed to inquire into the young man's clearness of other marriage engagements, and whether there were any hindering cause, and Eunice Hockett and Christian Knight to inquire in a similar way as to the young woman. The next month the committees reported nothing to hinder, and Jesse Thomas, Joshua Small, Eunice Hockett and Christian Knight were appointed to attend the marriage, see that good order was preserved and that a marriage certificate was prepared and signed and given to the recorder of marriage certificates to be transcribed in the book kept for that purpose. By reference to this book, on page one we read that the marriage occurred December 19, 1832, and that Benjamin Benbow was a son of John and Charity Benbow, and Mary Morris was a daughter of Thomas and Sarah Morris, both deceased at the time of the marriage. The witnesses who signed the marriage certificate were: John Thomas, William Ballinger, Barnaba Bogue, Lydia Lamb, Rachel Elliott, Christian Knight, Sarah Ballinger, Ginev Ballinger, Reuben Small, Joshua Small, John Benbow, Charity Benbow, Aaron Benbow, Ceilah Morris, Rachel Moorman, Thomas Morris, Benjamin Knight, Eli Overman, Jesse Thomas, Moses Rich, Hannah, Thomas and Eunice Hockett. These marriage records are accurate and reliable, and it sometimes happens that they are useful in establishing the rights of heirs to inheritance of the property of their ancestors.

The complaint was against a woman whose name will not be given here "for telling an untruth against her neighbor." Maris Howell, Ginev Ballinger and Elizabeth Small were appointed to "treat" with her. Two months later they reported "little satisfaction" and in the men's minutes it is recorded that "women request assistance in a difficult case," and Aaron Hill, Matthew Winslow, Jane Small, Nancy Hill, and Eunice Hockett constituted a new committee to treat with her further. At the next meeting it was reported that the offending sister had made an offering in writing, "condemning her misconduct, which was read and accepted." Complaints were very frequently made against members, and it is a matter of surprise to the reader of the

old records as to how much time and effort were given to dealing with offenders. Following are some samples of complaints:

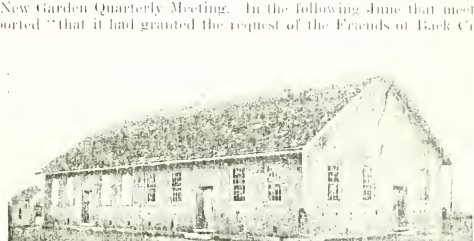
"For departing from plainness, endeavoring to justify himself therein, and for neglecting the attendance of our religious meetings." "For violently striking his father, and for leaving his father's house in an abrupt manner." "Drinking liquor to excess, and making use of unbecoming language." "Violating the order of society so far as to be guilty of making use of the plural language to a single person and endeavoring to justify himself therein." "Endeavoring to defraud his neighbor, and for making contradictory statements." "Using profane language, and for dancing." "Withholding just debts and refusing to settle with his creditors." "Using immoral and scandalous conversation," which was amended to read "Using immoral and unbecoming conversation." "Going with others to a neighbor's house in the night, and endeavoring to kill his dog by shooting at him." "Taking an illegal method to procure a piece of land from the government, for making misrepresentations concerning it, and for casting unbecoming reflections on his friends." "For marrying her first cousin." "For evading to give a correct statement of his taxable property, and for making misrepresentations concerning the same." "For furnishing hands in his employ with spirituous liquors as an article of drink." "For being accused of telling an untruth and refusing to face her accusers." "For not observing justice in dealing," was the complaint filed against a prominent and worthy minister. He made a written offering to the next meeting, which was not satisfied with it and did not accept it. A month later he condemned his conduct, and was restored to fellowship and the full confidence of his brethren.

A very large number of complaints were made for violating the rules of the church concerning marriage. The writer had the privilege recently of looking through the records of West Branch Monthly Meeting at West Milton, Ohio, dating back to 1807. At the close of one of the volumes the recorder, Luke Smith Mote, now in his grave after a long and useful life, wrote the following for future generations to read: "Forty disownments recorded in this volume for outgoing marriages as it was termed, marrying contrary to Friends order part of them connected with some other items of complaint. Frequently looking over these old records, we discover many disownments for unimportant things—not attending meetings regularly, marrying outside the church, not dressing plain, using unBible language, ungrammatical as it was, etc. These Quakers did not look ahead and see the future prosperity of the church."

Most people now would agree with Luke Smith Mote, and it seems strange that the Friends of those days did not see some of the mistakes that look so plain today. While this denomination leads all others today in this county as to the number of members and the number of churches, it is easy to believe the number would have been twice as large had the items of marriage and dress and address not been carried to such an extreme. But while there may have been mistakes on these lines, there is revealed a high standard of character held aloft as a Christian ideal to which the membership made earnest efforts to attain. There were high and noble purposes to have a church membership that is honest, upright, honorable, pure, and single-hearted, wholly free from hypocrisy and double dealing, and which would make the highest order of citizenship for any country, and this is the character of the Friends who became such a large and important factor in the settlement of Grant county. It best becomes us to pass over their mistakes with charity, remembering that we too are making mistakes, and

future generations may need to exercise even more charity toward us for blunders that we do not see in ourselves.

In order to show more clearly the method used in the establishment of new meetings, a few examples are given. A request was presented to Mississinewa Monthly Meeting December 12, 1832, from the Friends at Back Creek "for their indulged meeting to be established, also the privilege of holding a Preparative Meeting among themselves." John Thomas, Ephraim Overman, Jesse Small, William Ballinger, Lydia Lamb, Polly Overman, Charity Benbow and Ginev Ballinger were appointed as a committee to visit the indulged meeting at Back Creek and report their judgment as to whether the Friends "were capable of holding such meeting to the honor of truth." This committee made a favorable report to the next Monthly Meeting, which forwarded the request to New Garden Quarterly Meeting. In the following June that meeting reported "that it had granted the request of the Friends of Back Creek



Old Back Creek Friends Meeting House.

for an establishment of their meeting, and the privilege of holding a Preparative Meeting amongst themselves."

On November 20, 1847, was received a request from Back Creek Preparative requesting "the privilege of holding a Monthly Meeting amongst themselves on the third Seventh day in each month to be known by the name of Back Creek Monthly Meeting," and the record adds "which this meeting takes notice of and appoints Isaac Elliott, David Hiatt, George Shugart, Thomas Symons, John Thomas, Barnaba Bogue, Susannah Schooley, Susannah Shugart, Ginev Ballinger and Polly Overman to visit said meeting and inspect into their capability of holding such a meeting to the honor of truth." The committee reported favorably, the request was forwarded to New Garden Quarterly Meeting and that body reported in June that Back Creek Monthly Meeting should be opened on "the third Seventh Day in Seventh Month." According to the minutes of Back Creek Monthly Meeting, the first volume of which is still well preserved, that meeting was opened on Saturday, July 21, 1848. On the minutes of Mississinewa Monthly Meeting, held two days later, is a record of some significance which informs us that "This meeting being deprived of a clerk by the setting off of Back Creek Monthly Meeting, Eli Overman is appointed clerk

for the day." The person referred to is Thomas Winslow, father of the late Nixon and David Winslow. He had been serving some time as clerk of Mississinewa, and was appointed the first clerk of Back Creek Monthly Meeting.

It was about this time that the Friends at Jonesboro thought they ought to have a meeting, or rather a little before, for we read in January, 1837, that "Friends living near the mouth of Back Creek request the privilege of an indulged meeting, by the name of Hopewell, and to be attached to Back Creek Preparative Meeting." The committee appointed to consider the request reported two months later, and the meeting approved their "judgment that the time has not yet come to grant their request." Another request was made November 19, 1838, of both Mississinewa and Back Creek Monthly Meetings, and the record of the former is given to show the quaintness of its style. "Some of our members near Jonesburgh in conjunction with some of the members of Back Creek Monthly Meeting request the privilege of holding a meeting of indulgence on First and Fourth days except on Fourth day of Preparative Meeting week on a lot of land in the fork of the road near Jonesburgh, said meeting to be known by the name of Centre." On the records of Back Creek the name is spelled Jonesborough. The request was granted and the meeting was opened December 26, 1838, and almost exactly three years later Centre Preparative Meeting was established. It seems that it must have been about this time that a postoffice was established at Jonesboro by the name of Centre, for in 1838 Aaron Hill is reported as the correspondent of Back Creek Monthly Meeting, his postoffice being Marion. In 1841 it is reported that his postoffice has been changed to Centre. In 1852 Jesse E. Wilson is reported as the correspondent of Back Creek Monthly Meeting and that his address is Grant P. O., Grant county, Indiana, afterwards changed to Fairmount. About this time Back Creek Monthly Meeting began holding its sessions alternately at Jonesboro and Back Creek, and has so continued to the present time.

It has been shown how rapidly emigrating Friends arrived and made settlement. A prominent citizen of Marion, not a Friend, speaking publicly in a meeting not long since, said: "At one time the Friends owned all the farms from Marion by way of Jonesboro to Fairmount, and they had the best improved farms, orchards, houses, barns horses, and cattle in the county. If anybody wanted apples or peaches, or any other good thing of farm production, it could always be obtained of the Friends. The townships in which the Friends settled were always in advance of the others." A similar testimony was given by a colored man who was born in this county in 1857—"They had big red barns, fat horses and plenty of apples and peaches. We could always get meat and other provisions of them without money. They would say: 'Thee can work some time and pay for it that way.' They looked after the poor and needy. They came often and visited our school, and they would take notice as to whether we needed clothing or shoes, and then they would ask the teacher, 'Whose boy is that?' In a few days they would come to our home and bring us some needed article, such as shoes, or some piece of clothing that always came handy and made us happy. Those were days when we didn't have luxuries, and we ate corn bread all the week days, and had wheat bread only on Sundays and when visitors came. The Friends were a great and good people. My oldest brother and I were both named for Friends, and that shows what my parents thought of them."

The late Asa T. Baldwin, assisted by his wife, Mary T. Baldwin, and Mrs. Elizabeth Overman, in confirmation of what has been said that

Friends occupied all the land from Marion to Fairmount, as quoted from a prominent citizen of Marion (E. L. Godfrey) [illegible] the following names of persons just as they [illegible] lived on both sides of the river and along the road leading from Marion to Jonesboro, and then on to Fairmount: Reuben Overman, Isaac Overman, Joab Wright, John Schooley, Joseph Grey, Alexander Frazier, Joel Overman, Jacob O. Davis, John Thomas, Isaac Hollingsworth, Jesse Smith, Isaac Jay, Isaac Elliott, Sr., Isaac Elliott, Jr., Jeremiah Arnold, Bailey, Pearson, Simeon Thomas, Jesse Small, Ephraim Elliott, Reuben Elliott, Exum Elliott, William Hiatt, Deane Jay, Joshua Carraday, Timothy Kelly, Obadiah Jones, John Coppock, Evan Hadley, John Pemberton, John Benbow, Joseph Hill, Abra Baldwin, Nathan Hill, Daniel Winslow, Aaron Hill, Henry Harvey, Joseph Wright, Henry Winslow, Matthew Winslow, William R. Pierce, Rachel Neeley, Caleb Winslow, Jesse Dillon, Nathan Morris, and Samuel Radle, and to mention others who lived at Marion, Deer Creek, Jonesboro, Back Creek, Oak Ridge and Fairmount. The two exceptions were Caleb Smith and John Russell, south of Jonesboro.

In the year 1839, when the Friends of Back Creek were about to build the big brick meeting house, this old church is shown in a photograph, that stood till recent years, they made a ratio of apportionment, which is interesting as showing who were the paying members at that time, and their financial ratings. Under an assessment of four and a half per cent were placed, Solomon Knight, Matthew Winslow, Anna Newby, Nathan Morris and Aaron Hill. Three per cent, Jonathan Wilcutts, Joseph Winslow, Charles Baldwin, Daniel Baldwin, Timothy Kelly, Iredell Rush, David Stanfield, Thomas Harvey and Amaziah Beeson. Two and a half per cent, Lewis Jones and Seth Winslow. Two per cent, Evan Hinshaw, Thomas Winslow, Thomas Baldwin, Henry Winslow, and Asa Peacock. One and three fourths per cent, James Scott and Dougan Rush. One and one half per cent, Micajah Newby, Lindsey Baldwin, William Osborn, Charles Hinshaw, Thomas Hill, William Peacock, Daniel Frazier, Benjamin Benbow, Manlon Neal and Job Jackson. One per cent, Peter Rich, William Stanfield, Jesse Wilson, David S. Stanfield, Henry Winslow, John Hadley, Ira Hadley, Jonathan Jones, Nathan Hammer, Elias Baldwin, Joseph Baldwin, Henry Harvey and Isaac Stanfield. One half per cent, John Rich, Allen Wright, Nathan Wilson, John Lee, Charles Stanfield and John Peacock. Let it be remembered in connection with all these names as heads of families, that this is only fourteen years after the first white family had settled in Grant county.

As we have been trying to show who were some of the Friends in addition to many named at the beginning, who settled in Grant county a few of very many whose church membership was received by transfer as the years passed will now be given. In the year 1835 were received the following: Thomas Harris and Mary, his wife with their children John S., Noah, George Davis, Obadiah, Zachariah, Maris and Mary. David and Newton Harris were born into this family after their arrival. Joseph and Sarah Ratliff, and their children, John, Cornelius, Millicent and Mary. Obadiah Jones (commonly spoken of as the founder of Jonesboro) and Ann, his wife, and their children, David Winston, Abijah Foster, Robert Barclay, Enoch Pearson, Jonathan Harris, Martha Ann and Jemima. James Jay and Lydia, his wife and their children, Jesse, Richard, John, Isaiah, William, Lavina, Mary and Susannah, and Mrs. Sarah Jay Gordon of Gas City has been born since then. John and Rachel Coppock, and their daughters, Mary and Susannah, and two sons, Joel and Clarkson, of Jonesboro, have been born since. In 1836,

John and Rachel Allen and daughters Mary and Elizabeth. Thomas and Martha Winslow and children, Milton, Nixon, John, Nancy, Millicent and Lydia. Evan and Margaret Beebow, their daughter, Ann and their apprentice, Anderson Hoggatt. John Pemberton and Susannah, his wife, and their children, Leonard, Joel and Sophia; other children born since are Elihu W., Cyrus, Jesse K., Anna and Mary, the latter being at present a prominent minister known as Mary Moon Meredith. In 1837, James and Annis Scott, the parents of Mrs. Amos Beebe, Mrs. Henry Rittenhouse, Addison and O. R. Scott, all at Fairmount, and Rev. Stephen Scott, now in Oklahoma. Lewis Thomas and Lydia, his wife, and children, Amos, Lewis, Rachel, Sarah and Agnes. David Stanfield and Elizabeth, his wife, and their children, David S., Charles, Isaac, Samuel, Vernon, Elijah and Lydia Jane. Mary Wilson and her minor children, Jesse, Nathan, Cyrus, Henry, Micajah, John, Milton, Lindsey, Samuel C., Nancy, Elizabeth, Eliza and Abigail. In 1838 Wylls and Ann Davis, and their children, Clarkson, Ellwood and Lucy. In 1841, Jesse and Martha Smith, and their children, Ephraim, Mary, Isaac R. and William L. In 1850, Isaac Jay, a minister, and Rhoda his wife, and their minor children, Allen, Milton, Walter Denny, Micajah Cooper, and Mary Elizabeth. In 1853, Richard and Susannah Gordon and their children, Mahala, Nathan and Phebe M. John and Rebecca Ferree and their son Alvin. Evan, Lydia, William E., Charles and John D. Ferree were all born in Grant county. Mary Hockett and minor children, Henry N. and Barclay. Sarah Hockett, Esther Hester and son Amos Leroy. In 1854, Seth Gordon. In 1856, Maddon and Zilpha Harvey and children, Emmeline, Milton and Enos. Jesse Wright and Charity, his wife, and their children, Phebe Ann, Jemima Ruth, Peter Harmon, Matilda Margaret, John M., Mary Evaline and Rachel Adeline.

What a long biography would be written if the descendants of all these should be mentioned with a brief account of their eventful lives. Among them are eminent doctors, lawyers, editors, preachers, county officers and farmers, and representative of the best people to be found anywhere. Many things could be said of them that would make interesting reading, but time forbids. One incident, however, will be mentioned. Of those mentioned as coming in 1853, Esther Hester, Sarah Hockett, Henry N. Hockett and Barclay Hockett were all the children of Mary Hockett, whose husband Jonathan Hockett, came also, but he was not a member at that time, but later became a member. Before the coming of this family, Jonathan Hockett and his son in-law, Amos Hester (husband of Esther) came to see about the purchase of land to which they might move their families from Clinton county, Ohio. While here, Amos Hester became very ill and died, and was buried at Back Creek. As there were no railroads or telegraphs, nor any mode of travel except by the slow methods of horse and wagon, Esther Hester received no word that she was a widow till her father returned home after the burial of her husband, and gave her the sad news. She and her only son, Amos Leroy, accompanied her father's family, and they settled about two miles west of Jonesboro, where after a short time her son also was taken and she was doubly bereaved. After some time her sister, Sarah Hockett, married Robert Wimpy, and after she had become the mother of two sons, died, and Esther Hester, who had been bereaved of both husband and son, became a mother to her sister's sons and raised them to manhood. One of them was taken by a sad accident a few years ago, and the other is well known by the name of Asa N. Wimpy, who has been one of the efficient clerical force at the First National Bank of Marion several years.

The first house of worship has already been described. All houses

that were built before 1870 were constructed on the same plan, whether built of logs, frame or brick. This plan provided for the length of the building to be approximately twice its width with a partition in the middle dividing it into two square rooms of equal size. There was a door of entrance at the middle of each room, so, that as one looked at the building from the side, there would be two doors in view. Sometimes there would be doors exactly opposite on the other side. Nearly always there were doors, also, one at each end, so the building had either four or six doors of entrance, either two or three doors of outside entrance into each room. Windows were put in both sides and ends, generally, small in size and placed at considerable height from the floor. In the seating arrangements the two rooms were exact duplicates of each other. The main aisle extended from the door of entrance in the side of the building through to the wall, or door, if one had been provided there, of the opposite side, and so was in the middle of the room. On each side of this aisle benches of equal length were placed, the opposite end of one set extending clear to the end wall of the building without an aisle next to the wall; and the opposite end of the other set extending clear to the partition without an aisle next to the partition. There was also an aisle extending from the door at the end through a door in the partition to the door at the other end. This aisle was between the "facing seats," usually two or three, but sometimes four in number, and the seats for the congregation, so the ministers, elders, overseers or others who sat in the "facing seats," or gallery as it was also called could look across this aisle into the faces of the congregation whose benches faced the gallery. The gallery benches were elevated each about eight to twelve inches above the one in front, so that as the congregation looked into the gallery, it could see three or four rows of elderly people each a little higher than the other. The partition had sliding "shutters" in pairs, one moving upward from below, and the other moving downward from above, and meeting at the middle of the opening in the partition, ropes and pulleys being so arranged that both moved at once by pulling upon the upper one. At the beginning of a Monthly, or Quarterly Meeting, these shutters were always open, and looked like windows or portholes in the partition. The men were seated in one room and the women in the other. The ministers, elders and other elderly people sat in the galleries, and the ordinary members and young people occupied the benches that faced the other way. First there was the meeting for worship, which continued about an hour, in which in the earlier days there were long periods of silence, and, at intervals, there would be a prayer, a sermon or an exhortation. While these came oftener from those who sat in the galleries, they were also given by others down in the congregation. A certain man who was assigned a kind of semi official position called "head of the meeting," always sat on the upper gallery bench next to the partition, unless visiting ministers were present, when they would be given the seats next to the partition, and the "head" would take his place farther down. It has sometimes occurred at Quarterly Meetings that enough visiting ministers were present to fill the entire upper bench, but this did not occur often. There was also a "head" to the women's meeting, and she sat on the upper bench next to the partition on the women's side, so the two "heads" sat at the middle of the building with the partition between them. But when the shutters were open and the two meetings were as one, then the man was the head, and the woman did not assume such a place, only when the women were separated from the men. When he thought the time of worship had continued long enough, he would arise and say something like the following: "If Friends' minds are now free, perhaps it is now

time to proceed with the business of the meeting." After a moment of waiting, a man for each pair of shutters—eight or ten in number—as happened to be seated along the partition in a convenient place, would arise, all at the same time, each pulling an upper shutter down, and automatically the lower would come up, and the partition was completely closed between the men and women. It was always an interesting operation to see, and the young people especially enjoyed the amusing separation that came so suddenly. As there were no aisles next to the partition, the young men and women were separated only by the thickness of the partition, and there was many a peek a boo glance exchanged from the opposite sides, as the shutters closed and cut off the last look, which, with the looks that were given during the hour of worship, were not always free from a romantic flavor. And it can not well be doubted that often a "match" resulted from the significant looks that shot through the shutters.

When the old log meeting house used by Mississinewa Meeting and which has already been described, was thought to be no longer adequate to the needs, a committee appointed to make plans for a new building made the following report, which was approved by the Monthly Meeting in December, 1836: "The committee appointed to procure a site for a meeting house and to devise a plan for said house, have contracted with Eli Overman for four acres of land in the southeast corner of the tract on which he resides, at the price of $45 per acre, and we propose that the trustees be directed to sell so much of the present tract as lies south and east of the graveyard, which we suppose to be about four acres, for which we have ascertained that the price of $15 per acre can be had.

"We propose building a house of hewn logs fifty two by twenty six feet, raised twelve feet in the wall, covered with walnut shingles, the gallery constructed with two rising seats, the floor so inclined as to raise the seats from the middle of the house back, the interstices in the wall to be well stopped with lime-mortar, finished off with good floors and back benches. We further propose that the erecting of said house be referred to Mississinewa Preparative Meeting.

"Signed in behalf of the committee, John Shugart."

In July, 1837, a change in the plan was adopted, as shown in the following minute: "Mississinewa Preparative Meeting proposes that the plan proposed for building a meeting house be changed from a log building to a frame, with which this meeting unites."

In November, 1837, it is recorded that Mississinewa Preparative Meeting "informs that the house referred to its care to build is in such a state of forwardness that our next Monthly Meeting may be held therein, on which this meeting concludes to meet in said house at the time of holding next meeting." By this it appears that this house, which still stands as a part of the Snodgrass sanitarium, was first used in December, 1837, and the log meeting house by the cemetery was no longer needed.

In July, 1839, Joseph Winslow, Asa Newby, Ireded Rush, Jonathan Wilcutts, David Hiatt, David Stanfield, Obadiah Jones, Charles Baldwin, Thomas Hill and Aaron Hill, as a committee appointed for the purpose, reported the plan for what seemed to be a mammoth meeting house, the old brick building erected by Back Creek Monthly Meeting, for which the ratio of apportionment already given, was made. It is as follows: "The house forty by eighty to be built of brick, the wall eighteen inches thick, twelve feet from floor to floor, to sink eighteen inches below the level of the ground and to be set on a stone foundation; three gallery seats to raise nine inches each; the back part start-

ing from the center and to raise two feet three inches; eleven twenty four light windows in each apartment, glasses eight by ten; three double doors in each apartment four feet in width, seven feet in height; the house to be immediately east of the old one; with which the meeting unites and refers the subject to Back Creek Preparative Meeting." No record has been found that tells just when this house was completed and first used, but it certainly was ready for the first Quarterly Meeting due to be held in it, in June, 1811.

We have given the plans of the two most important meeting houses built in the county. Others were smaller, but built on the same plan. But that plan is in use no more; not a house of that kind remains in the county. About the year 1870 there began a movement that worked gradually, and in about thirty years brought about a complete revolution. The men and women are no longer separated in any meeting, and only one business session is held at one time. This has made the partition no longer a necessity, and as a result all partitions have been removed and the house remodelled, or replaced by new buildings on modern plans. As is generally the case when innovations take place in churches, or when the location of a church is changed, there was some friction and disagreement during the thirty years this change was being wrought. A beautiful incident that occurred is so exceptional that it is worthy of being recorded for the reading and imitation of all future generations. A certain monthly meeting had the subject of removing the partition under consideration. Many favored and some opposed the change, and one of the latter is the hero of this story. The "weight of the meeting" decided in favor of removing the partition, and appointed the next day for the men to gather at the building with their tools and make the change at once. Our hero had spoken earnestly against it, but the next morning he was the first to arrive with his tools, saying to others as they came, that while in sentiment he was opposed to the change, he felt it his duty to defer to the judgment of the majority of his friends, and assist in carrying out the plans that had been decided upon, just the same as if he had favored them. If the world were made up of such men it would be a long step toward the millennium.

It has already been narrated as to the complete change that came among Friends as to the question of slavery during the Eighteenth century, and which directly contributed to bringing the large emigration to the Ohio valley. This change had been so complete as to cause them to take an active interest in the liberation of slaves, and also to give liberal aid to colored people in whatever way it could be done. In 1826 Indiana Yearly Meeting received word from North Carolina Yearly Meeting that many colored people wanted to leave that state and come to the states north of the Ohio river, and the result is best told in the words of the minute adopted: "After solidly deliberating on the subject, and having our minds clothed with feelings which breathe good will to men, we have come to the conclusion to inform Friends that we are free to extend such assistance to those who may be found among us, as our means will permit; and, although it is desirable, to avoid an accession of this class of population as neighbors, we are concerned to impress it upon the minds of all that our prejudices should yield when the interest and happiness of our fellow-beings are at stake, and that we exert no influence which will deprive them of the rights of free agents, in removing to any part of the world, congenial to them." The Friends in Grant county were in accord with this expression of the Yearly Meeting, and were always ready to render assistance to the colored people. Many oppressive conditions stirred them out of sympathy to do what they could for the relief of this down-trodden peo-

the latter part referring to the secession of Deer Creek Friends. "In consequence of the departure of Indiana Yearly Meeting from the true ancient and good behavior, and at the same time prohibited white persons from employing them, under penalty of heavy fine. The attempted enforcement of these laws at one time in Cincinnati directed two thousand, two hundred and fifty seven colored people, who made arrangements to go to Canada, but their helplessness and inability to migrate is shown in an incident reported to the yearly meeting in 1829, that a party of "twenty-eight persons have gone with a sum not exceeding $25. When we consider that they have gone into a wilderness, and have to encounter the rigors of Canada winter, we have to confess our minds are impressed with apprehensions that their situation will be one of great distress." Liberal contributions were made to relieve this and other similar cases and as the years passed by constant help was given. Schools were maintained for their education, committees were appointed to go to distant states and secure the release of slaves of which word was received as to very inhumane treatment, or illegal bondage. As an example, a colored boy eleven years of age was kidnapped at Richmond, taken to St. Louis and sold as a slave. The Friends at once employed Attorney Abner Haines, of Centerville, and Abel Gorr, of Richmond, to go in pursuit. Arriving at St. Lous they found that he had been sold to the captain of a steamboat and taken to Louisville, where they went and after much effort and expense returned him to his parents, at an expense of $178. Such cases as this and much worse were continually coming up, and the Friends gave of their means to pay the expenses incurred, feeling that any sacrifice necessary should not stand in the way of securing the rights and the freedom of a fellow being.

With the friends everywhere, those in Grant county cheerfully assisted in giving personal help to slaves, in petitioning the legislatures and congress for the abolition of slavery, and for the repeal of laws that unjustly discriminated against colored people, such, for instance as a law that rendered incompetent the testimony of any colored person in any court where a white person was involved—a law that contributed much to gross immorality. A branch of the "underground railway" led directly through this county, and many a passenger was carried between dark and dawn from one station to another by friends in Grant county.

It seems strange that with such a unanimity as there was on this question in the church a division, or separation should come to the church on account of it. It will, perhaps, never be possible for those of us who have been born since those terrible anti-bellum days to fully understand the situation. To read the minutes of Indiana Yearly Meeting from its beginning in 1821 to 1843, one cannot but be convinced that there was the most tender solicitude and care to do all against slavery and for the slave that could be done. Every year the subject came up, and the most active measures were adopted, and large amounts of money were given, and there is never a word that would indicate anything but the greatest unity in what was done. But a division came on this very subject, and Grant county did not escape it.

The separation first came in the Yearly Meeting. At a meeting of the seceders held at what is now Fountain City, a new Yearly Meeting was organized, and a committee appointed to organize subordinate meetings wherever followers were found. With the suggestion and help of this committee, the friends of Deer Creek met on the 25th of February, 1843, and adopted the following as their opening minute, the first part of it regarding the separation in the Yearly Meeting, and

the latter part referring to the secession of Deer Creek Friends: "In consequence of the departure of Indiana Yearly Meeting from the true and genuine principles of the society in regard to our testimony against slavery; and because of its arbitrary, proscriptive and unchristian measures, a meeting of anti-slavery friends convened at Newport, Wayne county, Indiana. And after giving the subject a serious and deliberate examination, it was the unanimous conclusion that the circumstances under which they were then placed as members of that body rendered it indispensably necessary to separate themselves therefrom. They, therefore, then, the Seventh day of Second month, A. D. 1843, associated themselves together as a religious society in the capacity of a yearly meeting under the title of Indiana Yearly Meeting of Anti-slavery Friends; embracing in its limits all those members of Indiana Yearly Meeting who adhere to the genuine principles of the society residing in the district described in the discipline of the Yearly Meeting, from which they then separated themselves; and appointed a committee to advise and assist anti-slavery friends within their limits in setting up and establishing such meetings as are recognized in the discipline and order of the society.

"And we, the Anti-slavery Friends, residing within the limits of Mississinewa and Back Creek Monthly Meetings of Friends, believing it to be right to establish a Monthly Meeting among ourselves, do, with the advice and assistance of a part of the aforesaid committee, this the 25th day of the Second month, 1843, associate ourselves together in the capacity of a Monthly Meeting under the title of Deer Creek Monthly Meeting of the Religious Society of Anti-slavery Friends, embracing in its limits all those members of Mississinewa and Back Creek Monthly Meetings who adhere to the genuine principles of the Society of Friends."

At this meeting Thomas Baldwin was appointed clerk for the day, and the following month Joseph Allen and Bailey Pearson were made permanent clerks of the men's meeting, and Ginev Ballinger and Lydia Baldwin, clerks of the women's meeting. Persons whose names appear as actively participating in the meeting during the remainder of the year 1843 were Thomas Baldwin, Reuben Overman, James Allen, Daniel Thomas, James Hollingsworth, Bailey Pearson, John Shugart, Henry Overman, Joseph Allen, Ginev Ballinger, Lydia Baldwin, Joshua Small, George Shugart, Robert McCracken, Daniel Thomas, Rachel Coppock, Mary Shugart, Ann Jones, Elizabeth McCracken, Mary Harris, Jonathan Macy, Cornelius Shugart, Hannah Macy, Mary Hollingsworth, John Coppock, Jr., John Allen, Obadiah Jones, William Ballinger, Sarah Shugart, Elizabeth Small, Gulie Coggeshall, Rachel Thomas, Jonathan Macy, Mark Davis, William Morris, Reuben Small, Nathan Hollinsworth, Rachel Allen, Maris Howell, Milly Bogue, John Moorman, Job Jackson, Verling Kersey, Rebecca Davis, Mahlon Neal, Thomas Osborn, Wyllys Davis, David Jay, Nancy Osborn, Hannah Howell, Jane Pearson, Nathan Coggeshall, Peter Rich, Henry Overman, John Harris, Barnaba Bogue, Rebecca Perry, Moses Rich and Lydia Jackson.

While the Deer Creek Friends were proceeding with their Anti-slavery Monthly Meeting, the meetings from which they had seceded were wrestling with the question of what they should do in the new situation that had come.

On April 14, 1843, at Mississinewa Monthly Meeting, complaints were made against Joshua Small, Bailey Pearson, George Shugart, John Shugart, and William Ballinger, "for being out of unity with Friends, seceding from the Society, and assisting in setting up meetings con-

trary to the order of discipline." As usual, these complaints were referred to committees, and on their recommendation the following month all were disowned, as were also Jane Pearson, Mary Shugart, Sarah Shugart, and Ginev Ballinger, against whom the women's meeting had taken action on similar complaints. Similar complaints against others followed in succeeding months, until the following persons were all disowned: John Allen, William Morris, Mahlon Neal, Daniel Thomas, Elizabeth Morris, Frances Allen, Hannah Macy, Nathan Coggeshall, Gulie Coggeshall, Maris Neal, Rachel Thomas, Jonathan Macy, Joseph Allen, Barnabi Bogue, Robert McCracken, Enoch Davis, Thomas Baldwin, John Moorman, Elizabeth McCracken, Rebecca Davis, Mary Moorman, Mary Harris, Amos Small, Lydia Baldwin, Milly Bogue, Reuben Small, Elizabeth Small, Verling Kersey, Thomas Harris, John Harris, Francis Davis, Sarah Davis, Sarah Harris, James Allen, Rachel Allen, Lucinda Allen, Jane Small, and Abigail Wright, forty-eight persons in all.

Back Creek Monthly Meeting at the same time carried on a similar work, and disowned John Coppock, Obadiah Jones, Moses Rich, Ann Jones, Martha Coppock, David Jay, Lydia Jackson, Peter Rich, Job Jackson, John Rich, John Coppock, Jr., James Hollingsworth, Demaris Howell, Rachel Coppock, Ann Hollingsworth, and Elizabeth Ellis was disowned for having "married in a meeting of the late seceders known as Anti-slavery Friends."

It is interesting to look at the records of the meetings on both sides of this separation. We will now give attention a little while to the records of Deer Creek Meeting of Anti-slavery Friends.

In March, 1843, representatives were appointed to attend "the contemplated Quarterly Meeting to be held at Mississinewa the fourth Seventh day in this month." This Quarterly Meeting was held, for it was reported that the representatives all attended, but whether it was held in the Mississinewa meeting house, no record has been found to tell. In the same month a meeting for worship was established at New Hope meeting house, and in June it was requested that New Hope Friends be granted a Preparative Meeting to be called Mississinewa Preparative Meeting of Anti-slavery Friends to be established on the west bank of the Mississinewa river, near the east end of Jonathan Macy's lane." As this request was granted, and the location was different from New Hope meeting house, it may be inferred that a house was erected near the east end of Jonathan Macy's lane.

In August the Anti-slavery Friends of Oak Ridge requested a meeting established, but this request was never granted. A similar request for Centre Meeting at Jonesboro was granted.

A peculiar complaint was made against a member in August, as follows: "For endeavoring to put mischief between man and wife, for making contradictory statements, for threatening to take a stick to a woman and to kick her, and for making use of unbecoming language at the same time, and for tying up and whipping unreasonably one of his daughters near the age of fifteen years, for joining another religious society." He was promptly disowned.

It was in February, 1844, that Thomas Ellis and Elizabeth Macy were married at Deer Creek, for which offense the latter was disowned by Back Creek Monthly Meeting, as already mentioned. A ratio of apportionment on record shows that the Quarterly Meeting was composed of Deer Creek and Young's Prairie Monthly Meetings, the latter being in Michigan. The ratio may give some idea of the relative strength of the two meetings, Deer Creek being assessed sixty two and one half per cent and Young's Prairie, thirty-seven and one-half per cent

In November, 1841, the meeting "becoming concerned on account of some individuals who have formerly taken part with us in our meetings for discipline, but have since left us, appointed a committee to take the subject into consideration, see them on, if necessary, and report." This committee made the following report just two years after the beginning of the monthly meeting. "We the committee appointed and continued to take the subject into consideration relating to those individuals who in time past for a while did walk with us, etc., have attended to the appointment, seen them on the subject, and are united in making the following report; Whereas the following named persons did for a time after our secession from Indiana Yearly Meeting of Friends, attend our meetings, and refused to have their names recorded as members with us, we therefore do certify that we do not consider such as members with us, viz., Nathan Hollingsworth, Wyllys Davis, Verling Kersey, John Ratliff, Obadiah Jones, Ann Davis, Mary Hollingsworth, and Rhoda Hodson."

Two months before this, as the records of Back Creek Monthly Meeting show, one of the persons just named applied for admission once more into the meeting from which he had seceded, the minute being as follows:

"Obadiah Jones produced an offering to this meeting, expressing dissatisfaction with having seceded from Friends and having identified himself with those termed Anti slavery Friends, and requesting to be again united with Friends;a which was read, and after a time of deliberation thereon, this meeting appoints David Stanfield and Matthew Winslow to visit him on the occasion and report to next meeting." The next month he "did not appear fully ready to continue his offering," but in another month the meeting "united in judgment that he is sincere in his acknowledgment, and he produced an offering which was read, and after a time of deliberation theron, this meeting is free to accept."

All this shows that a change of mind was affecting some of the members of the Anti slavery meeting, although it continued about thirteen years longer. Just what caused this may only be conjectured, but it may be that they concluded that the difference that had caused the separation had been magnified, and that after all there was more unity among the members of the two divisions than they had imagined. That both sides were honestly actuated by conscientious scruples cannot be doubted, and as is likely to be the case it is quite probable that mental concessions were made on both sides, and their minds and hearts were growing closer together again. The records of the meetings on both sides show that from this time on the seceders gradually went back to the church from which they came, until at the last a considerable number all went as one body, and there was no more division.

In September, 1845, Giney Ballinger, one of the women's clerks was disowned, "for denying a statement she made in a Monthly Meeting." In January, 1846, Mississinewa Preparative Meeting was discontinued, and the next month "the lot of land and house," "near the east end of Jonathan Macy's lane" was ordered to be sold, and the proceeds applied to "building the Yearly Meeting house."

Deer Creek Meeting seems to have dealt promptly with those who lost interest, and the following persons were disowned principally for "neglecting the attendance of religious meetings:" William Ballinger, Elizabeth Ballinger Draper, Maria Ballinger, Sarah Thomas Copp, Thomas Mason, Bailey Pearson (another of the clerks), Alexander Frazier, Jane Frazier, Jane Pearson, Jane Small, Joshua Small, Orpy Thomas Broderick, Charlotte Thomas, Rebecca Davis, Jr., James Allen,

Asenath Pearson, Anna Pearson, Joseph Pearson, William Davis, David Jay, Joseph Allen (another clerk), Ruth Pearson, Rachel Thomas, Reuben Small, Jesse Pemberton, Hiram Jackson, Mahlon Neal, Hannah Jackson, Noah Harris and Nancy Harris.

James Allen, as we have seen, was one of the persons disowned. One would guesss that a little romance was connected with his return to membership. Five years after his disownment, on request of Clear Lake Monthly Meeting, probably located in Michigan, Deer Creek gave its consent for that meeting to receive him as a member. Two months later James Allen and Martha Wooten informed Deer Creek Meeting that they intended marriage with each other, and he was "directed to produce to next meeting a certificate of his clearness of like engagements with others from Clear Lake Monthly Meeting of Anti slavery Friends," and Elias Coleman and Barnaba Bogue were "appointed to see that the rights of the children of the woman Friend are secured according to law." Martha Wooten Allen is remembered as an able minister, and the people gathered in large numbers to hear her preach. Her sons, Andrew, Abijah F., Isom P. and William S. Wooten, have also been popular as able preachers.

From Rev. Elwood Scott is learned the following interesting incident concerning Martha Wooten Allen. She believed it her duty to appoint a meeting at Oak Ridge. On account of her being an Anti-slavery Friend, the Friends at Oak Ridge did not consent to let her use their meeting house for the purpose of holding a religious meeting. At the same time most of them were anxious to hear her preach. Arrangements were made in some way for the meeting to be held at Josiah Hockett's sawmill, and a large crowd gathered to hear her, including many who had refused her the use of the meeting house. There in the midst of logs, lumber and sawdust, she gave an eloquent sermon that charmed her hearers. After the Deer Creek Anti slavery Meeting was discontinued, she became a member of Back Creek Monthly Meeting, and by that meeting was once more recorded a minister in 1863, but died April 13th of the same year, in the sixty-third year of her age. Often since then has her name been mentioned as a great preacher.

The records of Deer Creek Meeting show two items different from those usually entered, due no doubt to the great respect for the two persons named: "George Shugart, an elder and member of Deer Creek Monthly Meeting of Anti-slavery Friends, departed this life 10th Month, 10th, 1851, aged 81 years, 1 month and 10 days." The other is a similar record of John Shugart, "deceased the 15th of Ninth Month, 1853, aged 58 years, 9 months and 10 days."

There is no record that shows how this meeting came to a conclusion. The book of the men's meeting closes with the record of June 16, 1855, and of the women's meeting, March 18, 1856. Evidently there were later records in both books, but they have been torn out and destroyed. The last record of the men shows that Jonathan Hockett was that day appointed clerk, and Bennett B. Coleman, now an aged member of the Presbyterian church in Jonesboro, was appointed assistant clerk. Ann Jones was the last clerk appointed by the women.

After the Anti-slavery Meeting had existed just fifteen years, the following minute of Mississinewa Monthly Meeting shows that it came to an end: "John Allen, Thomas Harris, Mary Harris, Nathan Coggeshall, Gulie Coggeshall, Thomas Baldwin, Amos Whitson, Rebecca Whitson, Sarah Shugart, Hannah Jones, George Shugart, Abigail Shugart, John S. Harris and Sarah Harris request to be joined again in membership with Friends, with their minor children who have not

rights of membership in the Society of Friends, namely, Newton Harris, Elizabeth, Sarah, Lucy, Millicent and Rhoda Coggeshall, William and Hiram Whitson, Lewis H. and Antoinette Jones, Henry W., Thomas N., and Mary Jane Shugart, Martha Knight, an adopted daughter of George and Abigail Shugart, Benajah, Mary, William D. and Nancy Jane Harris, which being considered by this meeting, resulted in the appointment of Isaac Elliott, Jesse Thomas, Joel Overman, Wyllys Davis, Rachel Elliott, Jane Hollingsworth, Ann Overman and Rhoda Jay, to visit them in their families, and collectively if it be thought best, and report to next meeting."

Here was the interesting coincident of persons being appointed on a committee to welcome back seceding members, with whom they themselves had seceded, they having been received back some time before. It must have been a time of joy too deep for utterance, when all realized that after fifteen years of separation with its attendant bitterness, they were once more united. The applicants were all received back into the fold, and were again brought into such perfect unity that those of us who have come along later would never know, save by tradition and the written records, that a separation had ever existed. And the united body rejoices that human slavery has been abolished, and the united church is now giving attention to questions that involve the highest personal freedom through a redeemed life.

There are so many things that properly enter into a history of the Friends in Grant county that it is not practicable to speak of them all in a chapter like this. A few will be mentioned in addition to what has already been given.

First, the development of Bible schools. In June, 1835, Mississinewa Monthly Meeting appointed a committee "to promote and have the oversight of establishing a Scripture reading school, or schools, on First days afternoon," and the women's minute adds, "to endeavor to keep good order." Three months later the committee reported a school held at Mississinewa, and one at Back Creek, once in two weeks at each place, "productive of some good, as it has had a tendency to stimulating some of our youth to that of reading the Holy Scriptures." In March, 1840, by the advice of the Meeting for Sufferings a committee was appointed "to open and hold First day school for Scriptural instruction and report occasionally." After six months came the report that they "opened schools agreeably to direction, and continued them for a time, all of which are discontinued." Gradually more attention was given to the subject, until at the present time a Bible school is held at every meeting place the year through, and the church joins other churches of the world in the study of the international lessons, and of the more modern graded lessons.

Friends have always believed it to be wrong to engage in war. As on all other questions of reform they have led on this subject, and have the satisfaction of seeing prominent men and nations come up to the standard they have always advocated—arbitration instead of war between nations and between men. The following quotation from a memorial of the Friends to the United States Congress in 1846, when it seemed that Great Britain and the United States would go to war over the Oregon boundary question, reads like the arguments of many great men today who favor arbitration. "Your memorialists claim to be Christian patriots; lovers of the peace, and seekers after the welfare and prosperity of the nation; true friends to its honor and dignity, in the most exalted sense, and faithful subjects to your government; wishing to live in obedience to and support of all its laws, which are not repugnant to the higher authority of the Divine laws; surely believing

the ancient proverb that "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." But, as a religious society of professing Christians, we have always held and maintained that all wars and fightings are in direct violation of the spirit, the commands and example of our blessed Saviour, who taught and now teaches his followers to "Love your enemies, to bless them that curse you, to do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you." To resort to the use of deadly weapons and to the field of battle to settle any dispute, whether of great or small moment, in support of that delusive spirit, of evil origin, misnamed honor would, we believe, be descending greatly from the true dignity and honor of a great people, and as with individuals so with a nation, would be a wide departure from the spirit and principles of Christianity and true Christian virtue.

"Fully believing that all wars are the offspring of men's wicked passions; that they are barbarous, anti-Christian and unnecessary, and productive of inexpressible evils to the parties involved; we could greatly desire that nations in their disputes might yield to the peaceable influence of the Gospel, and settle their differences in such manner as they would be settled between individuals actuated by a dignified Christian spirit, and under an exalted sense of justice, forbearance and brotherly kindness, and who would rather suffer wrong than do wrong. To this end we could earnestly desire that in cases of difficulty, a course of negotiation, entirely pacific and conciliatory, should be pursued; and if this should fail to produce agreement in terms, that reference might be made to arbitrators, mutually chosen; men distinguished for their virtue and ability; whose award would be faithfully and scrupulously adhered to, and carried out without hesitation or unnecessary delay. We have entire confidence that such a course would, with the Divine blessing, never fail of success; that it would be highly becoming the dignity and true honor of any nation, and operate as a sovereign example, not only to the other nations of the earth, but the individual citizens of our own republic."

Friends in Grant county have always advocated total abstinence from the use of intoxicants and as directed by the Yearly Meeting in 1828, have extended "labor and care for the support of our testimony against the commerce, distillation and unnecessary use of that destructive article." In 1853 they joined in a petition to the legislatures of Indiana, Ohio, Illinois and Iowa—"We respectfully but earnestly request that you would enact such a law, or laws, as will entirely prohibit the importation, distillation and sale of intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal and mechanical purposes." The membership of the church is unitedly in favor of such prohibition today, and rejoices that a bill has been recently presented to the national congress, providing for it throughout the United States. They also rejoice that there are many signs indicating that this cause is making headway, and that the time seems near when weak humanity will no longer be tempted by the solicitations of those who would profit by human weakness.

The Friends here have kept up the reputation of the church wherever it has existed on the subject of education. In this county wherever they settled a schoolhouse was erected about the same time as a meeting-house, or in some cases school was held in the meetinghouse. At Mississinewa, Jonesboro, Back Creek, Deer Creek, Oak Ridge and other meetings, schools were provided for near the houses for worship. Elijah Thomas taught school in what is now Marion in 1830. Susannah Baldwin taught in the log meeting house at Back Creek in 1831. Several eminent educators have been given to the world by the Friends of this county, among whom are Clarkson Davis and Lewis H. Jones.

At the opening of Mississinewa Monthly Meeting, a committee on education was appointed, and in June, 1833, this committee reported that "they have attended to the subject of locating sites for building of school houses, and have located one on Mississinewa meeting house lot near the middle of the south line, but do not think necessary to locate any more at present. Also report that they have united in a plan of a schoolhouse to be built thereon as follows: To be built of hewn logs twenty by twenty two feet, one story high, to be covered with joint shingles, with two floors and one brick chimney; with which this meeting unites and directs the committee to make such arrangements that the building of said house will be in progress as soon as practicable."

A month later the same committee reported a recommendation "that one acre of land be purchased of the southeast corner, west half of south west quarter of section 20, township 21, range 8 east for school purposes and that a schoolhouse be built thereon nineteen feet square of hewn logs, covered with shingles." The meeting directed the committee to purchase the land, make arrangements for the erection of the building, and raise the money by a "free subscription." The land was purchased as directed, and both school buildings were erected, and used for school purposes.

It seems strange in this day that any people should go to the expense of providing school facilities. In order that this may be better understood, the following direction of the Yearly Meeting of 1830 is quoted, and it will be seen that the action of the Friends here was in compliance with this direction: "In the immigration of our members to this country they became in many cases widely scattered from one another, while the hardships and labors inseparably connected with making new settlements in the very wilderness opposed no inconsiderable obstacles to the establishment of schools. In addition to this, it is believed, the advantages of education have not, in some instances, been duly appreciated; and thus a degree of apathy and indifference has been produced, which may have been increased by the existence of real difficulties.

"The public seminaries in the state of Indiana, and the district schools in the state of Ohio have also been brought into consideration, as creating more or less difficulty, in the different sections of our Yearly Meeting. And we unite in proposing that the judgment of the Yearly Meeting should be pronounced against our members participating in those seminaries, supported, as they are, in part by fines imposed upon the Society of Friends, on account of one of its Christian testimonies; and that our members be advised, as much as practicable, to avoid any connection with the district schools, as being founded on a system which, should the society be brought completely within its operation, would powerfully militate against that testimony of our society, which has for its object the guarded education of the rising generation.

"In order that our members may be aroused to the importance of this concern, and that a system of education may be adopted calculated to remove the difficulties in which the subject is involved, we propose that Quarterly and Monthly Meetings may appoint committees to examine the state of schools, and of the education of our youth, within their respective limits; and to take such measures as they may apprehend to be necessary to promote the establishment of schools, to be both under the tuition of teachers in membership with us, and under the direction and superintendence of committees of the respective Monthly Meetings taking care that such schools, where practicable, may be located so as to afford the opportunity for the scholars, in company with their teachers, regularly to attend some meeting of Friends.

"In the establishment of these schools it will devolve on Monthly Meetings to extend the necessary care to secure the legal title to such real estate as may be procured for the purpose, and where it may appear to be necessary, from the scattered situation of Friends, or from other causes, to render pecuniary aid to individuals, in order to afford their children an opportunity of acquiring a suitable portion of education, that such be laid before the respective Monthly, or, if necessary, the Quarterly Meetings.

"And believing it important that the minds of our children should, at an early age, be stored with truths relating to life and salvation we propose that reading the Holy Scriptures should form a part of the daily exercises of our schools."

So the Friends of Grant county were only conforming to the directions of the church when they provided school property, and maintained schools at their own expense, even though a public school system had been provided by the state, for reasons indicated in the foregoing extract.

Changes in circumstances gradually brought about change in the relation to the public schools, until it was thought no longer necessary nor desirable for the Friends to maintain separate schools. For a long time, however, there was a curious blending of the two in Friends communities, and even the public schools went in a body regularly once a week to the Friends midweek meetings, but this custom no longer exists anywhere in the county.

During several years the schools at Mississinewa, Deer Creek, and Back Creek were superior to other schools, being provided with the best available teachers, and as a result they were patronized by many who sent their children from other communities.

Fairmount Academy, a school established and maintained by Fairmount Quarterly Meeting, originated at a later period. Indirectly it owes its origin to Clarkson Davis, a Grant county Friend. He had taught at Mississinewa and Jonesboro, and possessed the rare native talent of a born teacher, giving such inspiration to his pupils that his life was ever after a part of their own. He became principal of Spiceland Academy, and gave that school its excellent reputation throughout the state and even beyond it, and from it were graduated eminent educators of national reputation. This school became the model for the Friends at Fairmount, who felt that their young people required better facilities than the public schools at that time provided.

In December, 1883, after the question had been taken under advisement by several in a private way, Jesse Hiatt, then a Fairmount merchant, arose in the Quarterly Meeting held at Back Creek and made a proposition that the meeting take under advisement the establishment of an academy. Dr. A. Henley, Joel B. Wright, Jonathan Winslow, Milton Winslow, Asa Bond, Ellwood Haisley, Abel Knight, Henry B. Rush, Levi Hiatt, James M. Ellis, Enos Harvey, Nixon Winslow, Lewis Hockett, Samuel C. Cowgill, James L. Williams, Willis Caumack, Mattie P. Wright, Louisa Rush, Eunice P. Wilson, Adeline E. Wright, Millie Little, Thirza Howell, Mary Bond, Mary Rush, Sallie Harvey and Keziah Haisley were appointed to consider the question and report their judgment to the next meeting. This committee reported favorably and instructions were given to purchase land and erect a building. Jesse Haisley, Samuel C. Wilson, Dr. P. H. Wright, Enos Harvey, Abel Knight and William C. Winslow were appointed trustees. The building was completed and school was opened on the 21st of September, 1885. From that day to the present the school has been successful. Just ten years after the beginning a larger and better building had been erected, and

was formally dedicated September 7, 1895. An addition almost doubling the capacity was erected about two years ago, and included a fine gymnasium, and the building was provided with steam heat and other modern improvements. To the regular college preparatory courses have recently been added agricultural and domestic science departments. An endowment fund of more than $23,000, has been provided, and the school property has cost more than $35,000. The present board of trustees consists of Ancil E. Rathff, president; Ida E. Winslow, secretary; James Bell, treasurer; Ora Winslow and Lin Wilson and Thurlow W. Shugart. Hiram Harvey is treasurer of the endowment fund. The faculty is composed of Albert R. Hall, principal; Dora M. Ellis, Latin and German; William M. Coahran, English and pedagogy; Addie E. Wright, history and domestic economy; Benjamin T. Purviance, science; Edith Phillipy, instrumental music; Cordelia Davis, vocal music and drawing. There were forty four graduates this year, and of the large number who have graduated in other years many hold high positions of honor and profit. While the school is under denominational control, it is non-sectarian, the present faculty representing four different denominations, and students of all denominations are in attendance.

During the first twenty-five years there were not many ministers among the Friends in this county. Thomas Jay was among the first, if not the first to be located in the county. Isaac Jay was transferred as a minister from a meeting in Ohio to Mississinewa Meeting in 1840. His son, Allen Jay, left this county when still a young man, and was recorded a minister elsewhere. Very few persons were recorded as ministers until after 1860. Between 1860 and 1870 a change came over Friends meetings, and was much more manifest in the following twenty years. But it was not in Grant county alone; it came to this county because it existed elsewhere. The preaching that had been done by Martha Wooten Allen, and others who came around on itinerant visits, had created a hunger for good preaching. It also awakened desires in the hearts of the people for better living, or, to be understood better, it was a revival feeling. It was under this condition that an occurrence took place that had a marked effect.

The Friends in three Quarterly Meetings surrounding Wilmington, Ohio, had asked Indiana Yearly Meeting to grant them a Yearly Meeting of their own. After prayerful consideration it was decided that while it is desirable to establish Yearly Meetings for a sufficient number of Friends who are remote, it is not advisable "to establish small bodies so near to each other," so the request was denied. Years after the same request came again and was granted; Friends in Grant county made a similar request in 1902 for a Yearly Meeting at Marion, but it was refused. But in refusing the request from Wilmington, the Yearly Meeting was "introduced into much feeling on account of many Friends who seldom enjoy the privilege of attending our annual assembly." As a remedy, a committee was appointed and instructed to hold General Meetings at suitable places where Friends were too remote from Yearly Meeting for many of them to attend; and it was suggested that "we think the leading object of these meetings should be Divine worship, but it may also be right and proper to devote some time to the consideration of subjects of general interest to Friends."

The following year, in August, 1868, a General Meeting was held at Back Creek in accordance with the directions given. It was attended by the ablest preachers in the church, and the report given to the Yearly Meeting by the committee, said: "A General Meeting was held at Back Creek, in Grant county, Indiana, on the 14th, 15th and 16th of eighth month last. The weather was very fine. The meetings were held

in the grove. From two to six thousand persons were in attendance. The meetings were remarkably orderly and attentive. Two sessions were held each day. All were meetings for worship except two. In these the subjects of worship, the ministry, and mission work were considered. The meeting throughout was satisfactory and solemn."

This meeting is remembered as the greatest religious occasion ever held in the county. The able preaching had a marked effect upon the hearers, and it became their ideal during the years that followed. The June sessions from this time on of the Regular Quarterly Meeting were attended by large numbers, as at that time of the year many able preachers were likely to be present. At times as many as ten thousand people came, and stands were erected on the grounds at various places for the preachers to occupy as pulpits at the same time that services were conducted in the house. Early on Sunday morning, buggies carriages and wagons rolled in on the dusty roads, and excursion trains were run from both north and south on what is now the Big Four Railroad. The Friends saw that what at first was a desire to come and hear the gospel preached, had given way on the part of many to a desire to come and have a good time—even to the extent of unscrupulous persons bringing intoxicants to sell to others. At the request of the Friends, excursion trains were stopped, and those who came merely to have a good time were discouraged from coming, and this remarkable custom became a thing of the past.

It was about the time of the General Meeting mentioned that revivals among the Friends began to occur. At Oak Ridge a remarkable revival came among the school children, and at other places the work went on till all Friends meetings were affected by it. When many converts had been gathered new problems confronted the church, and led to securing pastors for the various meetings, and other changes so recent that it is unnecessary to mention them here.

We have tried to cover a little of the history of the Friends in Grant county. Much more could be given of interest, especially to those who are descendants of the Friends. From the very beginning they have had much to do with the growth and prosperity of our people. Most of those whose names have been mentioned have closed their eyes in the sleep of death. If those who live will be as faithful to the duties of the present generation as these were to theirs, the blessings of a righteous civilization will be multiplied.

CVI. GRANT COUNTY SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

While the books in use by the Grant County Sunday School Association at the present only date back to the Century year there were Sunday school conventions and workers galore prior to that time. There has always been some effort in the Christian church, and Christian doctrine and catechism schools are part of the history of Grant county. All over Christendom such schools were first limited to the denomination employing such agency, and the man who really gave the present day Sunday school system to the world was Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, England, who had made a study of the poor in that community and in 1781 he gathered some children together and employed teachers for them in order that they might learn not to desecrate the Sabbath. Others caught the spirit and inside of five years there were 250,000 such children under Sunday school influence, and in the Twentieth

century all Christians accept the Sunday school as the most effective branch of modern church extension service.

About ten years after Robert Raikes called the world's first Sunday school together, the idea was introduced into Philadelphia and it soon spread all over the United States. December 19, 1890, was the first centennial anniversary of a Sunday school in the United States, and it had grown from one dozen interested persons in Philadelphia to immense proportions. The first Sunday school in Grant county was a Union Sunday school held in the circuit court room in 1841, and ten years later the first independent Sunday school was opened by the Washington Street Christian church, now The Temple (Congregational), and while it is small, this Sunday school has had continuous existence. When Robert Raikes had only a few followers John Wesley wrote: "Who knows but what some of these schools may become nurseries for Christians," and the movement spread and the truth is generally accepted that in order to have the adult a church communicant, the child must be instructed along ecclesiastic lines, and the modern churches are planned with the convenience of the Sunday school in mind.

While one of the Sunday school songs is "Jesus paid it all," there is some expense connected with association work, and it is the plan of the Indiana Sunday School Association to tax each individual Sunday school in Indiana three cents an enrolled member, and on this basis Grant county should raise at least $390, as there were thirteen thousand enrolled last year, although some only attended often enough to increase the assessment and cut down the average attendance. "Is my name written there," means something to the Grant County Sunday School Association, which must sometimes wrestle with a deficit and the appropriation has been kept down to $100 on that account. While Grant likes to pride itself on being a first line or banner Sunday school county, the county association has its difficulties. When C. W. Halpenny was general secretary of the Indiana Sunday School Association he experimented with Marion, Richmond and Evansville, and found that only a small percentage of the children of the public schools were in regular attendance at Sunday school, although the enrollment of adults and all reaches about twenty-five per cent of the population.

When the Indiana State Sunday School Association convention was held in Marion in 1906, Grant county was assessed $100, and there was a slight deficit. The present county organization is: President, G. L. Clupper; vice president, J. L. Duncan; secretary treasurer, Miss Ella Brewer, and while not all the schools report to the county association, there is record of one hundred and eleven Sunday schools in the county, with others in prospect. It is composed of all the Protestant Sunday schools in the county, and while there are no membership fees all are members who care to cooperate with the association. Conventions are held in all of the townships and some of the towns have separate associations. All are part of the county, which belongs to the state, and there are national and international or world Sunday school conventions. While many Sunday school officers and teachers never attend conventions, there are others who are faithful, and Grant county is sometimes well represented in state conventions.

A generation ago there were many Sunday schools open in the summer time and laid down when winter came on, but now there are evergreen Sunday schools all over Grant county. It is said that Oak Chapel United Brethren Sunday school is the first rural school to operate through the winter, but now country Sunday schools flourish all the year round. The standing criticism is that there are two Sunday audiences in the churches of the towns—the children attending Sunday

school and leaving before the church service, and the merger service was first practiced by the Marion Central Christian church, the Sunday school beginning late and being continued into the regular worship of the congregation. The burning question is how to hold the children for the regular service of the church, and the merger plan may be the solution of the difficulty. The Sunday school has been the great agency for the removal of denominational barriers, and in the county convention all denominationalism or sectarianism is buried in the common interests, and no questions are raised about which there is lack of unity.

The International Sunday School Lesson Series was adopted in annual convention in Indianapolis in 1872, and Grant county early availed itself of all its advantages. The graded system was adopted in 1910, and while some communities are in advance of others, it has not yet become popular in Grant county. While some Sunday schools adhere to the Bible, most of them use the lesson commentaries from their denominational publishing houses, although uniform lessons are studied —thanks to the International Sunday School Association. All the family in the Sunday school, and all the Sunday school in the church service is an ideal not yet attained in many communities, although there are exceptions and in some places practically all the church is found in the Sunday school service. When the church becomes conventionalized and the Bible regarded as a set truth, there is danger ahead and activity is necessary. It is usually through the Sunday school that knowledge of the Bible is carried into the homes, although the Sunday school teacher may have the same difficulty in finding the Book of Jonah that she would in locating St. Jacob in the New Testament. Ponder the Bible until it is written on the heart, say the Sunday school advocates, and yet the little girl who learned the Golden text: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," is not an isolated example of inefficient teachers.

Knowledge of psychology is as essential to the success of the Sunday school teacher as the teacher in the public schools, and there has been some agitation of the question of pay for the Sunday school teacher in order to secure efficient service, although it is argued that the evangelistic or missionary spirit would thus be eliminated, and the ultimate purpose defeated. The teacher needs to have a message and to know the Bible—the best selling book of all the ages—and yet it is charged that people play at Sunday school work the most serious thing in the world. The Sunday school is the source from which the church must receive aid and the 1912 Grant county report shows five hundred and fifty-six additions to the church from the ranks of the Sunday school, and a number of Sunday schools do not report such things.

The Indiana Sunday School Association has inaugurated a plan of teacher training, and every year it graduates men and women who are better able to teach in the Sunday schools. The first class graduated from the teacher training department was in connection with the Marion meeting in 1906, and there were four in the first class graduated from Grant county the following year at the Kokomo convention: Ancil E. Ratliff, Mrs. Ruth Ratliff, Hiram Harvey and Mrs. Sadie Harvey, all from Little Ridge Friends Sunday school, but each year since then some have graduated and the results are apparent in better teaching service. In most persons there are periods of honest doubt, and the Sunday school teacher should be master of the situation. If the Sunday school has any excuse for existence, it must be to lead the young into definite Christian experience, and many teachers have not

yet attained to that ability. If the Sunday school does not reach the people it cannot do them service. It is an effective medium for spreading the gospel of love, and it is a social center not fully appreciated by the entire community. Robert Raikes will be remembered by the Christian world on account of the institution founded by him, and the Sunday school is certainly an agency for good when men and women make the most of the opportunity. "Every member present every Sunday on time with a liberal offering, a prepared lesson and a mind to learn," is the motto of The Temple, the oldest consecutive Sunday school in Grant county.